
Jack X.
Faber
Mandrake - Composite

# The Mandrake Cycle

# Mandrake - Volume 1


Jack X Faber
Mandrake
Teil 1

Prinzessin
Edda
Fyy
Cora
Traudl und Rémy
The Immaculate Virgin
The Lesbian Virgin
Rosi
Janet
Liane
Mélanie
Valerie
Budicca
Jana
Irenea
SOKO Fucking
Carmen
Die Tartanierin
Corinna
Veronika
Genovefa
Eva
Brunhild
Baal
Penelope
Kirke, the Sorceress
The Innocence of Lisa
The Innocent Maid of Toledo

# Mandrake - Volume 2

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# Mandrake

## Teil 2

The Virgins Way
The Monastery Virgin
The Spies of King Arthur
A Knight Serving King Arthur
Death Angel
On The Island
The Merchants Daughter
The Stepmother
Comrades - Part 1
Comrades - Part 2
Franzi Gets Fucked
Uma, the Neanderthal
The Sufferings of Marie P.
Liz’s Revenge
The Black Nora
The Diamond Necklace
Fucking with Cheng’s Ghost

# Mandrake - Volume 3




A true quirk
Devil's Brat
On Vacation
A Widowers Fate
Children's Play
The Music Producer
A Godly Woman
Writing blockage
An Angel's Child
The Maid

The Widow Plunkett
Shipwrecked
The Healer of Lasalle
The Dragon Man

# Mandrake - Volume 4


SUNBURST
Jack
Faber
Mandrake
Teil 4
ALPA SEED 2012
joyreactor.com

Beatrix the cab driver
Anni, the Daughter
Karls Tale
The Old Custom - Part 1
The Old Custom - Part 2
The Old Custom - Part 3
Who is afraid of the Black Man
Dog Whip
Lenas Struggle
Twins
The Queen’s Escape

# Mandrake - Volume 5



Ellis Hot Summer
A Maids Tale
Wawes and Billows
Minnehaha
The Suffering of Saint Carmen of Toledo
A Damn Chaste Jewess
Princess Lou
A Cheeky Lad

# Mandrake - Volume 6



The Mademoiselle
In Blizzard
Andromeda
Kosaken
Cyprus boozing
Little Lin
The Little Muck

# Mandrake - Volume 7



A Hackers Life
The Hostages
Storm Free Booth
Raid in the Monastery
Little Warrior
In the Dungeon
Hostage Drama
The Warrior
The Little Spy
Korean Intermezzo
White Nights
A Serial Killer
Mother Did It Finally
Gabi's New World
At the Himmelbauerhof
Queen for 180 Days
Snake's Nest
The Horny Doctor
Black Angels of Vengeance
Caribbean vacation
Scheherezade
Lena running
The Mild General

Contact the Author per e-Mail here: mailto: JackFaber@gmx.net
— ... she would dance a Can-Can on your desktop and .. read your mail aloud!

# Princess

by Jack Faber © 2023

From childhood, I always played secretly with my uvula in my room. I had copied that from mommy. One morning Fred came surprisingly quietly crept into my room and I immediately covered myself frightened with the blanket.

“You can go ahead and cover up again, I don’t bite and I know what you’re doing anyway,” he laughed.

“So, what am I doing?” I asked suspiciously.

“You keep rubbing until it twitches!” he said confidently.

I assumed that he knew everything. I uncovered myself again, I had lost.

“Don’t be a frog,” he said. “You have to lie down like you always do, legs bent and spread, so I can see everything!”

I obeyed, he was right, and I certainly didn’t want to be a frog. He sat down on the bed so that he could see right into my cleft. His look told me to do it again.

I put my index finger on my uvula and rubbed really fast until it twitched hard and violently after a minute.

He was very pleased, he said. How often do I do it in a row? he asked. I said every morning before I got up. He laughed. No, how many times in a row in the morning? I thought a while. I didn’t know. Ten times? Twenty times? he asked, but I just didn’t know.

“Okay,” he said. “When are you going to stop?” That was easy. “When Mommy calls me for breakfast.”

He scratched his head. “Okay, then do it a few more times until you’re tired!”

And that was fine, I kept going, once, twice and ten times, it twitched and fidgeted always very fast. He had moved very close and was bending over my uvula. “I just want to see it up close,” he reassured me. I was relieved, that’s fine I said and continued, I think the sixth time. If he could put his finger on it when it twitched, he asked. “Okay,” I said. “Just put your finger on my uvula,” I said, “it’s about to twitch soon!” So he did.

So he put his finger on my uvula every time it twitched. He now came every morning, put his finger on my uvula when it twitched and counted how many times it twitched, 15 or 20 times, until I was tired of twitching.

One morning he asked me if I wanted to see something special. I nodded of course, I was curious after all.

He took off his pants. Well, that looked funny! He didn’t have a uvula, but something else. I asked him. “That’s my cock,” he said, “we lads have a cock, you girls have a pussy, a fuckhole!”

I protested that I didn’t have one! But he laughed and took my finger from my uvula, guiding it deeper. “That’s your pussy right there,” he said, and it was true. He was two years older than me and very smart.

Then I was allowed to touch his cock. It was warm and throbbing. He explained everything, foreskin, glans and the shaft. The little bag with the two eggs was unimportant. I was allowed to hold his cock. He would get hard, he said, just watch. He palpated my uvula and rubbed a little bit, and the cock really got stiff.

I could go on seven, he said, and I rubbed the uvula, eight. It twitched and he held the stiff cock on my uvula. “Better than using my finger,” he said. I nodded, it’s okay, then nine and ten. At 14 he told me not to be scared because his cock was going to squirt upon the uvula, I should just keep going like I always do. At 16 I felt him

squirt a warm liquid on my uvula, but I still twitched at 16 and then I continued, 17, 18. At 26 I was dead tired after twitching and I stopped. Fred gave me a paper handkerchief to wipe off the viscous liquid.

This is how we did it every morning. I held his cock until it was stiff and continued with the uvula. He always squirted at different times. Sometimes at 12 or 16 or 28, it was always different.

It was getting to be spring and it was my birthday.

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It went wonderfully every morning, we were already long finished when Mommy called for breakfast.

Whether he can show me something new, Fred asked one morning. I curious as ever. “You can also rub my cock like the clit until it twitches and squirts,” my hero said. I was dumbfounded. Why didn’t I know that?

“I’ll show you how to do it,” he said, looking at me questioningly. I nodded, I had to know, absolutely!

I had to hold his cock and wait for it to get hard. “Now you grab the shaft tightly and rub up and down,” he said. “The foreskin will be pulled over the glans as you do this, back and forth. Then it will squirt!”

Nothing easier than that. I pulled up and down once, the foreskin was pulled over the glans and back again.

Nothing happened.

He laughed. “Do you rub your uvula only once?” he asked, grinning. “You have to rub my cock as hard and as fast and as vigorously as you rub your uvula!” I nodded understanding.

So I learned to rub his cock. At first he corrected that I needed to rub harder and faster. But I learned it that morning. It squirted and we wiped it away with the paper tissue. He puffed a little and told me

to rub the uvula. One, two and ten. Then I was allowed to let him squirt again, and again at twenty. At 28 I stopped, I didn't feel like it anymore and was tired from all the twitching.

Fred hugged me very sweetly and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "You did it very, very right, my princess!" he whispered, and I blushed. No one had ever called me princess before. "Back in the morning?" he asked and I nodded.

This is how we did it every morning. I made him squirt, then again at my 10 and 20. I always stopped before 30 because I was tired and it was already taking too long, at 25 it usually went really hard and took way too long.

He called me princess, but only in the mornings.

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One morning after my number 12, Fred asked what I knew about fucking. I stopped in surprise my clitrubbing. "Fucking?" I asked back, "you mean the …. Child making?" He nodded.

"I don't know much," I said truthfully. "Daddy and Mommy are all lovey-dovey and cuddling together and then the baby grows in Mommy's tummy," I said uncertainly, because it was certainly very unseemly to talk about.

"Man, you have no idea at all," he exclaimed, "unbelievable! In our century, every kid knows!" he snorted and calmed down. He explained everything in detail. The cock, the pussy and the long thrusting. The semen and then the baby, pregnancy and birthgiving. But only if the woman is already an adult. If we children do fuck, there is definitely no baby, no way! And Fritz and Katrin, Sepp and Trudchen, they all fuck already, he lied with fervor. "Well, how about it?" That was an honest question.

I felt insecure and told him so. "So, why do they even do it?" I asked. He looked to the sky in exasperation. "Oh, all gods!" he exclaimed, and I guessed that I had asked something really stupid. "Because it's a lot more fun than rubbing, because you're doing some-

thing grown-up, and of course because it's forbidden, Princess!" The 'princess' clinched it. "Okay," I said, "and after we fucked, I'll call you my prince!" How long I had waited for this moment! He nodded absently, then we laughed.

"Something first, princess!" he said. "You're still a virgin, you've never fucked before. The first time I fuck you, when I put my cock in your pussy, it may hurt a little, like a bee stinging, no more. Okay?" I nodded, a bee sting I knew. "After the second time it doesn't hurt at all and then comes the big fun part, it's even better than the rubbing!"

I asked him if he had ever done it like Fritz and Sepp, the fucking? He was silent for a moment and shook his head, "but I've read all about fucking and watched some porn too!" He had to promise to show me porn too sometimes.

We talked it out in detail. At 10 he would put his cock in my pussy and I should go right on, 11, 12, 13 and-so-on. I nodded, that was a good recipe. I started with 1 and 2 right after that and up to 9. I continued excitedly, Fred was patiently waiting with his stiff cock in front of my pussy.

"Ten is coming to me right now," I whispered hoarsely and was already starting to twitch. He must have penetrated in the middle of 10's twitching, but I was so buffeted by the twitching 10 that I didn't even feel the bee sting. When I finished twitching in 10 I paused, it was quite an unfamiliar feeling to feel the warm cock in my pussy. He whispered, "11, 12!" and I quickly continued. He thrust slowly but firmly, in and out, in and out, in and out. 11 came again with mad wriggling and he pushed and pushed, but I made 12 and in the middle of the violent wriggling of 12 he squirted his warm juice in my pussy.

He literally fell to the side. He was still panting a lot, but he immediately asked if the bee sting had hurt much? I shook my head, "I didn't feel it at all, my prince!" We both had to laugh. I went right on, another 12.

I was totally thrilled with the fucking right away. It was really much stronger, the wriggling and twitching while fucking. He needed a little break and I quickly made another 13 and 14, then his cock was stiff again and we fucked again. I did after the second fucking until 23, then I was very tired and had enough. Fucking! That was really beautiful! Tomorrow morning again, my prince!

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Fred woke me up very early. I had to be very quiet, we go to spy! We tiptoed down the corridor to the little window of the guest room. He opened the plywood shutter to the window, which was a Venetian mirror, transparent only on one side. We had to bend over and it probably looked ridiculous how the two of us pressed our noses against the glass and stuck our asses out.

Fred's uncle was sleeping with his mouth open, Aunt Anni had just come back from peeing. She was slim and had huge, full breasts unlike mine, which were still quite small. Anni lay down in bed and threw the covers to the floor. She put her legs up and angled them sideways. I was amazed when she pulled back the foreskin of her clit. Her clit was dark red and much larger than mine. I don't know why, but I stared at her face while she masturbated. She always started with a nice, expectant smile, then got a really idiotic look on her face when she sped up. She'd get a mindless, stupid grin and stare with wide-open cow eyes in the air when she orgasmed, and her face would contort into a stupid grimace in orgasm. She quickly began to masturbate and quite soon had an orgasm. She squinted her eyes with a stupid grin, rolled her eyes to the heavens and pressed her head on the pillow several times in her orgasm. After a few moments, she masturbated again, a really silly and stupid grin on her face. Fred breathed in my ear that he had to fuck now and I nodded, I was already after my 4. He spread my ass cheeks apart and gently penetrated from behind. My orgasms were much stronger than usual when he fucked me and I had to suppress my screams of pleasure.

Uncle Karl woke up when Anni was beginning to orgasm for the third time again. He waited standing in front of her with his huge morning glory, watching her masturbate and squirt a few thick jets on her pussy until Anni was done wriggling and twitching with her

crooked doofy grin and they nodded to each other, then he went to pee. He came back rubbing his cock and kneeled down between Anni's legs. We could see her pussy and his cock very clearly. Fred penetrated my pussy again, that felt soo damn good!

Anni smiled now like an idiot, grabbed his big and thick cock and guided it to her pussy. I found, that Anni always had a stupid and idiot expression on her face during sexual activity, with a silly and stupid grin. I held my breath because it made me all hot when the thick cock widened Annis pussy and penetrated it powerfully. I came at 10, jerked violently and wriggled horny. Fred's fine fuck intensified my orgasm immensely. Karl thrust in half a dozen times and pulled his cock out again. Then he rammed it powerfully into Anni's pussy and squirted one single jet into her. Five or six times he kept pulling it out and ramming it back in to squirt one single jet into her pussy. Then he lay down next to Anni.

Annis pussy still showed for a while a big hole left by Karl's cock. It contracted again when Anni started to masturbate with a horny, silly and stupid grin in her face. She closed her eyes in pleasure and Karl rubbed his cock very slowly but firmly. From time to time he squirted a thick jet on Anni's pussy. He rubbed his cock for quite a long time and probably squirted a full, thick jet on her pussy 10 or 15 times, which apparently didn't bother her. She twitched every time and nodded to him with a really stupid grin while orgasming and continuing her masturbating. Anni got four orgasms with a really stupid grin in her face while twitching and fidgeting until Karl stopped squirting.

He knelt between Anni's legs again. She pulled the hood over her clit all the way back until her clit stood out big and stiff. It was all covered with his cum! Karl licked her clit with great pleasure. Anni opened her mouth, grinning stupidly while he licked her clit with great speed. I had never seen this before, Karl's tongue raced like crazy on the clit and Anni convulsed in orgasm, her face contorted in a really stupid grin. Karl kept licking her and her spasm must have lasted two minutes. I was already at 26 and Fred squirted in my pussy for the fourth time. After more than an hour, we crept silently back to our rooms. We spied on Anni and Karl every morning and we

had a lot of fun doing it. But before Fred's departure, towards the end of the summer, watching them was no longer so interesting and we stayed in my room to fuck.

One morning, in the middle of fucking, I saw my door open silently. Mommy was standing in the doorway. I was about to hide when I saw the telltale glint in her eyes. She stopped, reached under her skirt and masturbated standing up until she was done, then left. After the fucking, I whispered to Fred, but he shrugged that he didn't care much. Of course, I had only told him that she was watching us, but not that she was masturbating while watching. She then came every morning until the end of Fred's vacation and masturbated while watching us fucking.

Mommy had enlightened me about masturbating when I was 6. We stripped both naked and she showed me everything. She explained her sexual parts and masturbating and let me watch her masturbate right away. She spread her legs wide and smiled encouragingly at me so I could see everything clearly and she rubbed her clit with a finger, starting slowly and speeding up. She contorted her face as the orgasm came and her finger raced over her clit. In orgasm she pressed the finger vibrating on the clit and pulled her legs wide apart so I could see it clearly. She calmed down and smiled, did I see everything well? I shook my head and she sighed, but then she spread her legs even wider and let me look very close to her pussy, and then she masturbated two more times finely smiling until I nodded. Then I had to copy it until she was satisfied. We stayed sitting opposite each other and both of us masturbated all afternoon until we were tired. She hugged me very affectionately and kissed my face. I would be allowed to masturbate as often as I wanted from now on, when I was alone to myself. That was the only time I was allowed to see her masturbate "officially".

I had spied Mommy masturbating at that time already as a little girl, from her I had learned the clitrubbing. Mami masturbated every afternoon quite often. Whenever she interrupted her work, I quietly crept to her bedroom, where she masturbated half-naked on the bed. It took her a little longer than it did for me to rub the uvula ; it rarely took me more than a minute to wriggling and twitching. Mommy in-

terrupted four or five times in the afternoon to masturbate. I could see her nice pussy and clit quite well through the crack in the door. She rubbed the clit slowly at first, then faster and faster, and to orgasm she tore her legs very wide apart and pulled very hard on the clit, then after orgasm she clapped her legs together.

After masturbating she was always very happy and relaxed, so I loved her best.

# Edda

by Jack Faber © 2023

My name is Edda and I want to tell you a bit spilling my love life.

I lie on my love couch and wait for Adi and his friend, who according to Adi's opinion should have a neat, big cock. I always get up at noon, lie down in the bath water and masturbate my morning wood. No, no, I am a full woman! But the doctor when I was born must have been drunk, because he thought I was a boy with anaspadia, since he mistook the stiff clit for a dick and found no urethra. He drilled a urethra up to my bladder so that I would cum a little urine in orgasm.

In the girls boarding school I was then also the hammer, I deflowered many girls and fucked with many. Already my mother, grandmother, great-grandmother etc. had huge clits like myself and they all loved to fuck women and girls as much as I do now. In the Middle Ages, one of my great-grandmothers was burned at the stake because the witch had deflowered and fucked all the girls in the village. I saw my mother's huge clit only once, when she taught me to masturbate when I was 6. It was the only time she showed me her huge clit and demonstrated how she masturbated like a man. I knelt in front of her and watched very closely how my mother masturbated, one after the other time in a row to orgasm. She said that she did it very often because it did her good. I had to masturbate until I got it. We masturbated sitting across from each other both smiling and orgasming hard all afternoon until we ran out of breath, that was the beginning of it all.

I walk around in my house every day always totally naked, only once every two weeks I put on clothes to go shopping. I live on a large inheritance and do not need to work. Being naked all day is very important to me. I also open fully naked the door to anyone, whether it was a delivery man, the mailman — or a man or girl who visited me to masturbate or to fuck.

The mailman had come, he wanted to assfuck me once a week, quickly and no complaining. That was okay for me, I left the door wide open as Flora was already coming through the garden. I stayed in the entrance room, bent my upper body forward, fingertips to my toes. All he had to do was bring it out, spread my asscheeks neatly and then assfuck me. He knew well, never was a man allowed to fuck in my pussy, because I defended my virginity and only let men assfuck me. I love assfucking and he did his job well and quickly, because his wife did not let him to assfuck, that silly bitch. He was only irritated because Flora was already standing bent down under the door (like every time) and watching with wide eyes him assfuck me for real. He left with his face red with shame.

Flora was quite a dear. She was a bit retarded and heavily pregnant from her boozy husband. She dropped her little dress and lay backwards on the bed, spreading her legs and holding her roly-poly belly. “I need it really very badly, dear Sister Edda!” she said in her begging manner, as she did every time. I looked at her sore clit and said she was masturbating too much. “Yes,” she replied stupidly, “I need it now day and night because I’m having the baby!” I fucked her quickly, because I knew exactly where her G-Spot was. Flora had a very violent orgasm. She begged with teary eyes, again, please again! I fucked her a second time as usual and when her orgasm subsided, she said how excitedly the baby jumped and kicked.

I interrupted masturbating when the doorbell interrupted my reverie. I opened naked and greeted Adi and the new guy, Tobi. I had to laugh, because Tobi could not tear his eyes away from my nakedness. He stared at my huge, full breasts, which hung down heavily to my belly button. He stared at my stiff clit, he had certainly never seen anything like it! Then the three of us masturbated all afternoon until we were sick of it. Adi was allowed to fuck me in the ass, because he liked that. Tobi did not, he wanted to fuck properly, but I did not allow that, at least not at the beginning.

Tobi really wanted to fuck, though. We agreed somewhere in the middle. Tobi was the first to be allowed to fuck and cum inside my pussy. He agreed to penetrate only a little up to my hymen and not to tear it. He promised and kept his word, which was also easy because

my hymen was thick and firm like leather. He fucked me very passionately every day for half a year and somehow I was no longer averse to real fucking.

Once they came, Olivia was with me. We were going to wait for the two boys with her deflowering. Olivia was drunk as a skunk and had been masturbating for hours, I've never seen anything like it! She was a dirty, filthy brat and we stood next to her and watched. One after the other splashed on her fuck hole, first me, then Adi splashed a neat load on her fuck hole. Finally Tobi squirted into her pussy entrance and the drunken stupid filthy bitch came screeching to orgasm.

I knelt between Olivia's legs and Tobi lay under me, he wanted to see the deflowering up close. I slowly slid into her fuck hole, bumping her hymen once, twice and twelve times, but it resisted! Tobi spread her fuck hole so that the hymen was stretched like a drumhead, grabbed my stiff clit and pierced the hymen with a firm, powerful jerk. Olivia cried with joy and pride and I fucked her. Then it was Tobi's turn.

Olivia was reluctant and complained that it wasn't a deal and and and. Tobi didn't bat an eyelash, penetrated her energetically and fucked her so hard that she didn't know which Bus had hit her. She came shrieking to a tremendous orgasm. Then it was Adi's turn. Again she mewled a lot, rubbing Adi so clumsily that he squirted in her hand. She had to laboriously lick him with her mouth and tongue stiff again and then he fucked the stupid filthy bitch to a screaming orgasm. She then masturbated weeping and sniffling until all the semen had oozed out of her pussy.

Days later I was ready to be deflowered, by Tobi of course. Unfortunately, he had a hard time tearing my leatherlike hymen. I screamed because it hurt a lot, but the good boy managed somehow. I cried some more, but then I liked the real fucking very much. Since then I let little Adi and big Tobi fuck me for all I cared! Masturbating was generally passé, from now on I was fucked hard, come hell or high water! We did it for another 4 years, then Tobi had become 18 and no longer had any desire for me old woman piece.

So, that was my story.

# The Android

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Fyy, an android. I was created over 60 years ago with the body of a girl about 18 years old. It is certainly true that I am the smartest being on the planet Bangurel. My creator created me in the image of his deceased daughter, had replicated her body millimeter by millimeter. My creator gave me the appearance of a very beautiful 18 year old with very large, full and firm breasts. My sex, on the other hand, was more like that of a 13 year old with a very tight vagina without pubic hair, which most men loved. To the clit he gave no hood and she was one and a half to two inches long. It was excellent for masturbating and fucking clit-to-clit. Master Guo created my brain and the AI.

My creator — his name shall be forgotten forever — fucked me with obsessive madness after his daughter's death until his dick was just bloody mincemeat and his heart stopped. It was not granted to him to fuck his daughter during her lifetime. He also never learned that his best friend, Master Guo, had secretly masturbated and fucked the comatose girl a thousand times. Her only sign of life was a fine smile when she was masturbated or fucked. Master Guo only recognized her orgasm because she rolled sometimes her eyes wildly.

About this girl Fiona, who lay 5 years in Master Guo's only clinic room of his private laboratory, I can probably tell something as the only one. Her mother had died in childbirth and her single father, who loved her idolatrously, taught her to masturbate at the age of 6. She was allowed to masturbate as often and as long as she wanted. She masturbated very often with her girlfriends and gave many guys a nice handjob. When she was 13 she liked to participate in joy rides. One stole a glider and raced happily masturbating through the city. During one such ride in a stolen convertible Fiona orgasmed so violently that she fell out of the speeding glider. Since then she was in a coma and died at 18.

I know this so well because I am a perfect telepath and could translate everything from Fiona to Master Guo. This was a really important task and the only difficult thing was that Fiona remained a cocky, curious and sexually dirty 13-year-old till the end. She mostly just wanted to talk about sexual things. So I told the master that Fiona wanted to be masturbated every day. We always had the same position, I sat with Fiona lying backwards on my naked pussy in front of the master who masturbated the girl and himself. I rubbed and caressed Fiona's breasts and had to tell him when she had an orgasm, he immediately squirted a thick jet on her pussy. When he fell asleep, I masturbated her all night until morning.

A year later, the girl asked me if she should be afraid of pregnancy if the master fucked her? I explained everything to her and she asked me to do it. I cut her fallopian tubes with mental power and that calmed her down. She had me begging the master for weeks to deflower her and fuck her, she wanted it so badly! I held her gently in my arms as the master delicately deflowered her. She whooped because she could feel the fucking. The Master was a kind man and fucked her as often as he could. I heard Fiona whoop and scream, silently and soundless, with pleasure when she had an orgasm. Of course I helped vigorously and masturbated her clit while he was fucking her. Her last wish was to be fucked one more time and the master fucked her while she was dying and only stopped when he squirted into the dead girl's pussy. He kept fucking her for hours until he could take no more.

Master Guo stole me before I — his masterpiece — was added to the inheritance and I was his favorite bedmate for the next 20 years. Every morning I held his morning wood while he was peeing and knelt in front of him to masturbate his morning wood in my mouth and let him squirt deep down in my throat. I constantly replenished my knowledge, which I still do even today. Towards the end of the 20 years, his manhood waned and he followed my recommendation to give me to his 12 year old student Pan d'Aubonville for his 12th birthday. I had chosen Pan wisely and was Pan's favorite bedfellow. He learned everything sexual from me, he fucked me very lovingly. Since my creator had given me all human feelings, I could naturally experience sexual excitement and had real orgasms. He had given me a

very slight orgasmic ability with the enlargement of my G-Spot so that I could always have easily an orgasm. Master Guo could no longer teach me anything and had become unimportant. I breathed a sigh of relief when Pan murdered the master after finishing his training. He filled the old man with arousing mulberry liquor so that the Old Guy fucked himself to death. I assured Pan that he had done right, the master knew too much about him and my secrets.

Pan made a nice career in the military and left the education of his halfsons to me. I taught them all to fuck, squirt in my mouth and masturbate a girl, they became very skilled at it. I often had to fuck all night until all his sons had fucked me. That was fine, I could always fuck and orgasm no matter how many times without getting tired. Then when the sons had flown out, I was more in Pan's focus again.

When his daughter Conara turned 12, he deflowered her according to the customs and fucked her ever since. Conara had been in bed with Pan and me since childhood, she learned to masturbate very quickly and watched us both to learn to fuck. I liked Conara very much, we often masturbated together and I taught her quite soon how we girls could fuck clit-to-clit, we both did it with a lot of horny pleasure. When Conara went out of the house to become a healer, his daughter Binara lay with us. She was waiting impatiently to become 12 and to be deflowered. But until then she was only allowed to cuddle with Pan and me, masturbate and playfully explore our bodies sexually. She also loved fucking clit-to-clit from the beginning, which she had learned as a little girl. At 12, he deflowered Binara and they continued to fuck for many years.

I charged my energy every night — standing in the loading module of the library — although it was enough for at least 14 days. Recharging always triggered a fine horniness in me and I masturbated all the time until I was charged. It was clear to me, of course, that I only charged myself every night because I loved masturbating and orgasming a lot.

The papal academy had developed rational androids, the intelligent Odos. In addition the Halgrims, little intelligent fuckbots for the

narrow purse. With Pan's consent I manipulated the development of the Odos, because they would have become a threatening competition for me and a dangerous tool in the hands of the clergy. I teleported to the Academy every night to "test" the Odos, as Pan said with a grin. The Odos and Halgrims could really fuck excellently, and I got a handful of wonderful orgasms every night.

Commander Pan had many loves. There was the dominatrix Ileana, who was in love with him and also provided her maids for fucking. The horny old bitch General Irenea, who fucked him all day long during the trips to Halfgard, his foster daughter Jana and many more. Very special were his relations with the Queens Budicca, Lea, Dara and Rhia. At 40 he was promoted to general — against his will — but he remained an active fighter and never became an armchair farter. Just six months later my hero was back in the saddle, leading an expedition together with the Valurians to Eliana, a distant planet of great interest to Valuria and Bangurel. Pan took me as his adjutant because I'm a smart thing and he didn't want to give up fucking on the half-year expedition. We had a very nice and horny time on this expedition. Life with Pan was full of adventures and it was never boring!

My master, Pan, is approaching 60. He will probably retire soon and then spend half a year at a time in Halfgard, we have already talked about that. I suspect he will live to be at least 95, like many of his ancestors.

Who will be my master after that? There is still time....

# Cora the Dutch Girl

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Cora from Holland. I remember one guy in particular with great pleasure.

I wanted to go home by car stop. Shimmering summer heat, I had only a light summer dress on, bra and panties I left out immediately, because at the car stop you had to pay and the guys should not tear my underwear to pieces.

A white moped stopped. The sympathetic boy spoke only German, I dutch only. He waved, Amsterdam. A little detour, I tried to make him understand. He nodded, okay, Amsterdam! I got on the back and grinned, because the boy did so secretly and devoured my beautiful breasts and my pussy curiously with his looks.

He drove very fast, much faster than our mopeds. With a little luck I was home in the evening. But I wasn't lucky, thank God. A heavy downpour surprised us. A friendly old farmer let us spend the night in his shed.

I took off my wet dress and hung it over a beam. The boy stared at my naked body like an ox. Oh-Jesus-Christ! I thought, he has never seen a naked girl before! I gestured for him to take off his wet clothes and hang them up. He understood and we faced each other naked. His beautiful cock swelled, I was very pleased! We lay down in the straw and had to move very close together because the blanket was too small. I embraced my future lover with my whole body and we made ourselves known. Jack was from Austria and was 18, destination Amsterdam. I was Cora, 17 and on my way home, I lied cheekily. I was not even 14 at the time.

He is certainly still a virgin, I thought, he really had no clue. I was already pretty nippy on the road, I had started to masturbate at age 5, in the clique of our village we girls masturbated quite openly and gave all the guys hand- and blowjobs. We bigger ones fucked un-

abashedly in front of the others and I had a competition with my best girlfriend who of us had the most fucks this year. I slowly worked my way down Jack's body until I grabbed his boner.

He didn't understand my questions, unfortunately. I rubbed his cock very slowly and gently and he relaxed. I let him squirt onto my breasts. Jack groped me, for a rematch, I assumed. But far from it, he didn't know where, what and how. I gave him another handjob after half an hour of his unsure fondling and let him doze for half an hour. Of course I was not idle and masturbated very quietly so as not to wake him.

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The orgasm tore me away, I needed it very badly! I had not been able to masturbate for the last four days, because of "decency". I had visited Uncle Piet and Aunt Anni and Anni really had a devil in her pussy! She wore of course no panties and when she thought I do not see it, she lifted the skirt and fucked herself with a finger for a second in the pussy to make Piet rat-hot. She talked very vulgar and very piggish so that Piet muttered, stop it, the child gets your damn smut! During the day, when Piet sometimes took care of the animals in the barn, Anni scurried into the bedroom and masturbated very quickly before he came back, five or six times a day. Thus, she made Piet rat-hot until the evening! The cottage was tiny and all three of us had to sleep in one bed in a nearly dark room. Uncle Piet lay down upon the aunt and felt me between my legs, he played horny with my cunt to explore it. Anni put her hand on my cunt and whispered with a smile in her voice that he was a little piglet! But he quickly pushed his finger in and out. Anni masturbated my clit wonderfully and fine, but unfortunately not quite to orgasm. He first worked up an appetite with me and then quickly and hastily fucked Anni. He rested a moment on Anni and grabbed my cunt without trying to masturbate me. Anni's hand on my cunt masturbated my clit again almost to orgasm and she whispered without reprimanding him to leave me alone. I felt on Anni's ass cheeks that she masturbated firmly and quickly. He gave back, the little one is fast asleep and pushed his finger very quickly in and out of my pussy until Anni came loudly panting to orgasm. He then fucked Anni the second time, it took much longer until he squirted in her pussy. She masturbated my clit wonderfully, but

unfortunately again not to orgasm, rubbing his cock while squirting and squeezing it to the last drop while muttering that he must not make me a child! He let his cock stick in her again, playing with my cunt and sliding a finger in and out of my fuck hole. Anni masturbated loud and fast. Minutes later she was shaking in her orgasm and he stopped fucking me with his finger. He fucked Anni again, this time much, much longer. I heard and felt on her asscheeks that Anni was masturbating insanely horny and fast. He rested sticking in her pussy again, playing with my cunt and pushing a finger in and out of my pussy for a while. Minutes later he stopped fucking me with his finger and fucked Anni again, this time much, much longer. I heard and felt Anni's body masturbating insanely horny and fast. He waited until her orgasm stopped and started fucking again. Anni masturbated again, very loud and long and I was pushed back and forth by her asscheeks. She orgasmed after a long time and he whispered, "Now one more time?" She replied in a whisper, "I've had it three or four times already, that's enough for me. You finish now, cum already!" She masturbated my clit again only without orgasm while he fucked her for a while more and then squirted into her pussy, I could feel it clearly on Anni's asscheeks. Early in the morning I woke up because Aunt Anni was moving. I watched her out of the corner of my eye. She uncovered herself naked and masturbated three times in a row and masturbated very quietly while orgasming. She covered herself again and we both fell asleep again. Piet and Anni were sure that I was still an innocent little girlie, so I was not allowed to masturbate. They repeated this all three nights in the same way and I could hardly stand it without having an orgasm!

The last night everything was different, I could see more in the darkness. Piet put his cock in Anni's pussy and thought for a while. He pulled it out again and lay down on top of me. I was a sleeping beauty, but I spread my legs willing and discreetly. He instantly penetrated my pussy, this was my first adult cock! Anni grabbed onto my filled pussy, masturbated my clit and muttered that he must not make me a baby! I felt her masturbate quickly and vigorously and Piet began to fuck me. Anni's hand masturbated my clit, he squirted fully in my pussy and after a short masturbation came Anni's orgasm, loudly panting she clawed her fingers in my clit and in his cock. He got stuck in my pussy, Anni masturbated me again almost

to orgasm, then she sighed devoted to God and began to masturbate again. Piet fucked me a little longer this time and squirted into my pussy again. He got stuck in my pussy and we both listened to Anni's masturbating. She came again loudly panting to orgasm and calmed down. He fucked me for a long time now, forever I guessed, but he didn't excite me enough to orgasm. Anni put her hand on my pussy and masturbated me hard until I almost orgasmed, but I didn't. She rubbed his cock in my fuckhole as he squirted struggling and gasping, squeezing out the last drops with her fingers. "I hope you don't make her a baby," she murmured as she did so. Anni masturbated me still very, very long, but not to orgasm. Piet murmured, "you can still rub the little one as long as you want, she sleeps very deeply and can not come to orgasm." Anni masturbated me another half hour wonderfully and very energetically, but he was right. We all went to sleep. I was very annoyed that I did not have an orgasm. In the morning I woke up again when Anni started moving. She uncovered herself again and masturbated naked four times in a row. I had been watching her, she noticed it after her fourth orgasm. But she only covered herself and we both fell asleep again. At breakfast there was no remark about the night's adventure.

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Jack had woken up at my fidgeting. Now I went all out. I pulled him on top of me, rubbed his cock hard and pushed him inside my fuck hole. He stammered something about a baby and I whispered to him, no danger, no baby! He was relieved and began to fuck me. He obviously had little or no experience yet, but he was doing everything right. I didn't want to overwhelm him and masturbated only very secretly. When he started to cum in my fuck hole, I triggered my orgasm. We remained lying embraced.

We fucked three more times, I triggered my orgasm secretly and he was better at fucking and squirting in every time. He was tired and fell asleep breathing softly. I masturbated for hours more until I was tired and fell asleep.

The rain had stopped and I did my morning exercise. On the second orgasm Jack woke up and looked at me curiously, he had apparently never seen a female orgasming before! He pulled the blanket all

the way off and indicated he wanted to see me masturbating. I smiled and masturbated happily. I rarely masturbated three times in a morning, but he wanted to see it. He crouched in front of my fuck hole and watched with glowing ears. I showed him my most beautiful orgasm, he was happy like a child and hugged me after. Our kissing logically led to the fact that we fucked again and this time in the sunshine. He wanted to see the masturbating again and I gladly did him the favor. We fucked afterwards for a very, very long time and he brought me to orgasm.

We then drove for a good hour and then I was home. We said a long goodbye, he wiped his tears and roared off, Amsterdam!

Too bad that we had forgotten to exchange addresses.

I would have loved to write to Jack.

# Traudl and Rémy

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Edeltraud, called Traudl. I am very God-fearing and live chastely, I have consecrated my life to St. Carmen of Toledo, who was publicly raped by the evil Moors for days in the marketplace of Toledo and fucked by everyone until she died in supreme rapture and exstasy. For a long time I still believed the fairy tale that her rapture and ecstasy were of divine origin.

In our small village near the capital, as young girls we masturbated like crazy in a big round. Some girls also let themselves be fucked by the boys, but not me, I wanted to remain a virgin for my father and only watched the fucking secretly from a distance.

My father, whom I loved idolatrously, used to come to my bedroom every night, then to put a finger through the hole in my hymen and nodded in satisfaction, then watch me masturbate until I got tired. His finger in the hole of my hymen always found my G-Spot and he rubbed me there diligently in my orgasm. He masturbated kneeling between my thighs and lay on top of me for squirting, to fuck quite wildly without tearing my hymen, he grabbed my little baby ass with his paws and squirted contentedly humming deep into my pussy. The mother was not allowed to know that, of course! After all, she masturbated day-in and day-out and only reluctantly let him fuck her sometimes, masturbating was much much better, she said! He came every night until I was 18 and moved into the rectory. Often the mother caught us, then she hit him on the head and scolded wildly, what he was doing with that fuckin' dirty slut, incestuously fucking and squirting into that baby hole, but of course he did not give it up. I always wanted to give him my virginity, but he shook his head firmly, I must remain a virgin until my wedding! For his sake, I masturbated every night wildly and let him fuck me, although I had the new priest vowed in high and holy words to be chaste and not to masturbate anymore.

The new priest was against all sex, that was for sure. He made a "Wall of Shame" that was hung in the hallway of the school until the Lord Bishop had it removed. To make the wall of shame, the new young priest accompanied the photographer and hung our pictures, one board for girls, one for boys. This is the sin of the flesh, it said above it in big letters, on the left were us girls, on the right the boys. The girls were photographed masturbating, the boys while jerking off. There were 4 pictures of me, one after masturbating, just my pussy and clit, which the photographer had artificially enlarged. The other three in the middle of orgasm, the priest and the photographer had both crawled between my legs to get good close-ups. They made me masturbate five times in a row until they got enough good shots. You could see all in close-ups, my blurred finger racing over the clit, of course my cunt with the hymen, my big proud breasts and my face contorted with lust and effort. It was much the same with the other girls. At the board table with the boys, a large cluster of curious girls always formed, the boys only occasionally dared to look at the girls' wall of shame. I cheated myself in between to secretly see the squirting cocks. Some squirted really high into the air, with some the sauce only tiredly poured out of the glans. The priest kept coming by and giving speeches about the carnal sin, the worst of all sins that we children could ever commit. The priest made us all take the great pledge of honor that we would not masturbate anymore, and I kept to it, ironclad. Of course, I masturbated very wild in the evening to make my father happy before our fucking, but that doesn't count.

With 18 I got the freed apartment upstairs in the rectory and could sublet the second bedroom to other girls. I work half days in the bakery as a saleswoman, what better I did not find. But I was godfearing, chaste and went to morning mass with the priest every morning. There was only a thin wall between my bedroom and the sublet room, full of framed pictures of saints in both rooms. Someone had drilled a hole in the wall to peek over. I enlarged the hole until it fit me and hung an almost transparent picture in the other room, so I could watch the girl masturbate every evening from half a meter away. Thank God the hole was never discovered. My vow of no-more-masturbating wobbled precariously because watching the girl masturbate behind the wall made me terribly horny. She was up for grabs, her bed was right under the hole and I could see every little

hair, she was that close. I could hear her gasping and panting as she strained to work up one orgasm after another. I asked St. Carmen's forgiveness when I again had to masturbate quite a bit every night after spying.

The new strict priest called me to him. I was a good, chaste girl the priest said, and therefore he entrusted me with a special little sheep of his herd, a young Negro from Africa. He introduced me to Rémy as his new landlady, but the priest didn't have to stutter along in English, the Negro Rémy spoke fluently German. He was a handsome man around 18, but unfortunately he had very dark black skin. He studied in the capital and he was related to the priest in some confused way. Of course I agreed, although I had never had a man as a lodger before and I was afraid of his black skin. That's how I met Rémy.

Rémy called me every morning in the shower, I should wash his back. After a few minutes I was no longer afraid of his black skin, and when he turned around and I saw his thick, long snake dangling down for the first time, I covered my bra and panties with my hand in shock, because the first day I didn't wash him naked yet. He grinned and let me lather and scrub his front. "My cock too," the guy said cheekily, "it doesn't bite!" This outraged me a bit and I really washed him vigorously, making his snake-long cock thick and very stiff. "You're not done with rubbing my cock," he said with a very naughty grin, and I was very shy and shameful to grip his cock. I blushed and got hot red cheeks when he demanded to rub his cock. I turned my head away, because I was so shy and full of shame, when I did it, trembling in arousement and fear of a devine punishing lightning. I stopped before doing it and took my bra away, my heavy breasts immediately falling down under my belly navel, but spoiling the bra, I didn't want. Thinking for a second I took down my slip too, for his fingers where touching my cunt already. Now I was ready and grabbed his giant cock. So it came to pass that every morning after showering I masturbated his long cock and let him squirt in the bathtub. I had never done the masturbation of cocks before, only watched my father. But I very soon learned to masturbate Rémy's long cock. It was so long that when I clasped it with both hands, it only half covered it. So much for the dimensions. It was only a little strange the

first day, after that it was nothing special at all to stand naked next to him and masturbate his cock. I must also say to his credit that he never touched me indecently or tried to fuck me. He fondled my beautiful, large round breasts with horny pleasure and fingered my pussy with increasing lust before he cum. It was all chaste and fine.

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**Rémy's story**

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I come from northern South Africa, at 8 years old Missy took me to her bed and I stayed with her for 10 years until she sent me to Germany to study with an uncle who was a pastor.

The Missy, whose real name was Doris, had us 8 year old boys line up, all 14 of us, to pick her next Boy. Her husband lived a day's ride away at the other end of his plantation. There we 14 boys stood, naked and hopeful, in the blazing afternoon sun, because it was an important issue. Her Boy was only there for fucking and Missy-masturbating, not for the strenuous physical field work. I had the biggest cock of all and was sure she would choose me. She lay down on the bench and one by one, all 14 of us, had to fuck her. I was the last, I tried hard and held back the squirting as long as I could. The Missy straightened her skirt, said a friendly thank you to everyone and from then on I was her boy for the next 10 years. The Missy could not be fucked often enough, in the afternoon, in the morning with my morning wood and at night until I got tired. After fucking she spread her arms and legs apart and I had to masturbate her with a finger to a twitching, shivering orgasm. She stroke my hair in a thanking sense but never kissed me. Her husband came over every Sunday morning because they went to church together. He fucked Doris with all the hunger that he had accumulated in a week and watched grinning and benevolent when I fucked the Missy too. That went great for 10 years, then I was sent to Germany to study, that's what my Missy wanted.

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So I was busy every morning masturbating Rémy's cock in the shower and he held back a lot because the priest had said I was a chaste girl, which was kind of true. But Rémy got lady visitors almost

every afternoon, he liked to fuck young girls as much as married ones. It had spread like wildfire that the black boy fucked like a world champion! As often as I could, I pressed my face to the hole in the wall and watched their fucking. It was always so awesome to watch Rémy's long, stiff snake slowly diving into her pussy. Most of them couldn't take Rémy's cock all the way in, but they all groaned, moaned and gasped, because Rémy was obviously very good at fucking. All the girls and married women had shaved pussies, so I asked the gay Rosi shave me three times a week, and she was allowed to masturbate and fuck me as payment, so to speak. She really masturbated me so excellently that I lost my breath. And when she lay on me and fucked my clit with her clit, I had one wonderful orgasm after another like Saint Carmen of Toledo. And she fucked, fucked and fucked in a row until she had a violent orgasm. After a few months I shaved myself, the lesbian fuss of Rosi was just too embarrassing for me.

How can I put it? I was getting hotter every day to let Rémy fuck me. I watched every day the happy fucking, became horny as hell and masturbating brought only short relaxation. The holy Carmen of Toledo had already withdrawn long ago from my unchastity, unfortunately. One night I gathered all my courage and crept naked into Rémy's room.

He was lying on the bed, rubbing his long cock very slowly, absorbed in his reading. It was a booklet full of nudes and fuckers, a fine study, that! He looked up and I sat straddled on the foot of his bed. "I want to fuck you, Rémy," I said in a thin voice, my heart pounding. He took an in-depth look at my cunt. "You're still a virgin, Rosi," he stated, and I nodded. "But I am the Traudi, you know" I reminded him, "if you like, then you may deflower me! I've wanted it for a very long time, but I never dared to ask!" He nodded thoughtfully, "dare, Traudi, dare!" he grinned, "come lie down with me and relax, it's an important moment for you and it should be as romantic as possible!" I lay down with him, skin to skin and trembling with excitement. He was very gentle as he inserted his cock. It only made a tiny prick, then I was deflowered. He fucked me and his whole cock went exactly fully into my pussy. It was beautiful, I thanked him with lots of French kisses and cuddling. I loved his fucking very much and

got very violent orgasms after he allowed me to masturbate while fucking. My ass and pussy twitched and pumped wildly like a wasps ass trying to lay an egg in vain.

Since then I fuck him every night and it is always exciting, horny and never boring.

# The Immaculate Virgin

by Jack Faber © 2023

I have lived on the upper floor of the parochal rectory all my life. From childhood on I cleaned the whole rectory and still do today. I don't need to go to school, said the old priest, he would teach me everything. Some were spiteful and murmured that he was my father, but I had neither mother nor father, I was a gift from God, said the old priest smiling. He washed me every night in the shower, wrapped me in a bath towel and carried me to my bed. He often read me beautiful saint stories and caressed my thighs and Mumu while reading to me.

Then the pointy thing in my Mumu got hot and hard and peeked out demandingly. I nodded satisfied and said, now we could do it already and spread my legs willingly. He rubbed the pointy thing very finely until it twitched heavily and I gasped and wriggled quite violently. He continued for so long and I had to wriggle gasping until the tip became soft and disappeared again in my mumu. I had to learn it too and at 6 I could do it all by myself. If he had gone and had extinguished the light, I made it still quite long, because it went better from day to day and because I fantasized so beautifully about the saints and their bizarre stories.

When someone spent the night in the guest room, he would say after the reading that I had to do it alone today because he had to calm the woman in the guest room in the same way as he usually calmed me down. I was still a very young child and said, that's okay with me. As he had said it, you could hear them rumbling, sighing and moaning in the guest room, then it became quiet. When I curiously crept to the door and peeked in through a crack, he was usually sitting on the bed with the sheet wrapped around his hips, watching the woman all naked and rubbing her Mumu. I looked at them very closely, because most of them were nuns, who looked very different in the robe than they did naked. Sometimes they were other women, the mayor's wife, the doctor's wife, or Mrs. Schmitt.

Mostly he would lie between the thighs of the nuns and do push-ups, his naked ass pumping up and down. I found that quite boring and went again, I had never heard of fucking at that time. It was only exciting when the young countess spent the night with us. She was the only one who had no pubic hair and had to calm her smooth Mumu very often and he watched her smiling.

Normally, however, the countess would lie on top of him and pump her ass cheeks up and down. I didn't know then that men had cocks and that it was his cock between her ass cheeks. I nearly burst with excitement when the young countess pumped slower and slower and — like the saint virgins in my fantasies — whispered aloud "please-please make me a baby now!" I would not have understood at that time that the Count was a very old man and the Countess had to let herself be impregnated by the priest. She pumped slower and slower and lay on top of him. Her ass cheeks trembled now and drove very slowly back and forth, devouring his cock each time. I ran there always quite ecstatic in my room and had to calm my Mumu immediately down.

Of course I asked him why he was doing push-ups between the nuns' thighs or why the countess was pumping her ass up and down, but he was always angry about it and scolded me for spying. And he said that people had different ways of calming their raptures in the Mumu down. Some needed it like me and rubbed their mumu with a finger, with others he just did push-ups. He always left the countess questions unanswered. He didn't like to talk about these things, so I kept quiet and stopped asking when I spied. Of course, I kept spying every time, he only did push-ups with all the nuns and the many other honorable wives from the village, only the countess was allowed to pump him with her ass cheeks. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that she was the only one who always begged him to please make her a baby? Why could the priest make her a baby? I watched this very closely. She lay upon him for a long time and then she pumped him again, like before.

He taught me to pray, a lot, sometimes in German, sometimes in Latin. Reading or writing was not necessary for cleaning, that was true. Sometimes guests stayed overnight in the second room, usually

they were spiritual sisters, rarely priests. The old priest had told them that I did it to myself every night. They came into my room at night, uncovered me and looked at my naked Mumu, but they did not touch me. I knew what they expected, and I did it right away. When I was already bigger, I think 9 or 10, and already getting the first raptures at night, they uncovered me naked and watched very curiously as I soothed my naked Mumu, even if I had to do it two- or three times in a row. Most of the nuns sat on the edge of the bed, flipped up their robes, and I saw that they were rubbing the pointy thing in their Mumu just as I was. Most of the time I had done it three times before they finished with loud sighs and shuddering breaths and they then quietly left again and of course forgot to tuck me in again.

When I had turned 16 and all my pubic hair had fallen out, the nuns showed me how to make each other hot with French kissing, which I loved from the first kiss on and loved to kiss the nuns all the years. From then on the nuns came almost every night to French kiss and rub their thing in the Mumu, until it gradually stopped from 40 on. After I was about 40, no more guests came, although night after night I woke up sweating in raptures and then had to do it at least three times in a row.

I lived chastely all my life, was never intimate with a man, and consecrated myself to St. Carmen of Toledo. St. Carmen had been tortured to death by the Moors, she was tied to a pole in the main square of the city of Toledo for 4 days and all the men were having their way with her. I had no idea what the “way with her” meant, but Sister Rosi suggested it was what the dogs do to the bitches, jumping on them. From then on I dreamed of Carmen, how the men jumped on her from behind and wiggled their asses. I hadn’t seen a man’s cock all my life and neither had Rosi, but she knew they had cocks, but not hairy like the dogs, but quite smooth and in front between their legs. The Moors in my dreams jumped on Carmen from behind and stabbed her with slick cocks. I found that very brutal, what I saw there in the dream, and I could not imagine almost, how Carmen was so raptured thereby for 4 days that she died with “great joy and holy rapture”. I only learned much later what “raptured” actually means, how could Carmen be raptured when the Moors were stabbing her? But she was so much enraptured that her heart stopped. I dreamed

about these things all my life, and when I woke up in the night, drenched in sweat, I felt the rapture between my legs. Then I would rub there until the rapture exploded and then I would be calm again. Almost every night I woke up and had to calm me down. It was as easy as eating or drinking, I had to do that “calming down” every night.

The new pastor assigned me a lodger, his name was John and he was a 17-year-old student. He would stay for maybe two years, the pastor said. We got along very well from the beginning, even though I was a good 45 years older than he was. Jo, so he was called, called me every evening, I should soap and scrub his back after the shower. I was happy to do that, he had a very nice back and butt, after a few weeks I also soaped and washed the butt, while he apparently soaped and rubbed quite firmly in the front between his legs. He had said, after the washing of the asscheeks I should reach under through between the asscheeks and to caress the little bag with the two balls very gently and tenderly like the hair of a dear child. So long, until he was done with rubbing in the front. I caressed the bag as gently and as sweetly as I could, while he apparently soaped and rubbed himself quite firmly between the legs. I first looked only at his back and buttocks, and then at the violently shaking little sacklet, which I caressed so long tenderly and delicately, until he was also finished with the scrubbing on the front. Then I went to my room and was every time so enraptured by the sacklet-caressing that I calmed down comfortably the Mumu between my legs.

To prevent my dress from getting wet all the time, Jo said I could come into the bathroom without a dress, no one would see us, and besides, I had panties and bra on, so that was enough. I thought about it all day long, lying on the bed, and I had so many raptures that I stripped naked already at noon and had to calm me down continuously until dinner. But after dinner I went to Jo’s bathroom in just panties and bra and was madly ecstatic while doing all the back- and asscheeks washing and powerful scrubbing. I looked at the little sacklet, which I held in one hand and caressed it with the other hand very tenderly and gently for a quarter of an hour. I felt as if I were soothing Jo with the gentle stroking of the little sacklet the same as I was rubbing my Mumu, and I immediately heard his satisfied moans

as I stroked the little sacklet as I was rubbing my Mumu, only much more gently. This excited me so much that my pointy thing in my Mumu came out forward horny and demanding. I asked Jo, who rubbed quite firmly between his legs, if he was now also very enraptured, but he just gasped and moaned and said nothing. I later handed him the bath towel so he could cover himself and turn around. He chided himself that my bra was soaking wet and reached around me and undid the clasp. My large, heavy breasts sank down to my belly button. Jo looked at them closely and said I had nice breasts, and I blushed with pride.

Jo said my panties were soaking wet too and pulled them down. I got out and hung them on the string next to the bra. Jo looked at my Mumu for a long time and asked if my clit always peeked out like that? I didn't know what he meant with "clit" and he pointed to it. Yes, I nodded eagerly, always when I'm very raptured, but when I've calmed down, it doesn't. I saw that Jo was thinking for a while. He asked, as he had before, if I had never been with a man intimate, and I nodded that I hadn't. But he shook his head and smiled, "you're already 60," and I nodded, 61. "And you don't have pubic hair," he said with a grin, and I explained that after a few years it had fallen out on its own just like the armpit hair. He nodded seriously, that sometimes happens.

From that day on, I took off my panties and bra even before I washed him so they wouldn't get wet. I was very ecstatic when I had to strike his little sacklet very gently for quite a long time until he was finished in rubbing his frontside. It was very horny in itself that we were both completely naked. But then to reach down between his ass cheeks and gently touch the sacklet was just insanely horny. I was more and more convinced from day to day that Jo rubbed himself on his front side similarly to how I rubbed the stiff thing in my Mumu and I supported him well with the gentle rubbing of his sacklet. I didn't have a little sack like Jo's and I always resolved to ask him about his rubbing, but I just didn't dare. We did it the same way for weeks and I was really convinced that we were soothing his Mumu somehow together. It was so arousing and exciting that I had to do it right away.

I mumbled, I have to calm down now and went to my room. Moments later Jo stuck his head through the door, asking if he could watch it? I nodded, yes of course, because no one has ever wanted to watch me when I made me “calming” down, only in early years. He sat down at the edge of the bed and watched me soothe my Mumu. It was all over soon and I was still properly raptured so I did it again until I calmed down and the pointy thing in my Mumu softened and disappeared. He nodded very kindly and left, we did that for the next two or three months, it was okay for both of us. He never stayed when I picked up the rosary and started praying. He had once said, smiling, that he himself never prayed and that he admired me because I prayed so much and so diligently. The praise made me proud. — I rarely woke up in the night with a rapture anymore.

One night the bath towel slipped around Jo’s hips. I stopped in mid-soothing and stared at the thing. After all, he always turned his back on me when he scrubbed so powerfully his front side; I had never seen him from the front. I stared at his thing and wanted to ask him, but he flipped the bath towel back over and muttered for me to just keep going. I was enraptured as I had rarely been before and kept going. I was too cowardly to ask him for two weeks. I dreamed of his thing, the slippery thing with which now the Moors in my dreams pricked poor Carmen between her buttocks, her wonderful snowwhite asscheeks. I always woke up at night in great rapture and had to calm down, the Moors and their things and poor Carmen, in whose butt crease the bad blacks were poking their things.

Jo was not at all embarrassed when I asked him two weeks later. He pushed the bath towel aside and explained the cock to me. Shaft, foreskin, glans and the testicles. I was learning all these new words and I had to grab each part with my hand and say the correct name. The dick was for peeing and fucking with women or girls, he said. That’s where the kids come from, I heard in amazement him say. I never thought about where the kids come from. The cock always hangs down softly, only when the horniness comes, then it becomes stiff, so that you can put it in the hole. I looked uncertain, horny? Horniness? “That’s the rapture, as you call it!” said Jo, the horniness makes you want to masturbate. Masturbate? “That’s called masturbating, when you rub your clit with your finger and soothe it.”” Lots

of new words, but I remembered them well. I asked him if he was less glad now and when does he masturbate? He smiled, “every evening when you caress my little sacklet!” I mused, when he jiggled his front? “Yes,” he said, “tomorrow you can watch me doing it if you like!” I was allowed to touch his cock again, which was half soft and he showed me how I was allowed to rub up and down. I let his glans disappear again and again in the foreskin and then pulled the foreskin back completely, then the glans came out again. “That’s kind of how masturbation goes,” he said, “but I can only cum once a night.” I was allowed to do it for quite a long time and he went to sleep, I had quite strong raptures and had to do it three times until I fell asleep.

Jo showed me the other day masturbating, which he did himself. I watched very excited because it made me very horny. Jo had asked and I had let him caress my breasts, he liked it very much. He let me try it the next day and it actually worked out quite well, I was now allowed to masturbate him every day and I was very excited every time because I had such nice feelings about it. He wanted, while I was allowed to masturbate his cock, to play with my beautiful, big breasts and the teats and it was huge fun for him when he was allowed to squirt on my breasts. He finished squirting and said “Amen!” and bit a little bit in my teats playfully, he was amused to hear me praying. I always prayed only half aloud because he didn’t want to hear it, but it was important to me to pray during the masturbation.

Jo had incited me a little bit to spy into the refectory, although this was strictly forbidden. Only after a few times I told Jo about it, I had had quite red ears. I had seen that the woman who had come for a private confession was kneeling in front of the priest, rubbing his cock in her mouth and letting him squirt in. All 8 women I had observed swallowed “it”! I was clutching my rosary when I noticed that Jo was laughing heartily. I lay with my back against his chest and he held me gently. He continued to laugh for quite a while because the confessionals rubbed his cock and swallowed his seed, even though the priest ranted about the sins of the flesh in the pulpit every Sunday. Jo said I could try it myself tomorrow. It tasted a little strange the first time, but he liked it very much to squirt in my mouth and I was also quite happy. I now masturbated him daily in my mouth and

swallowed his semen, that was much more preferable to him than to squirt upon my breasts.

I masturbated every time afterwards and I prayed, because I always pray half aloud while masturbating, not only when Jo was watching. He asked something once, I don't remember what, and I stopped masturbating and praying. He then explained the many parts of my Mumu. They called it namely pussy, cunt and many other names that I immediately forgot. I spread my legs and he showed me labia, clit and pussy hole. "You still have a hymen!" he exclaimed surprised, "you really have never fucked before!" Fucking, also new. The man thrusts his cock in and out of the pussyhole very finely, they both get horny and have an orgasm at the end. He squirts into the pussyhole when orgasming and sometimes the woman also gets an orgasm, that was the exploding at the end of masturbating, I had paid good attention.

Jo replied my question immediately. He had fucked for the first time when he was over 10, until a few months ago when he came to my shared apartment. No, it wasn't a girl, it was his sanctimonious aunt. She was fat and very ugly, she had never found a man and was still a virgin at 25. And she pretended to everyone how God-fearing and pious she was. In truth, she seduced the 10-year-old on the second day, it was the first time for both of them. Jo said she shone like a polished gold coin when he deflowered her, and she shone every afternoon when they fucked. Otherwise she was grumpy because she hated all the praying. They fucked every afternoon, once or twice, for 7 years and he was glad he didn't have to masturbate with his hand.

I told him the saint's story of Carmen. He had never heard of her, but he understood everything immediately. The Moors fucked Carmen for 4 days in the main square and that was definitely very shameful and humiliating for the virgin. Apart from the physical strains, she had so many orgasms that her heart couldn't take it anymore. She had "died in the most beautiful raptures", the legend said, she had died from far too many orgasms, Jo said with certainty. I thought for a long time. I had already had enough after two, at the latest three orgasms. But if I had orgasm after orgasm for 4 days, I would probably die, I understood that now. How stupid of the priests

or Sister Rosi to talk about her raptures as if she had glimpsed God? She had been fucked until she was dead, Jo had realized that correctly. I masturbated again right away, fantasizing about Carmen having beautiful orgasms and the Moors' cocks driving in and out of her fuckhole. When I was done, Jo got up and left. He turned around one more time and asked if I really didn't want to fuck? I was very self-oriented, poor Carmen had been fucked to death, I didn't want that. Jo smiled when I said that and went to sleep. I masturbated more than I ever had, I was very very horny with my fantasies about Carmen and her fucking.

He said his fat ugly aunt had only very small shriveled breasts on which she tore quite firmly when she came to orgasm while masturbating. She did not orgasm very often while fucking and masturbated like a fury every time after fucking, even when she already had orgasmed. He felt always very sad after fucking and hated himself because he had to watch her masturbating and her face always distorted into a devilish grimace while masturbating. She always masturbated two or three times and he could not avert his eyes.

He was really happy that I had such nice full breasts, he licked my teats after cuming and bit playfully on them, that was very horny. I quickly ran to my room to masturbate and Jo came right after to watch me masturbate, he still liked that. He had listened to me open-mouthed when I told him that back when I was a kid, the nuns and priests had watched me masturbate naked at night until I was 40. Jo asked a gazillion questions, but I had to tell him that they had never touched me on the Mumu. The nuns reached under their robes with one hand and wiggled like the priests too, and I described to Jo in great detail how the nuns sat on the edge of the bed, watched me masturbate and masturbated themselves. The priest has probably fucked all the respectable and honorable wives of the village over the years, I said, because I had spied on every visitor for all those years, watched him doing push-ups and also when they masturbated themselves or let him masturbate them. The countess had given birth to a girl and for many years she came to ride and fuck the priest and she had another boy and two girls. Jo asked a thousand things and I answered everything honestly. It made him very horny.

When I had masturbated often enough, he would take me in his arms and we would talk for many pleasant hours. Often it was about fucking and he always described in clear words how the fucking with the aunt was. He reassured me that it almost never happened that a woman was fucked to death. That was precisely why they told the legend of Carmen, because it was something special. I believed him, because I had also never heard that a woman had been fucked to death except Carmen. We talked about fucking for months, it became more and more familiar to me and I found myself fantasizing more often about letting Jo fuck me.

As every evening, I was lying with my back against his chest and he had hugged me and masturbated me very gently, which I really liked that way. But instead of praying as usual, I told him about the bad things I had observed spying in the last few weeks. Yes, the women masturbating the priest's cock in their mouths and swallowing it down was not all, I had left way too early so far. The women sat on his thigh and whispered something in his ear all the time. They seemed to tell him something very funny or horny, because they laughed in between like whores. Sooner or later they grabbed his cock and rubbed it, slowly or quickly, until it was stiff. They would trade places, she would lie down with her chest on the padded chair and flip up her skirt, sometimes he would flip up her skirt. He patted her ass cheeks with pleasure and spread them. — I had to take a break because Jo had brought me to orgasm. After I calmed down I kept talking and put Jo's hand on my clit.

The priest penetrated the cunt from behind and fucked the confession child for a very long time. I could see quite clearly when he squirted in. Sometimes he fucked her in the asshole, which was very strange. The worst thing I found was that they were all respectable wives, Mrs. Schmitt, Mrs. Müller and all. They pretended to the outside world how pious and chaste they were and then they let themselves be fucked by the young priest during confession! Jo laughed that he was not surprised at all, he knew from the example of his aunt how mendacious they all were. I kept silent, because he brought me to orgasm again and I leaned back relaxed as a sign that I had now had enough orgasms.

For weeks he asked me if I wanted to fuck and I always shook my head, I was way too scared to be fucked to death like my poor Carmen. I told him that I would never fuck, I was way too scared. He hugged me sweetly from behind when I prayed my rosary with my back against his chest and masturbated me so finely that I just breathlessly reeled off the Hail Marys with deep emotion and orgasmed with a loud “in mulieribus, Amen!”. He then kissed my neck and murmured how much nicer fucking would be, but I shook my head. No, no, never! At one point he said he was going to deflower and fuck me next week. I shook my head and feared every day that he would deflower me, that he would fuck me, I feared every day, really! For weeks he asked me if I wanted to fuck and I always shook my head. I told him that I would never fuck, I was way too scared. He hugged me sweetly from behind when I prayed my rosary with my back against his chest and masturbated me so finely that I just breathlessly orgasmed. He then kissed my neck and murmured how much nicer fucking would be, but I shook my head. No, no, never! At one point he repeated he was going to deflower me and fuck me next week. I shook my head and feared every day that he would deflower me, fuck me, I feared every day, really!

I had turned 62, Jo had been with me for 10 months now. Today he did not want to be masturbated after showering and led me to my room. I almost couldn’t breathe for fear, I was so scared. He silently laid me on the bed and I whispered that I was as afraid of being fucked to death like poor Carmen. I begged him to “please-please don’t deflower me”, I was so scared. He gently stroked my hair and whispered that my clit wanted it though! I looked down, the clit betrayed me shamelessly, it stood out perky and bold, I felt the horniness blaze in it like fire. “No, please don’t deflower me, please don’t fuck me!” I shouted as quietly as I could. He knelt between my thighs and moistened his glans with lots of saliva and lay on top of me. I even begged him not to deflower me as he was already gently penetrating my fuckhole.

I felt nothing of the deflowering, although he had prepared me for the prick. He fucked fast and hard and I became insanely horny. He squirted in solid jets into my fuckhole and after a dozen times of jetting in, he sank down breathlessly next to me. “And, are you still

alive?" he asked smiling out of breath and I nodded, Yes, I had become quite wonderfully horny while fucking! "Unfortunately you didn't get an orgasm, sorry!" he said, still out of breath. I should masturbate, he whispered. I masturbated to orgasm with three rapid strokes only, because I had already been close. He was too tired and couldn't fuck a second time, his cock was no longer stiffening. I was insanely glad and grateful that he had not fucked me to death, I said, but by then he had already fallen asleep.

We have been fucking for a year now, he can only do it once at a time and I can't get an orgasm during our fucking. I am always very close to it and masturbating immediately afterwards takes only seconds to make a few strokes. He falls asleep instantly and I then always masturbate quite often as long as I have horny fantasies. I am very glad that I do now experience fucking after all, although I had been too stupid all my life.

One day I decided to let the unfaithful priest fuck me and it was really quite simple. I scrubbed the floor on all fours and my short cleaning dress slipped up of course. I pretended not to notice that I had forgotten to put my panties on and the Priest stared at my bare ass cheeks, my bare pussy and my stiff clit. I couldn't even have counted to 3 when the High Lord knelt behind me and his cock penetrated me immediately. We fucked wordlessly, only our panting and loud breathing revealed that the floor was not scrubbed here. I got a wonderful orgasm just before he squirted inside. Since then I let myself be fucked as often as possible by the priest, because I love these fucking orgasms very much. We fuck silently always in the same manner, the priest doesn't talk to a cleaning woman after all. I immediately slink away with lowered eyes, I would die of shame to look him in the eyes after this sin. Of course I'm smart enough to get fucked before the lady comes for confession, otherwise I might go empty-handed. Jo had moved out two months ago and I have been able to get the pastor to fuck me every day before lunch so far, but it has become clear to me that I need to look for a new man on longer term. I have never done this before and still have a good feeling that it will work out.

I have missed a lot and am slowly catching up.

# The Lesbian Virgin

by Jack Faber © 2023

I have been a housekeeper in the rectory for 35 years. Unfortunately, the old vicar retired and the new one is a scumbag.

I clean and cook. I have been a lesbian since birth, I have never been intimate with a man and I masturbate every night before I go to sleep, rarely twice or more often if I had become very horny by the evening. I have a mistress in this tiny village where everyone knows everything about everyone. Erna is the young wife of the baker and probably bisexual.

The story begins with the new guy creeping around my calves for the first few weeks. Then, one morning, he asked me into the bathroom. I thought maybe I hadn't cleaned carefully enough, but he just wordlessly motioned for me to sit on the stool. He stripped naked and I wanted to leave immediately, but he blocked my way and showed me his cell phone.

I wanted to sink into the floor. Erna, the bakers wife and me. Making out on the sofa for minutes. Grabbing each other's blouses. Caressing the breast. Pushing up our skirts. Masturbating each other under the hem of the panties. Waiting until the other had also come to orgasm. Kissing, kissing, kissing.

I collapsed on the stool and slapped my hands in front of my face. Crying didn't help. What did he want, I asked pressed after a while. "Just sit and watch me!" the new guy said. He began to masturbate in front of me. I calmed down, this was nothing new for me, I had seen the old priest masturbating every day without him knowing it. He was a decent man who adhered to celibacy, he had never had anything with a woman.

The new guy took my hand and squirted inside. That was all. He was satisfied and let me go. But every morning before breakfast I had

to follow him to the bathroom, he masturbated every morning and squirted into my hand.

It was not enough for him. I had to masturbate him and let him squirt into my hand. It caused me no problem, I have certainly masturbated the young fellows hundreds of times in my youth, so that was nothing out of the ordinary. Even that was only enough for him for a few months, then he increased again. He wanted me to strip naked. Of course I refused, but for the first time he openly threatened to spread the video. That would be the end of me, but Erna would also have to give up her present life. Bakery, husband, everything! I gave in. I was crimson with shame when I took off the house dress.

I stood indecisive in panties and bra for a long time. I was deeply ashamed of my huge breasts, to be honest. I took off the panties first and his gaze sucked on my pubic hair. He didn't give me any more time, the bra had to come off too. I loosened it and held my breasts up with my forearm, then lowered them. My breasts reached like huge melons to below my belly button, the teats hardened and pointed to the floor.

He made me sit on the stool and I was to masturbate him. My breasts jiggled indecently like pudding, but he seemed to get excited by just that. The other day he parted my pussy with his fingers and looked at everything very closely. He teased my clit with his fingertip until it stiffened. He grinned like an idiot and nodded, I was now allowed to start masturbating him. I wanted to put my legs together decorously, but he protested immediately, I had to spread them very wide. He masturbated my clit very skillfully, and whether it was Erna or him, I stopped masturbating his cock and let my orgasm rise wonderfully. He visibly enjoyed my orgasm and continued to rub the clit, making me twitch and wriggle endlessly. Then I withdrew from him and continued to masturbate him. He no longer wanted to squirt into my hand, he squirted upon me from top to bottom. He was really very good at masturbating me, but even that only lasted for some months, until the end of that year. The increase came, he wanted to fuck me!

I shook my head, that was out of the question! I backed out of the way, he pushed me further and further backwards until I was standing in his room. He grinned and reached for me. I dodged, he chased me across the room to the bed. I fled on all fours over the bed to the wall, he behind me. I felt his hard cock in the crease of my ass. I screamed, I didn't want this, I would still be a virgin! He laughed. "Fifty-eight and a virgin? That's a laugh!" I felt his hands gripping my ass cheeks tightly like a vice. I lowered my head, the mare surrendering on all fours, the stallion snorting with greed behind her. I cried, cried and cried. No escape!

I felt the brutal jolt with which he pierced my hymen and penetrated deeply. "Uh-huh!" he exclaimed, "really still a virgin!" But there was no sympathy there, but contempt for me and stupid pride. I have done something incredibly forbidden, kick-a-ree-kee! cried the stupid rooster.

He fucked me for a very long time, my head slumped between my forearms. I must be crazy, I thought in amazement, I felt my orgasm coming! The orgasm jerked and shuttered me, he slipped out of my vagina and I twitched and wriggled for what seemed like an eternity. He grabbed my ass cheeks tightly again and fucked me wildly. I felt his cock rearing up and then he squirted, squirted and squirted without stopping. Then he let me go.

I stayed in bed all day. There was no breakfast, no lunch, and no dinner. No one cleaned up. I didn't care at all. He had started it! I caressed my battered body, my poor pussy, my clit. I cried until I had no tears left. I felt resistance inside me. I was clear that he was going to fuck me every day from now on. I won't fight it, I decided, I will not allow him such a spectacle, the spectacle of the vanquished virgin. I was not conquered, I was raped. I laughed wickedly to myself, I would challenge him, make him grovel at his knees. I was suddenly so joyful that I felt like masturbating. I didn't stop until I was already dead tired.

He fucked me in the doggie position every morning since then. It was fine with me, I didn't want to look him in the eye when my body was happily racing to orgasm. I let the orgasm come as it wanted and

of course his cock slipped out. After he squirted, I stayed down. He might have left, but I grabbed his cock with a devilish smile. I took him in my mouth with pleasure, as a young girl I had done many blowjobs. I sucked and licked him until he was really stiff again. Then I got down on all fours and let him fuck me for the second time. I grinned, he was already having a hard time. I let my second orgasm come just as nicely as the first, he slipped right out and had to start over. I don't know how long he fucked me, but I was well on my way to the third orgasm when he squirted inside. I didn't care, I would make up for that three-quarter-orgasm after breakfast and masturbate it fully out, which I had never done on duty before. Work would suffer a little bit, but I didn't care. He had started it, not me!

After two or three months, he had gotten used to my licking him stiff and having him fuck me for a second time. He was even happy at breakfast, so I kept turning the screw a little more. I licked his cock after the first squirting and let him — which I had not done before with him — squirt deep in my throat. I had loved this as a young girl and now I felt deep satisfaction again doing it. He was completely confused. I continued to lick him after a few moments, he now took considerably longer to get hard again. Then I went demanding on all fours. He had to, his ridiculous ego wouldn't allow anything else. He took an incredibly long time, I had a very nice orgasm and pinched his cock so that it did not slip out. He continued doggedly and squirted minimally at the end. I was very satisfied.

It took him several months to come to terms with the increased demands. I hadn't even figured out what my next move was when he approached me, and not awkwardly! He copied "the video" to my phone and I puzzled why. He looked at me with calculating eyes. He wanted to fuck Erna, my baker girl whom I had left a year ago. I had one day to get Erna here, the video would convince her. I was frozen with shock, then I spoke to Erna. She swallowed hard seeing the video, then she understood why I had left her. She dragged me into her bedroom and we made love like drowning women. She shrugged her shoulders, she really didn't care about fucking with the new guy, I shouldn't worry about that. Whether she fucked him or her husband, it didn't matter.

Erna came punctually in the morning. I wordlessly led her to the new guy, who was still asleep. I went to my room, where I could look into his room through the hidden little window, as I had watched the old priest masturbating earlier. Erna quickly undressed and lay down with him. She woke him by sucking and licking his morning wood. He was immediately in the know and threw the bedspread to the floor. I watched them fucking very curiously, Erna could fuck insanely well and faked him an orgasm. She took his cock in her mouth and licked it stiff again. The second fucking she got a real orgasm, I could see that. I stopped masturbating when Erna got dressed again, went downstairs and prepared breakfast. “Well, there we go!” was his only comment. Erna and I took turns every day, he was very complacent and it went quite well for almost half a year. I couldn’t complain and neither could Erna, because her husband fucked her only once a week on Saturday night, he squirted very fast and didn’t care if she still masturbated to orgasm or not. She said all the fucking and orgasms with the new guy was doing her quite good. I never told her that I watched them secretly every time.

Now the new guy was getting cocky and cheeky. He demanded from both of us that we got him a different woman every day, it may be gladly our former lesbian lovers. Apart from the fact that I was the only lesbian woman in the village, our lovers were all respectable, chaste married wives who did not whore around. Erna and I consulted as to whom we could persuade. We managed, the doctor’s wife came first. She had been my 14-year-old lover ages ago, since then she had become a grown woman. I looked at her clean-shaven pussy almost nostalgically as she lay down with him. She rather impassively allowed herself to be fucked twice in quick succession and had no orgasm. Every other day Erna or I fucked him, I liked the orgasms while fucking quite a bit, Erna as well, although she had a harder time and only came to orgasm the second time they fucked, but her real orgasms were much more intense than mine. We swarmed out and looked for the next one.

The wives of the school principal, the elementary school teacher and the composer who played the organ on Sunday came. The wife of the engineer, the car dealer and the widows Schmitt and Müller. I watched them all secretly, they were all very excited because they

were usually faithful and did not cheat on their husbands, except for the two widows who whored around the village quite a bit. They had already fucked all the men in the village and now the last one, the young priest. I went to Erna again quite often and we masturbated each other through whole afternoons. So a whole year passed, Erna and I took turns fucking the new guy and masturbating a lot together. Every other day he got to fuck a respectable, blameless wife of a good man. Our small village doesn't have that many inhabitants, all the women kept getting their turn, not a single one resisted. I filmed everything with my cell phone from the beginning and carefully collected the memory cards. I would let Erna copy them one day, but I put it off for a very long time. We transferred everything to Erna's laptop. She laughed at my contrite face, saying there was nothing wrong with that, my spying! Now she always came along to spy and we had to be very quiet so as not to give ourselves away. In the afternoon we watched the movies together, it was horny and very exciting to watch all the pious, chaste and shy women fucking or masturbating.

One morning the new guy's coffee cup fell out of his hand. His head hit the tabletop heavily. I waited another two hours before calling the doctor. He could only diagnose his cardiac death. The doctor's wife arranged very inconspicuously for the new guy to be cremated the very next day. The whole village was at the funeral and beautiful speeches were made.

I called the Lord Bishop and asked to be released, I wanted to enter the convent. The abbess was very kind when she took me in. She did not bat an eye when I meekly said that I was a lesbian. She smiled finely and remarked that in the convent every second one was lesbian and the rest bisexual. The old woman laughed as bright as a sunshine when she saw my befuddled face.

I'm fine at the convent, sleeping with one for a while before moving on to the next. The sisters have shown me fucking clit to clit and I love it. It does not matter if the sister is lesbian or bisexual, fucking clit to clit they all like. Most wanted to be fucked submissively and I was damn good at that. They called me smiling the best man who had ever fucked them. I am also counted among the bisexuals be-

cause I also let the men fuck me willingly when my bedmate had a gentleman visitor. Some very few were still virgins and asked me if I would accompany them through the deflowering act. I sat at the head of the bed and held them lovingly embraced and caressed their breasts while I paid close attention that the lad penetrated her very gently and deflowered them softly. The subsequent fucking made me so hot that I could hardly wait until he had gone to masturbate immediately.

I never went back to the village.

# The Lesbian Rosi

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am the lesbian Rosi. I am the only lesbian in our village, although of course I also fuck with men.

I have been masturbating every night since I can remember, until I get tired. I must say up front that I was very precocious and my breasts, for example, were already big enough to be adored at 11. Our unmarried teacher, who lives one floor above us, deflowered me before my 12th birthday and has been sneaking up to me every morning since then, to fuck me with his morning wood. It's fine with me because I don't mind, but it doesn't excite me much.

My mother died a long time ago. When the teacher leaves again in the morning, I lie down in bed with Daddy and sleep another round. He likes it very much when I later strike his morning wood very finely until he wakes up. He doesn't need another woman, he has me. He is one of the best at fucking. Usually he fucks me twice before getting up and I get at least one orgasm with him. We love each other very much, we cuddle and smooch for a long time before we get up.

When my teacher deflowered me, I lay down the first time in a provocative way to Daddy, because I was looking for his closeness and lovelyness. I didn't tell him about the deflowering and seduced him for the first time. He didn't say a word and deflowered me for the second time. He has a much bigger cock than the teacher and I bled a little when Daddy fucked me. Since then he has been rock solidly convinced that he had deflowered me. I have never contradicted him. We've been fucking in the morning for 20 years now, and he's the best at it of all. When I tell him about my lesbian affairs, he wants to know everything in piggish detail and I describe everything to him in detail and without reservation. He likes to look at nude photos or videos of my lesbian love affairs and always shakes his head in amusement and in horniness. He does not believe, even after 20 years, that I am really a lesbian, since I fuck so many men!? He also does not believe the rumors that I am a whore, because I fuck so

many girls for free!? I don't hide anything from my Daddy, never ever, but he only hears what pleases him or makes him horny.

Of course I fuck with all men who pay me, because except me there are no whores in our village. At least none who let themselves be fucked for money. My teacher gave the impulse and I sometimes give him some little money, but he is not a real pimp, I don't have one and I don't need one. There are of course a lot of women in our village who have ants in their asses and are insanely eager to be fucked, but they are not whores.

I love women more than anything. I fall in love with one, I have to seduce her first and then we fuck our brains out until we get tired of each other and then I look for another one. I have fucked and had a long lasting romantic affair with all the pretty ones in the village for the past 20 years. I'm not interested in the old ones and the ones under 12. But it's a breathtaking chase to get a married girl seduced who has never had anything with a woman and fuck her brains out.

My favorite thing to fuck is clit-on-clit. The one on top has the active part and is the one who fucks the one on the bottom like a man and brings her to orgasm. I have already met some women who had not understood this. They lie unproductively on top of each other and both masturbate themselves so that the slow train eventually comes into a small rural station. I take a very practical approach to the matter. I always fuck the other first, so that she knows exactly how the regional train becomes an express train and stops only in large stations! Most understand it right away and some manage to fuck me in the right way. These affairs last longer, thank God.

I find so many men to fuck that I can live very well on the money. I recently bought a convertible, a fire-red Mustang, which fits well with my red mane in terms of color.

I'm already thinking about going on a manhunt with my Mustang to catch men.

# Janet

by Jack Faber © 2023

Come here, my boy, sit next to me on my bed. I don't know how much longer time I have, but I have a lot to tell you. Come, put your hand under the covers and put it on my pussy. Ohh, yes, that's fine. Yes, rub my clit, I can't do it myself since a long time and the Filipino blood young nurse does it to me only once secretly every night. She is very good, but very shy and bashful, the little one, and she herself never masturbates, she says. Oh well. Thank God you come three times a week and do it to me. Good boy! You remember that I need it a few times in a row, well?

Where should I start? I learned to masturbate from my demented great-grandmother when I was 5. I've been obsessed with it ever since. At boarding school for girls, I was in a twin room with Phyllis. She was a real hermaphrodite, with a vagina and a huge cock, get it? She got to fuck me all those years, through the big hole in my hymen, and she never tore it. She always brought other girls to deflower and fuck them. I liked to help her because watching them deflower and fuck made me so horny, I masturbated while they fucked.

I got married very early, my hymen broke for good and it was heavily bleeding. Everyone was so proud of my virginity and no one suspected that I had already been fucked every night for the last 6 years. My husband was a failure, even in bed. Even before I put my head on the pillow, he was done and squirting into my pussy grinning stupidly. After two miscarriages I was infertile. He always fucked me very quickly with his morning wood, after 10 seconds he squirted inside and that was it. I was down after that and masturbated continuously until noon. He never knew that I masturbated at all.

Janet fell silent and writhed in orgasm and uncovered herself, then he was allowed to continue.

Our “beautiful” marriage lasted only 10 years. I knew, of course, that he was cheating and fucking his blood young cousin from day one, but I looked the other way. The cousin was only 12 at that time. Then he moved back to his parents’ house for months, where the cousin also lived. But he came every morning and fucked me briefly. I think it was for a legal reason. He came without a greeting, came in, fucked me for a few minutes and left immediately after he had cum in my pussy. I don’t particularly like the word pussy, but vagina sounds so clinical. I kept masturbating until noon, sure enough!

One morning he fucked me for the first time to my orgasm and only later squirted into my pussy. He wanted to show me his new car and we drove to the parking lot near the lighthouse. We sat down on the back seats and he fucked me again so long that I got an orgasm and he squirted only afterwards. He didn’t care that people were watching through the car windows and taking pictures. He wanted a divorce, the cousin was pregnant. Just like that. I was thunderstruck and he flipped my skirt up, over my face. He masturbated me for an hour, people were watching, photographing and filming. With each orgasm I screamed “eeech, it had not worked again” and he masturbated me further, over and over an hour long.

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Janet fell silent again, wriggling in orgasm, and he kept going.

Then we walked along the coast. Not the wide path, but the dangerous path high up in the cliffs. I yelled at him that he was a miserable pig and I didn’t care if the cousin was pregnant. At the top we screamed at each other for a long time. I kicked a boulder angrily and saw him flying towards me, murderousness in his eyes and with contorted face. I swerved and he balanced on the edge of the precipice, no more murderousness in his eyes, only terrible panic. I screamed and pushed him in front of his chest. He tried to hold on, but I screamed and shrieked and pushed him over backwards. He screamed in agony as he plummeted in the abyss. To this day, his death scream still rings in my ears.

Janet fell silent and wriggled in orgasm, gasping for him to prolong her orgasm and keep rubbing. He obeyed and then she continued.

Three witnesses swore under oath that he had jumped himself, that I had even tried to hold him back. I breathed a sigh of relief, the perjuries saved me from the gallows. The very pregnant cousin wanted to comfort me and spent the night with me. We masturbated together, made lesbian love and fucked clit-to-clit like back in boarding school days. She preferred to be fucked with a big and thick rubber dildo when she masturbated. I later bought one too, it was better than any man.

As always, Janet was now orgasming more and more easily, she fell silent for a moment and then let herself continue be masturbated. The young nurse stuck her head in for a moment and blushed like a tomato. She looked every time when the young man visited and masturbated the Old Woman. She disappeared again.

I fucked the cousin until the birth, then she stayed away. I had inherited from my husband not only the large city apartment, but also a huge Fortune. I was a multimillionaire and soon it would all be yours, my son! (He shook his head and muttered that it was too soon!) Well, it didn't change much for me. He didn't come to fuck me every morning now, I hardly missed that. I let hundreds fuck me in my year of mourning, and eventually I got bored with chasing the next fuck. Then I decided to adopt you and live a chaste life. That I failed thoroughly.

Janet opened her eyes for a moment and looked into his eyes, smiling happily until the orgasm ended.

What happened next, you know. I masturbated you every day in the shower and masturbated naked on my bed with the lights on. I left the intermediate door open on purpose so you could look at my masturbating. Only after some time you dared to come to me. You wanted to see masturbating up close, you were allowed to sit on me. When I was ready, I masturbated you properly. At that time I only let

you enter my pussy to squirt inside, I wanted to wait with the real fucking until you became 12, 13 and 14.

The orgasm now came fast and hard. Janet continued talking after a moment.

When you were 12, you ran away because of a little scuffle in the schoolyard. I didn't see you until 8 weeks later. I went to the Baron day in and day out and begged him to stop the APB on you. He fucked me twice each time, from the front and from behind. From the second week on I stayed at his place overnight and let him fuck me quite often or even masturbated his cock in my mouth and swallowed it, until the last day. He was never allowed to fuck his long dead wife, they masturbated every night sitting across from each other watching the other masturbate. She masturbated very often and dressed like the Saint Carmen of Toledo. She went daily to her confessor, with whom she reenacted the rape of Carmen every day. She then allowed herself to be fucked not only by the confessor, but also by the two spiritual advisors who assisted her in the flesh. Only on her deathbed did she confess to her baron that her son had been fathered by the confessor.

Janet shuddered in orgasm, then sighed and continued.

When the manhunt was lifted, you came back. Quite proudly you told me that your current wife had taught you how to fuck. You weren't even 13 then, you were so proud of it, you got up at the kitchen table and masturbated in front of my face. I didn't want to get cum in my mouth, I never liked that and only let the baron squirt in my mouth because I was so desperate. I pressed my lips together, but you pressed your cock inside and you squirted through my lips into my mouth, the only time. From then on we fucked every day except on weekends, when you always went to your future wife. The last time we fucked, you were already 26, my boy.

He continued masturbating her for a long time until she fell asleep in the middle of an orgasm. He left quietly and stood in the nurses' station behind the young Asian girl sitting at the desk. As always, he embraced her and put his hands on her breasts. He kissed her on the

crown and whispered, as he did every time, that he would love to fuck her so badly. She would — as always — shake her head, smiling. But this time she leaned her head back and whispered, “I’m on duty until 9pm, I’ll wait for you then!”

# Liane

by Jack Faber © 2023

I'm Liane, the daughter of Mélanie and Pierre. I don't have much to tell, but I'll try.

My brother René sometimes spent the summer vacations with us. We did all the games together, of course, especially the secret sexual ones. When I was 12, I was allowed to examine his cock again in detail and he explained everything to me with hair precision. Shaft, foreskin and glans. The bag and the 2 balls, he said brashly, was good for nothing. Okay, I said, the hole in the glans was for pissing, right? He nodded, yes sure, but it can also squirt, when fucking. I can make babies with squirting. I stumbled. Babies grow in mother's belly, don't they? Yes, he said giggling, she gets fucked by daddy, he squirts in her pussy and only then does the baby grow! I understood and he explained the fucking and childmaking very precisely.

But only the adult women have babies when fucking, my smart brother lectured. When we kids fuck — here the little seducer's eyes glittered — so when we children fuck, for example, there's no baby, because you're too young. He had to deny that he had already fucked, there he was honest. So he had to wait to fuck for squirting? He laughed out loud, of course not, I can do it with my hand! I was curious. He was ready to demonstrate. We sat down opposite each other with our legs spread. He told me to spread my pussy with my hands, then he would look at it and squirt, maybe into my pussy. Okay, that was fine with me. He stared into my fuck hole and rubbed his cock, after a while he squirted in front of my fuck hole and then squirted several times into my pussy until it was over. I was excited and he let me learn it.

Over the next few days I was allowed to masturbate him as many times as he got stiff. He showed me that it was even more beautiful for him when I pressed his cock on my pussy while masturbating him and he squirted on my pussy. It was an incredibly intense feeling and that night I pressed my fingers on my pussy as if it was the thrusting

of his cock. Suddenly it exploded, that was my first orgasm! I continued until breakfast, learning to rub myself to orgasm. I wanted to show him the next day, but he just wanted to play fucking and I had to masturbate him and squirt his cum on my pussy the whole time without the chance to say a single word about my orgasming.

My pussy was soaking wet and he fucked wilder and wilder in my wet pussy until all of a sudden he penetrated deep. He asked me if it hurt, but no, I said, not at all! He whispered, now we fuck for real and I nodded enthusiastically. He fucked for a while and squirted into my pussy, I felt it very clearly. We fucked now every day as often as he got a hard-on. It was great fun for him and I had my fun at night masturbating. Mélanie was horrified when I told her after the summer that he had deflowered and fucked me a hundred times when I was 12.

Since then, I masturbate every night before going to sleep until I get tired. Of course I did it also in boarding school, there the girls often masturbated in pairs in bed, many masturbated each other. The 8 years at boarding school were marked by a lot of masturbation. After that I came home, father Pierre had lost our small brewery and mother Mélanie had an affair with the insanely rich count. Of course it was clear to me that she wanted to marry me to the count, so I gladly went along with it. Mélanie made lesbian love to me very often so that her dearest Pierre could watch us secretly. She wanted to make him hot in this way and I had nothing against it. After all, I had always made lesbian love at boarding school and Mélanie liked fucking clit-to-clit as much as I did. So Mélanie got Pierre back in her bed and Mélanie allowed me with a grin to secretly watch them fucking and masturbate at my watchpost. I masturbated like hell because Pierre had the largest cock in the World and I was very much in love to him.

The Count wanted to fuck me only until I gave birth to him a progenitor, otherwise he wanted to fuck with Mélanie, that was fine. I gave birth to little Luis a year and a half later. He had a big cock, the Luis. I was the only one who knew that his father was Pierre, with whom I always fucked when Mélanie lay with the Count. Pierre, who was not my biological father (Mélanie will explain this to you),

fucked like a Champion. He was the only one who could fuck me so hard and so long that I had an orgasm before he squirted into. But we kept that a secret from Mélanie and my husband, the Count. Pierre continued to fuck me for many years.

I took advantage of what I had learned and had the Count give me the run-down vineyard. Within two years it had become a model farm and my wines won many awards. My count gave me a free hand and I had many lovers. I often lay on my bed and masturbated with relish while watching through the connecting door Mélanie riding my count and masturbating sitting on his chest in front of his face.

Quite a mess, I'll admit. But I enjoy every minute of it!

# Mélanie

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Mélanie, my husband is Pierre, my daughter Liane. — “Love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and selfcontrol,” my mother used to say. “And a hell of a lot of masturbating and fucking,” she added on that memorable afternoon when she told me abot sex and showed me how passionately she masturbated, and we spent the entire afternoon sitting across from each other masturbating in front of us until we were exhausted.

I learned to masturbate from my mother when I was 5 years old. I had to find out what my mother was actually doing in the afternoons, I crept to the bedroom and opened the door a tiny crack. Mother was lying naked on the bed with her legs spread and rubbing her pussy. I had to look very closely to see what she was doing and how exactly. I saw her big fuckhole and the small, dark red clit she was rubbing like crazy. Every 15 minutes her abdomen would explode and she would take a one-two minute break, then she started all over again. She masturbated 8 to 10 times every afternoon, finally taking longer and longer until she exploded. I tried it myself at night and after a short while I could masturbate just fine. I became more and more tired and slowed down after the 10th orgasm until I fell asleep. I would say today that my mother and I were obsessively addicted to masturbation and the orgasming. I spied on her until her untimely death.

Of course, at the same time, I discovered that my parents only fucked on Sunday mornings. Father was still asleep and mother was masturbating quietly since morning, I don’t know how many times she had done it. Father woke up and went to pee with his bobbing stiff cock. He came back and sat between mother’s spread legs. He watched her masturbate and waited patiently for one, two or three orgasms until she nodded smilingly at him. He knelt between her legs and she grabbed his cock and guided it to her pussy. She laughed and seemed to really like him thrusting hard and brutally into her fuckhole. He fucked her really hard and brutally, she clung to him and I noticed that her whole body was stretching towards him in or-

gasm. She stroked his neck, now he thrust in once really fast and squirted into the fuck hole, pressing his asscheeks together in this hard effort. She immediately orgasmed and clasped him with a blissful smile. He pulled his cock out several times and thrust into very hard, his asscheeks contracting tightly as he squirted a jet inside. After six or seven squirts in, he was done and she wriggled and shook in her long orgasm until her orgasm had subsided. He then sat back down between her legs. She masturbated again, usually three times in a row, then she nodded smiling to him. They fucked one more time the same way and that was it.

I spied on my mother and my parents every day until my mother died in a stupid traffic accident. I was 11 and a half and cried with dad nonstop for days. I slept in his bed and we clung to each other in misery for weeks. One Sunday morning I woke up to Father rubbing his cock really hard and squirting into the air. I sat up as he did it the second time, it was very horny and interesting to watch. When he was done I took off my nightgown and masturbated, allowing him to watch me. It was my first time masturbating after her death. I did it 8 times, then I snuggled up to him and it was great to feel his naked body and stiff cock. He wanted to squirt again and I lay wide spread in front of him. When he squirted, I carefully bent his cock down with my fingers and let him squirt on my littlegirl's pussy. We did that every Sunday morning for weeks and I masturbated with him at the same time and he squirted broad smiling upon my pussy.

One Sunday morning I was awake before him. He had gotten a very stiff cock in his dreams and I laid on top of him and rubbed his cock with my pussy. He woke up when I had made him squirt with the pussy rubbing. He was completely confused, I was not. I was 11 now and surely old enough to replace him a wife to fuck! I wanted it now, right now! He didn't want it at first, but I rubbed his cock with my pussy again until he was ready. "I want to fuck you like Mommy did," I said defiantly. "But you're too young and still a virgin" he tried to escape. "Then you have to deflower me every Sunday morning," I silly said smartly and he explained the deflowering to me in great detail. I didn't let up, I wanted to be fucked by him every Sunday morning like Mommy, maybe not quite as brutally. I then finally won! I lay on my back and let him penetrate my little pussy. He was very careful

and lovely as he deflowered me. I took a deep breath, eureka! From now on he fucked me every Sunday morning two or three times until I was 24 and went to war, but I didn't want to be fucked brutally. I loved being fucked by his big fat cock because I had an endless orgasm every time he brutally cum, just like he did in Mommy's fuck hole. I clung to him the same way Mommy did before me while I orgasmed when he brutally pushed into my fuck hole. I don't know how he did it, but that thrusting triggered an ultralong orgasm that lasted until he stopped thrusting in forcefully and squirted once. I tore open my mouth and clung to him until he stopped and my wriggling and twitching orgasm subsided. He was the only man who did it this way to me.

Every night during the week he stroked his cock before going to sleep, he wanted to fuck only on Sunday mornings. He pulled the foreskin infinitely slowly back over the glans again and again and stopped when it squirted and let the semen ooze out by itself. I had learned to do it after a few days and was allowed to slowly rub his cock every evening and finely rub out the semen. It didn't bother him at all that I masturbated next to him every night until I dropped.

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**My father's story**

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One day, we were taking a break from fucking on a Sunday morning, he sat me down on his thighs, leaned my face against his chest, and I held his cock while he narrated. He only faltered briefly whenever I made his cock squirt.

He began: during the week, I little boy slept naked at Mommy's, naked like her. The first time I squirted, Mommy warned me, "not so fast, my darling!" and she showed me how to do it slowly. To squirt, she put my little cock deep in her fuckhole, which was insanely fine! She masturbated me for a few weeks until I was allowed to do it myself. She stroked my inner thighs, my balls, my ass cheeks and my asshole very fine and horny, while I was allowed to rub the foreskin very very slowly. We let my semen two or three times in a row squirt into her fuckhole, then she hugged me and kissed me on the mouth. "Good night, my darling!" she whispered and got ready to mastur-

bate. She masturbated for probably hours more, but I fell asleep quite soon. I loved this very much!

Sunday mornings I had to go to bed with my sister when Daddy came home to fuck with Mommy. Only on Sunday morning, when Daddy came home from a week tour to fuck her, I had to lie down in bed with my big sister. My sister masturbated all Sunday morning until the parents were done fucking. She of course let me watch, proudly and hornily grinning, and in time I slowly rubbed my foreskin and squirted on her pussy. When she was 13 — I was 4 years younger — she really wanted to fuck for real, after we had spied a few times on the parents fucking. She explained everything to me exactly and then we did it. I couldn't pierce her hymen at first and she spread her pussy with both hands so wide that her hymen was stretched like a drumhead, then I could finally deflower her and we fucked for real. This went quite well for a few years until one morning Mommy caught us. She remained — naked as always on Sunday morning — thunderstruck in the doorway, I had just penetrated the sister's pussy. She curiously let us finish fucking and only tore me down from the sister when I was about to cum. The first half jet still splashed into my sister's fuck hole. Mom pressed me tightly against herself and my desperate poor cock found its proper entrance, there I squirted the whole rest inside. Mommy took my cock out of her pussy and stroked my cock, annoyed but grinning, and let the heavy drops slap to the floor. My sister pointed her finger and laughed like crazy as my juice slowly dripped out of Mommy's shaved slit. From then on I was no longer allowed to fuck with my sister, although we both liked it and did it anyway secretly.

Now I had to lie at the foot of the bed on Sunday morning and pretend to be asleep, Mommy had said. "The little one sleeps deeply like a sack!" she reassured Daddy. So I was allowed to secretly watch them both fucking. She first masturbated terribly horny to make him really hot. Then she directed his thick cock into her fuckole with a wide devilish grin. They fucked for a long time and very wildly. When he thrust choppily and had to cum, she ripped his cock out of the pussy and let him squirt only on the outside to prevent a pregnancy. It was totally exciting and very very horny. My cock stood upright and Daddy giggled. Mom grabbed my cock and slowly rubbed the

foreskin until I squirted in a high arc. They usually fucked two or three times and Mommy let her sleeping boy cum and squirt during their breaks. Usually my sister stood naked in the doorway and waited until they had finished fucking and Mommy had made me cum and squirt after their fucking, the sister mewling defiantly about when there would finally be breakfast?

Mommy liked to masturbate me very much on weekdays because I was too tired, I rarely did it to myself. She usually masturbated me three times in a row, then she masturbated herself for hours. Mommy was one of the best paid dressmakers in town, she sewed during the day and when she got aroused, she would simply flip up her skirt and masturbated hastily. After the orgasm she was refreshed and cheerful and continued sewing, humming a melody. She needed it at least 5 times a day and she didn't care if my sister or I were there. Then my Daddy was killed. We were all crying and mom was wailing how bad it was for us. I lay on top of her, wiggling my hard-on in the front of her pussy, trying to calm her down. Weeks later she had calmed down enough to understand at how I wanted to replace Daddy. Of course that was not possible, for heaven's sake! But soon she didn't resist anymore and let me fuck her. I tried to fuck just like Daddy and she finally pulled out my cock to cum and squirt. Mostly, however, she was in the middle of her orgasm and then I squirted into until I dropped. I fucked her every night until I got married and your mother tolerated me fucking Mommy once a week with my morning wood until she died. I fucked secretly with my sister who soon became famous as the best whore in school. We stopped never, though, even not after she married a rich dick. We still fucked quite a bit during her first pregnancy and only stopped after she gave birth. That's when I met mom.

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Mélanie continued: Until the war Daddy fucked me every Sunday morning two or three times, but he unfortunately died during the war. Pierre agreed that I went to fuck Daddy on Sunday mornings and at the same time I allowed him to go every Sunday morning to fuck his sister's virgin pussy, whom he fucked since she was 11 or 12. During the week I tried to masturbate my father every night if possi-

ble and I didn't care that Pierre took the opportunity to fuck his little sister.

Since I fucked with Daddy, I gave the boys hand- and blowjobs, hundreds of times. Then I met Pierre, a brewer's son with the most enormous cock I've ever seen. We got married after a few months and Pierre could fuck me wonderfully and bring me to orgasm, even though his cock didn't fit in entire length in my pussy. He noted with amazement that I masturbated every night until I dropped. He watched with great interest and horniness. Then came the war.

Pierre immediately enlisted in the Résistance and I with him. We had many adventures, mostly we had to hide for fucking. We got into situations where I was the only woman in the room. Pierre fucked me unabashedly, I sat half-naked on his cock with my back to him and let him fuck me with great pleasure. This was the only position where his cock fit entirely in my pussy and I masturbated during being fucked with great devotion and passionately. The buddies came closer, grinning as they watched us and masturbated themselves. I took off my blouse (lingerie and clothes were scarce!), I got orgasm after orgasm and the buddies squirted on my big beautiful breasts, every one after the other. This went on for many weeks.

A year and months later we were back in a hideout, 30 lads and two girls, the lesbian Valerie and me. I was fucking Pierre in the dark room and heard Valerie masturbating loudly next to me. She had several orgasms and so did I, Pierre was in top form. I heard the buddies masturbating all around. It lasted a few days, then Valerie stopped masturbating and masturbated my clit to huge orgasms while I sat fucking on Pierre's cock. I told him the next day, but he didn't believe a single word. Day after day Valerie masturbated me and after that I heard her masturbate endlessly. Pierre let me get off, grabbed Valerie and fucked her through and through. I was hurt and now let 7 or 10 buddies fuck me from behind, every night, because Pierre fucked Valerie.

Valerie was our sniper and she was good at it. I was assigned to her as a scout because two women lugging a heavy package didn't attract attention. When Valerie picked off the Nazis, we'd take off. We

masturbated together in hidden corners because the killing had made us both terribly horny.

Once she had to shoot an important Nazi while he was fucking his Nazi assistant girl. We couldn't do that from outside, we snuck into the love nest where the fat Nazi was fucking his huge Valkyrie. She masturbated during the fuck with a totally absent look in her eyes, high with some drugs. We both waited until the Valkyrie's wild orgasm distracted them both. Valerie stepped forward and shot him in the head. Then she held the gun to the Valkyrie's head. Irritated, she followed the gaze of the incessantly masturbating Valkyrie: the dead man's cock began to squirt upon her pussy, squirting and squirting in one go until he was done. We watched the girl masturbate for 20 minutes, as the Valkyrie with the huge clit could not stop masturbating and increased her arousing from orgasm to orgasm. She masturbated with a stupid grin quite violently until she exploded in a very long lasting orgasm and the dead man fell to the floor. Valerie became horny as hell while watching her, after the x-th orgasm in this hour the Valkyrie looked at us in amazement for the first time and continued masturbating furiously. Outside, it was getting dark. I let her come to orgasm once more, took the gun from Valerie who was trembling with horniness and put the barrel into the Valkyrie's pussy. I pulled the trigger three times and shot her in the head. Then we ran away. In a secluded corner, we masturbated several times in a row, talking only about the dead man's strange squirting, but Valerie said most men cum at the moment of death. We also talked about that Valkyrie, her unability to stop masturbating because high of drugs, and her giant clit.

Once only, things were really dicey. Valerie had taken out four Nazi-officers at an opposite coffee house table from a basement window. Suddenly we heard 4 German soldiers enter the cellar to requisition wine or cognac. Valerie had only one bullet left in the magazine, there was no time to reload. She fired immediately and I pulled my heavy army pistol out of my pocket. As if in ecstasy, I fired blindly all 9 bullets and then it continued to click blankly until Valerie took the pistol from my hand. "We got them all," she said softly, "you got them all!" We took off running, stopping only when I couldn't go any further. I had killed at least 3 men and my clit was raging so much

that I couldn't go a single step further. Valerie also stopped and waited because I masturbated standing in the middle of the road and got the orgasm. She was looking for a hiding place. There was still time and the hiding place was good, we undressed and fucked several times clit-to-clit, orgasm after orgasm, for a good hour. Valerie was a true master at it and she fucked me so well with her clit that I flew from orgasm to orgasm! We masturbated wildly, orgasm after orgasm. We were so turned on by the danger that we masturbated like madmen, snuggled up to each other. In the darkness we ran home.

Fucking fell like a plague on our little group. For months we all remained naked, in the endless waiting we had only the sex as entertainment until the end of the war. Valerie usually sat backwards on Pierre's cock facing us and masturbated when she felt like it or she let Pierre fuck her several times a day. Very rarely, when she wasn't sitting on Pierre's cock, one or the other had the courage to fuck her from behind in the doggie position. I loved watching Valerie masturbate, but when she was fucked by Pierre, I felt a sting in my heart.

I now let myself be fucked in the doggy position during the day. It was the most comfortable position, with my head resting on my forearm, my upper body on the floor and my ass spread backwards. I could masturbate well in the doggie position and the cocks excited me the most that way. I had found that all 30 of my buddies fucked me every 24 hours, and these long months of endless fucking were really truly and wonderfully horny. Thank God there was a shower, freezing cold but I could always keep myself clean. Valerie looked at me lovingly while I was fucking with all the buddies and masturbating, she sent me a loving air-kiss every time I had an orgasm! Pierre was watching jealously and looked really stupid.

At some point the war came to an end. We went home and had become somehow sexual strangers. Pierre dutifully fucked me every morning with his morning wood to a fine orgasm, but afterwards he went to fuck his little sister. He once told me how the little sister let herself be fucked. He had started fucking the great-grandmother when he was 8. She had dementia since the birth of her daughter and let him fuck her obsessively with his morning wood each morning. Brothers, uncles and cousins came to her and she fucked them all

with a silly smiling grin. He went upstairs almost daily and fucked the now 98-year-old. She died in the middle of fucking when she was 101, but he continued to fuck her thoughtfully and squirt juicily into the dead woman's pussy. His youngest sister, who was mentally stagnant at age 9, ran her household. The two women watched porn movies all day long and masturbated in competition. The little girl always watched with great interest when he fucked the old woman. She begged and begged for fucking until he deflowered her at age 11 and a half. She was impressed by the Japanese porn stars who whimpered and whined like little kittens when they were fucked. The Little sister copied the Japanese porngirls and always pretended to be afraid of getting fucked, which of course she was not. She howled, cried and whined when his giant cock entered her little virgin pussy and fucked her really hard. She mewed, whined and whimpered like a little kitten when he fucked her and screamed shrilly with a stupid grin on her face when she had an orgasm. It was just a silly, stupid game, but it turned him on insanely. He had to laugh terribly when he told me and played it for me.

I masturbated again like a madwoman before sleeping and cried myself to sleep.

The aged President Charles de Gaulle awarded many Résistance fighters, including Pierre, Valerie and me. I was very moved when the worthy old warrior pinned the Médaille d'Or to my chest. Valerie had brought her daughter with her, she was the spitting image of Pierre. I secretly asked Valerie and she blushingly confirmed it. Then the company commander celebrated us and read out who had killed how many Nazis, a very long list. Valerie the sniper 118, Pierre the scout and secret courier 57, and I as a scout 26. We talked about it only in low whispers, because we didn't really care about the numbers but the lives we took. Most of the other comrades were loud and boastful. Pierre and I said goodbye to Valerie with heartfelt, long French kisses and drove home. We talked openly and honestly about Valerie for the first time. Pierre said that in retrospect he was sorry that he had hurt me when he had fucked Valerie and not me in the last few months. I said that was over and it didn't hurt me anymore and Valerie had gotten her baby, finally. After all, I had fucked day after day with all 30 of my comrades during those months, which I'm

sure had also hurt him. We kissed and felt that we forgave each other. In the last hours of the train ride I told Pierre how Valerie introduced me to lesbian lovemaking and how great she could fuck me clit-to-clit. Pierre had never seen this before and I promised him I would let him watch one day when I made lesbian love to a woman.

Only days later I brought a young Japanese tourist with me, she was an iron lesbian with a beautifully shaved pussy that smelled wonderful. She first objected to Pierre watching us and said he must not fuck her in any case, she was still a virgin! I fucked her clit-to-clit until I was tired from our many orgasms. Pierre had put his head between our thighs and watched our clits in action. He mounted the crying and whining Japanese girl, deflowered her with a firm jerk. She was meowing like a kitten, fainted and he fucked the fainted girl hard and brutally, then squirted her pussy full. He was very satisfied and we both fucked the desolate poor girl for a week.

I went to clean the rectory, at least a paid job. I fell in love at the first moment with the new young Abbé Fabien. He was a brétone, slim and massive at the same time, had a shock of black hair and very bright shining blue eyes. I was determined to get this sweet tidbit in my pussy and plunged into this adventure head first. The first thing I did was to leave off my bra and panties and wear only a light, frivolously short dress in the rectory. But the Abbé noticed nothing of it, I had to bring up heavy artillery. Directly in front of the Abbé, I knelt on all fours ass showing, and diligently scrubbed the clean stone floor. Quite by chance my little dress slipped up over my asscheeks, I presented the holy man frivolously my bare asscheeks, my pussy and the clit, all of which I was very proud. He stared at my jewels for a week, fighting with the devils. Then finally he grabbed me determined and fucked me from behind. I had an orgasm like I hadn’t had in a long time.

For four months we fucked like madmen in a row. I had told him I wanted a child from him, because with my Pierre it just did not work. His mouth said there was no way he could do that, but his cock squirted into my pussy a dozen times a day, that was fine. I had confessed everything to Pierre, of course, but he just shrugged his shoulders indifferently or nodded in agreement and went to fuck his little

sister's virgin pussy even more often. Fabien could really fuck masterfully and did not save his semen. I had begged him every time to make me a child and he fucked me as often as he could. One day he took me to the church and carefully locked the doors. I had to lie naked on the main altar and he fucked me insanely for two hours, squirting four times in my pussy. I looked up at all the saints of stone, the angels and the saints smiled broadly at me. One of the saints blessed me with a handsign and whispered softly, "Have hope my daughter, let your will be done!" I thanked the saint with my most loving, filthy smile and now, to the astonishment of my Abbé, I screamed so loudly during all my 6 orgasms that it echoed shrilly in the holy hall. A misguided holy man fucked a mad lunatic woman on holy grounds! Here, in this holy night I conceived my child, Liane.

Where happiness lies in the light, the wretched envious is not far. The Abbé was ordered to the bishop. With a petrified expression, the bishop read the anonymous letter. Abbé Fabien blanched. But he was an honest man, he admitted everything. With fiery, amorous words he told of the wonderful love, of the beautiful Mélanie, and of the wonderful carnal pleasures, that the pen trembled in the hand of the protocolist. The bishop abruptly interrupted the Abbé's pornolalia. Whether he has taken leave of his senses, thundered the High Lord! The housekeepers were there to fuck, if it had to be, in God's name! But the confessionals, the faithful, they are taboo! and the Abbé shyly interjected that Mélanie had never confessed to him and was not a believer, but the bishop angrily swept away his argument. He forbade the Abbé to have any contact with Mélanie and immediately transferred him to the smallest village in the Pyrenees. There was an old and ugly housekeeper who was not at all averse to the carnal sins. He smiled for the first time, she had been his own housekeeper for many a year, and .... but the High Lord kept silent as a precaution, this did not have to be in the protocol.

Abbé Fabien returned heartbroken. In three days he had to leave, he said to me. I was still in shock and called Pierre that I would stay away for three days. Fabien and I spent 75 hours in bed, fucking our brains out. We laughed with every orgasm and cried when we had to rest. He left and we talked on the phone for some time. I felt so sorry for him, he had nothing to do in the parish and the old hag forced

him into her bed at least 4 times a day. Besides her ugliness she was very very good in fucking and brought him at least a dozen times a day to squirt. Sometimes she fucked him like a wild dragon and sometimes like a gentle kitten. — At least my exlover had no problems getting rid of his semen and I soon forgot about him, the pregnancy took all my time.

I was honestly shocked when Liane confessed to me at 12 that her half-brother had deflowered her in the summer and that they had screwed like maniacs on the beach day in and day out until the end of the vacations. Liane was immediately sent to a boarding school for girls, where there were no cocks far and wide.

I was incredibly lucky. My childhood sweetheart, Count Armand, needed a new manager, (saying housekeeper was not fine enough for him). Armand was 51 at the time and I was about to turn 50. Although Pierre fucked me wonderfully every morning with his morning wood and then went to his little sister to fuck the virgin's pussy, I had the widowed Count in my sights. No, he had not forgotten that we had sometimes fucked each other at schooltime, but he was still in mourning the countess. Fiddle-dee-dee! I quickly brought the count's household up to scratch, went to the hairdresser and lost ten kilos. I shaved my pubic hair and wore neither bra nor panties. Yes, I provoked everyone with my overflowing cleavage and my short little dresses. The look of some good man sucked on my frivolously presented fuckingslit and I did not let go of the good man so easily. This had already worked wonders with the Abbé, why not with my Count? Yes, Pierre was my husband and we loved each other with all our hearts, but sexually we had become somehow strangers. Yes, he fucked me dutifully every morning before I got up. — not to mention my morning masturbation, after Pierre's wonderful fuck. — I had breakfast and went to the Count's castle, Pierre went to his little sister's to fuck the virgin's pussy, as usual, every day. I was very satisfied, I put the Count's household in order and had enough time to devote to Count Armand.

For weeks Armand regarded me with benevolence and let his gaze glide over my admittedly pretty body. I rubbed my teats stiffly before joining him. He loved my big, full breasts and my stiff teats, that was

obvious. As often as possible, I sat down so he could see and stare at my nice fuck slit. He patted my body whenever possible and I felt him getting more and more turned on each day. Mourning year? Phaw! I needed exactly one month to get him to fuck me. Pierre knew it, but he was caught with all his senses in the tight virgin pussy of his little sister, and I honestly didn't begrudge him from the bottom of my heart.

Armand, my count, was quite sweet when fucking, but no competition for Pierre's fucking! Armand loved very much when I sat on his chest and masturbated in front of him. It was fine with me, I'd rather have several orgasms while masturbating than none while fucking. Armand really loved me, but I belonged to Pierre, with skin and hair.

Liane was 18 and came home from boarding school. Pierre had a 15 year old to fuck in the brewery in addition to me and his sister. That was too much for him, 5 months later the 15 year old took him to the hospital, heart attack. He recovered well, but lost the brewery to a Danish-Dutch conglomerate. We lived on my salary and what I could steal from Armand, and it was not little!

Pierre's sister wanted to go easy on him — or she had had enough of him — and we gradually resumed the morning fucking. Pierre confessed that he missed the thrill of the sister's tight, virgin pussy and her fearful virgin's screaming before getting an orgasm, and he was also downhearted because she had found a new, potent stallion. I consulted with Liane and was amazed at how smart and mature she had become. The first thing we did was to have a Venetian mirror installed in the bedroom, so that one could secretly look into the bedroom from the next room. The first step in our strategy.

The second step was delicate. Liane had gained a lot of lesbian experience at boarding school, and we sent Pierre to the next room every morning. Liane made lesbian lovemaking at its best with me, we masturbated each other and fucked clit-to-clit with passion and ferocity. When we were done, I called Pierre. He came in with the biggest boner ever and instantly fucked me from behind because from behind his cock fit in and I was having an orgasm. Liane didn't want to disturb us and left after my orgasm to watch us and masturbate in

the next room. This was a wonderful new morning fucking procedure and I must admit that Liane could fuck clit-to-clit like no other and I happily let her fuck me insanely.

The next step of my ingenious plan was to set Liane up with Armand. I had talked to her and honestly explained my thoughts and intentions. She thought for a few minutes and asked some questions, and in the end she agreed happily to become a countess. She contributed a lot because she had thought quite concretely about her future and wanted to assure herself with me, so to speak, that she got everything she wanted. I suggested to her to use my sneaky feminine-cunning tactics. Lightweight short dress, no bra and no panties. Showing off the cleavage and the fuckingslit so many times to the count as possible. Liane clapped her hands, she was so excited to grab a rich and very pleasant husband!

Our plan worked, it worked like a charm! Armand got to see so much of Liane's jewels that he almost married her on the spot. I held off for a while to give Armand and Liane time. And yes, after a little over a year, she gave birth to little Luis, Armand was in seventh heaven, and I discovered the truth that was nobody's business.

I saw the little one's huge willy-boner and knew immediately that he was Pierre's child. I sternly took Liane into prayer until she admitted everything. Since the installation of the Venetian mirror, she fucked Pierre whenever the opportunity presented itself. She knew that he was not her biological father and therefore fucked him without hesitation. Pierre never knew that Liane was not and Luis was his child. This had been going on for a year and a half. I thought quite a bit and weighed the facts. No one was served by a scandal. I admonished Liane not to take Pierre away from me. He was the love of my life and the only one who fucked me really good. Liane promised, and we continued our sloppy relations as before. Armand had his heir and gave Liane a free hand sexually. She took many strong stallions when she found one. I had Pierre passionate again for my morning fuck and made sometimes lesbian love to Liane before the morning fuck and made Armand happy afterwards. Sometimes Liane would watch us from her bedroom and masturbated, as she was very voyeuristic. I often watched Pierre and Liane through the Venetian

mirror. They were made for each other. Pierre with his massive, hairy body and enormous cock. The willowy Liane with her large Breton breasts and her full pubic mound, hairless from birth, and the always virginal looking pussy that easily accommodated Pierre's entire cock. I had watched Liane and Armand very often during their first year and Liane never got an orgasm and masturbated tantalizingly and horny afterwards in front of Armand. But with Pierre, she didn't just orgasm once, but orgasmed continuously until he cum.

I have since watched very often through the connecting door when Liane had a stallion to fuck her. She detested cuddling and kissing because she only did that with those she had a relationship with, Pierre and Armand of course. The stallions were there for a different purpose. She lay on the bed smiling like the Goddess Diana and spreading her legs. She had a beautiful little pussy and a freestanding clit that was not covered by a foreskin. She had a nicely rounded mons veneris with a wonderfully smooth skin. She had never had any pubic hair and so her little fuck hole looked like a virginal, childlike one. She drew in her breath sharply when he penetrated and his cock widened her pussy, then rushed him to ever sharper speeds. She had learned to press her clit on his cock and therefore she would orgasm, sometimes delaying it long enough for him to cum and squirt into her orgasming still. In orgasm she clung to him and continued to actively fuck him. I found her way of fucking very nice and horny, and more than once I masturbated when they were done. It didn't bother me at all that the stud was watching me with increasing horniness. It was only good for Liane, who then didn't have to suck his cock for so long to get him fit again. She makes an effort to invite only stalwart, well-fucking stallions, then she beckons me to her after her fuck, so that I can also be really good and violently fucked through by her stallion. I then usually lie on her Venus mound and let her excite my breasts and teats. These nice situations we have lately more and more often.

So we all have a very exciting and satisfying love life.

# Valerie

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Valerie and I have a daughter Sybille from Pierre during the war.

Even as a small child I learned to masturbate from my playmates and masturbate since then as often as I have time. My Mommy didn't like it, but she never spoke out against it. She sadly passed away when I was 8 and Daddy and I would hold each other all night and cry because we loved her so much. My favorite thing to do was lay on top of Daddy and we would chafe and cuddle together in wild child-like sex until his cock squirted on my pussy. "I want to replace Mommy for you," I whispered with great seriousness, "she's gone and you have no woman to fuck but me!" I've always been very smart. Daddy stammered around that I was 8 and much too young to fuck. But then he explained deflowering and fucking to me in great detail. I had watched them do it so many times, that I knew exactly how it went. Mommy clung to him in orgasm like a Baby-Ape on her Mommy and let him forcefully squirt in. I was terribly excited as I lay down to fuck as I had seen Mommy do. Daddy deflowered me very lovingly so that I only felt a little prick. I clung to him intimately like a baby monkey and let him squirt into me. We fucked every night one time after another, because he had a great manhood and of course needed it several times in a row, until I went to war at 26 and left my sick Daddy behind.

The Résistance took me immediately, I was taken as a sniper. I brought my own hunting rifle, a rare masterpiece from Ferlach, Austria. I had a high-precision-monocular mounted and changed the magazine to 5 cartridges, so I had 6 rounds. I was quiet and reserved and my comrades thought I was a lesbian, which I never really was. Toward the end of the war, I operated out of a small base with my scout, Mélanie. She was a consummate scout and was not afraid to kill when necessary.

Mélanie fucked with her husband Pierre every night in the dim light, I watched her with greed and horniness and masturbated until I dropped. Fucking the other companions did not occur to me in my dreams. I carefully began to masturbate Mélanie's clit while she was fucked by Pierre and she enjoyed this secret act very very much. Afterwards I masturbated my brains out every night, that much was certain. At some point Pierre pushed Mélanie away, grabbed me and fucked me so I didn't know which train hit me. From then on, Pierre fucked me with his giant cock day and night until the end of the war.

Mélanie was bitter and let all her comrades fuck her in the doggy position day and night. There were only us two women for more than 30 men. Many of them fucked me too from behind, but I tossed them mostly out to squirt. I knew it had to hurt her and Pierre, but it was not my decision. Our squad was busy fucking day and night, we waited in vain for a new mission. When Pierre returned from a night mission and sharpened his long hunting knife for hours with a pinched mouth, I took his head delicately in my hands and let him cry secretly. He didn't like killing, but he wouldn't let anything or anyone stop him. Most of the time he would bring a job for me and I would go off with Mélanie.

Of the many Nazis we took out, one in particular stuck in my mind. We were supposed to take out a high-ranking Nazi and the best opportunity to do so was to kill him in his love nest. We snuck unnoticed into his love nest where he was fucking a huge Valkyrie. She must have been popping pervitin and cocaine, because she was masturbating nonstop, spiraling higher and higher from orgasm to orgasm with an absent look and couldn't stop masturbating. During one of her violent orgasms, I silently stepped next to him and shot him in the head. The Valkyrie continued masturbating and didn't seem to notice anything. Mélanie and I stared at the dying man's cock, which squirted jet after jet upon the Valkyrie's cunt before he fell to the floor.

Mélanie and I stared at the Valkyrie for a good two hours, as she wrested the orgasmings from herself time after time. I got so horny that I was shaking all over my body. Mélanie kept a cool head, took the revolver from my hand and pushed the barrel of the revolver into

the Valkyrie's fuckhole. She waited until the Valkyrie had an orgasm and shot her several times in the cunt and then in the head. We ran away. We found a good hiding place and immediately stripped naked. We were horny as hell and I fucked Mélanie clit-to-clit, she loved that more than anything and we did that every time after a killing.

The war was over. I said goodbye to Mélanie and Pierre with a thousand French kisses. I did not tell them that I was pregnant. I went home, just in time to bury my father. My daughter Sybille grew splendidly and I no longer fucked men, Pierre's daughter was unique. I only get involved with women and girls now and then. I fuck the shit out of them, mercilessly fucking them clit-to-clit, I like it that way.

Pierre and Mélanie I met only once more, when our President de Gaulle awarded the Résistance-fighters. De Gaulle kissed me three times left-right on the cheek as customery and said to me how proud he was of me, the best sniper of the Résistance. I blushed as he first groped my small pointy breasts perplexed, where was he going to attach the award? "Bravo, my daughter," murmured the old warrior, "more than 180 bastards picked off!". I don't know what got into me when I whispered, "it certainly wasn't all bastards!" He nodded gravely and fastened the Médaille d'Or to my lapel. Mélanie, Pierre and I whispered quietly to each other next to our loud, roaring comrades. I answered in the affirmative when Mélanie quietly asked if Sybille was Pierre's. I was somehow inhibited from telling him myself. When we said goodbye, I returned Mélanie's and Pierre's fiery French kisses, knowing it was forever.

# Budicca

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am the spirit of Budicca, the former Queen of the hidden kingdom of Halfgard. Halfgard was the refuge of the Half people and was kept away from the Bangurelians.

Probably you want to know what and where I am. I was amazed myself, because there is definitely no paradise. We are invisible disembodied spirits who — like me — choose our own whereabouts. We don't travel, we only think of any place and we are there. I am mostly in the forests of Halfgard and with my people. Also, I have to correct another fact. Ghosts are not sexless, on the contrary. We fuck much more often than in previous lives, amiable and sexy spirits like me get fucked day in and day out. We have much easier and more orgasms than in previous lives. Enough.

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I want to talk about my people, the Halfs. We are conceived by the males of Bangurel with the females of the Gonnies. Unfortunately, we can't reproduce, all Halfs are infertile. We are just a little smaller than our human fathers, of slender build and white like our fathers. I have never seen an overweight or fat Half. Unfortunately, the life of a Half almost always ends at the age of 50.

Purely physically, we are most comparable to humans. Both female and male Halfs have beautiful, full hair growth that reaches down along the ridge of the spine in a thick horse-like mane to the butt cheeks. Most Halfs leave the mane down to cover the butt cheeks. We inherit the color of our hair, eyebrows and the mane from our fathers. Otherwise we are hairless, we have neither armpits- nor pubic hair. Our genitals are very similar to those of humans, but there are differences.

The pussies of our girls are very similar to those of human women. Only the clit is a little bigger and firmer and has a glans at the end like men's cocks. The clit has no foreskin like the human clits and

even at rest it sticks out a bit between the full labia. It becomes stiff when aroused and usually grows to twice its size or less. This is important when masturbating and fucking clit-to-clit, which most halfwomen love. Halfwomen masturbate much differently than human women. They press themselves against someone's body while masturbating with a finger and when they reach orgasm, they fuck the hip bone of the person with their clit until and during the whole orgasm, which usually lasts 3 to 6 minutes with us. Halfgirls are very popular among people because of their long orgasm and passionate fucking. Halfgirls are deflowered on their 12th birthday and are not allowed to fuck before that. Usually, fathers keep them to have them to fuck and like to offer them to their guests to fuck. Many good fathers let their halfchildren learn in their libraries.

Halfboys' cocks are very much like human ones, but there are no testicles or scrotum. They are usually longer and become thicker when aroused. The erect cock has a strongly upturned firm glans without a foreskin, which stimulates the women's G-Spot very well. Halfboys may only masturbate until their 10th birthday — or, as it is almost always the case, be masturbated by the master's wives and daughters. Many human wives and daughters masturbate the Halfboys embedded in their own masturbation act and teach them to masturbate them or lick them to orgasm. It is tolerated that most young daughters let the underage halfboys deflower them and then fuck them diligently for years in pleasure. Even the youngest daughters have a little halfboy in their bed. At 10, the halfboys are allowed to fuck, and most of them are very steady and naturally gifted fuckers. Fathers like to keep them for their wives, daughters and female employees to fuck. Many good fathers train their halfsons well, and they are popular in the plantations and farms as good, hard-working stewards.

Only wicked or very poor fathers sold their halfchildren to the brothels. Astronomical prices were paid for virgins untouched. The Halfs did not know male homosexuality and many Halfboys were abused by men in the brothels. In the uprising of the Halfs, all the brothels were set on fire, of which later.

Now to me, to my life. My father was a Thierry d'Aubonville, a very good and sensitive man, coming from an old French family on Earth. He treated his halfchildren excellently. From the age of 6, I was allowed to sleep in his bed. The widower loved me idolatrously. He taught me to masturbate like a halfgirl, which I did with great pleasure. We cuddled and kissed lovingly and playfully. He took it very seriously that I was not allowed to be deflowered until I was 12. But I got to know his body, I was allowed to playfully masturbate him from the beginning and let him squirt in my mouth, he especially liked that. I gave him great pleasure because I loved to masturbate and fuck his hips with my stiff clit during orgasm. He was honestly pleased that I masturbated for hours before sleep and had many beautiful orgasms. That was very important for my sexuality, he said.

During the day I studied in his library and learned quickly and a lot. Only gradually I was able to convince him that I was a natural telepath. I was very proud of that. By my 20th birthday I had learned everything about law and had certainly become an excellent lawyer. He often accompanied me to court proceedings and put me in contact with many good lawyers. As a Half, of course, I could not enter a legal profession, but I soon became one of the sought-after interlocutors of lawyers.

Exactly on my 12th birthday he ordered a wonderful dinner in his kitchen, we ate by candlelight, danced and listened to beautiful music. "Today is your big day," he said tenderly and gave me a beautiful ring. Then we went to bed.

I was terribly excited, of course. I had bathed for an hour and sprayed myself with fine perfume. I had masturbated all afternoon next to a very lovely Gonnie girl and fucked her clit-to-clit for hours. I was therefore well prepared and had made myself — as it should be — horny and aroused for the important evening as horny as only possible.

We cuddled and kissed until we had both become quite horny. I lay on my back and spread my legs wide. He was very tender and romantic when he deflowered me. I felt no sting and we fucked so many times until he could not squirt anymore.

We lived like man and wife for the next 10 years, fucking every night until we were tired and he supported me in my law studies. He was the most famous and by far the most popular man for deflowering. We were brought the 12 year olds and I got to prepare the girls for it and get them very aroused and horny for their great moment.

I insert here a letter from my friend Elli, who provides in it a good description of those times:

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**Elli's letter**

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Dear Mommy,

I'm fine, I follow your advice conscientiously and masturbate every night until I get tired. In the last months also in the morning before getting up, but of that later.

The new one, the stepmother, is a real creep. She ordered Pip to sleep in my bed. She wanted him to deflower me and fuck me before my 12th birthday, that way she wanted to make Daddy sad and hurt him. But Pip just lay with me and whispered that he would not do it for the mean witch. He was very traumatized because she had already forced him to deflower her daughter and fuck her for some time. Pip is a real gentleman and we masturbate together every night until we are tired. I allow him to cum on my hymen. We also masturbate every morning since we slept at Dad's. Pip has also shown me a secret place from where we can peek into the master bedroom. We watch Daddy fuck the new wife and when he's gone the filthy bitch let Pap and Pep fuck her until she's dead tired of the orgasming.

She went on vacation with Pap and Pep, Daddy was very down and sad and Pip and I were allowed to sleep in his bed. We both took care of Daddy's' morning wood every morning and masturbated him to squirt twice in a row. Daddy loves to squirt on my hymen and allowed Pip and I to masturbate as often as we wanted afterwards in front of him. "You'll soon be 12 and a big girl," Daddy said to me, "I'm going to take you to the famous Lord Dobonwill for your deflow-

ering.” I was very pleased with that; I had seen the Lord several times before and he was a kind, sweet man.

Yesterday was my 12th birthday and Daddy took me to see Lord Dobonwill. His daughter is a very sweet Half-girl and very skilled to bring a virgin to great horniness. She bathed me and rubbed my body with fragrant oil and expensive perfumes. After that she masturbated me wonderfully and we lay in bed all afternoon where she teased me with clit-to-clit-fucking for hours!!! I was hornier than I had ever been! In the evening the men came in and waited until the daughter fucked me twice more with her clit to great orgasms. I was almost blind with horniness when the Lord lay down with me. He was as tender and sensitive as the movie stars in the love movies. He penetrated my pussy easily like a feather, I felt only a tiny prick. Then he fucked me so wonderfully that I had to cling to him in my heavy orgasm as if I were his wife. Then he kissed me on the lips and then Papa, Pap, Pep and Pip were allowed to fuck me deep into the night. I must admit that Lord Dobonwill fucked the best of all. It was wonderful to be fucked two dozen times this night! I shivered tiredly and Daddy kissed me very sweetly and said that now I was a big one and that I could fuck Pip every night if I wanted to.

I’m still terribly sore from the deflowering, but I’m a real woman now, Mommy!

a thousand dear kisses
your Elli!

P.S. The new one doesn’t really love Daddy, says Pep, she is only keen on his money. And that with the vacation was also a lie, they have not once gone swimming in the sea, but he and Pap had to fuck the new bitch day and night until they all were deadly tired!
E.

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Pap (15), Pep (14) and Pip (11) were the only Half-sons of Ellis’s father, who was very fond of fucking with his gonnie-wives.

Thierry and I lived as a happy couple in sexual unanimity and at night, since I was still horny, I masturbated and fucked his hips with my clit until I was exhausted. I spent a lot of time with the legal scholars and discussed a lot about my idea to write a just and practical work for the rights of the Halfs. I had it all ready in my head and had already dictated a draft into my computer. Then, the misfortune came after my 22nd birthday.

Thierry had impregnated a young girl from a good family. Her father, a hothead and feared duelist, challenged him to a duel to the death if he did not marry her instantly. But Thierry wanted to live and married the girl with all pomp.

His new wife could not stand me from the first moment and forbade us to fuck. But not enough, she invited guests every day and offered me to them to fuck. She and Thierry watched as I was fucked by the guests. She was an obsessively masturbating onanist, he watched me sadly. The fact that she masturbated continuously was of no more interest to him than it was to me. I kept telepathic contact with my husband Thierry while fucking, that was more important to us than the fucking. She let me fuck hundreds of guests and was sure that Thierry could forget about me. After a year she got bored and sold me to a posh brothel. I could only say goodbye to Thierry telepathically and grimly swore to him to kill his wife. She had given birth to a son, Pan d'Aubonville, and I did not know then that this brother would one day become my lover and the love of my life.

For almost a whole year I stayed in the brothel, fucked hundreds and thousands of men and pierced my ears. Hate fermented among the enslaved Halfs, at the end of the year the riot broke out. We Halfs set fire to all the brothels and killed a few hundred Bangurelians. Their army killed thousands of Halfs, but we held out. Someone came up with the idea that we Halfs needed a Queen and suggested me, knowing how educated I was and how skillfully I led our troops and swung my bloody combat knife. At first I frowned and thought for hours before I accepted.

I was proclaimed Queen and took the name Budicca. At that time I was reading about the history of ancient England. Queen Budicca led

the Celts victoriously against the superior forces of the Romans. When the Romans kidnapped her two underage daughters, deflowered them and fucked them forcefully a whole night, throwing the distraught children outside her tent, Budicca saw red. She attacked the Romans with two of the best warriors and slaughtered them all mercilessly. She was later captured with her daughters and tied to stakes. The Roman troops fucked them forcefully one by one all three at the stake. After the last one had mercilessly fucked her and her two daughters, they cut their throats. I felt respect for this woman who fearlessly took bloody revenge.

I had become Budicca that day, the first Warrior Queen of the Halfs.

I led the Halfs for months in the battles and my hand was dipped in blood up to the elbows. I did not lead them from a safe distance in the rear like their generals. No, I charged ahead naked but armed only with the combat knife, stopping only to talk on the phone with the other leaders. At night, the guns were silent. The slaughter and killing had aroused us all and I fucked the best fighters until we dropped, this reward of course incited the others to even more courage.

I charged forward shrilly roaring fully naked and suddenly found myself in front of Thierry's palace. I rushed up and found Thierry and his wife. She was sprawled on the state bed, masturbating, completely absent and no longer aware of anything. Before we recognized each other, my beloved Thierry leapt toward me to protect his wife. He threw himself into my combat knife. My world collapsed, we sank to the ground and I held the dying man's head in my lap.

Cold as steel for what seemed like an eternity, I watched his wife spiral higher and higher from orgasm to orgasm, eventually coming to the final orgasm in a tremendous explosion of violent wriggling and twitching. She remained lying there smiling happily, her pink fuckhole wide open and her battle-hardened clit thrust out stiffly and further demanding. I stepped up to her. She had begun to masturbate again with her eyes closed. I slowly inserted my combat knife into her fuckhole. She stopped after minutes and looked at me con-

fused. I screamed and slashed her body from the fuckole to the throat. I cut out her numb heart and threw it out of the window into the blazing flames. A warrior helped me carry Thierry through the flaming hell to the garden where I buried him. I sat by his grave and vowed to stop the killing and murdering immediately and lead my Halfs out of Bangurel. Far too much blood had been spilled, now I was going to freedom and to build something new for my people. Halfgard.

We built a hidden city behind the southern forests. Bangurel never learned of its existence and its location remained secret to this day. Halfs flocked to Halfgard from all directions, runaway slaves, sex workers and many, many children! When I died 25 years later, Halfgard had a good 40,000 inhabitants and 5,000 lived in settlements scattered all around. I was their Queen and the First Judge. I wrote a simple, clearly understandable set of laws, now called the Codex Budicca. During the day I set about training 3 to 4 clever girls in law. After 5 years they became judges and that was well regulated.

I kept a habit, I confess blushing. After all, we Halfs have much more fire in the ass than the Bangurelians. My people were very diligent at work and even more diligent at fucking. I had the best laid to me every night, usually there were three or four who fucked me until I was exhausted. I made sure that all my maids were also warmed every night. Once a week I invited four or five young boys who had not yet fucked. I let them fuck me until dawn, which was soon considered a knighthood among the boys.

My people lived mainly by gathering and hunting. Of course, there were locksmiths, plumbers and all crafts. Some engineers founded a small research and workshop and made more modern weapons than Bangurel for our hunters.

There was a centuries-old law on Bangurel still from the time when the Halfs were considered sexual fair game. The Halfs were only allowed to cover their upper body down to the navel, they had to wear cock and pussy naked in public. The Bangurelians quite liked to look at their private parts, the Halfboys' dicks were usually semi-stiff and the Boys presented their huge cocks proudly and selfconfidently.

As Queen Budicca I struck down the law and each Half could dress up or remain naked. Most Halfs went completely naked in everyday life, because in the three seasons — early spring, summer and late spring — it was always warm or hot. On the anniversary of the founding of the city, there was a huge party, beer was flowing, the Halfs grouped around their Queen and everyone fucked everyone! I mingled with the people and fucked dozens all day long, deep into the night.

The news of the heroic Pan d'Aubonville came to my ears and also that he was an excellent fucker. My pussy didn't really have to be bored, but I was still curious to meet my brother. I was 45 and didn't have many years ahead of me. I instructed our best scouts to lay a trail that Pan would be sure to follow. One day my scouts led him, grinning broadly, to my palace hut.

The first second I fell in love with my brother, who was half my age. He came almost monthly for two or three nights and lay with me. We both loved fucking until dawn and my folks accepted him and our special connection. He loved me as well and I became very aware of that when I confessed to him that I had murdered his parents. I was telepathic as was he and let him "see" the events. We often sat on the little stone bench at the pond and talked about everything, trivia and mundane, personal and royal. To my amazement, he was a Dominatrix's favorite and had a deep view of politics. He detested the clergy and did not shy away from fighting with the powerful cardinals. He had fought several combat missions against the pirates and was one of the undisputed leaders of the military.

He was the father of 5 halfboys whom he had trained excellently and who had good steward positions in the plantations. He also had two halfgirls whom he had deflowered at 12 according to custom and who fucked him passionately. One of his other sweethearts had her pussy reproduced lifelike in gold and he always carried this golden pussy with him. When we talked, one of us played with the golden pussy in the fingers, it was so pleasant and horny to touch. And it reminded us not to waste a single night.

I always had to laugh heartily when Pan told me about the trip here in a flowery way. Every time he brought retired General Irenea, she visited my chief engineer Wengin, her childhood sweetheart. The old boozer drank mulberry liquor all day, which made humans terribly horny. She masturbated nonstop for the 7 hour trip and Pan had to fuck her hard and brutally when she orgasmed. He was good natured and went along with it even though he liked young and very young girls. Pan acted out her masturbating and fucking so droll that I laughed until it hurt.

I was getting older every year. I knew how much he liked deflowering virgins, he was Thierry's son after all. I put virgins in his bed more and more often, but he always insisted the first semen belonged to the Queen! I watched him deflower and fuck the girl. It was also very horny for me to watch my loin-strong brother and in the process I masturbated continuously. We had a nice, wonderful time together.

I turned 50, my affairs and the royal succession were settled. My brother, friend, lover and the love of my life came just in time to join me in dying. We kept in telepathic contact until the last moment, then I became — to my greatest amazement — a ghost.

# Jana

by Jack Faber © 2023

I'm Jana, one of Bangurel's highest paid whores.

Daddy was an officer in the military. From childhood I slept naked with them in the big bed. Mommy masturbated every night until she was dead tired. I, of course, imitated her and also masturbated until I dropped. They didn't fuck very often, about once a week. Mommy masturbated until she was all hot and asked him in a whisper if he wanted to fuck? He lay down on top of the scorching hot Mommy and she clung to him from underneath like in drowning. He waited to squirt until she was done orgasming and squirted in a little bit, but he didn't squirt into her everything. I was allowed to play with his cock from an early age on when he didn't want to fuck because he loved to squirt in my mouth.

At about 8 years old, he fucked me in the front part of my pussy and squirted on my hymen. Whether he did not prefer to deflower me properly, Mommy asked, then he could fuck me naturally? But he had the opinion that I would be able to sell the virginity later at a high price. Even I understood that, we never had enough money. He fucked me until I was 15. Then he was killed in an action. The military paid Mommy a large pension, but she died 7 weeks later of a broken heart. The military now had to marry me off. But the Lord Commander Pan d'Aubonville did not want to marry such a young girl and took me as a foster daughter instead.

So I came into his palace and could continue my training as a goldsmith seamlessly. I was allowed to sleep with his daughter Binara from the beginning, we were both strong onanists, which met well. Binara was a Half daughter and had a beautiful thick mane down to her ass cheeks. She showed me clit-to-clit-fucking and we both found that I preferred to fuck in the men's-role. I fucked her daily until I dropped and later I was allowed to sleep in the Lord's bed like her. Binara was already deflowered and fucked passionately with him when he was home. I was too intimidated and so Binara

asked him if I could let his cock squirt in my mouth? He brusquely refused, he didn't like that mouth squirting at all. He said I was old enough to fuck and I would be deflowered when I was ready for it. So I watched Binara and him fuck for weeks and masturbated my brains out. It was all natural for me to masturbate in front of them. The Lord liked to watch us when I fucked Binara like hell.

One day I was ready and whispered it in the Lord's ear. I knew him a little better now and was no longer shy. He had a feast served the next evening, I was already getting tipsy with excitement. Pan, my Lord, gave me a beautiful ring with a diamond. We went to bed and Binara fucked me for an hour until I was horny as a tiger. He deflowered me very tenderly and romantically and from then on he fucked Binara and me alternately. It was beautiful and I finished my education. The son of the jeweler where I had learned married me at 21 right after my diploma.

Unfortunately, my husband could not fuck well, already after the first few days he did not get even an erection. We threw ourselves into work. We took over the business from his father and quickly whipped it into shape. I was the first and for a long time the only goldsmith who made lifelike pussies in gold. Women went crazy for it, lay down in my workshop and I took casts in clay and plaster. Many wanted to have a nice stiff clit and I let them masturbate and made the cast in midst of their orgasm. This was also the only excitement I could give my poor husband, because was a voyeur. Of course I made all the changes that the clients wanted. Bigger clits and pubic mounds, reduced labia or opened vaginal entrance so their lover could fuck inside. The credits rushed into our cash register and we built a beautiful new house next to the old one.

After months I had convinced my husband that I had to have my children. He had only one condition: watching it! (He was a hopeless voyeur). I sought out Lord Pan, who agreed at once without hesitation. He came every day in the afternoon after duty and fucked me. My husband would sit on the couch, I would stand behind the couch, support myself with my arms on the backrest, and Pan would flip up my skirt. He fucked me every day from behind and by the second year I was pregnant. During the pregnancy he came three times a day

and I whooped from orgasm to orgasm. I had triplets, three girls. I wanted another son and Pan came to fuck me every day.

Ten years he fucked me, my husband played with our daughters and we kept fucking like hell. My daughters developed into pretty but nasty little witches. The 10 year olds managed to alienate me from my husband and drive me out of the house. Pan came less and less often, I had a large number of lovers who paid me a lot of money. Many goldsmiths were making the golden pussies now and it was no longer a business. I found temporary accommodation with a friend.

Tea was a musician, she practiced almost all day on the concert harp. After a few days she asked me if I minded if she practiced naked? Of course not! I watched her, she sat willowy with small, pointed breasts at the instrument, she played divinely beautiful and the game excited her very much. I saw her clit come largely out and stiffen. She finished the piece and masturbated hastily, then continued playing. She played a dozen pieces and masturbated during each break. I snuck up to her that night and fucked her brains out forcefully, clit-to-clit. She did not know it yet and soon loved it. After all, she hardly got to know men when she practiced so much. Soon she liked it very much when I fucked her like a man and came regularly to orgasm.

I could help her, I said, I would bring my paying clientele here instead of somewhere else. Concert, masturbation and fucking as a total package! She just thought for a moment. Then we did it like this. The customers listened to a concert while they fucked me. They watched greedy and horny Tea masturbating and then she came to bed and let fuck herself by the man wonderfully. For extra money, I fucked Tea clit-to-clit to fill up the devil's meal. The credits rushed into our cash register that it was a joy! We are both the best paid whores in town, that's for sure!

I felt a twinge when I learned how my daughters were doing. The 10-year-olds had managed to give my ex-husband his erection back. They didn't indulge in small change of course, they forced him to deflower them one by one. Every night they fucked on a grand scale and

masturbated to exhaustion. Even my former friend Pan participated in these kinky orgies for a while.

Probably my daughters will become whores just like me.

# Irenea

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Irenea, retired general of the Bangurelian armed forces.

Who my mother was, I never knew. From childhood, I grew up with my father. We always slept naked in our big bed, because even the nights are warm in Bangurel. My father used to rub his cock three times every night and cum, I only know him like that. He taught me to masturbate him when I was 5, I think. I was terribly proud that I could rub it so well that I was allowed to do it by myself from start to finish and let him squirt in a high arc. Around the same time, he showed me how we girls have to masturbate. He made it clear to me that it was something private that you didn't do in front of other people. But I was allowed to masturbate as often as I enjoyed it. I was very quickly addicted to the sweet vice and, when I made my father squirt three times, I masturbated until late at night, until I was too tired.

My father was a scientist and technician and almost always worked at home. A computer screen, a notepad, and an old-fashioned caliper were all he needed to work. (The caliper was just a memento of his great-grandfather.) I had my own screen for playing and studying. I always enjoyed playing with the neighbor kids, I showed the girls how to masturbate, and I masturbated the boys with gusto. Unfortunately, we were all still much too young and the boys could not yet squirt. I asked father very carefully and he looked up absentmindedly from his notebook and mumbled indistinctly, from 8 or 9 they squirt and delved back into his scribbling. So it was and you had to wait it out. The kids knew where to find porn movies and we watched, plucking our clits.

At 8 I asked my father thoroughly. Why didn't he have a woman to fuck? Was rubbing and squirting enough for him? I pestered him relentlessly, because I was a very clever child. I cornered him relentlessly. Why didn't he fuck me while I was there? A pretty little woman, as he said it often himself? Huh? He was caught in my trap. I

wouldn't let go of the prey. He stammered and stammered. "You're only 6," he said lamely. 8 and two and a half months, I corrected him sternly. "Oh, is that so?" he asked in exasperation, "oh, is that so?" He mumbled, where have the years gone? I didn't let up, I had to fire from all guns. "I've seen this fucking a thousand times," I exaggerated. He raised his head questioningly. "On screen, of course," I lectured the unworldly father. "I've seen the fucking, for real!" I drummed on, "Men fucking women, men fucking men, women fucking women, dogs fucking women..."

He hastily interrupted me. "You're still a virgin, you don't know in the reality what fucking really is" he tried to weasel out. "I've seen the deflowering too, of course, Professor!" I said insultingly, of course he was one, but I wasn't allowed to address him that way. He sat there for a while thinking, presumably about Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. He looked at me in confusion. "So, what do I do now?" he asked, like a child facing an unsolvable problem. "Simple," I said boldly, "first you deflower me and then we fuck each other, every night!" I set apart the masterful plan. He nodded, the topic was done for him, there was nothing more to think about.

Till it was evening, he had of course forgotten everything again. I took his cock as usual and made it stiff, then stopped. "What?" he asked, and I grinned. "You forgot! Deflowering and fucking!" He nodded absentmindedly. "Oh, right!" he muttered, and laid me on my back. The problem had been analyzed, the facts were clear, and now the proof must be given. He deflowered me so gently and considerately that I almost didn't notice the prick.

I was kind of proud of myself. Only 8 years and 2 months old, and I was already allowed to fuck! I did not think for a second about the legal age limits, because firstly I knew nothing about it and secondly because I would not have cared about these limits at all. I wanted to be deflowered and fucked, I had been deflowered and fucked now! That alone counted, I had achieved something in a fair discussion and that with my father, who was certainly the smartest man on the planet!

Now I felt his stiff, warm cock in my little cunt, which he filled to the full. I felt the sweet sensation in my pussy after a short time, which preceded the orgasm. Clutching him, I hooked my heels into his ass cheeks and pulled myself up against him. When I pressed my pussy tightly against him, I felt his thrusting with my clit! I clamped even tighter to him and the orgasm rose like my shining hero Captain Powers from my comic books. The orgasm shook me violently, but I did not let go of him!

He continued to thrust hard, Captain Powers approached over the hill again and I had stopped counting his firm thrusts long ago. This orgasm was a little more violent and I twitched and wriggled like a little mouse in a trap. In the midst of my wriggling, I felt him squirt his semen into my pussy in firm, steady jets. He paused and I let him go as the twitching subsided. He was far away in thoughts and asked me how it was for me? I kissed his hairy chest and whispered in my thinnest voice so as not to ruin the moment, “Wonderful, Daddy, just wonderful!” He dozed for a few minutes and his fine fingers caressed my body. “Another fuck or a rub?” he asked with his eyes closed. I nudged him in the side, what a question! “Again!” his new little wife commanded, “fucking again of course!” He fucked me twice more that night and almost instantly fell asleep with a smile, he had cum three times like he did every night. I masturbated some time longer until I was dead tired.

We fucked for the next 34 years, ten times a day — until the end only once a day. I mourned him as my father and my husband. No one knew of my double pain, but it didn’t matter. I will forever have him in my heart and perhaps in my vanishing memory. How often he interrupted his research because he had an unexpected erection! We sat daily in front of his program, which allowed us to fuck or advised to squirt in my mouth! How many times I went home from my job in the military to work on dad’s erection!

I had studied technology and engineering with my father, he was a smart and demanding teacher. Although I had no official degree, a simple entrance test was enough to convince the military. The fact that I was a student of my famous father helped immensely. I slid up the career ladder, ran a large institute, and had no love affairs, which

was important. The military was very backward in that respect. I was alone for the two years after my father died. I continued to have no love affairs and the long masturbating at night relieved any stress. Often a young neighbor girl came over in the evening and we fucked each other clit-on-clit, because we both liked to fuck girls and needed the fucking and orgasms very badly! Then Wengin came as my new assistant. He blew me away in the first second. I was in love for the first time, at 44!

Wengin was a Half of beautiful stature. A very smart and beautiful face, framed by thick well-groomed hair that merged into a thick mane. He let the mane hang down over his ass cheeks, it seemed right to him. But he was also the most brilliant engineer who ever worked for me. He had to wear his cock visibly like all Halfs, but what a magnificent cock! It was very large and always semi-stiff. The glans was not raised when he was not erect. I trembled with excitement, when he worked next to me I could not tear my gaze away from his thing. When he sat next to me with his flagpole, I had to pull my acts together to keep from grabbing it. It was those first days that were a terrible sexual ordeal for me. I lay awake all night masturbating, not counting the orgasms. In the morning, I drank three times the amount of wake-up-juice to even make it into work.

Wengin was neither blind nor stupid. “Let me analyze the problem in peace,” he said softly when we were alone. “You’re in love with my cock, I can tell. We’re workmates and we’re not allowed to fuck each other. You’re a senior officer, I’m just a lab assistant. You’re a human and I’m just a Half.” He fell silent for a moment. “Halfs serve humans, they’ve only ever been your slaves. So if you want to use my cock, go ahead, I won’t betray you!” His gaze was clear and open and I was furious. “I have never dealt with a Halfman before,” I said angrily, “yet you do me an injustice! I don’t consider anyone a slave and never will. If I’m drawn to your cock, it’s because of my carnal desire. And not because I have some abstruse right to subject a human being to me!” I was trembling with rage. Our conversation went on for a while and Wengin became more and more silent. In the end, I looked at him, perplexed. “What now?”

He took me by the hand and led me into the small adjoining room and locked the door. He took off his jacket and embraced me naked, his French kiss sweeping me off my feet. He took off my panties and pushed up my skirt after laying me on the floor. We didn't speak a word, I watched excitedly as he rubbed his massive cock all stiff. I saw his glans bend upward for the first time. I was so nervous with excitement and desire that I had a vaginal spasm. He must have had to thrust a dozen times before he could penetrate me. The upturned glans pounded on my G-Spot and continually brought me to orgasm. I had never been fucked so effectively before! I let Wengin believe that I had been deflowered. I did not tell him the truth and my love affair with Daddy until decades later.

We carried on our relationship for less than a full year. We fucked dozens of times during the day at work and at night until I was exhausted to death. We began to love each other beyond the sexual and got caught once. Three fat generals yanked open the door, I was lying orgasming under him and he was just squirting into my pussy. The generals stared at my wet and dripping pussy and then one asked where the fucking half-man was? Wengin had run off and was nowhere to be found. I was fast-tracked to 30 days solitary confinement and every day the officers came to fuck me. It was very humiliating, although I kept my job. There were several hundred men who fucked me then and in the years that followed. None could fuck as well as Wengin. He was dead for sure, I was assured. I mourned our brief happiness and the second man who meant more to me than just fucking. When an opportunity presented itself, I retired with the rank of general. I lived alone, fucking the neighbor girl on a case-by-case basis or ordering a Half-boy from the nearest brothel.

I was addicted to the mulberry liquor that made me insanely horny. I had a modest life, filled with a lot of masturbation and orgasms. Then, after 20 years, Commander d'Aubonville called me and changed my life. He needed to see me in person urgently, it was urgent and important. And then the code word "honey blossom" came up! Wengin's code word!!! I wanted to know everything, but he said, not on the phone! I invited him for tomorrow at noon and he came. I was emotionally agitated and masturbating all night and the next day and was pulled out of my fantasizing and masturbating in the middle

of it by the house bell. I quickly put on a pair of flimsy breeches and opened for him. The young officer and I sat down in the garden behind the house, we drank mulberry liquor and ice water in the monkey heat; he did not drink mulberry liquor. He told me that he had met Wengin in his exile, he was alive, he was ALIVE! He could not tell me much about him, only that Wengin wanted to see me again in his house by the lake. The Commander went to the area once a month and could take me to Wengin's and pick me up 3 or four days later.

I was sweating in the monkey heat, the pants rubbed against my stiff clit. I asked him if I could take off my pants here in private seclusion, and he nodded. "Your house, your rules, General!" he said politely, and I stripped naked. The sight of me was certainly not very seductive, my full, large breasts hanging sadly to my belly button, my clit sticking out inches from my pubic hair. We continued to talk magnificently and I had to take the clit in my hand because it was almost driving me crazy. Pan, the commander, had taken off his uniform jacket and was staring quite openly at my pussy and at my hand clutching the stiff clit. He was visibly aroused, his cock visibly stiffening in his pants.

I slowly began to masturbate the clit. I wondered if it wasn't bothering him. He laughed, "Your flagpole, your hairy bush!" he said smiling. He asked me curiously why I masturbated like a man? I laughed, my father had cut my clitoris loose from his foreskin when I was a toddler so it wouldn't grow bent and crooked. I said it was now perfectly straight, a good 12 centimeters long, growing until I was 16. Afterwards that was the only way to masturbate with it. I continued to listen to him and masturbated silently. It took some time until he took off his pants, we were surrounded by man-high quaking-grass. He masturbated very slowly and squirted from time to time a jet upon my pussy. We masturbated in silence.

My horniness increased from orgasm to orgasm. I shouted finally with a low voice, "Come, sailor, come and fuck me!" He reluctantly bent over and laid me on the grass. His eyes glistened and he fucked me very dutifully, squirting in the middle of my orgasm. He had enough after squirting three times.

He picked me up weeks later. He had brought a depilatory glove, because Wengin would not appreciate my pubic jungle. I was very impatient, but had to wait until we left town. I tore off my sweaty clothes and Pan deftly depilated me. I immediately masturbated on it, because the autonomous flight with the glider lasted 7 hours. I masturbated all the time and Pan sometimes fucked me in my orgasm. I was really primly horny at the end when we arrived at Wengin's. We fell tearfully into each other's arms and moved to the bedroom while Pan continued his flight.

The three days with Wengin flew by like in a flash. We fucked our brains out, he was aged like me, but the fucking was great as then. Pan picked me up after three days, the 7 hours I masturbated nonstop and he fucked me off and then. These emotional visits to Wengin filled the next few years.

Wengin died in my arms at the age of 76. I still had a good time with my friend Pozzebon, a retired intelligence officer. Pan gave us vast amounts of gold pieces that he received from the military for his valuable procurements. I became more and more silent and elderly and asked Pozz and Pan to give me a dignified burial one day. They promised it highly and sacredly.

# SOKO Fucking

by Jack Faber © 2023

SOKO had its latest sensation, Elli and Tom were the main actors. Elli was chief constable, but she still liked to patrol, with a different colleague every week. She had a cozy spot where she fucked the colleague in the patrol car during the lunch break. One had equipped the hideout with several surveillance cameras and the patrol car inside as well.

She fucked a colleague three or four times a week, her colleagues paid 50,— each into her cash register for watching over the cameras. The new guy, Tom, wasn't the fastest mentally, but he had a cock like a stallion and fucked excellently. They fucked every lunch break, Tom lasted a long time and was able to fuck Elli two times in a row. The number of spectators skyrocketed to three times. Elli presented her big, full breasts and carefully shaved pussy exhibitionistically grinning to the cameras, Tom slowly penetrated her cunt and fucked her slowly and deliberately. She knew that there were spectators, but she never said it Tom and she suspected, that he didn't know. He didn't act for the cameras, he fucked the pretty girl with natural desire and genuine passion. He squirted firmly and deeply inside, his ass cheeks tightening with effort as he squirted jet after jet inside.

Elli took the pill of course, a child she could not use at the moment. The 24 year old with the horny body and the insatiable fire in the ass earned with the fucking still double her salary in addition, at the same time she was satisfied every noon and could live out her exhibitionism. Before fucking she masturbated horny and exhibitionistically in front of the cameras and made not only Tom very horny. He was by far the best fucker and Elli had so many orgasms as seldom when fucking in the lunch break. Of course she masturbated every night before going to sleep until her wrist hurt.

One day, they were doing their normal patrol, an emergency call, bank robbery! Tom and Elli were closest, Tom drove to the scene with tires screeching. Eerie silence, they crept into the bank with

guns drawn. The surprised bank robber took them hostage, he had already handcuffed two women. He reacted with lightning speed, Elli had to exchange her uniform for the clothes of an employee. The bank robber greedily licked his lips, Elli wore no panties and he looked at her swelling pussy and horny clit with greedy eyes. He exchanged his clothes for Tom's uniform, handcuffed Tom's hands — far too carelessly — and dragged him and the two handcuffed hostages out. He got into the patrol car with Elli and sped off with the loot and Elli. Tom quickly uncuffed himself and asked the hostages if they had a car. The older one nodded, the key was in her jacket pocket, and he got into the car with the two handcuffed hostages to give chase.

Elli was smart and guided the bank robber to their secret fucking spot. Here they were safe from pursuit, she convinced him, he had to wait maybe an hour before the manhunt became porous. He grinned all over his face and stripped Elli completely naked in the back seat, then handcuffed her again. The colleagues on the screens got their extra! Elli let the bank robber fuck her handcuffed in front of the cameras for over an hour. The fellow did not have a particularly big cock, but fucked her for a whole hour in a row and squirted so fine in Elli's cunt that it was a joy.

Tom had not been able to follow the two. At the edge of the forest, he stopped and thought. The older hostage was moaning, usually the bank robbers raped the hostages and she had already experienced it three times in the last two years. She had no one else to fuck, she whined, so she was happy every time she was taken hostage and let herself be brutally fucked with a blissful grin. Tom listened with his mouth open and only gradually understood what the good woman was talking about. Damn, he would be sorry that she could not be fucked through by the bank robber now. The 45-year-old nodded sourly, provoking him. She was a hostage and desperately wanted to be fucked, immediately and now! Tom said completely logically, he was not a bank robber, but a policeofficer. But he could happily fuck her if that was what she wanted? So it went back and forth for a while and in the end Tom stripped the handcuffed woman naked in the back seat. He couldn't unlock her handcuffs, the key was in his uniform.

When the woman saw his powerful cock, she whooped with delight. “Like a real stallions cock,” she said, licking her lips. Tom wondered how she knew what a real stallions cock looked like, but he could guess. She owned a riding horse, she said with an obscene grin, that was really primly trained to fuck women! Tom had seen videos like that before and licked his lips, because even though she hadn’t said it decisively, he was sure she let her stallion fuck her! The other hostage, a blood young girl, had to sit forward, but she turned to watch them fuck with her eyes lowered in shame, but curious. Tom asked the naked woman if she wanted to be masturbated before fucking, but she shook her head, first fuck and then masturbate! Tom penetrated her. The old woman had a surprisingly tight vagina and was panting, gasping and whooping as she fucked. Tom had listened well, she had said “get fucked good”, about the former bank robbers. He wanted to please her, gripped her tightly and fucked her rather brutally. The young girl in the front seat held her breath, the 15 year old apprentice had never fucked herself and was seeing it in the flesh for the first time, otherwise she had only seen it on screen in the porn movies when she was masturbating for hours. She did this every day, she loved masturbating more than anything, since her earliest youth. So Tom, our hero, brutally thrust into the old woman, who finally orgasmed with increasing horniness. He continued to fuck her brutally and didn’t squirt until she was writhing and twitching in her second orgasm. He squirted everything into her and then let go. She nodded enthusiastically when he said, now comes the masturbating, he knew no different. He masturbated the woman very skillfully and she screamed at this orgasm, which lasted a very long time because he just continued to masturbate her in orgasm unperturbed. Then they made a short break and now the woman said that now Tom could fuck the girl.

Tom nodded and the girl hesitantly sat down with them in the rear. If she was going to be deflowered now, Tom was certainly the one. Tom undressed the sweet 15 year old, who now lay naked on the old woman’s vulva. He realized that the girl was still a virgin and asked if she really wanted it now? She nodded very uncertainly, but watching had made her insanely hot and horny. Her clit had become rock hard and stood out demanding in her cunt. Tom deflowered the girl very nicely and fucked her for a very long time. Since she was just

panting and whimpering with horniness, he did not fuck the girl brutally. She had no orgasm and he squirted in. He didn't need a break, he left his cock in her pussy and fucked her for the second and immediately for the third time, then he was exhausted. He masturbated the girl several times because she couldn't do it herself because of the handcuffs. She begged him to do it again and again. She was so much used to it, she whispered, she always masturbated for hours after work until dinner watching porn and then masturbated continuously until she fell asleep. The old woman nodded her understanding and watched greedily as he masturbated the girl over and over again. She fucked the girl's back with her clit and Tom, who was concentrating on the girl's masturbation, did not believe that the old woman had come to orgasm on the back of the girl when she trembled and shuddered. At some point, Tom decided to take the hostages to the police station and dressed the woman and the girl again.

Elli had let the bank robber fuck her for over an hour. He didn't have a very big cock, but he bravely held out and fucked her nonstop. When he got tired, Elli said — for the cameras — now that's enough! 25 policemen stormed the love nest, arrested the bank robber without a single shot and freed Elli. She remained naked as long as it was decent and dressed only after all colleagues had had their fill of her beautiful pussy and her beautiful clit.

The journalists investigated mercilessly. They found out everything and some colleagues were publicly transferred. Elli had to pause her fucking program for a few weeks until the grass had grown over the matter.

Then she went back on patrol with Tom.

# Carmen

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Carmen, Maria's daughter. I was born in Spain. My mother Maria has a very weird relationship with my Daddy, but honestly, the whole family is weird.

Daddy loved it when I ran around in the house naked and watched me with glittering eyes when I masturbated in front of him. He loved to hold me in his arms while I masturbated or he masturbated me. I was a 10 year old idiot, when I had masturbated him sitting on his lap and started to insert his cock into my pussyhole to make him squirt inside. He stopped me and explained to me that virginity had a high value here in Spain. I stopped immediately and didn't move a finger, so horrified I was. He fucked smiling in the entrance of my pussy and squited on my hymen, that he did thereafter often. Then I didn't know that he was horrified to penetrate a pussyhole and never squirted inside. I knew the power of these moments and used them shamelessly when I wanted to gain an advantage. I often watched Maria and Daddy fucking secretly. He would stop before cuming and squirt into Maria's mouth. Never any other way. My half-sister Sue claims he is not my father. I'll have to explain.

Sue and her little brother Robert have always slept in the same room. Daddy would often come into the children's bedroom at night, uncover the naked Sue and watch her masturbate. She was allowed to masturbate his cock as well and let him squirt on her pussy. He steadfastly refused to deflower and fuck her, even though she was already 14 and begged him every time. Sue bathed daily with Rob, letting him watch her masturbate in the bathtub and masturbating his cock until it twitched. At 9, he could finally squirt and was allowed to squirt on Sue's pussy like Daddy.

Daddy, a widower, remarried, my mother Maria. Maria as well as Sue were a bit of lesbians, they masturbated in front of each other or each other. Maria taught Sue to fuck clit-to-clit and Sue soon loved it hot. She took the active part and fucked Maria, who loved to be

fucked passively. Daddy fucked Maria every night, but he always just squirted in her mouth.

Sue and Maria trained Rob to be a fuck slave. He quickly learned to fuck Maria while she masturbated and hold back the squirting until her orgasm. In her orgasm he was allowed to cum and jerk all the semen in afterwards. Maria and Sue didn't think about contraception for a moment, Rob wasn't even 10 yet! He enjoyed this game very much and fucked Maria as often as possible. Maria masturbated often and gladly, so Rob fucked her 2 or 3 times in the afternoon. Six months later we moved to Spain, Rob stayed with his loved great-grandmother.

Sue assured me a thousand times that Rob was my real father. She got Daddy at 16 to deflower her and fuck her for real, that is, naturally fucking in her pussyhole and at the end squirting inside. She fucks him at least once a week and never lets him cum in her mouth. He got used to it, I think. She has three cute boys that I love a lot. I learned to masturbate very early and lesbian lovemaking with Sue. I especially like fucking clit-to-clit and Sue and I sometimes fuck until we are dead tired. I only do hand- and blowjobs at school! I keep my virginity until I am 18. I have known for a long time who will deflower me.

I only make lesbian love with Sue, never with my mother Maria, something always stops me. I bathe Sue's three sons together with her. Since they are already over 8 years old, we both masturbate the boys in the bath water and they can all squirt already. Since the oldest has turned 12, he is allowed to fuck and cum in Sue from behind in the bath water. He loves it very much to fuck her! As long as the cocks of the two little ones were still very thin, they were allowed to penetrate me very carefully through the hole in my hymen, fuck me and cum inside. Since their cocks are now much too thick, they also fuck Sue from behind. Sue only lets herself be fucked from behind, that was not real fucking for her. She only fucks with Daddy face to face, now more often than before. Fucking while bathing is very fun for all of us! Honestly, we are a very weird family.

And we are getting weirder and weirder!

I turned 18 two months ago and went to see Rob in Vienna. He received me very lovingly and took the days off, also from his mistress. I surprised him the first night when I came naked in his bedroom. I laid down with him and with teary eyes asked him to deflower me. We discussed for a long time until he understood my wish and my arguments, that I wanted be deflowered only by my father! He was very understanding and deflowered me very lovingly and playfully. We fucked every minute for 3 more days, then I went back to Spain, as a real grown woman!

I had finally decided on the train ride home to fuck regularly with Daddy like Sue, which I do now.

# A Tartan woman

by Jack Faber © 2023

I won't say my name, I won't say any names at all.

I am a refugee from Tartania. I have been fleeing with my children for over a year, a 13 year old son and an 11 year old daughter. My husband is fighting on the front lines and we can only talk on the phone once every two weeks, briefly if at all, but I can't tell him everything.

I also couldn't tell him when the war broke out, that our children were sinning, he had other things on his mind. I caught our children fucking one morning. I was so horrified, oh my God! I quizzed my daughter, the son unabashedly masturbated in front of her and also taught her how to masturbate. My husband and I have never in our life masturbated, it is a great sin! The children have been fucking for 6 months now and that is also a big sin! My admonitions, scolding and pleading impressed them for 24 hours at most, after that they kept fucking, I saw it myself every night. I watched them secretly every night and noticed, at how much my daughter loved to be fucked before she masturbates.

When I decided to flee with the children, I just wanted them to be safe. We paid dearly for it!

We were on the road from bunker to bunker for 6 weeks at first. The children crowded me at night, there was shameless fucking all around us. I don't know for sure, of course, but I think many were fucking wildly, not just with their legal spouses. I prayed quietly for the lost souls. If a man made a pass at me, my son dealt out boxing blows. I was left alone. My son whispered in my ear that he could not rub out his seed by hand under these circumstances. I nodded, so he wouldn't make that sin. Ha ha ha! He approached me from behind and flipped up my skirt. I was frozen as he moved his cock back and forth between my clenched inner thighs and cum. He cried and I

comforted him, saying nothing had happened, no carnal sin. Maybe I should have scolded him better.

The next evening he again hit my skirt up from behind and now he was no longer satisfied with my inner thighs. He penetrated fix in my pussyhole and fucked me like a man. I was terribly ashamed because I really enjoyed it carnally. No wonder, I had not fucked for half a year. I got the most beautiful and holy feelings and was a little disappointed when he squirted early in. I pressed the head of my sleeping daughter in front on my twitching pussy. He then fucked me every night under cover of the darkness and squirted into my pussy, I trembled with holy lust. After 6 weeks the border, the train, the big city. We were treated really well, we got enough to eat and a place to sleep in a gym hall. The light went out in the evening, my son turned me onto my stomach and spread my ass cheeks. He fucked me from behind in the pussyhole and I wriggled and twitched at the holy shivering. We stayed only a week, then they arranged us privately.

My children slept on a wide couch in the TV room and I sternly admonished them not to fuck! My daughter nodded obediently, the son looked out of the window. I followed the man — his name I will not say — into the bedroom and he stripped completely naked. I had a queasy feeling and kept my bra and panties on. He retrieved a clean, new pair of panties from the box. I thanked him profusely, although neither of us understood the other. He forcefully removed my bra and my dirty panties. Greed glistened in his eyes as he spread and examined my pussy and fuckhole with his fingers.

I was mortified as he palpated my clit. He indicated that it was quite large, but I knew that. The clit grew before fucking in anticipation and got all stiff, but that's how the good Lord made us. He mounted me even though I shook my head. I could only pray silently. He fucked very long in my pussy and it did me very good! I got the holy shiver twice, I wriggled and twitched in delight. Then he had to fuck for a very long time until he squirted in my fuckhole. He gave me a little kiss and turned out the light. We stayed for several weeks and he fucked me every night. My children denied it, of course, but then my daughter confessed that they had fucked every night, of

course. We prayed together and asked forgiveness for our sins of the flesh.

We were arranged privately again. It was like the first time, the man was very good and generous to us, but he fucked me two or three times every night. He hinted after fucking that I should do it to myself. I shook my head vigorously and he did it to me with his fingers. I opened my legs willingly, twisted my head in great shame, closed my eyes devoutly and prayed. He made me three times shiver in the holy feelings and my body wriggled and twitched with great carnal pleasure. Then he fucked me again and turned out the light. We also stayed with this good man for several weeks, he fucked and masturbated me every night and in the morning I prayed with my children as after every carnal sin.

We came to three more men and it always went the same way. We are now already three months with a very nice man who has to fuck three times every night and masturbates me wonderfully in the breaks. I have long given up my resistance and let me fuck patiently. His mother comes once a week to fuck. He fucked the widow since his childhood, he said, now she was in a nursing home. She laid wide-legged on the bed and mumbled, “let’s go for it!” because she was yakking the whole time. She quickly began to masturbate and I turned my face shamefully away and prayed for her carnal sin. “It’s coming slowly, it’s coming!” and she rubbed herself furiously. “Come on, come on, come on!” Her orgasm began. “That’s it, yeah, that’s it, baby!” she cheered herself on. “It’s making me come, it’s making me come hard, now — now! Aaaah!” He pushed his cock into her orgasm and fucked her pretty brutally, as she orgasmed on and on until he cum. “Good fucking, I really needed it badly!” she said with a happy grin. They broke away from each other and she looked to me. “There, now you can fuck the little bitch!” she said, turning over and immediately falling asleep.

He speaks a strangely outdated Russian, he has acted in the Russian Theater here, Turgenev, Chekhov, Gorky and in many movies. But we understand each other. The Theater has closed because of the war, but he has made millions and has no money worries. He guards his photo album like the apple of his eye, there are hundreds of ac-

tresses, most of them with very pornographic nude photos, with whom he had fucked then. We often look at the photos together, because many of the beauties are depicted very pornographically. He offers the three of us a nice and comfortable life and if it were up to me, I would gladly stay with him until the end of the war.

For he is fantastic at fucking, he has long since ceased to have to ask me, I await him every night in joyful anticipation of our fucking. He loves my little hole because it is very tight and I love his hard, powerful fucking as he brings me to orgasm every time. I then hang like a baby monkey on his body, my abdomen twitches and wriggles in orgasm until he squirts, jet for jet. I never had fucked with so great holy feelings and sacred shivering. When he had fucked enough, he masturbates me until I am dead tired from the many orgasms. He had grinned when I told him that I had never masturbated myself and had only recently experienced it for the first time with my hosts. “You’re missing out on something really great there, my little wifey-wife!” he said in his old-fashioned Russian.

He has a truly exuberant seminal flow and desire. He stays at the kitchen table at lunch and in the afternoon and masturbates. It’s been surprising, but we’ve gotten used to it. My little daughter always sits next to him and by now she is allowed to masturbate him, she is very proud of that. I don’t give my children senseless sermons anymore. They fuck their brains out every night and it does my daughter good, so I don’t say anything. She is much calmer than she used to be and has a nice healthy attitude about her sexuality. My kids don’t see any sin in their fucking. I often spy on them while they’re fucking and if it wasn’t a big sin, I would just be happy about it. When the man masturbates me for a long time in the night, I close my eyes, I see my children fucking and I fantasize. It makes me insanely horny when my son fucks in my daughter’s tiny little hole.

This man is the best in bed!!! He is the first and only one who brings me to orgasm while fucking! I clasp him very tightly so that I come to orgasm. Our mouths, lips and tongues play horny with each other and I acknowledge with satisfied sounds when he brought me to orgasm. I still turn my head away and close my eyes in shame and shyness when I willingly lie there, wide spread and stretch my in-

sanely hot clit demanding to his fingers. He always laughs at me because I am so shameful and shy to masturbate myself. He is also a true master at this, his fingers bring me quickly and directly to orgasm. He never stops in the middle like the others who gave me a break. He continues unflinchingly, I go out of unbridled lust, I whimper aloud from orgasm to orgasm until I am completely exhausted and stop his hand. I am always very deeply sad afterwards and cry a little bit, probably because I have to leave him someday. I do not even want to think about it!

I will discuss all that with my husband after the victory, because masturbating makes us women very happy and relaxed. Unfortunately I have not heard from him for weeks, he must have lost his phone.

# Corinna

by Jack Faber © 2023

I'm Corinna. My life story is very simple, but I'll tell it anyway.

When my son Ray was 13, he asked me if he could bring his schoolmates in the afternoons. Not to study, of course, said my dear rascal. I had been masturbating on the kitchen bench as usual, fantasizing that Ray had stuck his cock in my pussy and squirted in during my orgasm. But those were probably just dreams. I got up, put my dress back on, and Ray stowed his cock back in his pants. Okay, I said, on two conditions: first, watch the conceiving days, a child would change or even destroy your life and hers. Second, make sure the girl wants it on her own, there's nothing worse than doing something you don't really want yourself! Ray promised and said with a grin at the end, you can watch us if you want!

I never understood that Ray was a hypnotist. My fantasies of him sticking his cock in my cunt and squirting inside me during my orgasm were often so real that I was very unsure whether it was real or not. He had once been dragged home by a nun, caught trying to bewitch a young girl of the convent boarding school. I protested, my Ray would never do that! He ran the flat of his hand over the nun's face. She glowed in anticipation and rubbed and masturbated his cock to orgasm. Finally she stuck the cock in her pussy and let him squirt inside, grinning shabbily. She left humming happily and I looked at Ray, perplexed. I can do that, of course, the lad muttered slyly.

I always watched Ray and his girls from my hiding place, of course. Some girls were already deflowered or let Ray deflower them with a quick jerk. With these girls he fucked, and only with these. But many other girls were still inexperienced or virgins. They masturbated Ray or themselves, playfully letting Ray masturbate them. It was only while watching that I learned to masturbate like these girls, it worked much faster and the orgasming was more violent than my old way. Ray said if I wanted to I could experience something com-

pletely new, I could come to them and the girls wouldn't notice me. I trusted him and went along.

He told the girl to fuck me clit-to-clit. Did I hear right? A girl should fuck me? She mounted me, nibbled my clit and her clit until we both had stiff clits and then she laid on top of me. She searched my clit with her clit and pressed hers very firmly on my clit, then she began to fuck me like a man sensitively. And how good that did! I held on to the girl and let her fuck me smiling. She really thrust and fucked me great like a man and my orgasm rose, broke loose and I trembled and wriggled in supreme rapture. In the middle of this rapture I felt Ray's cock enter my pussyhole and he squirted inside. Shaking and gasping during his squirting my orgasm ebbed away. It was wonderful! Since then, I let the girls fuck me hundreds of times and let Ray squirt good-naturedly into my pussy at the end.

I masturbated usually every afternoon squatting on the kitchen bench, that was my favorite place. Ray had watched with interest from an early age on, and when he could squirt with 8 or 9, I showed him all my private parts and explained everything in detail. Fucking interested him a lot, so I let him fuck x-times until dinner. He said that this was something very fine! Come to think of it, he did masturbate really hard whenever I squatted in front of him, but I don't remember him jerking off! Maybe it wasn't just in my imagination that he stuck his cock in my hole and squirted? It would not have mattered to me. I used to fantasize that Ray put his cock in my hole and cum, but those were just fantasies, because when I opened my eyes, I was alone.

It was shortly after his father died, we were both grieving for Daddy. I sat at the kitchen table with my 14-year-old and was determined to tell him everything honestly from the beginning, he had a right to know.

I had no idea about sex until 17, I began holding Ray's hand tightly, that's when I fell in love with your father and he deflowered me, gently and considerately. I moved in with him and his brother Harry three months before our wedding and knew somehow that I drew a blank with your father. He could only fuck me before I got up

when he had a morning wood, never otherwise. He liked to watch me rhythmically tap and dot my crooked clit until I got my orgasm. I couldn't really masturbate then, and I did the tapping and dabbing from a young age on. He fucked me every morning with his morning wood and hurried off to work. I stayed alone with his brother Harry. Probably he watched us in the morning fuck, because when I went to the toilet I saw him masturbating on his bed, that I had seen this many times with my schoolmates. He waved me in and I had to masturbate him. I was very ashamed to do so, but Harry forced me. Then he proceeded to lie on top of me and tried to fuck me. I didn't want to do that to your father and pressed my legs together. He fucked between my labia without being able to penetrate. He squirted wildly and became more insistent every day, penetrating deeper and deeper. I could not resist my horny lust very long and let Harry finally fuck me. I was terribly ashamed to cheat on your father even before the wedding. But it was purely physically wonderful, your father fucked me with his morning wood, I tapped and dotted my crooked, fused clit to orgasm afterwards and then I let Harry fuck me. Your father came home again one morning and caught us fucking. Harry had already fucked me twice and wanted to do it a third time. The father pulled him off me and beat him up terribly. He kicked him out immediately and I think Harry emigrated to Australia. I lied to your father that I had fought back like the Virgin of Toledo, but Harry would have overpowered me and fucked me against my will. Your father was so sweet, he felt very sorry for me and consoled me that Harry had fucked me by force.

I felt how now in the conversation with Ray the horniness rose in me. I stripped off my dress and played with the excited teats of my breasts, while I wanted to tell Ray further. But he asked me to show him the photos and videos that Harry had made of me. I copied them to his smartphone and we watched them together, he became very horny. He looked at my 18 year old self and said I was a very very beautiful girl back then. He looked very closely at my crooked and misshapen clit and I said that was corrected only after you were born. I played with my breasts hornily and excited and went on. A few days after our wedding I visited a vaudeville-program with the hypnotist Magnussen. He stood by the entrance and greeted me with a handshake as if we knew each other. My memories of that all are

pretty vague. I sat in the audience and took off my bra and panties, not knowing why. Then the great magician called me on stage as his assistant Kitty. As you know, I never had pubic hair, my pussy has always been bare and childlike to look at. I was on stage doing everything the great master told me to do. I took off my dress over my head and the audience was allowed to admire my beautiful, large breasts, which did not hang down as far then as they do now. The audience gave thunderous applause for my nakedness and the master escorted me to a divan half covered by a transparent curtain. I lay down on the divan full of anticipation and Magnussen sent me 5 hypnotized men with erect cocks. One by one they fucked me really hard while Magnussen performed his other tricks. But the men were not allowed to squirt in my pussy, they had to pull out their cock at the first cum and finish squirting on my breasts. My fucking on the divan was only visible to those in the audience who had solved an expensive extra ticket. I was so horny from fucking with 5 men, you can't imagine, my little Ray!

I hadn't just been playing with my teats for a long time, I had secretly reached for my clit. I continued to tell excitedly. With my heart pounding and my cunt throbbing, I followed Master Magnussen to the hotel room where he fucked me until dawn. Of course, he did not squirt on my breasts, but inside, really hard and deep inside! I sneaked home and fucked with Dad's morning wood. He never knew that I was fucked backstage for a whole week by 5 different men who got me hot to give all of me to the great magician afterwards. Ray interrupted here. He was probably the hypnotist's kid, he said, and I nodded uncertainly. "I don't know for sure," I replied, "after all, I fucked the Master and your Daddy every day. It could be either of them, but purely on the surface you look more like Magnussen than your father." Ray nodded thoughtfully, "I rather didn't get my special skills from Dad!" I had had a few small orgasms, which I hid from Ray, but I continued to masturbate secretly.

After you were born, the doctor told me she saw how crooked my clitoris was. She could correct it very easily, and she cut away the tight foreskin that was preventing my clitoris from straightening. In the next while, my clit stood as straight as a flagpole, even growing to 2 inches. It was wonderful and soon I could masturbate quite prop-

erly like other girls. It also helped a lot when your girlfriends fucked me clit-to-clit.

I lay down on the bench, my clit bursting with desire, and I looked down at Ray's firm cock. Daddy was dead, so what the hell! "Come fuck me, really fuck!" I begged Ray, I couldn't take it anymore with horniness. That's when we fucked properly for the first time, and every goddamn day since until he was 28.

# Veronika

by Jack Faber © 2023

I'm Veronica and I've had an interesting life. I don't like to talk about my sexuality that much, but I guess it has to be done now.

I grew up in a nunnery. Sister Mathilda was my roommate and like a big sister. I always watched her masturbate with her mouth open, back then I couldn't masturbate. Friday was always bathing day and the other sisters looked stupid and contemptuous when she masturbated in the bath water. Hypocrites, said Mathilda only, because the others also masturbated, but secretly. We spied out the window when Father Anselm stood in the stream up to his calves, rubbing his cock and splashing in the water. I had to describe everything in detail to short-sighted Mathilda. Aha, he masturbates, he jerks off! Mathilda instructed me. After bathing, I was allowed to lie on top of her and play fucking. That was the crowning of the week, it flashed and twitched in my pussy and Mathilda made herself beautiful. Friday to Saturday she went clean and fragrant over to the men's monastery, officially to clean, but I knew that she let herself be fucked all night by one little monk after the other, until all had cum often enough.

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The monastery had to close in the turmoil of the war. I came to live with Aunt Irene, who was very rich. Her husband was a fervent Nazi in a smart uniform with a tiny little cock and didn't fuck Irene often. She let her childhood sweetheart Herbert fuck her once a week. Her Nazi-husband sent the Jews to concentration camps, robbed their money, their jewelry and their houses, which he sold at a high price. He fucked all the Jewish women and all their daughters, pretty or not, pleasurably and aware that they were only pretty 2nd class people far below him, before sending them to the camp. One day after the Führer, he also wanted to shoot himself in the head, but he whined and whimpered cowardly with the pistol in his mouth.

One of his Jewish employees, whom he had raped many times before, finally pulled his finger on the trigger.

Irene didn't care, she had her Herbert once a week for fucking when his wife went to town to get fucked by her former hairdresser. Irene had become terribly rich and spent the day in bed, smoking, masturbating and drinking tea. With her tea she had sharp booze, two to three bottles a day. She became more and more ill and Herbert and I lay beside her helping her. Herbert was there for fucking, I had to serve her and help her masturbate. When she was already too weak to fuck, Herbert had to fuck me, through the hole in the hymen. Irene screeched that he must not pierce my hymen, I was not that kind of woman! So we did it until Irene died.

I had inherited her house and the bank account with the 4 million and could live carefree, but I got bored and cooked lunch for the orphanage every day. I adopted the child of a British spy the Nazis had executed. Jack moved in with me and helped me with the lunches. He taught me to read and write and I did elementary and middle school in exteral diplomas, for that I will always be grateful to him. But Jack also taught me about sexuality.

In the beginning I learned to masturbate him in the shower and let him cum on my breasts or in my mouth. Then I learned to masturbate myself, I knew how to do it but I had never done it before. Then Jack deflowered me and we fucked nonstop for the next few years. I had only ever known fucking with Herbert. He poked in my hole with his thin old-man-cock, it was not erotic or exciting at all and we were both admittedly scared as hell he might hurt, tear or destroy my hymen. He was scared as hell of Irene, who on the one hand forced him to fuck me, but at the same time viciously forbade him to fuck me in the natural way. Hundreds of times the poor guy poked around in my hole until he painstakingly squirted.

Jack, on the other hand, deflowered me without batting an eyelash, he fucked me with the concentrated power of the 14 year old that I wondered which train had hit me! I almost always had orgasms, clinging blissfully smiling to this beast that fucked me with animal strength, fucked and fucked and squirted inside powerfully.

Even the cum and squirting inside was brutal and not a light breeze like Herbert. I was so keen to fuck that we fucked our brains out!

Jack had a sister in London and they inherited the big family mansion and many millions of pounds. He stayed in London and fucked his hunchback sister with love, he studied medicine, what he always wanted to. I let a photographer take me naked and later became the leading actress in his porn films. I let hundreds of well-hung men like stallions fuck me in front of the camera and I masturbated to my heart's liking. I did not depend on the fee, but I was proud that I earned money myself. I also had many girlfriends to fuck privately, although I am not lesbian.

I visited Jack and Janet in London several times and moved in with him. He sent me an excellent man who helped sell my house and property well, it brought me 24 million Marks. I thanked this friend with the most beautiful fucking, although he was actually gay. Money he did not accept.

In London, I captured the heart of a real Lord and we moved into a house next to Jack and Janet. Sir Peter, my Lord, adopted Jack and Janet, they became Lord and Lady. My son, an English Lord! There was a short ceremony at the royal palace, only the Queen did not come herself. I learned a honorable profession because Sir Peter didn't want that I fucked for porn movies anymore. I became a kindergarten teacher and after a few years I ran the Austrian and German kindergartens.

I stayed in London even after Sir Peter died.

# The Witch

by Jack Faber © 2023

My name is Genovefa and tomorrow I will be burned at the stake. Yesterday our spiritual leader, Jan Hus, was burned at the stake. We write the year of our Lord 1415, I am the prisoner of the Council of Constance and my Lord Sigismund. A prison keeper, whom I pay with carnal pleasures, will give this writing to my dear brother. I wish to swear to you that I am not a witch. Not at all.

I lived in the small village of Wallhausen near Constance, my father is a good blacksmith and I have four big brothers. My mother unfortunately died with the last baby when I was eleven. Since then I sleep with my father like his wife, because he does not want to remarry. My brothers deflowered me when I was 8 and like to fuck me on a case by case basis. But I prefer to lie with my father.

Our family is reformed and for years secret followers of Jan Hus. We revered him very much and it is somehow a distinction to loose life one day after him. We village girls are fair game for the fine Junkers when they rush up on horseback. They rape us village girls with the arrogance of the nobility. We are owned serfs, in the truest sense of the word.

I spent a lot of time in the forest with the Wise Women. They trained me to be a healer, I can do everything like them. I mostly stayed overnight with father and not very often in the forest. But even in the forest I quickly had good friends and every night someone to fuck. The accusations of being a witch are false. If they had accused me of being an addicted-obsessed onanist and letting myself be fucked by anyone who would treat me kindly, yes, I would be guilty of that.

I often went for days into the woods by the lake, there live the forest men. They are mostly men who want to live in the wild and do not like a Kings domination. They are neither man-eaters nor wild beasts. I let them fuck me in the woods all day long by dozens of

them and I sleep in a group where everyone fucks me good-naturedly in the evening and some of them wake me up in the night or before sunrise and fuck me quietly because they need it a third or fourth time. These men not only like to fuck very much, but they also fuck really good! They fuck me strongly and powerfully to orgasm and each continues to fuck in my orgasm until I am relaxed again. They can wait patiently fucking along with the squirting until my orgasm is over and I nod and smile happily, then they squirt long and full of pleasure in my little hole. With them I have always loved to fuck a lot.

I masturbate every night, and always have. Since we all have a single room to live and sleep in, I didn't need to keep anything a secret. Just like I always got that the father and my brothers were fucking the mother, the same way they got my masturbating. My mother masturbated only rarely, because she was fucked by all extensively and got so her relaxation and sufficient carnal satisfaction. I had bumblebees in my ass from a young age on and was quite tense until my mother took pity on me and let me watch her masturbate one day. Since then I am relaxed and satisfied.

My father usually fucks me only two nights a week, he doesn't need it more often. But it is always very intense and I usually have an orgasm with him. My brothers prefer the doggy position, I never get an orgasm there. When the perfumed nobles fucked me, I don't get an orgasm either, I'm far too afraid of their unpredictable whims. Many of them who have fucked me before while riding by were now sitting in my judgment, not recognizing me in my rags. I looked at them quietly, Another One will judge them.

I always liked to fuck or masturbate women and girls. There were many of them. Surprisingly many could not masturbate before and learned it from me in blissful moments. But most of all I loved to fuck them, because there is definitely nothing more beautiful for me than fucking a girl clit-to-clit. The active experiences a certain feeling of power over the passive, this innocent feeling of power is insanely horny and erotic and yet can not hurt anyone. This, fucking the girls, was one of the surest proofs that I had intercourse with Satan, that I was a real witch, my judges said. I had fucked the young daughters of

some of my judges, that's where their knowledge and envious hatred must have come from.

In prison, countless priests, bishops or judges visited me, because I was the only witch younger than 60. They pretended to visit me for professional reasons, but in truth everyone just wanted to fuck the young witch, it was as simple as that. The spiritual masters fuck horribly grotty, Amen! They don't bring you to orgasm, they just fuck stupidly without exciting the girl more than a little and somehow squirt unexpectedly at some point. As often as I could, I threw them out of my fuckhole to squirt and let them jerk off with their own hands onto the floor. If one asked, I told him I didn't want to take an innocently conceived child to the stake. Never did I masturbate any of them, never did I let them watch me masturbating, although I was usually still really hot despite their lustless fucking. I always waited until I was alone with my nice guard, because he always watched me masturbate in a friendly and encouraging way and was usually so horny afterwards that he fucked me right away. He is very sweet to me and really likes to fuck me, although he can't do it very well. In return I get every wish fulfilled by him, if it is nothing stupid. Of course, he is not allowed to release me.

I am now 22, I have nursed many wounds, collected many medicinal herbs and prepared healing teas, I have helped many girls and women give birth. I let my dear prison keeper fuck me every day, as often as he likes, because he has no wife and yet he is an easily arousable man. Why should I not give him carnal pleasures with my smooth, soft and willing body?

The sun rises, I must end. Include me in your prayers, I die free and blameless.

The sun rises for me for the last time. Your Genovefa.

# Eve in Paradise

by Jack Faber © 2023

I gave myself the name Eve and have lived in paradise since time immemorial. Leonardo, the Holy Spirit (of which later) created me so that the spirits of the people in Paradise would have a wife at their disposal. He has created me as a 16-year-old girl after the model of an Egyptian girl whom Leonardo at that time was insanely in love with some 150 thousand years ago and almost obsessely lay with her in sultry nights and haunted her like crazy with his sinful desires. Many, many generations later, her descendants would become the first pharaohs. — Where was I? Ah yes, Leonardo!

At some point he decided to exchange my sweet Egyptian cunt for an even sweeter Asian cunt, a no-brainer for him. He is very fickle about this and falls in love with any different kind of cunts every few thousand years. Sometimes it was a Babylonian, Assyrian or Canaanite cunt that robbed him of sleep. Not to mention the Icelandic, Indian and the Eskimo cunts. I would have become for sure completely crazy, had he changed my cunt every few millennia. No, thank God he didn't, I remained as crazy as before, because the Asian cunt can really do something. He is one of the three bosses, which are the Old Man, his son J.C. and just Leonardo, called the Holy Spirit.

First of all, I want to set the record straight about your idea of paradise, it's not quite as crazy as you've been led to believe. First, there is no such thing as paradise. Harp strumming, cloud home, singing Hallelujah, seeing and praising God? Well, the travel agency has sold you a lot of nonsense! There is no such paradise. They — that is, those who used to live as human beings before — are simply spirits, bodiless and invisible. We are nowhere and everywhere, we go whenever and wherever we want, to any place or to any mortal at any time, depending on what interests us. Whether you want to see Venice the beautiful city in the Renaissance or watch the french Queen Marie-Antoinette fucking, do just what you want. There is very little that we spirits can do with our free time. After all, we can't change anything

in the real world, nothing! We know that precious cup is about to fall to the ground and shatter, but there is nothing we can do about it. We see the sweet child Iosif Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili happily bathing in the little river, but we can't prevent him from growing up and one day becoming a million-fold murderer as Stalin. — So, that's how it is.

Philosophers debate with other philosophers over a hair in the soup, silly as usual. Others travel day and night because they haven't traveled much in their lives. Still others follow events on Earth because they are curious about politics, public affairs or the Sex lives of people. But they are all sexual beings, these spirits. So therefore the mentioning of Marie-Antoinette, the spirits are crazy curious about sex, watching it — before doing it. So, now I come back into the game with my Asian pussy. — Are you still following me?

So, then on with the tale. Spirits can watch in the real world, but they can't touch, not the languishing youth boy or the shyly masturbating virgin maiden, as much as you pine for it. Now order comes into our contemplation, now Leonardo creates me, so that the spirits have whom to touch and fuck with. I probably do not betray too much when I say that all spirits can and may fuck me, disembodied indeed, but for them just as real as in the world.

By the way, Leonardo is the only boss who lies down with me (as Leonardo, of course). The Old Man retired disappointed to his study billions of years ago and no one has seen him since. And J.C., well, he's the handsomest of the three, but he's married to Mary Magdalene and she won't let him. I've tried it many times, many times he had already taken off his tunic and lay down covetously with me and already pressed his splendid cock into my pussy and started to fuck me wonderfully, but then Maria Magdalena came around the corner like a screaming fury and beat the poor guy and his splendid cock home! But there's something like that only in paradise.

Every morning I am kissed awake by three or four putto's, that are the cute little naked-assed boy-angels you know them. Leonardo liked me very much and wanted to do something good for me. But now he has not only friends. The angels — each in a different guise —

are not only good and beautiful, some are nasty and rebellious. Belzebub — a small, vicious yapping rough-haired dachshund — had a score to settle with Leonardo and conjured up my sweet puttos cocks, real little man cocks! They wake me up as always, but they fuck me before the morning coffee, one after the other and they squirt on my clean body if they do not get their turn immediately. I shook my head in denial when Leonardo discovered this. “Let it be, my dear husband, it’s fine like that!” Maybe he didn’t notice what fun this was for me with the horny little ones.

Leonardo, my husband or father or creator, is my favorite man to fuck. He had poached centuries ago in the guise of a Babylonian prince in the beds of the virgin Florentine Medici-daughters and showed them that there was also something hornier than masturbating. He discovered a handsome, clever and popular boy with a big, strong cock who gave him serious competition in poaching inside the pussies of the virgins. At first he took the bodyform of this Leonardo in order to land with all the chaste girls. But the new body gave him so much pleasure and success that he kept the body as an avatar ever since. I was just as enthusiastic as he, because this Leonardo prepared countless wild nights for me!

The saints from the first Christian millennium were the most pleasant. They had lived quite honestly chaste, never lay with a girl and many of them even denied themselves masturbation. They were praised here in the hereafter and were highly respected spirits because of their impeccable lives. But they had to change completely. Here they were allowed. I introduced them all with tenderness and sex-appeal into the world of lovemaking and prepared a great start for them. I was amazed at how clumsy celebrities like Tomás Acquino or Saint Augustine were. They wrote the most ingenious works, but lay with me trembling with fear and didn’t know where front and back were! How many times I had to pull these fools out of my asshole and stuff them right in the pussyhole! Leonardo said laughing, they were so used to that, they had always fucked only in the assholes of young boys! Hieronymus was completely different, he didn’t need any schooling, not even Francisco de Assisi, they still knew exactly what was the plan.

Quite well I remember the long conversations with a certain Penelope, formerly a Queen of Ithaca in Greece. She was one of the few spirits who — like myself — never had pubic hair, there were only a few of us. We laughingly compared her hairless Greek pussy and my hairless Asian pussy and giggled like little girls. She told me about her life, 12 years she was married to a King, then he went to war, came back for two months and disappeared forever. Following the custom, she had her 11-year-old son laid to her, and he became her faithful lover until her death. She gazed for a long time over the sea of clouds that joined the sea on the horizon. “There was only one wild time in my life, Eva,” she said dreamily, “when I really let the wild sow out! Literally!” I had become curious.

“There came to me noble gentlemen,” she told me, “sixty in number, seeking to marry me.” She stalled them, saying she couldn’t decide. The noble gentlemen, by character all lowly buccaneers, decided to fuck her for trial, she should decide afterwards. She was excited and horny, so many cocks at once! We two women laughed until our sides stung. Many cocks on offer, we both knew that, were a seducing tentation. Penelope continued, she had fucked through every night with dozens of the men for almost 4 years, she was greedy as never before and got everything a respectable wife never got. Penelope laughed sheepishly, “I really was a love-starved wild sow then!” Now, her son was returning from an odyssey that had led him in search of his missing father, and had grown serious and mature.

She had let him go with a heavy heart and worried who would warm her 17 year old’s feet at night, inexperienced in matters of love as he was? She needn’t have worried, he was smart and sly like her and lay with the maidens and youngest daughters every night. He spurned the wives of the hosts and the mothers of the daughters, wisely arguing that he had not come to whore with the wives of noble men, but to seek the father. The girls got everything they wanted from him, he deflowered them of course and gave them orgasms. He grinned wryly as many of the depraved, filthy girls begged him for another and another orgasm.

Penelope paused. “I don’t want to bore you with my rambling speeches, Eva,” but I asked her to continue. Penelope sighed deeply.

She had great fear in her heart, she wondered how he reacted to her greedy fucking? But again, she had nothing to worry about. Her son took advantage of the lengthy banquets in the evenings to lie unobtrusively beside the naked mistresses of the nobles. He inconspicuously stuck his cock into the pussies of the beauties, chatting, joking, and carrying on a filthy, piggish whisper with them until either the girls' piggish giggles made him cum on his own or — in most cases — she secretly rubbed his cock in her pussyhole with piggish whispering and made him squirt inside. Some neighboring mistresses watched her secretly masturbating him and touched their clits in arousement. They didn't visibly fuck, it wasn't noticed by no one but me, so Penelope smiled horny aroused at him and winked at her rogue secret fucker. "During these 40 banquets my boy squirted several times in their pussies, and in all of them!" Penelope laughed brightly. He was fucking all the beautiful mistresses multiple times in retaliation for the Lords fucking Penelope unlawfully and humiliating her. "I couldn't teach him anything new!" exclaimed Penelope laughing.

The trial fucking of the nobles, but also Penelope's greedy desire for it shocked him. The podium of shame was virtually in front of everyone, the nobles surrounded her, loudly judging the performance of their competitors and staring at her little hole, in which the competitor was violently fucking. The son was ashamed of her, laid her head on his lap and put a hand protectively on her clit. His cock loomed over her face and when he masturbated her briefly to trigger her orgasm, he squirted a rich jet into her mouth. He told her not to worry, he had been saving his semen for her on his odyssey. Sure enough, he squirted every time a rich jet in her mouth until sunrise with each of her orgasms.

Penelope fell silent and looked over at me. "So, what happened next?" I urged. Thirty days it went on, she continued, sensing how sad and hurt her son was. "On the thirtieth evening, he smashed the bed of sin with an axe and led me vigorously upstairs to my bedroom. We stayed in bed until noon the next day, it was one of the horniest nights," Penelope smirked, shaking her head with a laugh. "I realized right away that I didn't want any of the Nobles, just him!"

When Penelope's silence took me too long, I nudged her in the side with my elbow. "The Goddess was playing a nasty joke on me!" she continued in a sad tone. The Goddess had turned her husband into a filthy old beggar when he entered the castle. He challenged the nobles to a contest with her husband's bow and won! The son was privy to everything and had deposited quivers of arrows all over the hall and the beggar shot all 60 nobles dead. The beggar answered a tricky quizzing question the proper answer and now Penelope was sure that the raggedy fellow must be her husband. She offered him her lips for a kiss and now the Goddess changed him back into his form. The joy of reunion lasted only a short time, after a few weeks the Goddess ordered him to leave again. He never came back. The son became King, but he did not take a Queen but lay with Penelope and fucked her dutyfully until her death.

Penelope bowed her head sadly. I waited patiently, what could I ask her now? She said after her death he had made a petite, shy virgin princess of 12 his Queen. Penelope shook her head and muttered an ancient pagan spell. "I've been overcome with a bad feeling that it's going to end badly with these two," Penelope said sadly. She said she was there on the wedding night, the girl was definitely an untouched virgin and she wept bitterly as he deflowered her. With joy and relief, Penelope added. The dear child always willingly and patiently let him fuck her as often as he wanted, even though she herself did not have an orgasm.

Everything seemed fine, Penelope said, until the day her rich outfit arrived a few months later. Penelope crossed her fingers in pain. She knew at once where her bad premonition had come from. The princess had been brought her puppy. The maiden had trained the wretched mutt from youth to lick her clit to orgasm! Penelope kept silent dejectedly and I exclaimed, like the Hanoverian countess, crying her eyes out in paradise for her Great Dane dog, with whom she much preferred to fuck than with her gay husband! But Penelope shook her head, the virgin only had her clit licked to orgasm, she did never fuck the little doggie. Penelope was sad, because her son's wife never got orgasm and did not like to masturbate in his presence, and she never did, definitely not! The faithful servants reported to him secretly that she could only orgasm while being licked by the little

dog, and only then she masturbated long and intense. He was horrified and as if struck, he did not know what to do for the first time in his life. Penelope had become a ghost and could not advise him. I asked in her silence what she would had advised him to do, because I was already toying with the idea of using Leonardo, as he could appear to people in dreams or in a vision. Penelope thought for a long time. “I would tell him to accept it and actively experience the dog’s licking together with her, as with me!” I was silent in horror, after all I had only seen dogs in my travels, but now Penelope?

The silence lasted a very long time, and I looked at Penelope sitting straddled across from me. She had a beautiful, childlike-looking and hairless pussy like me, which is how our intimate conversation began. Penelope appeared now at a self-chosen age of mid-twenties. She had very finely curved labia with a large clit without a foreskin, which always seemed to be stiff, as if she were permanently aroused. When she moved a little, the labia revealed her tiny little hole. I lifted my gaze and looked at her full, firm breasts. It was quite clear that probably all the nobles of the country were keen on this beautiful maiden, who exuded a lot of sex-appeal.

The silence lasted a very long time until I finally asked Penelope. She laughed uproariously and shook her head with pleasure, “No, never with a dog!”. This custom was especially common in the eastern areas of Greece, where a great many women dressed their pooches to have their clits licked to orgasm. Many many women, not to say all. This was considered quite normal in the eastern cities, but not in her western homeland, she was not aware of a single woman who had her clit licked by a doggie. The women in her homeland masturbated with their fingers, that was very common. In the West, they didn’t train dogs, but horses, noble stallions. On my many short trips I have of course seen many animals, dogs, cats, horses etc... But it had never occurred to me to look at their genitals. I was mainly interested in the sexual customs and habits of mortals, because only in this way I learned new things and what was in fashion at the moment. I was able to observe people within 1,800,000 years and learn the exciting evolution of their sexuality. I looked a little confused at Penelope. “And — you too?” She nodded after a moment’s thought. I just had to fucking know. “Can you talk about it?” I asked quietly,

“I’d never heard of it before and I even can’t imagine it.” Penelope nodded, “but let’s keep it between us girls, okay?” I nodded and said, only Leonardo would know, because he could read my mind, that’s how it was.

Penelope said she had been given a very young stallion in her childhood, Protraktes, in her country horses have names like people. She trained him to be masturbated every night when she rode him out, that was very common there. She masturbated him every day until the end of life, then he got a funeral at the stake like a fallen hero warrior. Penelope noticed that I had no clue what she was talking about. She smiled kindly and said she would describe it quite accurately.

“I rode naked every evening, sitting on Protract’s beautiful body without a saddle, to my favorite spot, with only a thin veil blowing behind me so people wouldn’t tearing their mouth off too much about the naked rider. I lay down on the grass and prepared my pussy for the night with the King. Protraktes sniffed my pussy as I masturbated, he watched with a knowing horny look and his cock grew arm long and stiff. When I was done, he sniffed again my hot pussy and trotted forward, over me, so that his cock was right there for the taking. His cock was about as thick as a man’s, but at least twice as long. I masturbated him lying down, doing the same as masturbating a man. He squirted in the grass or on my breasts or on my pussy, just as I felt like it. I wiped his semen and hugged him lovingly, he was my most loyal friend. Only rarely did I have to masturbate him a second time and we rode home to my husband. My pussy was hot and Protraktes’ warm fur kept it nicely on blazing flames.” I nodded gratefully, for now I could picture it well. Penelope took a moment and continued.

“Around the time Odysseus went off to that unfortunate war my 11 year old lay with me every night and quickly learned to fuck me. I once went to the horse stables with a girlfriend at noon. There I saw for the first time how she let herself be fucked by a young stallion. It looked very horny and I watched my girlfriend how good it did her, how much she enjoyed it and she prayed pagan spells, embracing the stallions neck thankfully. I had heard since I was a child that those

women who followed the old pagan religion let themselves be fucked by the “holy stallions”, but I just giggled stupidly at these legends. Yes, I didn’t even understand what the old pagan religion was. I couldn’t sleep for days, rolling from side to side and masturbating with the wildest, horniest images of the stallion-fucking in my head. Then I went with the girlfriend to the stable at noon. I let her trained stallion fuck me for the first time, and it was wonderful!”

“The horse’s glans looks a little different. It’s flatter and rounder, and where the glans joins the cock, there’s a thick ring that gets quite firm when it gets hard. Supposedly, it serves to seal the mare’s hole so that the semen doesn’t ooze out too quickly. Anyway, it serves us damn pagan women to directly stimulate our G-Spot, which not many men can do. You slide in the Hagemonion, which is a strong wooden frame where the stallion can rest his front hooves and a long board for the woman at the right height. You let the stallion sniff or lick your pussy, because they are trained to quickly become erect at our pussy’s scent. The woman grabs his cock tightly with both hands and inserts it into her little pussyhole. It is about as thick as a man’s, but twice as long or longer. That’s why you have to hold him strong with both hands, so that he doesn’t penetrate too deeply in his horny rage at the end and impale the poor woman! I come to orgasm very well with the stallion and hold him well when he fucks faster and squirts. Usually it’s enough for me to get fucked four or five times in a row, that tires me out comfortably, but I always had to masturbate furiously afterwards. My girlfriend says a well trained stud can squirt 25 times or more before he goes lame.”

“So, you only let the stallion fuck you once?” I asked curiously. Penelope laughed and slapped her thighs. “No, what are you thinking! I snuck into the barn as many times as I could. My son once misspoke and confessed that he had been sneaking after me from the beginning, watching everything from a distance. He noticed it himself, how good it did me and what beautiful orgasms I had afterwards. Since I always bathed before dinner after I returned with Protraktes, he didn’t mind the stallions semen or scent at all. I hugged and kissed my son, from then on he was officially allowed to go with me to the stallion and sit at my feet to see everything closely. Those were the only times my son saw me masturbate because I always needed it

badly immediately after fucking the stallion. We went to the stallions almost every day, even when he was already King. He gave me a beautiful young trained stallion after the 4 horrible years with the bride-seeking noblemen. The stallion was trained to lick my pussy and clit intensely before fucking, that's why my son selected him for me. My son loved me all his life with all his heart."

Penelope, while narrating with her eyes closed, had been gently stroking her clit. Now she lay back with her cheeks glowing, her clit stirring stiffly an inch out, stiff to bursting and maybe she phantasized of her stallion behind her closed eyes. She masturbated very effectively and routinely and I jumped back in time. Penelope lay down on the Hagemonion and let the stallion fuck her five times in a row. The son sat across from her with glowing ears and watched her fuck. She masturbated with a shameful and very shy smiling to her son after the fucking, turning her head to the side, because she was very shy and by heart ashamed about her greedy horniness. I jumped back even further in time. Penelope masturbated her 9 year old son very devotedly, letting him to the end penetrate her pussyhole and squirt inside. I jumped back into my time again, my trip had not even lasted a blink of an eye, because these time trips did not cost any real time, no matter how long you were on the road. I gulped with horniness as Penelope raced towards and triggered her orgasm.

I spent a lot of time with Penelope, because she was a remarkable woman. I visited her frequently in the past and experienced her love adventures through her eyes. She asked me once and I replied that I sometimes masturbated ten times at a time and then again not at all for months. It depended on how often I was fucked, that was my main job after all.

I had met many many men in the course of my long life. Only rarely did I make love with girls, I had not been created by Leonardo as a lesbian. But sometimes I was seduced by girls who were genuine lesbians and because I am goodwilling by nature, I liked to join in. But I mostly fucked with men or boys, because Leonardo had put great emphasis on the fact that my fine Asian pussy came to orgasm every time very easily.

On Ithaca there was a unique custom before Penelope's time and had been practiced over many many centuries. In the afternoons, the 5 to 15 year old boys would walk in large numbers to the Hall of the Dead and then one by one they fucked the dead girls and young women. It was fascinating to see dozens of boys fucking the dead, each one so many times until he was completely drained. I jumped back hundreds of years to the beginning of this strange custom. It began with a seemingly dead mother being desperately fucked by her sons until — here the miracle happened — she came back to life! Over the next hundred years, the miracle repeated itself again and again, as the wicked and resourceful women pretended to be dead, letting their sons fuck them on their deathbeds for many hours, suppressing their orgasms until they could suppress it no longer. These miracles led to them being fucked on their deathbeds by sons, cousins and other relatives from then on, perhaps to experience the miracle. This custom lasted for many centuries, as the mothers of the time forbade the daughters to be fucked as youths. Since many women died very young, they were perfectly suited to be available to the younglings for fucking. The custom gradually stopped when the mothers loosened their iron grip and daughters were allowed to fuck and be fucked from the age of 8 or 9. The boys ended up preferring to fuck with living ones rather than dead flesh, which began to decompose after a week at the latest.

I fucked with many different men over the years, from all cultures their spirits came and fucked with me smiling blissfully. The Neanderthals, for example, were very simple and down to earth in their thinking, but they were of powerful physiques and loved to fuck. The Mongols didn't have such powerful dicks as the Neanderthals, but they held out tenaciously and enjoyed cuming like a divine gift. The classical Romans were nothing special, I once traveled to see Cleopatra to learn more. She wasn't a bit in love with old Julius Caesar, she cared solely about her throne when she fucked the old man. Posterity has also dressed up her story, stylizing her into a sexpot, which she was not at all. Catherine, the Russian Tsarina, was said to fuck horses, but that was said only out of pure political malice. In truth, she was a really hot-blooded woman who picked handsome, loin-strong men from her guards to fuck. There were many such menda-

ciously twisted characters in human history and that was not something I envied.

Autumn has come. Many new spirits came, beautiful young women and many beautiful young men. The deceased rarely chose older spirit bodies than 30, to spend the life afterwards old and frail nobody wanted. An eternal life in youth was not a bad thing, and I saw many newcomers smiling finely when they realized in the first minute that the earthly ideas of paradise were pure mumbo jumbo.

So when the master of ceremonies introduced me as the one who would give them carnal pleasures, I saw the new youngsters grinning broadly.

Such a life one could only wish for!

# Brunhild

by Jack Faber © 2023

*Note: some dates are historically not accurate, but are important because of the narrative.*

My name is Brunhild, I was the wife and Queen of King Telemachos of Ithaca. I am his second wife and we really loved each other very much.

I grew up in the far north, where there is a lot of snow and ice. My father is one of the richest merchants in the country, connected with King Olaf in brotherly friendship. My father has 4 sons and 16 daughters by several wives. He makes farfetching business trips, from Troy to Ithaca and to Spain. I was allowed to accompany him twice to Ithaca and I was in love from the first moment with the Island Kingdom and the warm, beautiful climate. My father was a true friend of King Odysseus and they traded with each other well. We brought them the finest weapons, tools and lots of various animal furs. Ithaca traded in gold and silver and rare gems that the merchant voyagers brought from Africa.

I was raised almost like a princess, learning to read and write. My father brought a middle-aged Greek woman who taught me Greek. We, my family, sacrificed to the Gods of the north and we prayed to them faithfully.

We children were not allowed to have sex, that was fine because we girls had to remain virgins. Sometimes we were allowed to watch a couple fucking and asked many questions that were answered honestly and practically, so we knew from a young age how fucking goes and what you just had to know.

Once we were allowed to watch a couple fucking and I 9 year old felt a quite strong fire in my pussy, I asked the woman after her fucking, why it itches and burns with me every time so terribly in my pussy, whenever we were allowed to watch the fucking? The other

children laughed at me because I asked another stupid question, but the nice woman waved me friendly to her and I had to sit on her naked lap.

She noticed my gaze on her lover's cock and let me touch it. She showed me how to pull the foreskin back tightly and explained the glans. "That's a nice man's cock," she said with a smile and kissed her lover in the middle of his mouth. She told me to just keep embracing the cock with my hand and rubbing it firmly up and down, always pulling the foreskin all the way back so the glans came out. She touched me at my most sensitive part and asked if the burning was coming from there and I nodded. She explained very precisely that this was the clitoris and that one had to rub it finely until orgasm when it burned or itched. She let me spread my legs and all the children were allowed to watch as she masturbated me, once and then again for a second time. I twitched and trembled blissfully in orgasm and she said I could always do it myself from now on, but not in public, but alone or with my best girlfriend at most. The cock in my hand had become quite firm and throbbed. The woman smiled and looked at her lover, who nodded. She lay down on her back and told me to remain sitting quietly on her lap. The lover put his cock right along my pussy in her pussyhole and started fucking. He fucked her hard and fast and his cock slid back and forth along my cunt slit, it felt very very good! I bent over to watch the fucking, I saw it much better in this position than the kids standing around. The man said that I had to press my clit harder on his cock! He was right, now I felt his cock rubbing back and forth along my clit and I was shaking like a leaf in my longest orgasm or many orgasms at a time until he finished fucking. I felt with my cunt very precisely how the man strained to squirt rhythmically into her little pussyhole. Then he pulled out his cock, firmly rubbing it with his fist and squirted the rest, a dozen jets, into my pussy, of course he paid good attention to my hymen! I had gotten quite hot cheeks while fucking. He patted my face very sweetly. "And, did it do my princess good too?" and I nodded enthusiastically and gratefully. The beautiful fucking went on for about two years until I was 11 years old and this dear warrior from Iceland had fallen in a battle.

From that day I masturbated every day at least once and sometimes together with a girlfriend. I masturbated insanely happy and the older I got, the more often I masturbated, at night sometimes many a few times. I paid attention to my hymen, although some of my peers had already started to fuck.

My father and his newest wife nodded sympathetically, the fucking could wait a little longer. He was already looking for a good man for me, my father said, you will soon be 14 and can marry! I was very happy and dreamed every night of the fucking of the Icelandic warrior I had witnessed and felt with my pussy. The woman we had fucked with the Iceland Warrior instructed him not to squirt inside her, so he pulled out his cock, rubbed it in his fist and jetted all upon my orgasming pussy. That was something to dream of! Fathers new wife was very nice and explained to me in detail all about getting married, the deflowering on the wedding night and everything. She showed me her pussy and let me look at it closely and touch it. She also showed me how she masturbates, much same like me.

My heart almost burst when the father told me, beaming with joy, that he had found a good man for me! I have had seen him already, it was Telemachos, the son of King Odysseus of Ithaca. Father drew a map on the ground and plotted all 14 islands of the Kingdom of Ithaca. Telemachos was now the King, he had just disowned his cold wife. But Telemachos was not to blame for the failure of their marriage, father said. I sensed that Father knew more, but he did not say much more. He was sure that Telemachos, at 29, was not too old for me at 14, and said that a marriage would certainly be good for his business. But I should decide for myself if I wanted Telemachos for a husband or not, father had suggested to him that I should just stay in his castle for a week and decide for myself if I wanted to become his wife or not. He was my father and no business consideration was more important to him than that I myself decide about the yarns of my life.

I kept thinking about Telemachos during the long ride. He was a tall, good looking and serious boy and was very kind when I asked him in wonderment because it was not seemly with us in the north, that he was laying with his mother. He confirmed it with a friendly

smile that he lay with Queen Penelope every night. He had to explain it to me in detail because I was very young and unexperienced at that time. Since his father Odysseus was taken away by the Goddess forever, it was even his legal duty to fuck her every night and satisfy her. She was thankfully quite fast in orgasm and very satisfied after the orgasm. The servant girl Penelopes he fucked only to empty his semen completely. Fucking the servant girl sometimes lasted several hours until his cock had enough. We talked for a very long time about the sexual rules in our home countries and I found some things strange at the time, but definitely interesting.

We were received quite warmly, I had to take off my filthy traveling clothes and was led into the bathroom. Two servantgirls bathed me, oiled my body and cut my armpits- and pubic hair very short. The older one left the room and the girl, who was younger than me, gently searched for my clit with a finger. I held her hand tightly and asked why she was doing that? She looked at me with wide opened eyes. “It’s part of bathing, it has to be!” she said firmly and kept searching. I turned my head to the side in shame, closed my eyes and spread my knees so she didn’t have anymore to search for the clit. I was terribly ashamed, I have never let anyone masturbate me since the first time, not even my best girlfriend! The girl masturbated me gently and very routinely. After the orgasm she kissed my cunt softly and left. This bathing procedure routinely happened every day and I didn’t just get used to it, I loved it! I put on the bright white veil dress, girded myself with the belt. The thin tunic showed off my firm breasts well and gave a hint of my pubic slit.

I didn’t see Telemachos again until dinner. He sat all day with his guest, the famous singer Homéros, and told him about Odysseus, Penelope and himself. He enlightened me that Homéros was the greatest singer in Greece and was writing a long song in which Odysseus, Penelope and he were to appear. But the singer would stay only three more days and after that he would have more time for me.

I knew in the first minute that I wanted to become his wife, but I kept the agreement to decide after a week. Telemachos noticed my belt and knife. I explained to him that the knife was called Leifnirsgram, which means ‘pains of the sea’. He looked at it in his hand,

weighed it back and forth, and clicked his tongue appreciatively. “Best Gothic steel,” I said proudly, “sharp as a butterfly’s wing and never needs resharpening!” Noticing his look, I said I would gladly give him one just like it, for it was considered a valuable, royal knife here in the north lands. “My father paid a fortune for it, but defending my hymen was worth it to him!” Telemachos looked at me questioningly. “I slashed the cheek of some impudent fellows with Leifnirsgram,” I said, searching for the right words. He nodded thoughtfully. “In my castle you have nothing like that to fear, I have excellent bodyguards that no scoundrel, no armed man can get past!” He would inform the guards that I was allowed to carry the weapon within the castle walls. “This is in keeping with our ideas of a Nordic Valkyrie,” he grinned. We talked for a long time, and at some point I asked him. He thought about it for a long time, then spoke about it very sadly.

After Penelope died, he had married a lovely princess from the city-state of Athens, from Athens, a rotten, dirty nest of filth and rotten sexual perversions that was a disgrace to any respectable and honorable Greek! But she was not made for a man’s bed. She was willing and let herself be fucked apathetically, but he would have had more fun with a wet driftwood on the beach. I said laughing that we didn’t fuck wet driftwood, he smiled for the first time and then we both laughed out loud. He became serious again. She was only having an arousement when her doggie licked her to orgasm. I kept silent, frozen into a pillar of salt. He nodded again and said, a dirty dog would never ever come to his bed! He pronounced separation and sent her — richly gifted — back to her father. He had been fucking Penelope’s servant girls since her death, they appreciated and enjoyed fucking like a Queen and were jubilantly happy to let him fuck them for hours, for as long as it took his cock. I took his hand and squeezed it sympathetically. Such a woman should not marry at all and make a man unhappy, I murmured. Women should enjoy fucking as much as their husbands. He squeezed my hand. “Will you promise me?” he asked seriously. “I am still an untouched virgin,” I said just as seriously, “I had never fucked a man, because we virgins are only allowed to masturbate, and I loved that hot and did a lot. I can only promise you that I will honestly try the fucking!” I suddenly had to giggle, and he asked in amazement. I now told him how I was

allowed to fuck along with a couple when I was 9 years old and got wonderful orgasms every time as a part of their fucking. He let me tell him everything in detail and we laughed heartily about the orgasms of the little girl. His cold wife was now gone, far far away and we never talked about her again.

He asked me if I wanted to sleep in his bed or have my own room made up? I didn't have to think long. Could he respect my virginity, spare my hymen? Then yes, that would be fine! He nodded and said he was a King and an honorable Greek. We drank and talked for a long time, then we went to bed. I knew that in Greece they slept naked and I was waiting naked for him in bed. He was a beautiful man with a magnificent big cock. He hugged me lovingly and in quite a respectful way, then his servant girl came in and closed the door. She lay down next to him and snuggled up. Even me young inexperienced girl felt how hot she already was indeed. I whispered in Telemachos' ear that I would lie down at the foot of the bed and not disturb them while they were fucking. He nodded and kissed my head, I lay to the foot end. It turned out to be a really hot night.

I could see very clearly her beautiful pussy hole and his magnificent cock that penetrated considerately. I had sometimes seen a pair fuck at home, now I experienced it at arm's length. I heard her satisfied moans and horny whispers, of which I barely understood a word. He fucked very powerfully and persistently and she had one orgasm after another. In his short pauses she masturbated with a devilish grin, so strained she rubbed herself. He looked at me several times and nodded at my masturbating. They fucked forever and I was already exhausted from all the masturbating and the orgasms. He bid her goodbye with a kiss on her lips and she scurried out. I snuggled into Telemachos' arms and we talked about fucking and masturbating for a long time. We kept kissing each other with long French kisses and I fell asleep. One more week, one more week!

The week was almost coming to an end and Homéros was still there. He made me ask if I could tell him about my home land. I looked to Telemachos and he nodded, go ahead! I walked up to the famous man very excited. He was short and wiry, but I have never seen such bright and wise eyes. He wore a very elegant tunic that

only reached down to his cock. We kissed each other on the cheek according to country custom and kept our distance in this embrace. I because of his half stiff cock, he because of Leifnirsgram. We sat down opposite each other and my short veil dress revealed much more than it should. He bickered unabashedly over the next few hours at my exposed pussy and at my pussy hole because I sat down while storytelling very relaxed and inattentive and spread my knees unseemly.

Most of all I was to tell about our sexual customs, marriage, wedding and cheating. He nodded and nodded, he obviously knew all that. Then I told him as he wished about our world of Gods and the sexual confusion that our world of Gods offered. He laughed in between and scribbled on the papyrus while listening, otherwise he stroked his little cock thoughtfully and splashed a jet on the floor from time to time. Telemachos explained to me at dinner that the poet was a Macedonian and with them it was normal. Homéros was traveling with four large wooden boxes full of papyri. I told him for three days, then he had to leave.

Telemachos fucked the young servant girl every night, for two or three hours, until his cock had enough. I watched them and masturbated so often that my wrist hurt, but they were wonderful, hot nights. Then I solemnly told Telemachos that I wanted to be his wife, his Queen. He immediately ordered the servants to prepare everything for tomorrow for the Coronation and the girls to prepare me for the wedding night immediately after dinner. A religious dignitary came, muttered a bunch of stupid nonsense, and solemnly declared us husband and wife. Telemachos and I embraced and kissed each other and those present clapped their hands, threw flowers in the air and shouted Vivat!

I was bathed, oiled and perfumed with the noblest scents of Persia. My pubic hair was cut short to the skin, then both girls took turns masturbating me to orgasm after orgasm. “You must get hot, my Lady, hot and eager for the first fuck with your King,” the older one instructed me with wise words, who was maybe 15 or 16. I went to the bedchamber with soft knees. Telemachos was waiting for me, his magnificent cock was awaiting me. The girls had told me that my

Lord would be alone with me and deflower me, that his servant girl would come later because he had to take care of my cunt after deflowering me. I lay down with Telemachos and snuggled into his embrace, offering him my lips for French kisses.

He was a gentleman, through and through. He gave me a lot of time and heated me up properly with French kisses. He always said beforehand in a low whisper what was coming so as not to scare me. He deflowered me with a powerful and quick jerk, I felt only a short prick, but no pain at all. He fucked me powerfully after that, I raced to orgasm faster than ever before. The aroused and hot servantgirl lay down next to me and I clasped her wild and horny, because I wanted to seduce her the most and fuck her absolutely like a love-hungry lesbian fury, I melted with her in kisses with our tongues and had myself one orgasm after another, because Telemachos fucked me so wonderfully. From now on, as soon as she joined us, the hotly excited servantgirl half lay on top of me, we kissed wildly like mares in heat with juicy lesbian tongue kisses. I stretched out my hand and masturbated her from orgasm to orgasm and she returned the favor in equal measure while Telemachos kept fucking me further and further and smiling looking at us crazy hot chicks. I loved this hot and horny lesbian kissing and mutual lesbian masturbation while the King kept fucking me smirking, and I needed it every night until my end.

Telemachos had already squirted twice in my virgin hole by now and was far from finished, but I was. I whispered with him to fuck his servant girl now, it was wonder-wonder-wonderful but I was completely satisfied and totally finished. He nodded and kissed me deeply. “My wife, my Queen, my Brunhild!” he whispered, his eyes shining. I crawled to the foot end as before and watched their fucking. It was exciting and horny to watch, but I couldn’t masturbate anymore. It took hours again before he finished and sent the servant to sleep with a kiss. The following nights went exactly the same way, Telemachos fucked me to some orgasms until I was completely finished, then he fucked the servant girl for hours more. When a servantgirl got pregnant, he would send her back to her parents with a rich gift and take a new 12 or 13 year old virgin as a servant. He loved to deflower and fuck her until his cock was done. Once at dinner he

said how happy he was with me and how satisfied he was with my passionate fucking and my wild kissing with the girl. The Greeks spoke freely and without taboos about fucking and masturbating as we spoke about eating.

My father, with whom I exchanged letters every 3 or 4 months via the trade route, had sent me a wonderful long knife decorated with gold and silver, and I gave the worthy, precious short sword as my gift to Telemachos, who was out of bounds with joy. The short sword was a little longer than my Leifnirsgram and was made for big men's hands. It bore the name Tyrfing, the name of a magical sword from our Gods' Sagas, and was only slightly shorter than his greek sword Xyphos, but only half as heavy and never needed resharpening. Telemachos wore it proudly all his life, for it looked splendid and preciously royally and he could never be defeated with it.

I rode out daily in the evening and let the wind blow around my hair. Telemachos had told me that Penelope had to masturbate her stallion Protraktes every day, mine was not so spoiled, he did not get a stiff cock as often as Protraktes. But sometimes I masturbated him of course, because it shouldn't bother him, for that I had to make him cum two or three times in powerful jets until he was done. I very often watched the pagan women when they let themselves be fucked by a stallion and of course it looked really excitingly horny, but I never let myself be fucked by a stallion, although Telemachos publicly accepted the pagan faith and fucking with the "holy stallions". There were an incredible number of women who now openly let themselves be fucked by the stallions mostly publicly and without being disparaged. I could not resist the temptation after even my King had no more objections and let the stallions fuck me every day in full sight, in public. It was a special thrill when so many men watched me. I usually let him squirt inside only five times and then lay on a bale of straw and masturbated horny like ten monkeys in public, in front of everyone when I watched the women fucking the stallions. I turned my head always to the side and closed my eyes, because in my heart I was really very shy and shameful, I felt guilt and shame to masturbate shamelessly and uninhibited in front of the public. — The pagan Queen, who let herself be fucked five times by the stallion in front of everyone and then masturbated like mad in front of everyone, no one

missed this spectacle! — I had humiliated myself and hurried home to bathe. I always felt bad about letting the stallion fuck me in public and masturbating in front of everyone, but somehow I really liked this perversion more and more. Telemachos, Heracles and Odysseus grinned good-naturedly that there was nothing to it, — even Penelope had done it her whole life in public — and often they mingled with the spectators. “Brunhild was not so perfect after all,” they grinned laughing, “she just has a little vice addiction with four hooves!”

My servants explained to me exactly what to expect at carnival. All the folks would fuck in public, giving many a woman the opportunity to be fucked by her favorites. It was nevertheless very exciting at my first carnival in the opening to fuck in public a few times with Telemachos on the podium, then I had to let him go, he had noble virgins to deflower! Then followed my servants and our guardsmen, about 45 boys and men, who were allowed to fuck me powerfully in full public until the next sunrise. I had countless orgasms and said goodbye to each with a simple kiss. At sunrise I went home with very soft and trembling knees, caringly supported by two bodyguards. I then slept for 20 hours and had my pussy be cured with healing ointments. Telemachos was very proud of me, his first wife had simply refused to join the carnival. Telemachos had strengthened the guards, so that from the second year on a good 60 men claimed to fuck with me legally. I had to take all my strength together, but even the last one had a legal right to fuck me powerfully through! I enjoyed the carnival every year with full enjoyment, it has something good and cleansing in itself, once a year to be extensively fucked through. People became more connected and, not to be forgotten, a love act glued them tighter than anything else. Otherwise, however, I had remained faithful to Telemachos all these years and never had an affair. My old father will have shaken his head over the carnival, because that was completely unthinkable in the north.

I looked for a task and pursued it all these years. I sponsored every year the three poorest families in town, I brought them food, clothes and whatever was needed. I gave their sons and daughters gifts of money when they got married and was like the devil behind it that they worked and did not become impoverished like their useless fa-

thers. It was an important, demanding and busy task, which also impressed Telemachos.

From our 10th year of marriage, I gave birth to two boys, Heracles and Odysseus. King Telemachos was murdered cowardly when they were 13 and 12 years old and I took over the throne until my sons could become King. I had them both lay with me, following the traditions, and they both fucked me dutyfully to wonderful orgasms night after night until the end of my life. Already at 12 and 13 they fucked me wonderfully one after the other, switching after squirting inside, until I had to give up. I got them two lovely virgins from the beginning and they fucked the servant girls for hours like my Telemachos until their cocks were completely relaxed. They swapped girls daily and fucked them blissfully in tandem, our bed was big enough for all of us. They both fucked me one after the other from orgasm to orgasm, I experienced so many and wonderful orgasms like no woman before. Odysseus had the most enormous cock I have ever seen, he was of iron steadfastness and mostly fucked me to unconsciousness. Heracles was King for a year and had an accident while hunting the wild boar. Odysseus became a wise, just and kind-hearted King. Like Telemachos and Heracles, he also needed a young servant, whom he fucked for hours after fucking me. He was sad every time we had to send the high pregnant servant home. But I got him a new willing virgin on the same day and he fathered two or three children every year.

One day my heart stopped after Odysseus fucked me to unconsciousness and then fucked on for a long time. I died in my 54th year happily aware of having had a good husband, two good sons, and a fulfilling love life. I was the wife and had lain with three Kings, Telemachos, Heracles and Odysseus, and fucked all my husbands for incredibly long happy years.

Few women do achieve that!

# Baal, a Deity I Am

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am the god of female sexuality, of the girls and the women. Annu, our highest Goddess, has long ago thundered the door behind her, angry about the little humans who had nothing but chaos and war in mind and would inevitably destroy the planet. I could understand her very well, but I'm just not the type who thunders doors or plays the sorehead primadonna without having to laugh out loud over myself. And when you get right down to it, girls and women are pretty cute sexy creatures.

Long before humans could walk upright and talk, I taught the first females to masturbate and orgasm, and it was well done, I think. From the beginning, the females tended to put all kinds of things in their pussies to get even more lust with them. If at first it was only phallus-shaped fruits and vegetables, later they made love sticks and godemichés, and today they have battery-powered vibrators or clit stimulators, which I don't think have a great future.

I slip since the beginning of mankind into the bodies of the girls and women to make them horny, I masturbate them or fuck them pleasurably without tearing the hymen of the virgins, that is the task of the males who also have to care for the fertility. Not a single one of them has ever made it public that a Deity lets them masturbate and fuck.

The beginnings of mankind were really exciting. On the one hand, many more children had to be born than is usual for an animal group. On the other hand, the females had to be much more active in seeking the fucking and the pregnancy. At that time the females could still see and feel me, which made my task easier. I fucked millions of females, letting them experience the pleasure and orgasm as often as they could, craving their excitement and satisfaction. It was no problem to fuck so many females at once, a Deity can do that easily. It was more difficult to get the females to fuck not only the pack leader, but all of the males, and as often as the males could. It took a

few millennia, but suddenly it clicked! and the new generation of females pounced on all the males as intended. There were horrific fights as the pack leaders lost power, and who likes to do that? However, eventually a generation of males came along who cared more about fucking than playing boss and the power stuff. It took a really long time, but the pack grew rapidly. Still masturbating was only secondary for the females, fucking came first.

The more generations came, the more intelligent they became, the more free love was regulated, with farming and settling fences were erected and property rights came crawling out, all at once came the stupid monogamy. The population grew steadily, but now fucking became secondary. Women were chained with heavy chains to a single, completely overwhelmed man, now I could play the masturbation card. Women masturbated like never before and systematically educated their daughters and the following generations to masturbate massively. I rejoiced, the next step was logical. I fucked the woman or girl in her sleep and she experienced it believing it was only a dream. She woke up in a cold sweat with her heart pounding and clit throbbing with excitement from the nightly orgasm. Oh my God! She masturbated immediately until the arousal subsided.

That was the moment a woman in the ancient Sumerian Empire invented ‘cheating the husband’. I rewarded the good woman with a hundred lovers and struck her husband with that special blindness that he saw only plumbers, letter carriers and craftsmen in them. The cheating spread across the empire and beyond. Hallelujah!

I could sit back with satisfaction and take aim at other cultures. There, immensely resourceful women had figured out how to subjugate mute servants, namely pet dogs for their pleasure. The little dog was the ideal clit stimulator, his industrious tongue was excellent for making orgasm after orgasm. Even more refined were those Far Eastern women who immediately invented a new religion centered on the “Sacred Stallion”. The stallion was easy to train, his cock not much thicker than the man’s cock, but twice as long, the woman had to take that into account. The stallions seemed to understand better than the bulls how the women wanted to be fucked. And they could. The women kept up these customs for a few thousand years until the

end of the Bronze Age. They cleverly disguised their desire to be fucked by trained stallions. No shameful cheating, but “only” a religious act! How cunning and sly was that!? I was infinitely proud of these devious women! The dumbfounded men needed hundreds, even thousands of years to get rid of the stallions and to invent the car.

Annu had limited the fertility of the Deities, we should not flood the planet with demigods. If you think about it carefully, a wise decision. However, we have always had our favorites and promoted them. I have worked with many rulers to give them many descendants. The wise and just King Hammurabi was also known for the fact that the subjects very gladly led their 12 or 13 year old daughters to his bed, because he deflowered so gladly the young girls with his “Divine Battering Ram” and they got something from the splendor and the wealth of the King. A cuneiform tablet reports 420 children of the King, but there were far more.

Ramses of Egypt was one of my particular favorites. He ruled for a very long time, built many beautiful buildings and statues and lived to be nearly 100 years old as rarely anyone did. The people gifted him well over a thousand virgins, for he too loved to deflower and impregnate young girls. He loved this ritual more than anything. He made his favorite wife lie naked on the bedstead, the virgin lay down with her back on the wife’s naked pussy. He deflowered the virgin with a strong jerk and fucked her several times in a row, squirting the royal semen into the child. The favorite woman, who had become very hot from the deflowering and the virgin’s fucking, pushed the girl aside and stretched her eager little hole out to him demanding. It was now easy for him to fuck the wife and put out the fire in her cunt. Both women cuddled gratefully and satisfied to their master, who sometimes demanded another round. I was touched by how much his people loved him and wept for him at the funeral.

One of my fiercest opponents in the world of the Gods was Marduk the Devious, against whom my wife Astarte rightly warned me. Marduk’s favorites often developed into cruel monsters who wanted to tear the world to pieces, such as Adolf. How well I remember little Adolf and his mother, a postmaster’s widow in the old Austrian Em-

pire. What would still have been her right and his duty in ancient Greece was now shamefully disgraceful. She forced her 9 year old to mount and fuck her through three or four times a day until he went out into the world at the age of 21.

She was a wretched and ugly woman who did not inspire in her little boy any real love for the female sex. Therefore, it did not surprise any of us observers that he fucked her assiduously and eagerly, but without loving passion for her. He loved the fucking itself very much, as any youth in his position probably would have, but his love for his mother was whimsical and twisted. She was very afraid he might infect her with syphilis and forbade him any contact with girls. She threatened him with the heavens most severe punishments and would curse his cock and make it wither! He never fucked another woman out of fear even after her death.

He evolved into a scopophile, putting his face in front of the girl's pussy and watching her masturbate, rubbing his insignificant cock desperately and laboriously squeezing out the oozing semen with his fingers. His niece Geli Raubal, who shot herself in the heart shortly thereafter, reports that all with disgust but also with some sexual excitement in her diary books.

She had to sit naked on the carpet and Uncle A. put his face in front of her pussy. It started very arousing and exciting for her at 14, but at 19 she detested A. He made hundreds of drawings of her pussy and tried to draw her masturbating too. How amazed she was at first that he gave her rich gifts when she masturbated in front of him. She liked to masturbate very much and very often, why not let him watch as she gently stroked her labia and the clit gradually stiffened with horniness? How she slowly gyrated to excite the clit, began to rub faster and then triggered her orgasm with frantic rubbing? How her body jerked and wriggled in orgasm and she convulsed in spasms? No, she didn't mind that Uncle A. made her masturbate in front of his face three or four times a day. No, she didn't find anything wrong with it at first, but later it disgusted her every time, because he couldn't be persuaded with anything in this world to deflower and fuck her. Disappointed, she let the chauffeur deflower her, Uncle A. raged and had the good man murdered.

After her suicide, A. rarely found one who willingly masturbated in front of his face such as Magda, the wife of his mouthpiece Goebbels, whom he secretly despised because of his deformed club foot. She had already a handful of children, but she was an exhibitionist who masturbated as often as she could happily in front of A.'s greedy face and cheated her husband with his boss shamelessly.

At last he met a kindred spirit, Eva, whom he married the day before they committed suicide together. Eva was used to the scopohiliac tendencies of some men like her own uncle, A.'s personal photographer, who took thousands of nude photos of her — before, during and after masturbating. A. was a magnificent catch for her, the first man in the state, powerful like no other! She was and remained with pleasure an untouched virgin, A. wanted to caress her only greedily, to grope unseemly her cunt parts and to watch her masturbating endlessly. She mostly had to touch A.s cock, playing not very enthusiastically with it, shoving the foreskin back and forth. More than that she liked to take his cock in her mouth and teasingly lick it, that she knew very well from her sister's licking. He forced her to keep it in her mouth, when he was squirting, no other woman would do that. She spitted his semen to the floor with deep disgust. She never rubbed his cock, because it disgusted her with the oozing semen. Eva loved masturbating like nothing else in the world, she masturbated as often as she could in retreat and gave herself the most beautiful orgasms, day and night.

Marduk got his great war. Mankind murdered purposefully and indiscriminately. I could only marginally interfere with Marduk and got the soldiers to fuck or rape the girls and women before the murder, a faint glimmer of sex before the murder. Astarte cursed A. and all the warlords and they all perished miserably.

I loved to slip into the body and mind of very young girls, over century millennia. I loved their innocence, their childlike curiosity about sexuality. They learned to masturbate with me, they increased their desire from night to night. The night was my dear ally. The girls masturbated shyly and rarely at first, I gave them confidence and more horniness. They increased the frequency and intensity of masturbation, getting hotter by the day. By 13, most were really keen to

fuck with real men. To most I sought a loin-strong youthling from their age group, but a few were eager to be deflowered by their own father, brother, or other relative. I arranged as often as possible for a nice deflowering opportunity, since it was an important event and a turning point in my girls' lives. Out of breath and anxious, we awaited the event, our hearts beating bid to our throats and our clits throbbing and demanding for lust. Finally, finally the moment arrived! The young boys had to put their theoretical knowledge into practice and most of them knew about the sanctity of the moment. Some penetrated slowly and carefully, pressing their cock into the virgin's hole, waiting tensely for the hymen to tear. But many behaved like wild bulls, penetrating with a firm, powerful jerk and tearing the hymen with a single jerk. Most virgins were sad and dazed after their deflowering, but they had now become real women and were gradually learning to fuck.

For many millennia, disguised as a young girl, I tried to include masturbating and fucking in small, festive parties. How happy I was when I managed to seduce the girls to masturbate and fuck in small groups. I let myself be fucked by all the guys one after the other in these moments and also seduced the girls to admit their feelings a little more whorish and to let themselves be fucked by many guys one after the other, and alcohol helped a lot. Only rarely did these gangbangs get out of hand, because the violence, the rape by a pack of greedy savages was a martyrdom and traumatizing for every girl. At the beginning of mankind, these gangbangs were very common and virtually the standard. The more humans evolved into rational beings, the rarer gangbangs became. The more intelligent people became, the more they developed deviant rules, prohibitions, commandments and obstacles to hinder the happy gangbang of girls. I had to admit defeat, Annu had been proven right once again. The little humans had only chaos and war on their minds and had to get a firm grip on my girls' sexuality. Only the Amazons fought back, they just kicked the men out, cultivated lesbian lovemaking as their norm and only once a year they had a lavish party where they raped men and robbed them of their seed.

The Greeks finally invented the Carnival. A whole day and night of free love, anyone was allowed to fuck anyone and neither age, social

standing nor physical beauty mattered. The Kings traditionally deflowered some very noble virgins to welcome the spring season, after that the party was open, everyone pounced on everyone with pure sexual desire and eager lust. All the servants and the royal guardsmen were allowed to fuck the Queen through, the Queen went back to the castle at dawn with soft knees and aching pussy, caringly supported by two bodyguards. The Queen had to fuck so many men that she lost her breath, but each Queen gave her best and held out until the last loin-strong guardsman. The women could finally give themselves to their secret lovers or demanded it vehemently and loudly from these favorites. The intoxication was over after 24 hours, the women returned sadly to the conjugal bed, but they still dreamed during the whole year of the beautiful fucking and being fucked in the carnival. I saw their fantasies while their masturbation, and in them they repeated the fucking with their beloved and did not think for a moment about their everyday gray, tired-loin husband. The Carnival also had reassuring consequences for the New Year, the girls and women had let themselves be fucked extensively until their pussies ached and they no longer gave a thought to cheating. I participated in the Carnival of course in the front line with my avatar girls body, I let more men fuck me than any other, the semen dripped out of my pussy in streams. I was happy for 24 hours, all my girls and women could get fucked by as many men as they wanted. They enforced it most even that the public fucking continued for three more days, so that they could really fuck all the men of their desire as often as they wanted. On those three extra days every common subject was allowed to fuck the Queen, they were shy and a bit scared when they were allowed to fuck the High Lady, but it made everyone proud. I loved the Carnival and made sure it was maintained for thousands of years to come. Unfortunately, the animalistic fucking at the Carnival gradually stopped, maybe it was related to the invention of writing? Nevertheless, even up to the new times the Carnival holds itself in mitigated form, the earlier public fucking was shamefully pushed away into the secrecy, however, thank God, it never disappeared.

From the east the new New spread, the women discovered the “Holy Bull”, for example in the Persian Mithras-Cult. Only a few High Priestesses were acrobatic enough to fuck the bull. The bulls had penises far too small and were by nature the most unsuitable to

fuck the priestesses. None of the bulls had the slightest inclination to fuck a priestess. Two priestesses on the left and two on the right snuggled nakedly up to the uncomprehending bull, and the acrobat high priestess, stimulated by drugs and hours of masturbation, clung to her victim from below and inserted the bull's small cock in her pussyhole. She fucked without any active response from the bull, who with animalistic dullness jerked off his semen until the little human female let go of him. Never had the priestess other than a faked orgasm. The new religion disappeared faster than anyone would have thought possible.

Far longer lasted the connection of women and the "Sacred Stallions" that poured over southern Europe from the distant steppes of Asia. The stallion was easy to train and the women kept this habits high for several thousand years. How much pleasure in perverse watching did the Greeks get when Queens like Penelope or Brunhild let themselves be fucked by a stallion in plain sight, in public on the main town square? Nobody saw the shy feelings and the shameful trembling hearts of the selfhumiliating Queens.

The Carnival was extended to four days under the Kings Odysseus, Telemachos and Odysseus the Younger, much to the delight of the populace, who could afford a nap to recover and continue fucking freshly invigorated. The Queens, Penelope and Brunhild, had to fuck all the willing men from the second day on. There were often more than 200 on these 4 days and the Queen staggered back to the castle with really soft knees, caringly supported by two guardsmen. — Those were the days!

I have been performing my task as a Deity conscientiously and faithfully for millions of years. In the early days, it was very exciting to awaken and nurture the sexuality of creatures that were more animal than human. These first creatures, still animal-like, discovered the pleasures of daily mating as an evolution of fucking, which previously occurred only when they were still animals and ready to conceive. Over many millennia, women evolved masturbating and fucking into what it is today.

Girls and women still love to be guided and seduced by me to masturbate and fuck. Astarte, my dear and wise consort, points out more and more often that there are already almost a billion people on Earth and you and I must not overdo it with fertility, because Annu's gloomy forebodings would otherwise arrive sooner than expected.

"We are gradually disappearing, my love," sighed Astarte, "we are becoming transparent, invisible and meaningless with time!"

# Penelope

by Jack Faber © 2023

I was Penelope, Queen of Ithaca more than two thousand eight hundred years ago. The brilliant poet Homéros sang about Heroes and Heroines, Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses. But for me, the wife and Queen of the hero King Odysseus, he did not sing a single line.

I was born a Princess and was prepared from day one to become Queen one day. I learned to masturbate from an early age and was allowed to play with my girl and boy playmates. Most of all we loved to play something sexual, Daddy and Mommy or Old Man and Young Servant girl. They weren't princes or princesses and didn't have to watch their hymen like I did. When Mama said she would cut off my head if I didn't take care of my hymen, it was not an empty threat. She had already cut the throats of some servants and maidens with her own hands. So I paid very close attention.

I was allowed to masturbate as often as I wanted. Like all Queens and princesses, I also had a lovely servant girl who lay with me after sunset and masturbated me finely until I fell asleep. My playmates were allowed to fuck and I lay with them full of envy and felt their cock and their pussy with my hand to feel at least a little bit of the arousing fucking. If I once had a daughter, I would not forbid her to fuck — how often I cried at night into the pillows or on the soft naked pussy of my servant girl, while she was masturbating herself happily, because I felt the burning and desire in my pussy!

I was married at 15 to King Odysseus of Ithaca and he had not without ulterior motives set our wedding day on the carnival. On carnival day, the King traditionally deflowered some virgins from noble families and all the people fucked enthusiastically until sunrise with them. My new servantgirls bathed me, oiled my body and perfumed me with the noblest scents from Persia. With tender masturbation they made me hot for my Lord. I lay on the podium trembling with excitement. The people held their breath as Odysseus deflowered me

with a quick and powerful jerk. I took a deep breath, it hadn't hurt and my husband fucked me twice more with loving passion. The people joined in enthusiastically, girls got everywhere fucked by man after man and oodles of semen squirted into their little pussyholes. Odysseus continued with the official program and deflowered some noble daughters. I was traditionally fucked powerfully and vigorously by my servantmen and our bodyguards until sunrise. It was wonderful and I loved the carnival immediately, because there is definitely nothing better than being fucked by three dozen men so that you went home with trembling knees afterwards! Thank God Telemachos continued this tradition ...

I was married at 15 to King Odysseus of Ithaca and we had a beautiful son, Telemachos. He grew up to be a magnificent Prince. He could really squirt at the age of 7 and I often watched him with desire as he squirted high into the air after rubbing himself. When no one was around, I masturbated young Telemachos and made him squirt up high when I pushed my veil aside and he saw my hairless pussy. Most of the time I masturbated him again right away and he squirted very high when I widened my little pussyhole with my fingers and rubbed soothingly over the bursting stiff clit. Never did I masturbate in front of him, but immediately went to my room to extinguish the fire in my clit! He learned pretty soon to fuck his playmategirls and he was really good at it!

I rode naked every evening, covered only in a thin veil on my stallion Protraktes to my favorite spot on the rock overlooking the sea and lay down facing the sun, gently masturbating to get in the mood for the night with my husband. Protraktes must have watched me covetously, because soon he let his cock hang out long. Aloud laughing, I grabbed his cock and released him, letting his semen squirt into the grass as every day. Protraktes loved very much to be masturbated every day and he also loved me very much, but I could not let him fuck me like very many other women do completely without shame. I often watch these shameless women who let themselves be fucked day after day by a well trained stallion. It looks very horny and exciting, but I do not know whether to despise or understand these women.

I often questioned them. The stallion really had to be specially trained and had to squirt his semen every day, because it was only through habituation that he fucked long enough to give his mistress an orgasm. And the woman also had to be very careful that the stallion did not penetrate her too deeply. Some of these women told me that this act was very common in prehistoric times, since men did not live as long as they do today. With the help of a good-natured woman, I also let a stallion fuck me a few times, not very often, maybe 80 or 100 times. The orgasms were really unique, mind blowing and fucking with a stallion is by far much better than with many a loin-weak man. But I think that neither my husband would like it nor that it is proper for a Queen. I only do it secretly and have not told my husband about it yet. I like to do it when my husband is away for days at a time, it's a delightfully exciting change of pace. But Protraktes is already too old to be trained for it anyway. I have grown up loving his wonderful character and our little secret since my earliest youth.

When Telemachos was 11, my husband went to war against Troy, not because he hated the Trojans or was looking for a scuffle. No, some dimwitted king had had his wife stolen and carried off to Troy by a Trojan Prince. Odysseus was ashamed with rage, a war because of a stupid love deal! But he had to go, he was bound by oath, politics and manly honor. Telemachos and I cried our eyes out when my Lord left. My first decision was that Telemachos must sleep in my marriage bed. Every widow was entitled to that, and I could become a widow at any moment!

My son almost passed away with horniness and forgot his suffering instantly when in the evening my servant girl lay down with us and masturbated me as always tenderly soft and wonderfully. I know how much this excites the men, my Odysseus almost always fucked my servant girl afterwards in a sexual rage! I waited until she had gone and embraced Telemachos and his bursting stiff cock, "Come, my darling, from now on you shall lay by me as my husband until the King returns!" Telemachos had to swallow three times when he heard my enticing words. It was not at all proper, but who should deny me? Telemachos could really fuck very well and he had his father's talent in it. He was really strong in the loins for his age. When I

closed my eyes, I could feel as aroused and hornily being fucked as I did in Odysseus' arms. He wanted to satisfy me really well every night and withheld his seed from his playmates. We fucked every night until he was deflated and we cried hugging, crying at the sad fate of my Lord. Telemachos shared my bed for ten years, then came the noble candidates.

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## Telemachos' storytelling (I)

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I learned to masturbate and fuck from my playmates at a very early age. The servant-girl who slept in my bed since I was born showed and explained everything to me before I was 7 and prepared me to go to my first carnival. She was a not very beautiful but a very sweet 15 year old who fucked my father very secretly. I was always allowed to grope her intimate body parts at night and fuck her playfully at 6, I think, but I couldn't squirt until I was 7. My mother often watched me masturbate and when no one else was around, she masturbated me with a greedy grin. To make me squirt, she spread her thighs and let me see her tiny little hole, and I squirted immediately! She had never pubic hair from youth on and that always made her pussy appear virginlike and childlike. Eaa, my dearest playmate, like me 7 years old, was very sad about being deflowered tomorrow at the carnival by some alien nobody, as she was not a noblewoman. She wrapped her arms around my neck and cried bitterly, she didn't want a stranger to deflower her! I calmed her down and when she could laugh again, I deflowered her a day too early, but she was anyway very happy that it was me. We fucked seriously on but she only got an orgasm while masturbating afterwards.

I loved the Carnival, because first the King fucked the Queen - Daddy and Mommy - on stage, I saw them fuck for the first time!!! Then Daddy deflowered and fucked some girls and Mommy had to let all her servants and bodyguards fuck her. The celebration lasted from noon until the next sunrise and all the people fucked, masturbated, squirted and cuddled in public to welcome the spring season. I stood on the edge of the stage for a very long time watching at arms length my Mommy being fucked by man after man after man. She

was my dream girl in those young years, and I fantasized about every cock being mine, fucking her. Of course I little peck fucked the young girls from the village and was allowed to fuck also adult women, real big ones, and they laughed aloud when I youngster gave all and fucked relentlessly in their big pussyholes. I think I wasn't very skilled at fucking back then.

Of course I liked to sneak up behind Mommy when she went into the stables with her cheeks glowing. It disgusted me at the first moment when she let herself be fucked by a stallion. Another woman pushed the Hagemonion in front of the stallion, which was a heavy wooden frame where the stallion could rest his front hooves and Mama could lie down under his belly at the right height. When the stallion was not yet aroused, he sniffed Mama's childlike pussy and his cock quickly stiffened. Mommy grabbed the cock with both hands, inserted it very carefully into her little hole and then the fine stallion began to fuck her powerfully. He remained almost motionless with his rear end and fucked only with his cock. Mommy usually let herself be fucked four or five times in a row. Then, out of curiosity, I secretly watched many more women when they let the stallion fuck them and I soon knew that a well trained stallion could fuck about 20 times in a row. I saw this myself, four naked women let the stallion sniff their pussies until his cock was as stiff as Heracles' club. They let the stallion fuck them lustfully, always taking turns after his squirt-inside. He sniffed all their cunts before she lay down to be fucked and his cock was instantly stiff again. So I witnessed that the good stallion diligently fucked and cum 20 times in a row. I soon realized how much Mommy loved to fuck the stallion and I also found it no longer disgusting but very arousing and exciting.

When Daddy went off to war, Mommy ordered me to sleep with her in the marital bed. She explained to me that all widows were allowed to have a son sleep with them, and Daddy could make her a widow at any moment. I nodded, although I didn't quite understand, Daddy hadn't died yet, had he? I watched very excitedly as her servant girl masturbated Mommy before she went to sleep. But that was much, much more exciting than watching my playmates masturbating! Mommy then sent the sweet servant-girl away, who was usually always allowed to masturbate herself after having masturbated

Mommy, but not today, shoo-shoo, masturbate in your own bed! Mommy hugged and kissed me with her tongue like a whore, she stroked my stiff, dripping cock and whispered, now I had to fuck her because Daddy was gone. I swallowed and swallowed in anticipation and I fucked her as best I could with my 11 years. I knew exactly how she let the stallion fuck her and I did it like him. Mommy got her orgasm like from her stallion and she kissed me a thousand times with gratitude.

Mommy let the young servant girl watch our fucking from the beginning because the girl really wanted to watch it. The 13 year old Andromachis was a pretty, simple girl and she was very shy and timid. I asked her because she had a very large clit and she thought it came from masturbating a lot, which she did very, very often from an early age on. She was allowed to lie down right in front of Mommy's pussy and watch our fucking up close. This made her hopelessly horny and she masturbated incessantly. After fucking, she masturbated Mommy's clit very skillfully until mom tiredly fell asleep. Watching them do it in my recreation pause made me bursting stiff and raging horny. We were very quiet so as not to wake Mommy and I deflowered Andromachis with a quick jerk. We continued fucking for another two hours for sure, until I was finally completely deflated after cuming many times. I kissed her on the mouth and she learned very quickly to let our tongues play with each other. We did it like this every night, Andromachis was always quiet, shameful and very shy, but she loved masturbating and fucking insanely much. Mommy sent her home richly endowed when her little belly had already grown quite big. Mommy always got us pretty virgins, because she noticed how much I liked to deflower them and fuck them every night for a long time. She was proud of me because I had made so many children. She always got me virgins completely untouched, even in the later years.

When I confessed to Mommy that I spied on her every time she fucked with the stallion, she laughed brightly and took me with her every day to watch her fuck the stallion up close. She loved going to the stallion at noon, and now that Daddy was gone, we went almost every day. She masturbated in a long fashion every time she fucked the stallion and said shamefully and with a very shy smile that she al-

ways needed that masturbating after fucking. She avoided mostly to masturbate in front of me, she did it always very shamefully and turned her head aside, feeling very ashamed to show her horniness to her innocent son. I didn't fuck with the playmates or my servant from then on, only every night for the next ten years with Mommy, until the noble gentlemen came to marry Mommy and they sent me off to find Daddy.

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Telemachos shared my bed for ten wonderful years, then came the noble gentlemen. They came like locusts, a good sixty in number. Princes and Kings, old and young, widowed and youthful. They imagined Ithaca's Lord would never come back, and his beautiful, desirable Queen, not yet 30 years old, needed a new husband, the Kingdom a new Lord. I was able to entertain them for a while until our supplies were exhausted. Then I had to ask them to leave or bring in supplies. My hope that they would leave was not fulfilled. They had the best supplies brought in, and the feasts went on forever.

My servant girl was clever and sly. She advised me to weave a cloth and, when it was finished, to decide which cadidate would be my spouse. I would work during the day, she would unravel it at night. The candidates, who nevertheless represented some power, sent Telemachos off to look for his father, he came back only after 3 years. Now my bed was orphaned, the troublesome boy out of the way, however the Kings and Princes did not suspect that Telemachos had fucked me faithfully every night.

They had me poor woman in a quandary. I had set up a fixed bed near the banquet hall, suitable for vigorous and strong fucking with four to five of my bride fuckers, so many I liked to fuck at the same time. No candidate was ever allowed to soil Odysseus' bed. The horny mates came one by one and lay down to me, but I loved to fuck and be be fucked lustfully, vigorously and violently by four or five at once, and they obeyed my screaming orders. They fucked me hellishly good all at once and in turn, turn upon turn, until they went limp! All night I let them fuck me until sunrise. I never told anyone if they were good enough at fucking. Now I can admit that many of them were great, some very great and persistent in fucking and gave me

many shivering orgasms. Yes, I admit that I was impatiently waiting for the evening, impatiently looking forward to the fucking. I whispered to many a good fucker secretly that he should not get drunk now and come to me in the evening. All my maids had red cheeks — and some also round bellies — because the candidates and their entourage also had to fuck someone, if they could not fuck the Queen herself. We Greeks are not food eaters, just look at our world of Gods! When Gods and Goddesses were bored, they fucked young men and virgins of the earth, and not too scarce.

Telemachos came back after three years. He had not been able to find his father on or under the ground. He attended the banquet every evening and never once spoke to any of the candidates. He did, however, lie down at table with the naked beautiful mistresses of the nobles. He embraced them as was proper for a royal host, he kissed them nobly on the lips as a host, while his fingers touched breasts, cunts, pussyholes and clits. How proud I was of my son, who made the beauties blush with his compliments or whispering piggish insinuations! Many a mistress, who had semen dripping from her hole, after she was being fucked by her master and all of his dirtyminded servants in public at the banquet without any shame or decency, he cleaned her little hole with a cloth. It was considered very shameful and indecent to fuck a mistress in public or during a banquet. To have the servants fuck her too was terribly humiliating for these beautiful creatures who served only for pleasure and lust, but the nobles had lost all their sense of shame and decency! If she was hopelessly horny and left unsatisfied from the fucking, my son masturbated her to orgasm, covering her private parts with his body. How proud I was of my son! Unobtrusively he pushed his cock unseen in the pussy of the beauty, arousing himself with piggish whispering or the covert masturbation and squirt without obviously fucking in the tight pussy without anyone but me noticed! I had greeted him only briefly and formally, for I suspected how he would react to my greed to be fucked!

Telemachos came back after three years, he had escaped the assassination attempt of my admirers thanks to the Goddess. He had not been able to find his father on or under the ground, although no one had seen him fall in battle and the other heroes had long since re-

turned. He was horrified that the admirers had been fucking me in turn every night for three years to rehearse! He sat by my sinful bed for 30 nights, stroking my head as it rested on his thighs and placing a hand chivalrously protective on my battered clit. When my heart raced toward orgasm, his sensitive fingers rubbed my clit to wonderfully trigger my orgasm.

My son was a man too of course, from the start his stiff cock jutted out above my head, my forehead, my nose and above my mouth, his semen sometimes dripping onto my lips. When he bent over to masturbate my clit to orgasm, his semen squirted in a jet into my mouth and I licked his glans clean. He kept this up until dawn, and he was soothing me. He had saved his semen in the three years of his search and lay with the pretty young daughters in the evening only to deflower them or give them an orgasm, or several, when the most shameless girls begged him. To the mothers he thanked nicely-but-No, he had not come to whore around with the wives of noble men, but because of the search for the beloved father!! I had to laugh at my smart son and he lasted 30 nights, squirting into my mouth with each of my orgasms! But he was horrified inside, how the Kings and Princes humiliated me night after night. I could feel his pain.

When the contestant went limp, I roared loud and impatiently for the next one! The candidates stood around with the wine cups in their hands, debating critically how the candidate had performed and looking enviously as the cock plowed in and out my little pussyhole. Every night my servants and some bodyguards asked early in the morning politely, if they could fuck me too and of course they were allowed, my braves! It was a carnival that lasted 3 years! I screamed with lust and horniness until sunrise, Telemachos accompanied me silently crying every morning to my marriage bed. He sat sadly with me at the bed of my sins for 30 nights, his eyes glowing dangerously as often as I died in agony and in orgasm, probably a hundred times in orgasm, every night. One night he smashed the sin-bed with an axe, demonstratively took me by the hand and led me to the marriage bed. How starved he was, the star of my life! He fucked me until sunrise and further until noon, until he went limp. My pussy screamed with joy and pleasure, I can tell you! It didn't matter to us that our lovemaking was heard all the way down to the banquet hall.

## Telemachos storytelling (II)

I rode off quickly, I wanted to find Daddy that week and return to Mommy as soon as possible, because I had a very bad feeling about leaving her in that pack of quirky-dirty characters. She gave me her faithful stallion Protraktes and I had to promise her to masturbate him every day, as he was so much used to it. I did not find the father on the first day, nor in the first month, nor in the first year, nor in the second year, nor in the third year. I had to return home after three years, I had searched every house, village and town in Greece in vain. As promised, I had the good Protraktes masturbated daily, squirting by the wayside or in the grass. I refused to allow the mothers to lie with me, saying, that I was not travelling for whoring the wifes of honorable men but to find my dear father and slept only with their youngest or virgin daughters every night. I did not deny them a deflowering and the orgasm or several orgasms that the most depraved and obscene ones begged me for. I returned home.

How everything had changed! The noble gentlemen were fucking Queen Penelope, my mother, every night purely as a rehearsal. The Queen had started a weaving and never finished it, so the faithful servant helped her to stall the gentlemen. I lay down at the banquet with the mistresses of the Lords, I kissed and caressed these naked most beautifuls of the country with delicacy, feeling their jewels curiously. Some of these beautiful creatures, in contrary to any sense of shame and decency, were publicly fucked and humiliated at the banquet by their masters and then by some of their depraved servants. Outrageous! The girls were often left crying, humiliated, sexually aroused and horny to bursting. I wiped the semen from their sweet little holes and when they could laugh again, I covered their bodies shamefully with my body, penetrated their sweet little holes with my cock and masturbated them friendly, so they could be happy again. That hidden masturbation situation aroused me that much, that I squirted secretly in their sweet little holes without moving an inch, and without having to fuck them visibly. Penelope was the only one to notice, she smiled and blinked with an eye to me. I would say during these 40 banquets I squirted multiple times in every sweet little

pussy of all these magnificent creatures, in all of them and noticed by no one. I fucked all of these beauties, all of them!

I felt sorry for Penelope from the bottom of my heart. She was powerfully fucked every night on a lottery bed by so many nobles. She screamed her soul out of horniness and lust. I no longer recognized my usually gently, pleasurable and decently fucking mother. She was like a fury, she often fucked several men at once and her insatiable pussy sucked the cocks greedily and mercilessly empty. She roared like a madwoman for the next stiff cock and the spectators loitering around her bed ducked at her screams. Was this still my mother, was this vulgar monster roaring for “more!” still my lovely, gentle and decently fucking mother?

I sat down at the head end and put her head on my thighs. My faithful cock stood over her head, her forehead and nose to over her full lips, a little bit dripping on her lips in arousement. I placed one hand protectively on her clit and quickly rubbed her to orgasm as she raced toward it. My cock spurted a rich jet into her mouth and she laughingly licked my glans. I reassured her I had saved my semen on the journey and I was indeed able to squirt down her throat until dawn.

One day it was enough, just enough! I grabbed one of the giant axes and furiously smashed the lotter bed to pieces! Then I took Penelope by the hand and led her up to the marriage bed. We fucked for the first time in three years, she scratched, hissed and screamed with lust! It wasn’t until noon the next day that I was exhausted. That the sounds and noises of our lovemaking could be heard all the way down the hall, we both didn’t care, but so what!

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A half-blind old beggar came into our royal yard. He was insulted, kicked and beaten up, but he would not let to be chased away. Telemachos was one of those who treated him kindly. The ragged old man said he was Odysseus, his father. Telemachos remained polite, but of course he didn’t believe a single word. Place here, here, and here three quivers of 20 arrows each of Odysseus, the old man said, and hold a contest like Odysseus to shoot an arrow through 12 ax-

eyes. Telemachos was puzzled, how did the old man know about this? It hadn't been played for 15 years! He nodded and promised to set it up that way. After all, there was no mortal who could stretch Odysseus' strong bow even an inch.

The contest began, not one of the contestants could draw the bow. They giggled in embarrassment, the bow must be bewitched. I looked at Telemachos in confusion, what was my son up to? Why was he wearing body armor and a sharp sword at his side? Telemachos calmly returned my gaze. Trust me, mother! said his look. The old beggar joined them, he also wanted to do archery. The candidates kicked after him, but Telemachos thundered down from the ballustrade, "Let the old man draw the bow!" The noblemen reluctantly made way. The beggar drew the bow like nothing! The arrow whirred through the 12 axe-eyes without any touch! The Kings and Princes looked at each other in horror. The beggar had won the Queen?!

The beggar drew the bow, again and again, arrow after arrow! Each arrow struck one of my admirers, driving unerringly into head, heart or neck. Only a few moments passed, then all the candidates lay dead or dying on the ground. Telemachos stepped next to the dying and cut their throats mercilessly. Then he bent the knee to the beggar, "Welcome home, my father, King Odysseus!" I stood frozen. Telemachos must have gone mad! I looked into the beggar's one eye, scanning his face. No, impossible! This could never be my husband! Telemachos stroked the beggar's face with his blood-stained hand. "Ask him something, dear mother, that only your husband can know!" I pondered. I discarded the idea of asking about some peculiarity of my body, far too many men have seen me naked, though they were all dead ... The old man smiled. "Your clit is two fingertips long and has grown slightly to the left from all that heavy masturbating!" smiled the old man with a frivolous grin. "Phew!" I exclaimed angrily, "you're just imagining it!" I huffed and blushed because it was true, but only my servant girl could know that. "You hiss and scratch with pleasure and lust like a wild panther when you get fucked good!" the old man added with a broad obscene grin. I didn't dignify him with a glance, the cheeky guy had overheard me fucking at some point! — "I got it," I exclaimed. "How many servants does it take to push my marital bed into the corner of the bedroom?" He

couldn't have known that. I pretended hypocritically to help him, "four, six, or eight?"

The old man laughed uproariously, "Four, six or eight, what, oxen maybe?" He laughed and held his side laughing, the wretched fellow! He looked me in the eye, laughing. "Not a single one, my Queen," he said quietly, "Not a single one! I carpentered our marriage bed myself, it is built around the trunk of an ancient oak, and no mortal could move it a thread!" My knees almost gave way and Telemachos jumped over to support me. Only I and Odysseus knew of this, not a single servant or servant girl, not even Telemachos knew of this. But how could this be my Odysseus? No matter, it had to be him! I gathered all my courage, I approached the old beggar, I embraced him in his rags and offered him my lips for a kiss. At that moment a golden mist came over him, the Goddess transformed him back into Odysseus in his magnificent robes. I kissed him, I hugged him, I held him tight; never would I let him go again! He embraced me and Telemachos, and our happiness brought tears to our eyes. Odysseus ordered the servants to take the mistresses and dead masters home for a proper burial.

Six weeks later Telemachos came home sad and broken. The Goddess had revealed everything to Odysseus in a dream. My fucking with all Kings and Princes, languishing and hornily roaring for the next, without being physically forced. That he, Telemachos, had lain with me like a man, for years. The father had embraced him and kissed him and said that he was the only one who had the right to lie with me, because I had treated you as the only one decently and chivalrously, Telemachos said and burst into tears again. His father had told him to take good care of me and to lie with me in the future. The Goddess, he said, had called him to set out at once. The father embraced him earnestly and kissed him, turned around and went down the path to the harbor. A ship had suddenly appeared and Telemachos had sadly watched the ship until it disappeared on the horizon.

I have given the Kingdom over to Telemachos. He is a wise, just and loving King, but there is no Queen, as Telemachos has been faithfully lying in my bed for decades, giving me physical pleasures

and unbridled lust. Whenever his duties allow him, he accompanies me to the stallions at noon. I do the fucking with the stallion and my masturbation now in plain sight, in public. The women know that I come daily and give me the most fiery stallions. The people no longer greet me as Queen, but as “Dear Mother!”, which makes me proud and happy.

In the evening I still ride to my rock above the sea to prepare myself for the night with the young King. Protraktes already has a lot of gray hair and gently sniffs my pussy while I am masturbating to get his cock out really long. I think he watches me like one who knows exactly what I’m doing and when I’m done, he comes to stand over me and brings his lance within easy reach. I remain seated while I masturbate him long and very vigorously. I don’t mind if he squirts on my belly or my pussy. I hug him like a dear friend, because he still needs it badly, the good old fellow!

I have asked my servant girl to join us earlier and she masturbates shyly and devoutly watching as I lie in Telemachos’ arms. I had figured out that the girl likes to watch the fucking. Her face lies in front of my pussyhole and she holds her breath, when his cock pumps forcefully in my pussyhole. He then waits patiently until she has made me tired by gently masturbating me. Afterwards, she lets him fuck her two or three times shyly and girlishly or as long as it takes him and lowers her eyes like a virgin when he kisses her on the lips as she leaves again. I pray that I may live this wonderfully full life for a long time to come, until one day I will join my ancestors.

Every year, on this particular day, I sit on the rock above the sea. I wait and pray imploringly to the Goddess to let him return home to me.

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My servant Eleni accompanied me every noon when I went to the main square to be fucked by a stallion in front of the leering populace. Eleni was the only one who felt how much this daily ritual shamed me, how shy I really was inside and how I despised myself for offering this daily show to the voyeuristic plebs. I looked her in

the eyes with shame and full of shyness, when immediately afterwards I masturbated in public as if driven by an evil demon.

Eleni was my young servant at that time, who was constantly seen fucking someone somewhere in our palace. I did not count, of course, but in her youth she fucked during the day with certainly a dozen boys or young boys. She had no taboos, no reservations about age, sex, skin color or social standing. I often believed she had a special soft spot for our black slaves with the mighty cocks. But I was very much mistaken, because she preferred to fuck the young boys, the very young boys with their slender, childlike cocks, she once told me. And she was then the most beautiful midnight interlude at great banquets that King Odysseus sometimes gave for his guests from faraway places. There she came in to the high society, slim and tall like a Goddess, with an aristocratic look and a wonderfully straight nose, followed by a strong black slave with a huge cock and strong loins. Well visible to all the guests, she let the handsome man fuck her three times without interruption. It was dead silent, only the couple's excited gasps could be heard, their moans of pleasure when things were going well uphill and her giggles and whoops when she had an orgasm, downhill exhaling with a long, satisfied moaning. Like two fierce mountain lions, they both fought on to have her as many orgasms as possible. When he had triumphantly squirted into her twitching, rapturous little fuckhole for the third time, the king would toss him a bag of money; he had done his job well. When Eleni was still highly aroused, she hid behind the slave and masturbated and exploded twitching and quivering. She never let anyone watch her masturbate. The company thumped their cups on the table, they had enjoyed the performance! Mostly the high guests demanded that Eleni spent the night with them. She willingly fucked the foreign King and his 3 or 4 companions until the next morning and she satisfied them all. None of the High Lords was able to bring her to orgasm. Usually after such a night she was hopelessly horny and went to a room to masturbate alone, often King Odysseus took his time and fucked his poor horny needy servant to orgasm until her satisfaction.

Eleni was from the beginning of my marriage for years the servant girl who masturbated gracefully and passionately next to us when

King Odysseus fucked me. Delicately and routinely as hardly any other she masturbated me to sleep. The King then fucked her with animal lust, she let my spouse fuck her exulting and cheering and drove him wildly until he had emptied all his semen and his cock softened. But when she married, that was over, she belonged only to her husband and would not let herself be fucked, not even by the King.

Eleni had sunk faintly into the arms of the herald who announced to her the death of her husband before the walls of Troy. Her 13 and 14 year old sons, Heron and Thybates supported her and brought her into the house. She slept for two days and awoke dazed. Tragedy struck her again with full force, but she could cry no more.

Heron awoke next to her. “Oh, you’re awake already, mother!” he exclaimed. She wanted to scold her 14-year-old about what he was doing in her bed, in his father’s place. She had already opened her mouth when the law occurred to her mind. She was a widow and he, as the eldest son, was obliged to take his father’s place, to protect her from nightly sexual raids and to fuck her well and conscientiously. She shuddered, for she had not fucked in over four years and had masturbated every night thinking of her husband until she fell asleep dead tired.

Heron looked at her arrogantly and cockily. He had fucked her a dozen times, the big guy bragged, a dozen times while she slept like a dead woman. No, he said meekly, she had allowed herself to be fucked completely passively in her sleep and had not woken up even in orgasm. Her first orgasm, he said, had come so unexpectedly and so violently, as if her body was making up for the senselessly wasted time. Her body was shaking as if a demon tried to tear her apart, he had never seen a girl or a grown up woman having such a heavy orgasm.

Eleni listened to him with speechless amazement. Her body has reacted to the first fucking since so many years with a really big orgasm, that was fine with her. He had already taken his right, he had not hesitated for a second to fuck her rightfully. Thy, the younger son, had said to him, shaking his head, that he should wait to fuck

her until she was awake, but Heron didn't wait a moment. He had waited four years, he heard her sigh and groan and shivering in orgasm after orgasm every night. Thy held the sleeping Eleni in his strong arms so that she wouldn't slip away during Heron's fucking. Thy masturbated her clit from orgasm to orgasm and cried softly, because Heron fucking the sleeping over and over again was certainly not right.

Eleni now let Heron embrace her apathetically, she could see his enormous morning wood after all. It was a strange feeling to lie down in fuck position after so many years in chastity, spreading her legs willingly and pushing and smoothing her pubic hair sideways with her fingers. Oh, when was the last time she had done this, when her beloved husband went off to the ill-fated war 4 years ago! Heron penetrated her immediately and fucked not bad at all! She couldn't even tell now if he wasn't fucking as well as his father. Eleni was completely surprised at how quickly her pussy heated up and felt her orgasm rising quickly. She clutched Heron with both arms and pressed her cunt against his cock. The orgasm burst upon her like a thunderstorm, she gasped and whimpered in her pleasure at his ear. She immediately calmed down and passively lowered herself. Her horniness was completely gone, she looked at Heron's fucking quite distantly. He increased his pace and gasped with bared teeth. He tore his mouth and eyes wide open and spurted wildly, spurting in rhythmic jets deep inside her.

Six months later, Eleni sat on her favorite stone bench in the shade and looked out to sea. Thy sat beside her and snuggled up, his head with its black mane resting on her chest. He had slipped his hand under her tunic and his fingers were playing with the teat of her breast, making her incredibly horny. He had sat down next to her day after day, lost in thought, playing with her teats. She looked at his cock, which was erect as always, but she never touched it before the squirting. She was not one of those mothers who masturbated their sons from the age of 7 and usually fucked them later, sometimes it was a sister. This was quite common, but Eleni never did it after she showed the son for the first time how to masturbate and let him fuck her for three months on a trial basis, an eternity ago. She thought they should develop on their own. He stroked his cock and played

with her breast and teat, rubbing his cock harder and putting his face on her breast as soon as he felt the squirting rising. The first time he masturbated himself next to her, she looked out of the corner of her eye at his fist, at the thick red glans that kept disappearing into it and coming out again. She was hopelessly horny from watching, his fingers playing incessantly with her breast and with the teat. He paused this first time and buried his face on her breast. “Is something wrong?” she asked softly, and he nodded. “You do it, please!” he said hoarsely. “A mother doesn’t masturbate her son,” she said petulantly. “Please, Eleni, just to cum, just to squirt!” She hesitated a few moments, then grabbed his cock and made him cum in a high arc into the grass. Jet after jet in a high arc, and he sighed deeply. She rubbed the last drops from his cock with two fingers, stroking firmly, and murmured that she didn’t really want to masturbate him. “If you want me to make you squirt after you have masturbated, that’s fine by me! Just give me a sign.” He nodded after that first time, and that’s how they did it every day after that. Now, he sighed contentedly as she grabbed his cock instantly and powerfully let the twitching jets squirt out in a wide arc, jet after jet after jet and then rubbed the last drops out of his cock with two fingers for a very long time, that’s what she did every day for the last six months.

She came to her favorite bench in the midday siesta to masturbate, she needed that throughout her marriage because her husband could never give her an orgasm. She was not particularly disappointed, because hardly any man fucked as well as the King. Her husband was the King’s swordsman, a feared warrior, highly respected and famous. He fucked her every night and squirted powerfully into her pussyhole, sometimes she could seduce him into a second course. But she never came to orgasm, as she usually did with the King. — Thy’s squirting had finally made her very horny, now she turned her back to him, squirting had finally made her very horny, now she turned her back to him, put her soles on the stone bench and her head in his lap, she pulled her tunic up to her navel and whispered that he was not allowed to look! She folded her knees apart and then she masturbated as long and as often until she was satisfied. Thy knew very well that he was not supposed to watch her, but he always watched her and lovingly stroked her head that was lying in his lap. He saw her clit up close for the first time, it was certainly three fin-

gertips long and was shaped like a little boy's penis. After her ass cheeks and clit trembled ever so slightly in orgasm, she turned her head to his cock, gently pulled back the foreskin and let her tongue dance on his glans for a few moments, then gently let the foreskin slide forward and continued masturbating. If her clit had softened after masturbation, Thy's cock had become burstingly stiff. Pulling back the foreskin and exposing the glans, she took it into her mouth and let him squirt in her mouth. Thy's semen tasted like bitter honey.

Eleni sat on her favorite stone bench in the shade and looked out to sea, as every day she had come to masturbate. But today it was somehow different than usual. Thy sat beside her and snuggled up, his head with its black mane resting on her chest. He had slipped his hand under her tunic as every day and his fingers were playing with the teat of her breast, making her incredibly horny.

"I want to fuck you so badly, Eleni," he whispered softly. His stiff cock was visible under his tunic and looked at her in a demanding way. Desire rose immediately in her pussy. She hadn't masturbated his cock before in years, the last time being many years ago when she had rubbed his tiny cock stiffly and let it squirt into her palm to show him how to masturbate.

Eleni never did or allowed sexual acts with her sons in earlier times. Only once, when they squirted the first time and came to her confused, she rubbed the little cock stiff and masturbated him patiently. She let the little one squirt in her palm and explained everything to him, from now on he had to masturbate this way himself, because it was not the mother's task or responsibility. She explained fucking to him in full detail and of course he was allowed to try it out right away. She let him fuck all afternoon, every afternoon for three months, then it was enough in her opinion. She had told her husband right away and he was strictly against it, he had never been allowed to fuck his mother, he lied impudently.

As a kid he had watched with his thumb in his mouth for years, as first the oldest brother and then both older brothers fucked the widowed mother alternately round after round. Only when he could squirt was he allowed to fuck her secretly every afternoon without

the older brothers knowing. In the afternoon she belonged to him alone, it had simply come about because she masturbated absent-mindedly every afternoon and he cheekily mounted her while she masturbated, fucked her and jerked off into the faraway without her noticing the first few times. He had learned secrecy and dissimulation so very early. He waited until the mother started the final spurt with loud gasping and he penetrated her with a quick jerk. He thrust with his lance like a warrior thrusting into an evil Spartan maid who had robbed him of his father. He fucked fast and hard as he had seen his brothers do. She stared at him with her mouth open and her eyes wide in horror as if he were an evil demon. He stared at her with wide open eyes and fucked her hard like in a sexual contest, she raced toward her orgasm, and he squirted and squirted and squirted. Won! With a shrill squeal like a little piglet her orgasm came, she twitched and wriggled and calmed down immediately. She really needed this everyday afternoon orgasm, because at night, when the big sons as true brothers took turns fucking her one and the other time, she never got an orgasm. She never masturbated a second time, because the huge orgasm when she was fucked in horror by the evil demon was enough for her. She hugged her little naughty goat boy and kissed him on the crown, smiling she let him fuck again so many times until his little cock had become soft. — Afte that Eleni didn't tell her husband that she let the son fuck her and cum every afternoon for the next three months.

Eleni knew, of course, that Queen Penelope smilingly sent all importunate men to her for fucking. The Queen knew how much horny Eleni always was from her obsessively nightly masturbating and wanted only good things for her when she sent the fucking horny cocks to her. But she remained rock solid and made it clear to them that she was not fucking anyone, never. Whether it was first her virginity, then her marital fidelity or her chaste widowhood, she rebuffed them all. As a stopgap measure, she offered them a handjob, which almost all of them accepted. She was very good at it, routinately with fine and powerful rubbing she made them all cum, that was the end of it. That meant she did two or five handjobs every day, sometimes more, until she married.

Now it was the first time that Thy's cock was staring at her, bloody horny and demanding. For the first time he didn't masturbate. Thy pushed her tunic from her shoulders, caressed her breasts and excited her teats with his fingers. She had to overcome her shyness, her inhibitions and shamfulness and groped for his cock with shivering fingers. She had pulled his stiff cock half out from under his tunic and very very slowly pulled back the foreskin. Thy breathed heavily and stopped breathing. She slowly drove the exposed glans thoughtfully with her thumb left and right, slowly ran her thumb thoughtfully back and forth on the exposed glans, for minutes. After all, she had decades of experience with cocks and knew exactly where the special spots were with which she could make any cock squirt in an instant. She continued to rub the glans with her thumb, which twitched sensitively with each stroke over it. A jet shot forth and as her thumb continued to rub it, another jet shot forth and another and another. She stopped her thumb. No, this was no longer the little boy's cock she had shown him years ago to masturbate and had allowed to fuck her. This was a sizable cock, probably quite a bit larger than his older brother's.

"You know the law, Heron is the older one, he has the right." Eleni wondered how flat and unconvincing her voice sounded.

"I've been watching both of you fucking for months now, and I can too fuck very well!" Thy whispered, but his voice was clear and firm.

"I don't even know if you can fuck in reality yet, my darling!" Eleni actually didn't know, she had only watched him masturbate when Thy stood beside Heron, when he was fucking her at night. She had long ago forgotten that Thy was fucking the Andromachis bitch so often.

"I've been fucking for a year, now! And I fuck really good, of course!" said Thy, pressed. The smart rubbing of her hand had almost made him squirt. His hand immediately slipped lower, slipped from her teat to her pussy and his finger searched for her clit. She sighed deeply, spread her legs in powerless surrender and pressed her clit on his finger, she wanted badly to have it now. It flashed through her mind briefly, maybe she shouldn't have masturbated

with her head lying in his lap every day after all, maybe he had been watching her despite everything. Shame constricted her throat for a moment, then she surrendered her clit to his finger. May the Goddess forgive her for it!

For minutes there was silence. She gently and very slowly rubbed his cock and he routinely let his finger rotate fast and faster and furiously. She held his cock motionless, closed her eyes and surrendered to his masturbating finger. From her earliest youth, after her father had deflowered her and fucked her daily until her marriage, her skill in educating children sexually had spread. She led the boy and sometimes his little girlfriend to the stone bench at the back of the house and took him in her arms like a baby. She uncovered one breast and let the boy lick and suck her breast and her teat, while she masturbated him. She masturbated him several times until he could no longer squirt. She probed her horny clit with her finger and only had to rub once-twice to trigger a light, only slightly trembling orgasm, which the kids never noticed. The taller ones she led to the stone bench and told him to stand between her legs after she had taken off her tunic and sat completely naked in front of the children. He was allowed to rub her teats with his fingers or explore her body caressing while she patiently showed him how to masturbate. She showed him her sex and explained labia, clit and vagina in great detail. He was allowed to insert his index finger into her vagina and feel it. She didn't hesitate to stroke her clit two or three times during his education so she could bring herself slowly to shivering. Some also wanted to try fucking and she patiently let him fuck and cum inside, that was not real fucking for her. She also showed the girls how to masturbate, but she herself never masturbated in front of the children. Most of the boys continued to come to her for years, often there were as many as twenty of them, fucking the beautiful woman in the afternoon with childlike zeal. They would stand between her legs, pull the foreskin all the way back and moisten the glans with saliva. Eleni pressed a finger protectively on her clit and her finger vibrated ever so slightly when the orgasm made her tremble slightly. Her ass cheeks still trembled and quivered when the next little man penetrated her. But she never thought it was real fucking and that were real orgasms. She had instructed the little girlfriends to suck and lick the cocks of the boys who sat next to her, waiting for their turn, to be

wet when they positioned themselves between Eleni's spread legs. The girls knew they had to swallow the semen and most of the boys squirted into her mouth. Eleni's ass cheeks trembled slightly, as fucking the boys gave her a gentle orgasm, light and only trembling in her clit, on which she had placed a vibrating finger. The first little orgasm was followed by those tiny orgasms she loved so much with each boy.

When she got married, all that stopped, she had promised herself to her husband and was ironcladly faithful to him.

Eleni opened her eyes. She pulled back the foreskin on Thy's cock very slowly, letting the glans emerge slowly. She rubbed his glans with her thumb until a jet shot out, then she stopped. Thy breathed heavily as her thumb let his jets shot, jet after jet until he stopped squirting. She gently wiped the glans with her thumb, wiped away the drops of semen and let the foreskin slowly slide over the glans again. She closed her eyes and surrendered to his finger.

She saw in her mind the images that had followed every night. After all, she had the task of preparing the Queen for fucking in the evening and masturbating her to sleep, only then she belonged to the impetuous King. Queen Penelope loved it when Eleni made her hot with French kisses and hugs and then masturbated her vigorously. Neither she nor the Queen were lesbians, yet the Queen loved it very much when she embraced Penelope stormily like a lover and made love to her with dominant, breathtaking French kisses. The King watched the heated women's kissing and tongueplaying hornily and made his cock's way to Penelope's pussy. Eleni masturbated while the two fucked once or twice and then gently stroked Penelope's clit slowly until she fell asleep. Eleni knew how this excited the King and was very much looking forward to being fucked by him with animalistic ferocity until his seed dried up and his cock softened.

Once again she opened her eyes and very slowly pulled Thy's foreskin back, once-twice. He held his breath and his finger rested motionless upon her horny clit. She rubbed his glans with her thumb until a jet shot out, jet after jet she let shoot out until nothing more came, then she stopped. She gently wiped the glans with her thumb, wiped away the drops of semen and let the foreskin slide slowly over

the glans again. Thy again masturbated her wonderfully and she closed her eyes in horniness.

A sculptor had come to sculpt a nude of Penelope. The Queen had sent her to the artist, he was to sculpt her on Eleni's body and only later sculpt her head. The artist was only into boys and worked obsessively on the clay model while an assistant with an erect cock crouched over Eleni, representing a buck-footed faun. The assistant held out for a long time, but when he couldn't take it anymore he fucked her wildly. It was dead silent in the studio, only the gasps, moans and groans of the two could be heard as they fucked for relieving him. The artist formed her orgasm in clay as if by magic, and she fucked the assistant nonstop on four afternoons, greedy, wild and with animal lust. The artist did not care whether she lay motionless model or fucked with the always stiff assistant.

When she got married all that stopped, she had pledged herself to her husband and remained ironcladly faithful to him.

Eleni now felt very clearly that she was about to orgasm. She opened her eyes and pulled Thy's foreskin down very tightly, she stared at the little hole in his glans and let her orgasm come. Where her boy had learned to do that so perfectly, Eleni thought as she jerked more rapidly than usual in orgasm. She wrenched her knees wide apart as her body wriggled and jerked in spasms as if it would tear her apart. She twitched and jerked as Thy continued to rub her clit powerfully. Without pause the next orgasm made her tremble, Thy continued unperturbed and she got orgasm after orgasm. She trembled, twitched and writhed in sweet spasms, she needed so much of these orgasms every day! She stopped his hand and exhaled in a long shuddering breath. Her ass cheeks trembled for a long time after and she almost passed out from shame. She had always masturbated alone, not even in front of her husband. And that, now! She concentrated anew on Thy's cock.

Eleni remembered how her still young sons, 9 and 10, enthusiastically went to the Andromachis' parties. The rich patrician offered the children a fine buffet and let her sons and all the boys fuck her with relish. She designated a virgin to be deflowered by her sons and

fucked by all the boys in turn. Eleni saw the girl crying bitterly after this ordeal and dissuaded her sons from continuing to go to Andromachis. Fucking the grown up patrician woman would be fine, but fucking the poor girl for hours hard and powerfully was really very mean! But the sons never fucked the poor whimpering virgin, she knew that, and the boys only fucked the old bitch because it was so exciting to fuck a grown up, a big woman. They went on for a while and fucked their brains out, but a year later they had enough.

"And who's the lucky one, if I may ask?" Eleni sounded more mocking than she meant it. She felt very clearly how his cock stiffened and twitched in her masturbating hand.

"You have to squirt already?" she asked, and he nodded. She pulled his foreskin back really hard, rubbed his cock back and forth really fast and let his semen splash into the grass. She made him cum in a high arc, she pulled his foreskin back again and again at the right pace, so that he squirted jet after jet in a high arc. She smiled with satisfaction, because making men cum beautifully was something she had known how to do all her life. Thy buried his face against her breast and his hand sought her teat. She continued to rub him for a while until he stopped squirting.

Thy had calmed down. "Inea, she is!" he said in a firm voice. Eleni was startled for a moment. "Inea, from next door?" she asked, knowing at once that it was true. Inea was a neighbor, butt-ugly, but of a very kind and amiable nature. She was much older than her, she already had three grown up daughters and was perhaps already a grandmother.

"She calls me quietly if I can fuck her whenever she feels like fucking." Thy sighed deeply satisfied as Eleni used two fingers to rub the last drops out of his cock with very firm strokes.

"Inea is all right," Eleni said, as mother having the right to comment. "I'm just a little surprised because she's already such an old woman," she added uncertainly.

Thy nodded and smiled. “Yes, she is already 54. Her huge breasts are very heavy and hang lower than her belly button,” the boy grinned “and her hole is deep as a well dug deep! But she loves to fuck insanely and has taught me everything I need to know about fucking a woman to an orgasm and waiting to cum. She taught me how to masturbate a woman very effectively, you know?” Eleni brushed a strand of hair out of his eyes. She felt the burgeoning horniness in her cunt rise again demandingly.

“You are my love,” Thy whispered, “you have been my only Goddess since ever!” Eleni just now remembered that Heron had ridden out, he had a little 14 year old on the outskirts of the town that he fucked almost every day at this time. Eleni had encouraged him, it was good if he had a lover younger than his mother.

Thy kneaded his cock, which was already stiff again. “I want to fuck you so badly, Eleni, I almost can’t take it anymore!” She looked at his beautiful cock and said directly, but smiling: “And — what are you waiting for?” she asked, giggling almost inaudibly. He looked at her in surprise.

“Right now? Fucking?” his voice broke. “Do you have any other plans?” she asked in an occupied voice. He shook his head ever so slightly. “Right now? Fucking?” he asked incredulously. She nodded. “But not until we get inside!” she laughed. They ran into the house giggling boisterously.

They lay naked next to each other for the first time since he was a child. He has a really big and beautiful cock, Eleni thought. She felt the tugging of horniness in her abdomen and pulled him on top of her. He really fucks as good as his father and for sure better than Heron, it went through her mind. He actually let her orgasm first and only squirted long after she did. Heron was not so patient, although she usually came to orgasm. However, Heron squirted when he felt like it. Eleni and Thy dozed for fifteen minutes and then fucked the second time. She was damn sure she wanted to fuck him every night, even if the law was on Heron’s side.

They were in the middle of the third fucking when Heron appeared under the door. He had come in silently, they had not heard him. “This is my place, dear brother!” and he sounded offended and stern. He waited patiently a few moments for Thy to cum powerfully and when he had finished squirting, he left silently as he had come. The next few days the brothers avoided each other and Eleni angrily refused to fuck Heron for two days. Then she straightened her shoulders and ordered that from now on Thy would also lie with her. If he wanted to protest, she hissed at Heron, then he should go to the city council. But both brothers shook their heads, they agreed, of course, she was the boss after all, it was her bed.

The two brothers prepared Eleni from then on wonderful hours of fucking. They took turns and hardly let her catch her breath. She still masturbated a lot before falling asleep, even when they had fucked her nonstop and she was already dead tired from her many orgasms. She had always masturbated a lot before sleeping all her life and had the most beautiful fantasies that she never had while fucking. This was a very important element that spoke in favor of masturbating, therefore she did it all her life. She was pregnant three times, but the fetuses came off way too early.

During her marriage until her husband’s death, Eleni had been ironcladly faithful to her husband, as she had sworn. She left Penelope and Odysseus on good terms, she did never fuck anyone, and she also stopped the afternoons with the young boys completely. Now that she was a young widow and the two sons fucked her satisfactorily at night, she resumed the afternoons, the fucking with young boys in the siesta. The boys between 8 and 13 flocked again to her stone bench behind the house, the young girls swallowed the boys’ semen and the boys fucked her as before. Her ass cheeks trembled in orgasm, her clit quivered under her vibrating finger, and she sighed happily. Two girls, 15 and 16, who like her especially loved the young boys, evolved into her “assistants”. They eagerly licked the sweet little cocks and swallowed the semen like honey. When it occurred, they too let themselves be fucked by the boys. But they had much stronger orgasms than Eleni, they twitched and wriggled while the next one was already entering their cunts.

The new Queen sent her almost every week in the afternoon a man who was quite in sexual need and did not want to go to the whores outside the city. The girls and boys surrounded the stone bench on which old Eleni lay down naked. She willingly let the man fuck her and the children watched very closely as the powerful cock plowed into her old fuckhole. Mostly they were soldiers or traveling warriors who liked to fuck a second time right away and some of them gave her a real, violent orgasm at the second time. The children asked her in amazement if a woman always got such a violent orgasm? She smiled wisely and answered that it only depended on the fact that the good man gave the woman enough time to come to orgasm.

Eleni was rapidly getting older, her breasts became huge at 56 and since they were full and heavy, they hung down to her belly button. She pulled the tunic over her head, she was willowy and her naked body a real feast for the eyes. Her pubic hair had fallen out before she was married and if you just looked at her virginal looking pussy, you would have thought she was much younger. The tip of her clit usually peeked out excitedly and cheekily between her labia. She looked smiling at the taller girls lying in the grass and letting the guys fuck their brains out. She got a little whimsical after her sons married and had families of their own. She had no problem to engage bigger boys to spend the night with her and get fucked powerfully by two or three of the boys. They always liked to come to her because she could fuck heavenly well. She became a bit careless and masturbated at night after fucking in front of the jacks without being ashamed like before. And she now played the Madonna more and more often. She took little boys in her arms, gave them a breast, on whose teats they licked and sucked. She masturbated her babies with pleasure until they were before squirting. She took the little cocks in her mouth and her tongue searched for the magic spots to make the little ones squirt into her mouth. She swallowed the bitter honey and sucked the cocks until she had sucked them completely dry. Of course, she also licked the clits of the young girls, who held her ton of breast with both hands, sucked her teats and almost choked in orgasm. The older the girls got, the more they liked to play the baby, intensely sucking Eleni's breasts and teats. Eleni held her little ass in one hand and guided the open fruity chalice to her mouth, she licked the clit to the first orgasm and continued to lick it from orgasm to orgasm. When a

bigger boy found himself fucking her at the same time, she let her fingers move to the clit after masturbating the “baby” and prolonged her soft, trembling orgasm or triggered it first. She was no longer embarrassed or ashamed to let her finger vibrate on her clit and trigger her light orgasms with trembling ass cheeks and a quivering clit.

Fucking with the young boys lasted until her old age. They pulled her tunic over her head, because even as an old woman she was a beautiful naked woman. Even then, when her breasts hung full and heavy lower than her belly button and rested on her thighs while she was sitting, she trembled in the little orgasms and her teats trembled on her thighs hornily. She loved these light trembling orgasms more than anything, her ass cheeks and clit trembled continuously and she pressed a vibrating finger on the trembling clit. The other hand had grabbed a teat and was squeezing and squeezing it to keep the horniness going. Some boys also understood that and took on the second teat, the whole magnificent breast and intensified her horniness.

She was very proud of the fact that the 13 to 16 year old boys stayed overnight at her place after her sons had their own family. She loved to be fucked powerfully at night by two or three of the boys until the end of her life. Heron and Thybates teased her affectionately that she was the only grandmother far and wide who let such young lovers fuck her. But they were very proud of her.

Eleni knew what a lucky woman she was.

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Irene could not cry when she received the news of her husband’s death at the gates of Troy. He had already left her a year before he had followed his king into the ill-fated war. She had been very angry that he had left her for a 14 year old slut. She had immediately reacted defiantly, for she had never fucked anyone but him. She took all four children, Castor and Pollux, Dion and Hebe into her bed. The 14 year old Castor had gone silent the day his father had moved in with the slut. He fucked Irene silently every night, and Pollux, who was 10 months younger, also fucked her just one day later. She fucked both sons every night, but she didn’t get an orgasm while doing it. Dion and Hebe, who were much younger, lay to her right and

left, holding her hand or putting their hand on her small breasts and playing with the big, stiff teats. She was sad that she couldn't get an orgasm, even though the boys had quite respectable cocks and tried hard to fuck her well. It was like a knot in her head, she masturbated always after fucking until she fell asleep. Her husband despised her because she took the right to fuck like a widow with her sons. Now when the news came, Castor broke down completely. He didn't fuck her anymore, although from now on he would have been perfectly justified in doing so. He went to work at the stonemason every day in the morning, after Irene had masturbated his morning wood in her mouth, and came home in the early afternoon. He sat down on the big marital bed with his back against the wall and stayed there until morning, he even slept sitting up, his arms resting on his knees and his head on his arms.

Dion, whom her husband had named Dionysios, was actually too young to fuck at 10, but Irene did not deny it to him. She held her boy with a hand and directed his cock into her pussy with her hand and held it until he fucked properly. Pollux, who was not as sultry as Castor, fucked her happily every night, taking turns with little Dion. Hebe, a quiet and smart girl of 9, usually sat snuggled up to the silent Castor and watched her brothers fuck with Irene. Hebe masturbated Castor whenever he got hard, because she loved this brother idolatrously. He shook his head when he didn't want to be masturbated anymore, he put an arm around Hebe's shoulders and hugged her to him. She had told him she wanted to wait for him to deflower her, but he shook his head. She asked him almost every night if he could finally deflower her, she wanted to fuck so badly already. She always waited until the brothers were done fucking and only masturbated when Irene masturbated.

Pollux went to the Andromachis orgy at least twice a week and often talked for hours about how great it was to fuck a huge and very famous adult woman. He left early every time because he didn't want to participate in the deflowering and fucking of the crying virgin, he thought it was disgusting. But the Andromachis bitch, she was so great to fuck, he could rave about her for hours. Irene did not stop him, because he was already over 13 and had to know for himself what he liked with the rich old bitch.

Irene masturbated Castor's morning wood every morning and always made him squirt in her mouth. He was not very enthusiastic about it, but she loved it very much. From childhood on she had let the boys squirt in her mouth, she enjoyed the power over their cocks. She knew how to lick to make him squirt quickly or later. She was a master at it and she determined when he could squirt, not him. She had sucked the cocks all her life, so it was no surprise that she went into marriage a virgin and never fucked anyone but her husband. He was indifferent from the beginning that she kept her admirers at a distance and only sucked their cocks. He had allowed her to be fucked by others, because he himself picked every flower along the way. But she didn't want to fuck anyone else, that was her choice. She sat down on the stone bench in front of her door and took the admirer's cock in her mouth. If he didn't want it like that, in public, it was his problem, not hers. She willingly pushed the tunic aside when the admirer wanted to see her pussy during licking, but that was already the maximum of liberties she took for his sake.

Hebe wanted so much to be deflowered by Castor and fuck him, but he shook his head, he wasn't ready yet. He hugged his little sister very affectionately and kissed her on the top of her head. He was sorry, he hinted, she should not wait for him. When Irene masturbated, she looked at the stiff cock of the sleeping Castor. He was always semi-stiff and when he dreamed, the cock stiffened and sometimes he spurted a bright jet. Irene wondered, because she found this unusual and exciting. She masturbated at the same time with Hebe when the boys fell asleep and it sometimes took a very long time before she trembled in orgasm and then quickly fell asleep.

Six months after the death news, Castor's somber silence loosened. He sometimes whispered to Hebe, who was snuggled up to him, about her deflowering and promised to do it before winter if Irene agreed. The right to deflower the daughter probably passed from father to son, Hebe whispered, but she didn't know that for sure. One night he fucked Irene, the first time in more than half a year. He fucked long and thoughtfully, he gave Irene time to become aroused and she had an orgasm while fucking for the first time. She clung to him gratefully and let him finish fucking. She kissed him with tears of joy in her eyes and whispered that she had experienced

an orgasm at fucking for the first time. He nodded and lay down to sleep beside her for the first time in months.

Every night the sons fucked her, Pollux and Dion struggling in vain to bring her to orgasm like Castor. After the fucking Irene put her arm around Hebe when they both masturbated until they fell asleep.

Castor asked Irene very quietly if he could deflower Hebe, she had now turned 10 and needed it quite badly. Irene put a hand on his and sighed deeply. “Another child who doesn’t want to be a child anymore!” She nodded and everyone gathered around Hebe, who lay down in the right position like an experienced woman. Irene held her hand as Castor gently and softly deflowered her. She bled a little but immediately said it didn’t hurt at all and let Castor fuck her. The next week she fucked only with Castor, but she only learned to orgasm at the end of the week. Now Pollux and Dion were allowed to fuck their little sister and Castor held her in his strong arms and tried in vain to explain to the younger ones how they could make Hebe orgasm, because with him she had an orgasm like Irene every time. The brothers shared Irene and Hebe, they all hugged and cuddled, which they rarely did before.

Hebe regularly accompanied Pollux and Dion to the orgies of Andromachis. While the brothers fucked their brains out with the old countess, Hebe let herself be fucked by one boy after another. She found it very nice, she told Castor, all the boys had different cocks and each fucked differently. Irene kept reminding her that she would have to stop fucking when she got her period. Hebe didn’t get her period until she was 19 and she kept Irene’s advice.

Irene experienced many wonderful years with her children before they gradually grew up and started their own families.

# Kirke, the Sorceress

by Jack Faber © 2024

Kirke leaned on her elbows out of the window, which had been her favorite spot for centuries. When she pulled the light summer tunic up over her ass, she felt the light summer breeze coming from the sea, cooling her ass, pussy and whole body from behind. It was mid-summer and at midday the heat could only be endured in the shallow water on the sandy beach. Kirke saw a constantly changing view of the ships passing by on the sea. The purely human captains could not see Kirke's enchanted island, they sailed very close to it, so close that Kirke could see the sailors and make her choice when she wanted to have one to fuck. The sailor disappeared for a split second and was immediately back again, as if he had not spent hours fucking the beautiful young woman. There was only one captain who magically found his way to the island and brought fresh food and other things every month.

Up, on the hill above her beach, lay the large village, which offered a very tranquil life. The inhabitants could of course see neither the sandy beach nor Kirke's beautiful house, only the children. Kirke loved children, they were so innocent and trusting and had a completely uninhibited sexuality. Kirke looked at the sea and at the sailors on the ship, but she found no pleasure in them. Their hearts were black, their souls stunted and their thoughts insignificant. That's how most of them were, and she never teleported a guy like that to fuck.

Kirke's thoughts wandered. As a little girl, she was allowed to go to the royal palace with her father; he worked as a chief of the palace guard. She would stroll around for hours, going from guard to guard. They wore a tunic that covered half of their thighs, but as a little girl she could see their cocks and scrotums from below. She loved looking at the cocks, because they all looked different. Some of the older girls flirted with the grim guards, who weren't actually allowed to talk. But the girls touched their cocks unashamedly, they all did. They giggled like silly geese when they teased a cock until it became

stiff. The little girl marveled at the miracle of the erection and how the tip of the penis fought its way through the foreskin. The guard chased the cackling geese away; they couldn't use an erection right now. But little Kirke had often observed that a girl was allowed to rub the cock and the guard, his face bright red, squirted on the stone slabs.

At sunset they went to sleep, Kirke snuggled up naked to her tired father and rubbed sexually aroused her pussy and clit on his hip. He had become early a very rich man, he owned his own great estate, which the Greeks called Oikos, and in which he had absolute power over everyone there. He had married quite early three girls in a row, who bore him a son and died after giving birth. He let his sons marry, but he was the only one to fuck their young wives and fathered many grandchildren with them. He had a good, reliable cock and fucked one, two, or all three of his sons' wives every night until the sons were 30. His sons watched him fuck and ejaculated only from the outside onto their wives' pussies in thick jets. Only if the woman was already visibly pregnant was the son allowed to fuck his wife, after his father had fucked the wife contentedly. In this respect, he was ruthless and strict. Only when the son was 30 was he allowed to leave and found his own Oikos. When the last son had left, he married a very young demigod, Cliteis, whom he had won at dice from the father of the gods, Zeus, because he was more clever at cheating than Zeus. He fucked Zeus' 13 years old daughter day and night tirelessly, until she gave birth to a daughter, Kirke. Zeus now heard how he had been cheated out of his daughter, the daughter whom Zeus loved to bits and who he had fucked her since she could let him fuck her. Trembling with rage, Zeus kidnapped his daughter to his mountains, fucked her with greatest pleasure and made her a bunch of children. Cliteis loved Kirke's father Demetrios with all her heart, she desired him sexually and secretly teleported him during her many pregnancies to fuck him for hours. But in the real world he was only gone for a split second, for the blink of an eye.

Demetrios' mother was extremely rich, she was considered the best hetaera in the country, or at least the most expensive. Little Demetrios, fathered by the King of Attica, sometimes sneaked into his mother's bedroom to watch the fucking. He watched very care-

fully as his mother's long, white fingers guided the guest's cock to the entrance of her cunthole and let the cock penetrate. The little one got an erection and excitedly tugged at it while the big cock pushed into the cunthole tirelessly. His eyes widened when his mother clung to the man during her orgasm and he squirted inside. When he had left, she smiled contentedly. But if he didn't do a good job, she was left aroused and unsatisfied. Her fingers played with her clit until they triggered an orgasm. Demetrios knew all of this very well and once asked her if he could fuck her too? She took him in her arms, smiling, and he was allowed to penetrate her. He had never experienced anything more beautiful and he fucked her excitedly. He was still far too young to ejaculate, but he had an orgasm. She explained everything to him in a friendly way and he was allowed to fuck her again and again. He learned to ejaculate and soon slept with her every night because he had to ejaculate very often.

His mother organized an 'evening of love' two or three times a year, which brought the household together. Everyone was allowed to fuck everyone else, they were only a man and a woman. Demetrios was allowed to go first and fucked his mother, then everyone started to mate in pairs. Everyone could finally grab the one who was otherwise unattainable. Everyone was allowed to fuck the mistress and everyone else too, until everyone was exhausted. Demetrios' mother always let a girl with the stiffest clit fuck her clit at the end, she loved that very much and everyone formed a semicircle to watch this rare, very horny spectacle.

Kirke's father told his little girl the whole story truthfully and honestly, of how he fucked and impregnated his sons' wives, how he had swindled Kirke's mother Cliteis away from Zeus and how Kirke was born. Also that Zeus had kidnapped Cliteis again and had many, many children with her and she cheated on Zeus, fucking him in secrecy and regularly. Kirke often cried because of this, because she would then be a granddaughter of Zeus, but she never felt any divine blood in her veins. She loved her father very much, because he at least had a divine great cock that she was allowed to caress and cuddle from earliest childhood on. He didn't want a new wife, a new mother for Kirke. It was enough for him that his little daughter rubbed his cock every night with childlike enthusiasm and made him

squirt. Then the little girl masturbated herself to a fine orgasm and then they fell asleep. It was a quiet, peaceful life.

Finally, thought Kirke, finally her father noticed that she was growing small breasts and that a delicate fluffy down was sprouting above her slit. He hugged her again and again, his little wife, and he caressed, kissed and licked her little pussy to orgasm. He and his rough fingers were too clumsy to rub her clit properly, so she always did it herself when he gave up. She kept hearing the stupid geese chattering about losing their virginity and fucking, half of it was lies and the other half was pure nonsense. She only spoke to her father about these things, he knew almost everything and if not, he was honest, he would never lie to his little daughter, his everything.

Kirke saw another ship with an uninteresting crew. Her thoughts flew back to the evening she became Daddy's wife. It was not his decision and took him a little by surprise when she told him that she now wanted to lose her virginity and be fucked like an adult. So he nodded kindly and asked, how old she was. 12, she said, most 12-year-old girls have already lost their virginity and do fuck in secret. "We don't need any secrets, my lovely girl," he said, "if you want to be deflowered now, that's fine with me. And if you want to be fucked now, that's fine with me too. Just remember that I'm already 65 and a bit lame. But you're smart enough to understand that." Kirke nodded, because it was true that she was already very smart, much smarter than her teachers.

They did the deflowering together and very carefully. She guided his cock to the entrance of her pussyhole and whispered the magic words in a low voice, "Look, revered Goddess, it is my free and own will that he may tear the curtain and his cock may enter my sanctuary! We honor and love you, we ask for your favor and your blessing!" These words all honorable virgins said. Now he was allowed to penetrate, the hymen stretched and tore without much pain. He penetrated very deeply, his big cock stretching her little pussy hole wide until his cock reached the end. He also said the traditional words, "Be my wife, little Kirke!" and she nodded happily and kissed him on the mouth. From now on she was allowed to get him hot with French kisses before fucking. She was amazed at how well and effectively her

father could fuck. But she was far too excited now to have an orgasm before he squirted.

They fucked every night until he was exhausted. She became more and more womanly, but she didn't have her period and therefore no child. Every evening after fucking, Kirke went to the sandy beach, masturbated gracefully and passionately and went into the water to wash herself. The Goddess was very pleased with how decently and chastely the 22-year-old Kirke lived and faithfully fucked her old father, whose only joy in old age was some sex. She had never fucked anyone else, although all the men who had eyes in their heads besieged her day after day. She let the most intrusive men show her their cocks and took each one in her hand to examine it. She kept pulling back the foreskin and letting the glans pop out. She really enjoyed that very much and only stopped when the men came to ejaculate. With a smile she let the men masturbate and squirt on the floor. She took the cocks in her hand again if they were not yet relaxed and squeezed and rubbed them until they were stiff again and continued, until he was ready to ejaculate again. Then the guy was allowed to continue masturbating! She laughed heartily because he had to masturbate in public in front of onlookers and that was embarrassing and humiliating for most of them.

The Goddess had great respect for Kirke's father, who was one of the few mortals who had ever tricked Zeus. So the Goddess had decided to take him into her 'forest of pleasures' after his death. And he had fathered Kirke as a quarter goddess, the clever fellow!

Kirke was unswervingly faithful and the Goddess decided to perform a miracle. She sent one of her sea children to the beach, where Kirke dried herself after her bath.

Kirke pressed her thighs tightly together chastely as the young man rose from the sea and walked straight towards her. This was her way of signaling to the stranger that she was not to be fucked. She froze in amazement, she had never seen such a beautiful and large cock before, and she had already seen all the cocks in the area. The youth sat down next to her. "Greetings, lovely Kirke, I am Mooai, a son of the Goddess who wants to do you a favor. We will fuck today!"

Kirke shook her head firmly. “As inviting as your beautiful and big cock is, young Mooai, I only fuck with Daddy, I have sworn loyalty to him!” She nodded to confirm, “that’s right how it is!”

Mooai lowered his head. “Your father died an hour ago and is now in the lap of the Goddess!” Kirke cried out, you don’t joke about that! she cried, prove it! Mooai made a gesture and opened her eyes. There lay her father, smiling even in death. She lowered her head, “may you rest in peace!”

Kirke saw her father wandering through a forest, his body young and full of elasticity again, his cock hanging down mightily. There were hundreds of young women in the forest who smiled at him. When his cock slowly got erect, the girl smiled, turned her back to him and bent forward until her fingertips touched her toes. Her buttocks smiled at him, her little cunthole winked invitingly. This was one of his favorite positions and he fucked the girl from behind with a happy smile, holding her at her womanly hips and squirted into her pleasurehole with a proud roar. He walked on, relaxed, until he met the next willing creature. Kirke wanted to call out to him how much she loved him and how happy it made her, that he had thousands and thousands of girls to fuck, but Mooai made a gesture and the image disappeared.

Mooai explained the miracle to her. He would come to her every year on the same full moon night and fuck her three times. She could wish for something after each fucking and if it was nothing bad, he would grant the wish, three wishes every year. She listened to herself and heard the Goddess whispering as if she were sitting next to her. So it came about that every year, Kirke fucked the son of the Goddess, Mooai, three times in one night, was really fucked three times wonderfully and he had been granting her wishes for over 400 years now.

She got her magic island that no one else could see. She was supplied with food and everything every month, she could teleport sailors with pure hearts to her for sex. She remained 22 for all times, her beauty remained too forever. She fucked drowned lovers and gave them a new life in her enchanted village. She asked to love and

be loved by children, sexually. Her wishes were clever, she had a year to think about them. Fucking Mooai was a highlight of the year, he fucked her so well as nobody else and she enjoyed his lovemaking excited like a bride.

The midday heat was over, Kirke ate a bunch of grapes and drank a cup of cooled wine. A noisy crowd of children approached her window. “Andromache will do it to her brother Demetrios for the first time, she has never done it before!” the children shouted in confusion. The children knew Kirke and knew how they could please her. Demetrios stepped forward and stuck his little boy’s cock in through the window. Kirke looked at the cute thing and touched it caressing. Then Andromache, a shy little girl with blonde braids, stepped next to her brother and grabbed his cock. She pursed her lips with the effort and masturbated him quite well. Andromache pushed his cock forward so that Demetrios squirted onto Kirke’s full breasts. Kirke clapped her hands and applauded, “bravo, Andromache, you did well! And now, children, come in, because Demetrios is fucking me now!”

With loud screams and screeches the children streamed into the house and formed a semicircle around Kirke, who had let her short tunic fall to the floor. She looked stunningly good, like 22. Slim and slender, with womanly hips and large breasts. Her breasts were large, full and firm, successfully resisting gravity. Her nipples were large and pointed and she let the little ones suck and lick them. On the first day of her development as a magician, the Goddess had given her a colored tattoo, spread over her entire back. It was a friendly-looking, horny sea monster, whose octopus arms caressed her shoulders, her breasts and her inner thighs from behind. His large, human-shaped giant cock fucked her from behind, horny and greedy and very realistically portrayed. The children walking behind her screamed with delight, as the laughing monster fucked Kirke with every step, smiling.

She leaned back on the windowsill and stuck her ass out towards the crowd of children. Two girls spread her ass cheeks so that her pussyhole was clearly visible. Little Demetrios stood on his toes and penetrated her hole, it was his first time. Of course he knew what he

had to do, because he had watched Kirke every day when she was fucked by the boys. He was finished pretty quickly and squirted inside. Now Kirke clapped her hands and said, “There are grapes and chilled lemonade, my children, then go outside and play!”

The children had gone, Kirke had washed herself in the sea and was lying under the three palm trees that provided shade to dry off. The children were playing on the sandy beach, gleefully, the older boys dragged their giggling girls to Kirke in the shade and started fucking them. She admired these children, they were in their sexual prime. Kirke didn’t count, of course, as some of the boys fucked four or five girls in a row. Kirke smiled good-naturedly, because she loved watching the childish fucking. She would laugh out loud when a young boy made a mistake while playing musical chairs and fucked her, the dear fellow! Kirke was sometimes sad that later generations accused her of turning her lovers into pigs! What a shameful nonsense!!! She would never do something so evil! She was loved and sexually desired by all children! In her long life she had let all boys fuck her as soon as they could stand on their tiptoes and their little cocks reached her pleasure hole. She had fucked thousands of boys, even many girls, although that was not her primary thing. All children loved her and desired to fuck her. She had also fucked thousands of men, kings and peasants, merchants and water carriers. Even Gods lay down with her, her lovemaking was legendary.

One boy only came in the morning, and he always came alone. He was a loner and a single, this Homeros. His parents, who had drowned between the Greek islands, had called him ‘Man of Love’. Kirke liked the boy, he was still a child, but already wise as a man. He had a very conspicuous cock, Kirke called it ‘Heracles’ club’. It had a thin base and the cock got thicker towards the tip, the tip was thick and round, the giant glans well covered by the foreskin. That was Hercules’ Club. The lustful wives in the village, who sometimes secretly let a boy fuck them, saw his monster and chased him away. The uneducated women thought he had a sick, infected cock.

Kirke was educated and knew that it was just a harmless freak of nature, or perhaps a joke from a God, who could tell the difference? She let Homer fuck her as often as he wanted in the morning until

noon. He wanted to fuck often. She grinned when he crept up from behind and lifted her tunic. She immediately loosened her buttocks so that he could penetrate more easily. He was the only boy who lay his upper body on her back and grabbed her breasts. He seemed to know how delicate it was to stimulate the nipples. He fucked long and hard, he ejaculated long and hard. “That’s well all right!” said Kirke approvingly.

Homer was worried about his health, wasn’t it bad for him to fuck every hour? Kirke laughed out loud. “Don’t talk such nonsense, my dear friend! It doesn’t matter whether you fuck five times in an hour or once in five hours! The only important thing is that you don’t hurt, scratch or rub your cock until it bleeds.” Homer lay down in front of Kirke and she had to examine his cock millimeter by millimeter. “Not a single scratch, not a single bruise, not a single bloody spot!” was her verdict. “Keep fucking, Homeros, as your instincts tell you!” She smiled. “You fuck me in the morning, when there aren’t any annoying children making noise. But how do you do it in the afternoon?” Now Homer, the sly one, smiled. “On the edge of the village lives old Aurelia, who is blind and must be 100 years old. But she has lots of papyrus, ink and quills because she used to live as a poet on the island of Mitilini, where she lived as a total lesbian. But I can fuck her every hour, even though she apparently doesn’t feel anything sexually. But she lets me fuck her as often as I want, because she likes me because I want to be a poet too. And in the evening I go to the beach to bathe, and there are always a few girls there who are happy to be fucked. So I’m well looked after from morning to evening, and at night I can fuck my Mom too, when my Dad is already asleep. She needs it at night just as badly as I do, it’s a matter of heredity, she says, although she knows much less about heredity than about fucking.”

Kirke was astonished that this young boy wanted to be a poet, like only old men or unattractive girls sadly in love. Homer promised to let her read something one day.

One morning, Mooai laid a drowned couple on the beach for her. Kirke undressed them; they were still children, not even 18 years old, and a beautiful couple. The boy had a nice, hard cock, as Kirke noted

with satisfaction. The girl had a pussy that still seemed virginal; she had probably only recently started fucking. Kirke knew what Mooai and the Goddess expected of her. She exposed the girl's clit and fucked her with her own clit very hard. The girl woke up in orgasm and looked at her in confusion. "I went under in the big waves," she murmured, "and — did you just fuck me, beautiful woman?" Kirke confirmed it; it was a spell that she could use to do good. "Now I must fuck your lover and bring him back to life!" The girl whispered that he was her husband. Kirke fucked the young man and his cock grew considerably. He was confused, but he had to keep fucking, he moaned and his cock grew a bit more. Kirke fucked him again, but he was only exhausted after the fifth time. Now he opened his eyes and only now saw how beautiful Kirke was, with whom he had fucked so well. "Oh, revered Goddess, you have brought me back to life! How can I thank you, because my wife is also well and alive!" Kirke smiled. "You get another chance! Go up to the village, Alkemias the headman is already waiting for you and will assign you a little house. How can you thank me? Make lots of children, girls and boys, and when they are no longer hanging on your skirt strings, send them to me, with me they learn to fuck very early! And now go and be happy!"

Homer had watched everything from a distance. He squirted into the bushes as Kirke fucked the girl like a fury. He continued to squirt into the bushes as Kirke fucked the boy and let him fuck her again and again. When the two had left, he approached Kirke. "So far I've only been allowed to fuck you from behind, can I now fuck you from the front like the man just did?" Kirke nodded, somewhat surprised. "Yes, of course, I'll just wash my pussy quickly, out of habit."

While Kirke washed her pussy thoroughly, Homer asked a thousand questions. How could she bring the dead back to life? Was she a witch or a Goddess? Was he allowed to write about all of this? Kirke smiled kindly and caressed her clean clit very slowly. "Raising the dead is a divine gift, you have to know how to fuck a woman and how to fuck a man, because you must know that they are very different to fuck. Watch up in the village how two girls or women fuck each other with their clitorises! And am I a witch? No, I never do anything bad. And of course a poet can write anything, even if an insulted king has

his head chopped off. That is sometimes the price, so think beforehand whether the thing is worth it! And now come on, fuck me!" Homer did not need a second invitation, now or never, as they said.

Homer read her a story, a second, a fifth. He fell silent when he saw Kirke's face. He waited, fidgeting, until she spoke. "First, you must captivate your listener. Simply reciting the facts is simply boring. As like a drama in the theater, it must be exciting, unexpected, full of twists and turns and evoke feelings in the spectators. Second, and this is difficult to explain, you must sing, not talk. Sing! If you read the famous poets, you will rarely find a work that only rhymes. It is not without reason that they are called 'The Canticles of Aphrilos' and 'The Canticles of Alcibiades'. You must write a song, not a poem. 'The Canticles of Homer', so they must one day report on it."

Homer nodded very thoughtfully. "I've been working on a draft for a while to write about the Trojan War. It only ended recently and I wanted to be one of the first to write about it, maybe get some beautiful women to fuck, fool me! But everything I've written is nonsense. You can sum it up in one sentence. 'They beat each other's heads to pieces and in the end there are only losers.' That's all there is to it. What do you think?"

Kirke had to think for a long time; the back and forth of the Trojan War was known to everyone. "War reporting is not an easy business if you don't want it to end up as wrapping paper on the fishmarket. Firstly, you have to report on the war itself in true details, your listeners will not be deceived.

Secondly, the gods have to have their say, their goodwill or their envy manipulates events, the heroes and guides their destinies cleverly or extremely stupidly, maybe the gods are even wrong or have a fight with each other?

Thirdly, where are the women? Men wage war, but there are women too. Sex, loyalty and infidelity, cuckolded husbands and poisonings. 'Who is the prettier, her or me?', you can destroy kingdoms with that sentence. Jealousy, envy, intrigues — you can cause unrest and kill with that.

And fourthly, in war, there is fucking, an incredible amount of fucking. With prisoners, queens, warriors, citizens' wives, maids and slaves; in short, with everyone. But you, capable poet and singer, must not use the word 'fuck' even once, if your work is to stand up to the eyes of the strict councilmen. So 'he spent the night with her' or 'she gave herself up voluntarily' or 'he brutally robbed her of her honour', things like that can get around the issue itself."

Kirke had given a long lecture, Homer lay with his upper body on her back and stimulated her breasts and especially her sensitive nipples, which made Kirke sigh tremblingly again and again. Our budding singer's strong club was in her pleasure hole the whole time, and whenever it was necessary, he grabbed her hips, fucked her wildly and squirted. Kirke could sing individual passages, adventures or fuck scenes, with a clear, beautiful melodic voice, and Homer listened in stunned awe. He understood more and more what she meant and he happily grabbed her hips and fucked her very quickly from behind, only to listen to her again after squirting.

Suddenly he realised how he had to proceed. The war events are only added at the end, because he did not need to invent the facts. He had to invent an onion, but from the inside out. A core with a basic outline. One shell picks up a part, the next shell starts at a different point. And when all the shells were woven, insert the war events between the shells as a filling, as a cream. It was already midday, he had to stop fucking Kirke, who was fucking him in a fantasy, and squirting into her. He straightened up and pulled out Heracles' club.

Kirke had more orgasms that morning than she had in a long time. She was immersed in her fantasies, Goddesses arguing about who was the most beautiful. A prince who had to fuck one of the Goddesses every night, in order to make his decision after 9 nights. A mishap, orchestrated by a fourth, jealous Goddess, so that the prize of victory rolled to the feet of the last one in line. The other two vowed to destroy the stupid prince.

The prince had only one weak point, fucking. He picked the wrong woman and fucked the wife of the fiercest king. Kidnapping, escape, the whole program. Troy, naive and presumptuous, offered asylum to

the fugitives. So the war began. It ended with the city burning and the pyres on which the best of the Greeks burned. That had to be the end, all the noble Greeks were gone, a boat rower became king of Mykonos and fucked the most beautiful daughter of the fierce king, who was murdered by his unfaithful queen. Under the rule of rowers, shining Greece sank into darkness. Kirke had sung that, carried by the fucking of her poet and her orgasms. Homer ran off to Aurelia, the blind woman, to write and fuck without interruption. He only found peace when he fucked girls on the beach in the evening and lay down with his mother at night.

Kirke couldn't sleep either, the story rattled around in her mind. Unusually for her, because she normally only let herself be fucked by little boys, she summoned two young girls to her. She fucked the frightened, shy children one after the other until dawn. She pressed her clit onto the girl's clit like a pointed battle spur and fucked her aggressively until she had an orgasm and continued until the poor girl passed out. She continued to develop the story. The grim king had set sail, trembling with anger, so hastily that he did not offer the God of the winds, Aeolus. The God was insulted and let the winds rest. He demanded that the grim king let his 12-year-old granddaughter be fucked on the sacrificial altar by the strongest men in his army for 40 days, then he promised favorable winds. The king gritted his teeth and had Iphigenia fucked like mad for 40 days. On the fortieth day, a good wind came up, the wind God kidnapped the violated child and took her as his concubine. He also kidnapped her twin brother, because only then could he take on his human form and fuck Iphigenia. In 40 days, the little girl had learned to fuck as well as the most expensive port whore on Mykonos. Iphigenia had fucked her twin brother Orestes from early childhood, they had learned it from the adults and fucked day after day in their youth. Now she fucked her brother and the wind god at the same time and passed away in Orestes' arms in a powerful orgasm, she had learned to fuck so well in those 40 days. Kirke gave the girls lots of sweets and sent them home at dawn.

Homer arrived early enough to watch Kirke brutally fuck the poor girls for a few more rounds. He didn't miss the opportunity to fuck the other girl in the meantime. When they had gone, he lay upon

Kirke's back, who was dozing a little and only woke up when the singer reared up and squirted into her. She listened to his sketch and sang him the story of Iphigenia and Orestes. He was very enthusiastic, her part went well with his. It wasn't until midday that he went to old Aurelia, who patiently like an ox let herself be fucked. She was ancient and her pussy was dry and wrinkled, but Homer fucked her hour after hour anyway. Neither her wrinkles nor her withered body bothered him, he was only interested in having a pussy in which he could fuck and squirt. Aurelia was happy, though, because she could remember the earlier, long-past orgasms in the arms of her favorite maid or the men who made pilgrimages to the sanctuary and had fucked her for a silver coin.

Homer's mother was amazed at how excited and energetic Homer fucked her at night, so hefty that even his father woke up. He watched for a while and pulled the foreskin back and forth on his cock, but he quickly fell asleep again. What his wife did with her son was dirty, perverted women's stuff and was none of his business. None.

Kirke and Homer each worked on two ends of the story. Kirke had centuries of sexual experience and described the fuck scenes to him so clearly and precisely that he couldn't stop fucking and squirting. He sang the half-finished parts to her; to Aurelia's amazement, he had been singing and writing and fucking all afternoon. She didn't yet know the whole picture, but when he sang and wrote down Kirke's fucking scenes, she smiled blissfully, because she too had once written and sung love songs.

Mooai had come on that full moon night, and like every year he fucked Kirke three times on the light-flooded sandy beach and listened to her wishes. As always, she wished for beautiful, clever and pleasant things. Her wish for intellectual fertilization while writing poetry only sounded unusual at first, but when she told him about writing poetry together with a boy, he immediately understood and granted it. He fucked her for the third time at dawn and continued to fuck her after her orgasm until she passed out. Kirke loved that very much, that made fucking with Mooai so special. When she came to

her senses, he had long since disappeared into the waves. He was the only one who fucked her in such an intense way.

Kirke knew that Homer lay with Klymene, his mother, at night. She was still a young, naive thing, had given birth to Homer at the age of 13 and loved him not only madly, but above all sexually. His father was now an old man, to whom Klymene occasionally gave a blowjob. He watched his wife's sexual activities with Homer indifferently, only rarely did he get an erection. He was a completely fair man, his wife was the same age as his granddaughters, she had fucked him devotedly for years until he could no longer fuck. It was only fair that she needed someone to fuck. Homer was a good son, he gave Klymene so many orgasms every night that she was totally satisfied sexually, it was never necessary for Klymene to have to fuck another man, although she fucked many lovers too. It was not at all unusual for her to let her son fuck her until he was exhausted. In ancient Greece, most mothers taught their sons to fuck from the age of 12 before they sent them out into the world. Clymene was perhaps a little too much in love with Homer, but that would probably pass. His father was wrong in this, and he would soon die. Homer stayed in Clymene's bed, who would die 15 years later.

Kirke also knew, of course, that Homer would go blind after Klymene's death. But he knew the songs and hymns to the gods that he had composed alone by heart and went from court to court singing them in an inimitably moving way. Homer lived to a ripe old age and Kirke was unrecognized among the many girls who mourned at the funeral of the old singer and lover of hundreds of virgins. Kirke's magic kept his loins youthfully powerful until the end, so that despite his blindness he was able to fuck many virgins and young girls. The blind old man felt the breasts of the young girls and chose the youngest to lead him. The young girl, usually still a child, led the blind man and lie down with him at night and willingly let the old singer fuck her. It was also Kirke who paid dozens of scribes to copy the Iliad and the Odyssey on papyrus.

Mooai woke Kirke long before sunrise. She ran to the sandy beach where Mooai had laid 22 drowned warriors. She immediately recognized who the leader was and had to fuck him very long and intensely

until he came back to life. Kirke fucked all of them until late afternoon, until all 22 woke up dazed. Kirke, totally exhausted from hours of fucking, told the warriors “that they were welcome in the village up above, but they had to be peaceful and friendly, the island was a place of love. The girls and women will happily give themselves to you, they are already waiting longingly for new, strong men’s thighs.”

She took the leader by the hand and led him to her bedchamber. She let the sexually starved hero fuck until he had had enough. “You are on Kirke’s island, great hero Odysseus,” she said, for she had immediately recognized the mighty warrior. He had never heard of the island and Kirke smiled, “no ordinary mortal has ever seen it, that’s how it is.” Odysseus was confused, for he was on his way home to his beloved wife and queen Penelope when Poseidon’s wrath overturned his ship and they all drowned. “The Goddess must love you very much that she brought you here so that I could give you a second life.” Odysseus bowed gratefully. “You are a great magician, Kirke! And thank you for the second life!”

He asked Kirke if she had any news of Penelope. She nodded, “I actually have two of them, but only one could be true. The first was that Penelope had been getting fucked by one of the 60 brideseekers every night since he left for Troy because she couldn’t decide to chose one of them. The other was that his son Telemachus had been lying with Penelope since his father’s departure and defended her honor with a sword in his hand. Penelope’s cries of pleasure echoed through the palace at night, for Telemachus was as strong in the loins as his father. Odysseus wept heartbreakingly. “And which one is true, oh Kirke?” he moaned. “Both, I fear,” Kirke replied, “I know people and the fiery pussies of women, and Penelope was known to be blessed with an insatiable sexual urge. But I have known Penelope since she was a child and I know how loyally her heart loves you despite everything!” Odysseus could not remember ever having seen Kirke with Penelope, but all the things Kirke knew about Penelope’s secret masturbation were true. Odysseus cried a lot, but Kirke asked him if he hadn’t any affairs other than Penelope and if he had the right to judge Penelope!?

Odysseus was not only a good fucker, he was also a real gossip. Kirke and Homer hung on his every word when he told of the 10 years of fucking in the Trojan War. Troy's girls and women streamed out of the city at sunset to fuck the Greek warriors. Odysseus sang of Penthesileia, the Amazon queen and her 40 female warriors who pounced on the Greek warriors in the evenings and fucked them to exhaustion. He himself had often shared Penthesileia with the fierce Achilles; the queen was insatiable and greedy, so the two heroes ran out of steam. Even the invincible Achilles, the Greek demigod, who had the biggest and strongest cock of all the warriors! Queen Penthesileia fucked man after man, one after the other, for half the night, and when she climaxed she roared like a wild bull, so that it echoed throughout the camp and the other women tried very hard to have such orgasms too.

There were also unpleasant things, such as Achilles, who deflowered King Priam's 11-year-old virgin granddaughter Briseis on the altar of Athena and abducted her to his tent, fucking the frightened girl a dozen times a night. Or Prince Paris, who not only caused the war when he fucked and abducted Menelaus' wife Helena. No, the sex offender Paris also assaulted his brother Hector's wife, he raped the chaste and shy young woman for weeks and made her a child, whereupon Hector lost his mind and sought death in battle. Or Ajax, who raped the holy virgin Cassandra in the temple of her Goddess Athena and then raped her every night like a whore.

Kirke and Homer hung on Odysseus' every word, his stories flowed into the story, which had now grown enormously. Kirke demanded that Homer write two versions, a shorter one that was cleaned of all sexual details and a longer one that still contained all the affairs, fucking and rapes that Odysseus had narrated. Odysseus fucked Kirke while he listened to Homer's songs. Then Homer lay with his upper body on Kirke's back and Heracles' club was stuck in Kirke's pleasure hole for hours, where he fucked her again and again and squirted powerfully into her. Kirke was fucked by both of them in turn and had orgasms like she hadn't had in a long time.

Odysseus' men had built a new ship and were urging him to leave. Kirke said to Odysseus, "Later generations will say that I put a spell

on you and didn't let you go, but those were the lies you told everyone, treacherous one! You can leave at any time, devious king, for it is only your lustful loins that cannot separate from my body! Go!"

One day many months later Odysseus set sail, he could no longer stop his men, although he would have loved to fuck the ever-horny Kirke until the end of time. But his men wanted to see the kingdom of Ithaca again and reminded Odysseus that Penelope was waiting for him longingly. He set sail for Ithaca and when he looked back, the island had disappeared. He sailed on determinedly, but Poseidon stopped him again and again, as we know.

Hercules' club was now stuck in Kirke's pleasure hole for the whole morning, he fucked her quite naturally and squirted in without pulling his cock out afterwards. She looked out to sea with a smile and they took turns singing the songs. The work gradually took shape, both versions. But Kirke did not neglect the children in the afternoon, she let the little girls masturbate the cocks to squirt, then the children surrounded her while she stuck her ass out to the boys and laughed as they fucked her.

Homer had fucked Klymene night after night for over 20 years, she only had affairs during the day and had already fucked all the men on the island. She remained naive and simple-minded all her life, she got involved with any man who wanted her. She had a beautiful funeral and Homer lured every evening a young girl to his bed, there were so many! Aurelia had long since disappeared, Homer reached into the pool of young girls with both hands when Kirke was letting the little boys fuck her in the afternoon. He was not interested in that at all, boys were not his thing. The works had long been finished, he sang the two versions of the Iliad in front of the villagers. This is how he perfected his performance.

Kirke let him go with a heavy heart, gifted him at goodbye the love of virgins and young girls forever. He went from court to court, the audience preferred to hear the longer version because they loved the filthy songs. He gradually lost his sight, he took a young girl into his bed every night. It was something special to have a shy virgin in bed and to deflower her, that was when he blossomed. But the girls loved

him very much and fought for a place in his bed. When Odysseus returned home and was once again abducted by the goddess into the mythical mists, Homer wrote the Odyssey. When he could no longer write himself, he dictated his hymns to the Gods to the scribes. He was lying in the arms of a deflowered virgin when he closed his eyes. Homer had a happy life.

Kirke missed Homer's hard-working Hercules bludgeon very much. She sat sadly on the sandy beach in the evenings and complained to Mooai about her suffering. One morning she found a drowned man on the beach. It was Yannis, a simple, kind-hearted farm boy who had jumped after a lamb that was about to drown in the maelstrom. Kirke was horrified at first; in all her 480 years she had never fucked such a huge, powerful cock as an elephant's trunk. She struggled so hard that tears rolled down her cheeks, but she fucked Yannis for over an hour until he opened his eyes in amazement. The 20 years old immediately fell in love with the Goddess who had brought him back to life and followed her everywhere. When at rest, his cock hung down halfway down his thigh, and when erect, down to his knees.

Kirke smiled gratefully because Mooai had given her a young man with such a big cock. Despite his youth, he was a great fucker; he had fucked his mother and big sister since he was 12, because they both liked to be fucked by his big cock. The two never argued about who he could fuck today, because he held out and fucked both of them. He laughed and was happy about their good sexual feelings, because he was the only man in the house. His cock didn't even go halfway in either of them, so the other could masturbate the other half with her fist. At the end she held his cock tightly to feel the semen shoot through. Mother and sister were both heavily pregnant when he jumped into the maelstrom.

Kirke always let Yannis fuck her when she felt like it. Yannis soon learned to fuck like Homer. She leaned on the window sill and looked out to sea, he leaned his upper body on her back and pushed his cock in from behind. His cock went well at full lenght into her cunthole, after some training. He fucked her as often as his cock got hard and squirted huge amounts into her pleasure hole.

In the afternoons he rested and lazily watched the little boys fucking his Goddess from behind. The young girls played enthusiastically with his elephant trunk and the older girls sometimes dared to put the elephant trunk in their little holes, but it only went in a quarter of the lenght and then he pushed the end. He smiled good-naturedly when one of the girls rode his elephant cock in horniness and let him squirt inside. The girls were very proud of that.

Kirke's island gradually disappeared forever.

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# The Innocence of Lisa

by Jack Faber © 2024

Sister Antonia was born Lisa. Her parents were dirt poor, her father was unemployed. Mom cuddled with her little one endlessly because she loved her very much. She took the child in her arms and let her suck and lick her nipples to distract the child when Daddy fucked her, and he fucked her day and night because he had nothing else to do. As far back as Lisa could remember, she had been lying on her mother's big breasts when Daddy approached with his big cock to fuck Mom. Her mother had been a lesbian, at least when she was young, and later she often fucked men. That's how Lisa came about and they were a very loving family. As a child, Lisa stared at her Daddy's big cock, the tip of his glans protruding thick and red from under the foreskin, which he rubbed slowly with a grin. Her mother grabbed Lisa and put her to her breast. On the one hand she wanted to distract the child, on the other hand she loved it when Lisa licked and sucked her nipples, that was very hot. Lisa watched, of course, how Daddy's cock disappeared into Mom's big cunthole, and then Daddy pushed in and out of the cunthole really hard and Lisa excitedly sucked and sucked on Mom's teats, because the fucking was very exciting, Mom found it very exciting too and she hugged and kissed the little one in her inner turmoil. Daddy always thrust for a long time in and out, and then very slowly, that was the moment when he squirted inside. Mom gasped a little because she had become horny. She never had an orgasm when he fucked her, but after he had squirted she pressed Lisa tightly to her breasts because she had to masturbate straight after the fucking. Lisa had seen her masturbate many times, Mom's fingers rubbed her big, stiff clit really quickly and Mom pressed her against her breasts when she was soon hit by an orgasm.

Daddy lay happy and relaxed next to them, Mom tickled and cuddled Lisa, because now it was Lisa's turn. She cuddled with Mom because she knew what was coming next. Mom kissed and licked Lisa's pussy and it was wonderful. Lisa felt it rising in her abdomen, she pressed her pussyhole firmly against Mom's lips. Of course, she knew

how nice that was for the little one, her tongue licked the little pussy like a little snake. Her lips wrapped around the whole pussy and the tongue snake licked wildly between them. “Now, Mom, now!” gasped Lisa because she couldn’t take it anymore. She leaned back because Mom’s tongue had finally found her little clit. Lisa opened her thighs wide, she offered her pussy to Mom like an open flower blossom. Mom now licked her clit tirelessly. It was as if a giant was growing in Lisa’s body, it got bigger and bigger and burst. Lisa loved it very much, because the orgasm made her tremble and shake for a few moments. Then it was over. Mom licked her clit a little longer until it was completely soft again. Lisa sank into her Mom’s arms, she felt soft and safe there. That’s why Lisa loved fucking from a young age on.

Her mother was seriously ill with tuberculosis and fucked less and less. Little Lisa took over, she learned to clamp Daddy’s cock between her labia and slide back and forth until Daddy squirted. To start with, Mom showed her how to press her labia left and right onto Daddy’s stiff cock and slide back and forth firmly. When she leaned forward a little, Mom said, she slid on her clit. She fucked Daddy’s cock like that for a long time until he squirted. Sometimes Lisa shuddered and sank forward onto his chest, then Daddy caressed her buttocks, which trembled and shook in a small orgasm. Then Lisa started to fuck Dad’s cock again. Mom was very grateful to the little girl for this and licked her clit to orgasm every time the little girl made Daddy squirt. Mom and Dad fucked less and less often, Lisa fucked Daddy often and conscientiously and Mom visibly deteriorated. She made Lisa promise not to really fuck men, to become a spiritual sister and to pray for her poor soul.

After the funeral, Lisa asked Papa if he wanted to fuck her the same way as Mom, now that Mom was gone. At 13, she was much too young to fuck, Papa said, she was much too young and it was enough for him if she clamped his cock between her labia and fucked him to squirt. He would deflower her and fuck her when she was old enough, he had promised. Lisa nodded because she understood and fucked him three or four times a day because Papa was getting sicker and sicker too. Lisa sometimes met Jerome in the garden, he was much older than her and when he came he took out his cock, but it

was much smaller than Dad's. She was allowed to grab the cock and pull the foreskin back until the tip of the glans came out completely. He always rubbed his cock himself and squirted on the elder bush. Mrs. Weber, who had watched the whole thing from the window, scolded him and called him into the house to fuck her. She was the only one in the house who fucked the mentally retarded boy day in, day out, everyone knew that and found it outrageous. Jerome's mother didn't come home until late in the evening, after dinner she went to bed and let Jerome fuck her indifferently, he had to do it again and again and she was too tired to feel anything.

Lisa never went to school, she cared for Papa lovingly and fucked him more and more often because she missed Mom's clit licking and orgasms so much. She woke up once or twice a night covered in sweat, her clit throbbing like mad and only calmed down when Lisa rubbed her clit quickly to orgasm like Mom had done it daily.

She earned a few coins when she went down to old Odin's bar late at night and fucked the men in her fashion for a few coins. It filled her with a strange pride that all the men admired her beautiful white ass and wet pussy when she fucked a man in the bar. She fucked in such a way that everyone could see it very clearly when her labia slid over the cock. Once a month she had to fuck old one-eyed Odin, that was the deal, and in return he told her wondrous tall tales. His real name was Odysseus and he was looking for his wife Penelope. For a very long time, said the old man, who looked like he was 100 years old. Lisa liked to hear his stories, even though they were probably all lies. But he could describe everything he had experienced so well, as if he had been there himself. Gods, sorceresses, giants and the immense expanse of the oceans. He also introduced Lisa to Madame Veronique, in whose house she could fuck lots of men in her own fashion and get paid for it. Madame and the men noticed that Lisa didn't want to fuck for real and only wanted to fuck the men in her own fashion, like she did with her Dad. She could do it perfectly and the men liked her fashion and kept coming back. She went to Madame every day and brought the money home. She was 26 when her Daddy died. She was alone.

The monastery welcomed her with open arms. She was only a novice and after taking her vows she was given a new name, Sister Antonia. She was 30 when the war broke out. It was only in the last days of the war that the Russian soldiers discovered the monastery full of women. Nothing and no one could stop them from fucking the women. Only two dared to refuse. Sister Hermengild and Sister Juda fought back with all their might, the Russians simply slit their throats and fucked their still warm pussies. After that, no one resisted. Sister Antonia hid for two days, then she was discovered.

It was a group of 8 men who looked more like Chinese. They called her 'saikhan emegtei'. The leader was a tall man, he took off her habit. She was full naked and today, at the age of 34, she lost her virginity. He had her lean against the wall with her hands, he spread her buttocks and penetrated her from behind. They were Mongolians and they all had very small dicks like Jerome, maybe even smaller. Antonia flinched when her hymen broke, but he didn't wait a moment and continued to fuck her while she was standing. She didn't get sexually aroused in the slightest, the fucking didn't turn her on for a moment. She let herself be fucked completely indifferently, one after the other man fucked her. The men stayed for three days, they fucked Sister Antonia again and again, which she took completely coldly. The emperor had given up and fled into exile in Holland. The war ended, the Russians left. Sister Antonia lived in another monastery, she was a very good and popular nurse and the war had left enough injured men. She cared for the injured and watched them masturbate when she had to. She didn't masturbate any of them, she just showed them her pussy to get them excited when they started to masturbate. Most of the time she would make the guys squirt when she masturbated her clit to orgasm in front of their eyes, she enjoyed doing that and it made her feel good. At 65, she lost her faith and respect for the churchmen. She went to the bishop and left the church and the monastery.

She wandered around aimlessly. Finally, after weeks, she found work as a nurse, which wasn't easy at 65. She went from job to job, and the year went by pretty quickly. Then she was extremely lucky. She was given a permanent job as a nurse for Baron von Wolkenstein, with full board and lodging and a generous pay. The Baron was

still a young man, maybe 23 or 24 years old and bedridden. He had been injured in the war and could no longer use his legs. He was a very friendly, serious boy who spent most of his time in bed reading all the newspapers and books.

Lisa had to wash him from head to toe in bed every morning, which she did with pleasure and thoroughly. He looked good, his body was beautiful and flawless. She only paused briefly before washing his cock for the first time. “What a beautiful and magnificent cock, sir,” she exclaimed in surprise, as she grabbed his cock. “I have seen a thousand cocks in my life, but never a beautiful, strong and a big one as yours! If I wash it, it will definitely get hard and start dripping or squirting, I know that!” He nodded and said that she could rub it too and, as Lisa shook her head firmly that she had never done that before, that she really had to wash the cock properly! Lisa nodded and washed the cock with the foaming sponge. Of course it got even stiffer and she pulled the foreskin back firmly, several times back and forth, with the foaming sponge. She pulled the foreskin back firmly when the young man squirted in rich, fat jets. They didn’t actually talk about it directly, but she washed his cock four or five times a day with the foaming sponge so that the boy could squirt a lot.

He wanted to write down her life story and she stayed sitting on his bed and caressed the magnificent, large cock absentmindedly, while she told him everything and answered his questions openly and honestly as he wrote. How she licked and sucked excitedly on her mother’s nipples, her stiff teats, when Dad fucked Mom. How Mom cuddled with her, wrestled with her for fun, making the child hot and hotter and finally licked the clit of her child to orgasm. Her mother was very good at it and she licked her at least once a day. No, she had never masturbated as a little girl, Lisa answered.

The Baron wrote everything down. How, when she was 8, Mom showed her how to pinch Dad’s cock between her little labia and slide up and down until Dad squirted. She called it ‘fucking Dad’, even though she had never really fucked Dad, never! The Baron nodded, he believed her. She had fucked Dad like that at least once a day until she was 26, when Dad died.

Lisa found it difficult to talk about the other men, but the Baron was very understanding. She had to earn a little money somehow so that they could afford meat, rice pudding was not a good long-term diet. But they were dirt poor. The Baron nodded, he knew about it, because he paid for the food of an orphanage. Lisa let herself out a little, talking about the public fucking in Odin's bar. How it turned her on to show the guests her pussyhole fucking shamelessly and exhibitionistically. She didn't know the word, but the Baron explained it to her, laughing friendly. She also told him about the agreement to fuck Old Odin once a month and listen to his tall tales. The Baron smiled after listening to one of the tall tales. "Odysseus and his quest actually existed 3,000 years ago, I have a book about it, the Odyssey. I can read it to you sometime, dear Lisa!" he said, knowing that she couldn't read.

Lisa breathed a sigh of relief, the gentleman was very understanding. She also told him about the years when she was allowed to fuck in Madame Veronique's house for good money. She wasn't sure whether she hadn't actually been a whore, but the gentleman waved her off, saying that it wasn't important. She then told him about the 30 years in the monastery and in the monastery hospital, where she had learned all that, the nursing job. No, those were 30 years of real chastity, no fucking, nothing at all. She spread her legs when she watched someone starting to masturbate, but she didn't touch a single cock and didn't let anyone touch her pussy either. She cleaned the cocks after they had ejaculated and made him continue ejaculating with her fist if he hadn't finished. And she only masturbated herself when she woke up at night with a stiff clit. That happened again and again, night for night and she had gotten used to it. The Baron wanted to know exactly how this nightly masturbation went in detail, he was extremely interested. She understood why he was interested and described in great detail how she woke up from a filthy dream and masturbated her stiff, hard clit until she fell asleep again after the orgasm. His pencil raced across the writing pad and his cock became rock hard in her hand.

Lisa massaged him every morning and afternoon, all over his body with a scented oil. After massaging, she got the sponge and foamed him with the fist until he ejaculated. She also told him how the Rus-

sians attacked the monastery and fucked all the novices and sisters for days. How she was deflowered and powerfully fucked by all the men for three days, the first and only time, because she never fucked again in the following 30 years. She was very sad when she told him this and she cried a little, but she bravely told him in great detail how she was deflowered and how the men fucked her for three days. She had only been able to sleep for a short time between sex sessions before the next man came along with his small, stiff cock. The Baron asked his questions carefully because he wanted to describe everything as realistically as possible.

He asked her directly if she would fuck him the way the Russians had fucked her, but Lisa shook her head firmly, No, never! He let a few days pass before he asked her again, fuck the other way, like her Dad? She shook her head again, but she was unsure. She had been with the Baron for a year, she had let him squirt in the sponge with her fist several times a day and she had told him everything about her sex life. He pestered her every day, he didn't give up, in fact she gave up. But she was an old, wrinkled woman of 70, not a pretty young thing. But he just laughed, he wasn't athletic enough for the pretty young things, was he!? So one day she gave in.

She took off her clothes and he looked at her curiously. She was small and really very fat. She had a bright, friendly face, but otherwise she was unattractive. Her large breasts hung down heavily and softly to her thick hips, her armpits- and pubic hair had fallen out. He spread her reddened labia with his fingers and exclaimed, "Oh God, your clit is so sore!" Lisa nodded, a bit ashamed. "I keep dreaming about your cock, sir," she admitted quietly, "I have really horny dreams about you squirting! And then I wake up two or three times a night and have to masturbate, usually twice in a row. That's why!"

The young Baron smiled. "It's nice that your clit is so horny and insists on its rights!" She didn't really understand it, so she climbed into his bed for the first time. For the first time in years, she masturbated his cock with her naked fist to make it stiff. For the first time in 40 or 45 years, her labia wrapped around the long shaft, she supported herself with both hands on his chest and slid back and forth.

A shiver ran down her spine, the old feeling awoke again. She slid back and forth for half an hour and reliably made him squirt.

She stayed lying next to him, they had become intimate. He said he hadn't fucked since he was wounded. Before that he had only fucked one woman. His mother, the old baroness, had taken him to her bed when he was 11 because his father had never returned from Africa. The boy watched masturbate the 65 years old Mom every morning, she let him watch, dirty smiling. When he could squirt, she fucked him, every day and every night, he usually had to fuck five times a day, his drive was very strong at the time. She showed him how she liked it best. She started to masturbate and his cock grew just by watching her. When she orgasmed, he was allowed to fuck her hard and brutally during her orgasm and squirt quickly inside her when her orgasm subsided. He was very sad when he returned home from the war badly injured and found his dear mother dying. He lay next to her, sad and desperate, until she died in his arms days later.

From then on, Lisa lay down next to him and fucked him two or three times a day. He was very happy, it was much nicer than squirting in the bath sponge. She fucked him for a whole year and one day she decided to fuck him "like the Russians," she said to him. "Like the Russians?" he asked doubtfully. Smiling, she rubbed his cock with her fist until it was stiff and stuffed his cock decidedly into her pleasure hole. It was the first time in 40 years. She rode him, but again she felt sexually nothing. After squirting, she lay down next to him and opened her heart to him. He laughed dryly. "Dear Lisa, think of something hot while you fuck me and masturbate your clit while you do it. That will turn you on!" She smiled, but she did it the next time. It worked. From then on, she fucked him and made herself an orgasm, when she wanted it. The Baron must also have liked watching her clitrubbing, she could feel that very clearly on his cock. She took her time to rub her clit, as the old woman had to fight for a long time, until the orgasm made her fall and collapse over his loins, long after the young man had already squirted.

The Baron was dismayed when Hitler became Chancellor. He became more and more desperate as the Reich was heading towards the next war at the speed of an express train. There was nothing any-

one could do about it, that was just the way it was. The only way to stop the disaster was with a bullet. He laughed hysterically, he couldn't even leave his room. A bullet! He laughed until he cried.

On September 1st, Hitler invaded Poland.

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# The Innocent Maid of Toledo

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ria, actually Rinalda, was the 14-year-old daughter of Don Rodrigo, the Lord of Toledo. He had been away with his small army for 6 weeks now, fighting alongside the royals against the Moors who were attacking Catholic Spain from the south. Ria's mother Isabella had died of phthisis 4 years ago, Ria lived alone in the large castle on the banks of the Tajo. Ria loved to sit on the river bank and look out over the Tajo, which flowed majestically through the small town. This little spot belonged to her alone. Only Alejandro came here, he loved Ria passionately. He cared little about the fact that Ria was already promised to a nobleman in Madrid, engaged since she was 7 years old.

Alejandro appeared quietly, approaching like a predator. She looked up as he sat down next to her on the grass. She loved his face, his body and everything. He was the man of her heart, and since they made love, he had never touched anyone else. He had already fucked a whole lot of mature, chaste wives, he was like poison to these chaste, faithful wives who began to tremble with desire as soon as they saw him. He fucked them all without conscience, even though he knew full well that the men were fighting against the Moors. He had an unmistakable sense of what would happen if the woman's pussy got wet at his fiery glances and she started to tremble when he undressed and fucked her. But now he belonged to Ria, body and soul, and love for the Duke's daughter was not stupid either.

They kissed for a long time and rolled on the grass until Ria asked, "Shall I? You're already very hard again!" She had learned to masturbate his cock a few days ago and did it every afternoon when his cock got hard while kissing. Ria had grown up very sheltered, she had no idea about sexuality until a few days ago and Alejandro's cock was the first one she could take in her hand and explore. She had learned to masturbate him in a few minutes, she screamed with pleasure when she let him ejaculate on the grass. Alejandro knew that with a virgin, one of high birth, he had to take it slowly. But today it was

time for the next step. He took out his cock and let her masturbate him.

Ria wiped the semen from his cock with a handkerchief and lay down next to him. They hugged each other endlessly. Alejandro's hand ventured to the hem of her skirt for the first time, touched her ankles and caressed her lower legs. Ria put her hand on his and stopped him. "No, Alejandro, my love!" She held his hand very lightly. "I am still a virgin, untouched and chaste!" He nodded kindly. "I know, beloved Ria, I would never rob you of your virginity, never! I know how to wait until you want to be my wife and give me your virginity of your own accord. I just want to caress your body because my heart is overflowing with love and I just want to touch and caress your naked flesh, your naked skin, your precious body!" His insinuating words flowed like the waters of the Tajo. Her hand loosened and his hand continued to wander under her skirt. She sighed with her eyes closed as he touched her bare skin under her skirt, caressing it until he reached her knees. She sighed and sighed as his hand caressed the bare skin of her inner thighs. His hand would instantly turn around if he happened to touch her pussy for a second. He instinctively felt that he must not go any further now. She relaxed when he did not go any higher. She let him caress the bare, sensitive skin of her inner thighs for an hour, a hot, unknown desire raging in her wet pussy. Alejandro left when the churchbell rang. Ria lay awake late in the evening, caressing her inner thighs as he had done, but it was not the same.

She waited for him impatiently, she wanted to feel his hand on her inner thighs. She was dying of desire, she felt his hand slip an inch higher than yesterday and touching her pussy every time. This couldn't be a coincidence! The bell rang much too early.

He did not come the next day, a little girl slipped into her garden and told Ria that Don Alejandro was sick and would come tomorrow. The girl came three times, Ria was beside herself with desire and longing. Alejandro came, pale around the nose and with a slight fever, but he was no longer sick. His illness was called Donna Elvira, who had held him sick for three days. He was humiliated, he had cheated on Ria, he was a vile scoundrel. But Ria was excited, she

pulled his cock out of his pants, something she had never done before, she masturbated his cock and dabbed the semen off it with a tissue. She put his hand on the curve of her butt. “I was dying for you, Alejandro! I missed you so much, I missed the caress of your hand so much, I would have preferred to die when you didn’t come!” Alejandro lowered his head. What a love, what a naturalness! He cursed Elvira, who had fucked him nonstop but felt no more affection for him than for her lapdog. Damn her, damn her! But he had to admit to himself that it takes two to fuck, two sinners, not just one!

“Forgive me, Ria, I’m such a failure, I made you wait three days! It will never happen again!” he swore and bit his tongue, because there were still so many Elviras in the city, he wouldn’t be able to resist, not him! “Can I caress you again?” he asked and she gave him a little slap on the hand with a smile. “You seem to have completely forgotten where we left off!” she said with mock annoyance. She pulled her skirt up to just above her knees. Alejandro saw his chance. He let his hand slide up her leg, past her knees, to the middle of her inner thighs and let his hand rest on the fluff of her pubic hair. Her eyes widened. “No, no, I’m untouched!” But Alejandro’s hand was close to the target and he didn’t give an inch.

“Your fluff is so soft!” he whispered, “it feels divine.” Suddenly he lifted her skirt so that she was completely naked and knelt down in front of her. “How beautiful your pussy is,” he said as he parted her labia gently with his fingers. “And a clit, damn it, it’s as big and stiff as a little finger!” He kissed her pussy, her clit, gently and reverently. They were silent, Ria was completely taken aback. Only one man had ever touched her like that, her father. When he came in at night to kiss her goodnight. Since Mama had died, he had pushed her nightgown up to her chin and gently caressed her naked body, all over. It was he who noticed that her breasts were slowly blossoming. It was his gentle, loving hand that tenderly caressed and parted her slit and labia to caress her sanctuary and who discovered the first fluff above her slit. She had instinctively spread her legs and sighed happily as he gently caressed her pussy and clit a while. Then he had pulled her nightgown down again, kissed her goodnight and walked with heavy steps. That was her father, her dearest father.

And now Alejandro's hand rested on her pussy, his fingers playing with the soft fluff. She held her breath as a finger slid into her slit. "I'm still a virgin, my love," she breathed softly and reproachfully. The hot flood rose up to her throat. Alejandro asked, "don't you ever do it?" and she asked what he meant. His finger touched her clit. "There, that's where the girls do it!" Ria shook her head, no, she didn't know what he meant.

He began to caress her clit very gently. Her breathing was short, it was so fine, so beautiful and — what word was there for it? Exciting, arousing? Her thighs relaxed as he whispered that it was basically the same as when she masturbated him. Her clit was stiff and firm, just like it was at night when she caressed her pussy lightly and innocently. She relaxed and slowly let her thighs slide apart. A fiery giant grew inside her, it grew bigger and bigger and burst. She jumped and slammed her thighs together. It was her first orgasm.

Alejandro held her in his arms and explained it to her as best he could. Ria suddenly felt that she was no longer a child. She was growing up. They whispered for a long time that they would masturbate each other in the future, that was right and okay. Since that afternoon, Ria masturbated every night, sighed and was able to fall asleep immediately. She felt the desire and longing completely differently than before, it just told her that she needed an orgasm now. Now.

Alejandro spread her thighs wide and he dove deep. She felt the young man's lips upon her pussy. "Alejandro, what are you doing?" she exclaimed in surprise, "No! what are you doing?" His tongue licked her clit and it was so wonderful that Ria almost jumped out of her skin, squirming and twitching. She grabbed his head by the hair and pressed his lips firmly to her pussy. He licked her clit until she pressed her thighs against his ears in orgasm. Licking her clit was the best invention and she let him lick her every afternoon. Alejandro knelt in front of her pussy, he had pushed her skirt up to her chest. His cock approached and touched her labia. "No, Alejandro, don't!" Ria cried anxiously, but he smiled. "I will never rob you of your virginity," he said, "trust me!" His glans penetrated between her labia until he touched the hymen. He took her hand and let her masturbate him. She did it, anxiously trying not to let his cock through her

hymen. He squirted in her vestibule and was very happy. She hadn't felt anything sexually, but she understood how much he enjoyed it. They did it every day, he squirted in her vestibule and licked her to a jubilant orgasm.

Ria did not hear Rodrigo's footsteps, not even when he came in quietly as always. He stopped under the door, the light behind him illuminating the naked Ria, who was masturbating, completely absorbed in herself. For father Rodrigo was just only new that Ria was masturbating. He had seen it a thousand times, his wife Isabella masturbated every night and left the candle burning so he could see her doing it. But Isabella was no more.

Ria opened her eyes when she was finished and blinked in the light. Naked as she was, she jumped out of the bed and hugged her father passionately. "Papa, I didn't know you were coming today, otherwise I would have been waiting for you with a delicious meal!" He kissed her too and returned the hug. They sat down on the bed and he told her briefly how the campaign had ended, the Moors had fled headlong to the south and they had been let go.

"I was just surprised at how grown up you have become, my little one!" he stated, "you're already masturbating! Like Isabella, your poor mother, God rest her soul! She masturbated every night before she went to sleep, usually lying in my arms and masturbating with passion and delight. I loved her very much, my Isabella!" They were silent, both lost in their thoughts. Rodrigo kissed her goodnight and left.

One of the next evenings he came into her bedroom and sat down at the foot of the bed. She could see in the dim light that he was crying silently. Her heart clenched. "What's wrong, Papa?" she asked very quietly. He was silent for a long time. He pulled down her blanket; she was totally naked. "Let me see it," he stammered awkwardly. She knew immediately what he meant. "Shall I light the candle?" she asked, but he had already leaned forward and lit the candle. He wiped the tears from his eyes and smiled awkwardly. Ria said, "I'm a little ashamed, Papa, will you hold me in your arms?" She lay down in his arms and hesitated for a long time, then she pulled herself to-

gether and masturbated, very shy and full of shame. He watched in silence and finally left quietly.

In the morning a maid woke her up very early, which was unusual. “Breakfast with the Lord,” whispered the maid. Ria quickly got dressed and went into the dining room; there was indeed breakfast. She gave him a good morning kiss. He looked up. “I was in Madrid two weeks ago. I saw your fiancé. I spoke to his father and called off the engagement.” He continued eating calmly, but Ria was dismayed. He continued speaking when he noticed. “He has turned into a slovenly dirtbag. I would rather give you to a stable boy than to this scum! I don’t care about the financial loss, I don’t really care. I’ll find you someone else, someone decent, I owe that to Isabella.” They continued eating in silence; Ria would have liked to know why he turned Don Fernando down, but she decided to ask him at a better opportunity.

The father had finished breakfast. He said he was riding out on a tour of inspection and would be back in the evening. Wouldn’t she spend the night with him, in the big double bed? he asked casually. “I don’t want to sleep alone anymore,” he added. Ria nodded with a dry throat and swallowed deeply. “Good,” he said and left. In the afternoon Ria made a decision, and it was not an easy one. “Father has come home and we are not allowed to see each other anymore. Not until he has left again,” she said to Alejandro. She said nothing about the broken engagement, not until she knew more. He wanted to protest, but she did not accept any counterarguments. “If he catches us, he will cut off your head. He is the Duke, he can do that. I will not allow that.” Alejandro was surprised at how clearly and maturely she spoke. Ria was no longer a little girl. She said that she was sad because they would not have another date. He nodded and pretended to be sad too. She looked at him contemptuously. “You will find a Donna Elvira for the meantime,” she said dryly. He looked surprised, but she said very dryly, “In such a small town, it gets around quickly, people have nothing else to do but gossip. I assume so, you don’t need to pretend to be ill, my love!” The shot hit home. She left before she could be talked out of it.

After dinner, she followed Papa into the large parents' bedroom. He shook his head when she wanted to put on her nightgown. He left a candle burning and hugged her before she went to sleep. It was not until the third night that he took her in his arms. He didn't need to say anything. She snuggled up deep in his arms and played with her clit until desire rose within her. She masturbated every night in his arms, he watched without saying a word and kissed the top of her head each time after. She knew that every afternoon he mounted and fucked a different maid, she heard the maids whispering.

Don Fernando, her former fiancé, had become a drunkard and gambler, he lost all his money at the gaming table and got into more and more debt when his father refused to give him money. He drank far too much and woke up every morning in a strange bed. They were usually not whores, but respectable and chaste wives, he had no conscience at all and never thought about the husbands, who mostly served on the battlefields while Fernando fucked their wives. Ria was grateful to her father because she had poisoned Don Fernando in the first week. Her father knew that Ria was not joking.

Ria really enjoyed spending the night with him, it had already been six months and she was 15. She claimed that it didn't bother her that he fucked the maids. He said he was only 43 and not an old man yet, his cock wanted to fuck every day, that was normal. She sheepishly admitted that she was a little jealous. Why didn't he fuck her!?

Her father was perplexed, fuck you!? He thought about it for a long time. He had often thought about it, she was looking more and more like Isabella, having her queenlike slim body, Isabellas big boobs and a face reminding him to his wife. He didn't care about the opinion of the almighty church, he believed in his God and didn't need the priests. They would burn him at the stake, but that didn't bother him. They argued for days, for weeks. Ria was sure she would get him to do it. She didn't have to think seriously about contraception at the moment, she didn't have her period yet. He just had to be reminded of the idea every night until he gave in. He gave finally in.

He wanted to know if she had a boyfriend. She nodded and said she had sent him packing, he wasn't a man for life, more like some-

one who just awakened her sexuality. And it was nice to be completely in love and to experience the feeling of wanting to give yourself completely to a man, even if she hadn't taken the final step.

Her father had her tell him everything in detail. How she had learned to masturbate him to squirt. How he had explored her body millimeter by millimeter and triggered the desire and longing in her pussy. How he had taught her to masturbate. After that, she had always let him fuck her in the vestibule of her vagina, because he was meticulous about her hymen. She rubbed his cock at the same time and let him squirt in the vestibule of her vagina as often as he wanted. She only did that for him, she herself felt absolutely nothing sexual about it. And if she hadn't been engaged at the time, then... Her father nodded, that was good. She hadn't done anything wrong and hadn't cheated on her distant fiancé before marriage. She hadn't given any reason for a heated argument with Don Fernando. He hugged and kissed her spontaneously. "Isabella has brought you up well and I'm very proud of you!"

She didn't want to wait any longer, she said as she pulled him between her thighs one evening. "Of course you're my father. But you're exactly the man I love, the man I love more than anything. Be my first!" He was taken aback, but not unhappy. "Be my little wife, Ria!" he said. She nodded and kissed him. "Love me, Daddy, because I love you more than anyone else!" He penetrated her carefully and considerately, he had a lot of experience in deflowering. Ria felt her hymen tear, but it didn't hurt much. He fucked her, and how! He was very good at fucking, he brought Ria to orgasm and squirted inside, he knew that she hadn't had her period yet. The maids couldn't fail to notice, but they liked the Duke because he continued to fuck them well in the afternoon. Ria was happy for him because she also thought it was normal for him to fuck his maids, which was quite normal and common in Spain of the 12th century.

She fucked him every day until she was 35. She didn't get her period until she was 26 and gave birth to 3 children, three girls. They loved their daughters more than anything and they lived a loving family life. He only went to the battlefield in exceptional cases when it was unavoidable. She mended his doublet of stitched triple-leather

with strong thread, the holes and cuts testifying to his bravery. He fell defending Toledo, which had fallen to the Moors for the second time in a hundred years. The victor, Mehmet Bey, had his body washed and sent to the city so that the Duke could be given a proper burial.

Ria was very faithful to Rodrigo, she only cheated on him twice. She followed Alejandro's life meticulously, there wasn't a single honest, chaste wife in Toledo that he hadn't fucked. Not a single one! He avoided virgins and young girls, he only fucked mature women, especially married women. If the daughters were present when their mother was being fucked, he naturally fucked the girls too. He grinned devilishly when he fucked an underage girl in front of her mother. No one knew where he got the power to subjugate any woman and fuck her as he pleased.

Alejandro visited Ria three times, each time she was already heavily pregnant. He caressed her round belly, "Rodrigo's?" he asked purely rhetorically. She was subject to his hypnotic magic, she didn't really want to cheat on Rodrigo or let Alejandro fuck her. But he had a devilish magic that made every woman subject to him, nobles, commoners and all the nuns in the convent. All of them! The Carmelite convent had 35 nuns of all ages and virgin novices. Alejandro was on a rampage and fucked all the nuns under 60 and all the novices like he was in a blood frenzy. All of them! Ria's whole body was shaking, she didn't want to let him fuck her, but she had to! She succumbed to his hypnotic magic, he undressed the trembling Ria and fucked her for two hours. The same thing happened with her second and third child, after which the sinister magician disappeared from her life.

The second was a dwarf, el Kebir, who taught her Arabic. Rodrigo thought that you had to know the enemy's language, but he quickly gave up, feeling inadequate. Ria studied with the dwarf every day, she learned very easily. He sat on the floor between her thighs and tried to catch a glimpse of her pussy. She lifted her skirt up above her knees and let the little one look her pussyhole. He masturbated nonstop, she smiled faintly because he ejaculated again and again when her finger touched her clit. El Kebir had a huge, chunky cock and ejaculated endlessly. When the class was over, the dwarf was allowed

to climb onto her chair and fuck her for an hour. He leaned on the armrests and waited patiently until she had rubbed his cock until it was stiff again. She inserted his giant cock very carefully with her fingers; the first time he had rammed his cock into her so roughly that she screamed in shock. Since then, she inserted the cock herself and closed her eyes. He really fucked excellently; his cock stayed stiff for about an hour and she quickly had an orgasm and stayed at the peak until he was finished. He couldn't squirt anymore, but that was fine with Ria. She really liked the way he fucked her and made her fly from orgasm to orgasm.

The Moors took over the city. The victor, Mehmet Bey, firstly gave the order to build the most beautiful mosque. Secondly, he was entitled to the wife of the defeated Duke, but the Duke had been a widower. So Mehmet took Ria and her little daughters in his harem. He was educated and a good, agreeable man in private. Ria was not forced to anything, she remained a Christian, of which there were several in the harem. She lay down with Mehmet, who was already quite old and had weak loins. He wisely gave one or two of his wives to a warrior for a night if he had distinguished himself. Ria was quite happy with that, she really enjoyed a strong cock. She looked at the warriors and chose one for the night, there was no reason not to get a good fuck! She stayed in the harem until she was 56 years old, she learned Arabic, kept her figure in good shape and fucked as much as she could. Her vagina had shrunk rapidly after Rodrigo's death, so her vagina had to adapt to the size of the cock when she was fucked. She especially loved the black Moors who had very big cocks and who fucked her several times in a row. She always had favorites with whom she fucked until she fell over.

Mehmet stubbornly insisted that her daughters be deflowered at 13 like all Moorish girls and then be available for fucking like the other harem women. Ria prepared her daughters conscientiously for deflowering and fucking. The daughters were often allowed to watch the fucking through a spy hole, Ria looked through the hole with them and discussed with them everything that went well and what went wrong. She was glad that it was a Moorish custom for the mother to be present at the deflowering. This was a wise custom. She lay naked next to her daughter and grabbed the cock of the black fa-

vorite. She rubbed her daughter's clit for the first time, but it was important that she was deflowered during orgasm. When the orgasm was very close, she grabbed the cock and rammed it into her daughter's pussy. The girl orgasmed and Ria drove the cock through the hymen. She let go of both of them and the black man fucked the child slowly and carefully. After he had squirted inside, she hugged her daughter and comforted her. She lay down under the black man and carefully inserted his cock. She whimpered and moaned endlessly until her atrophied vagina had adapted to the large black cock. The daughter saw for the first time how Ria let herself be fucked and fucked the black man. It took quite a long time and Ria screamed with lust and desire. Later, Ria supervised her daughter to ensure that she only let herself be fucked by good men and that she drank the tea made from devil's root for contraception. But the daughters did a good job and Ria could be really satisfied.

Mehmet died when Ria was 56 years old. His harem was dissolved, the new Bey did not sell the harem women into slavery because he was a good son who fulfilled his father's last wishes. The women scattered to the four winds.

Ria moved to Catholic Madrid with her daughters.

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# The Way of a Virgin

by Jack Faber © 2023

We are a destitute family in Vietnam, my 13 year old brother Kwon, my 2 little half siblings that my father has from his much younger second wife. My mother died giving birth to Kwon when I was only a year old. Now I am 14. After her death, the very young neighbor girl came to Daddy's every night to fuck him. She claimed her husband didn't mind the fucking as long as she didn't let Daddy squirt inside, but we knew he usually squirted twice in her little pussyhole — the first time right in the middle of her finger-orgasm or shortly after, and the second time when she was riding him and her pussy was milking his semen out of his cock real hard and slowly. She always left the little light on and said to him that she never fucked in the darkness and that it didn't hurt the kids to see normal sex. Of course she knew that Kwon and I were watching. She masturbated beforehand every time to get Daddy hot and eager. She masturbated very strangely, kneeling naked in front of Daddy and rubbing her clit for an instant. Then, long before the orgasm came, she put her head back on the mattress and her body formed a kind of a curved bridge, her clit pinching out like a thorn. Now she rubbed her clit very fast for long, and when the orgasm shook her, the bridge twitched as if in convulsions. Daddy fucked her bridge forming pussy immediately during her orgasm and very soon squirted into her little hole, he had to squeeze his ass cheeks rhythmically with each jet, jet after jet. But then she rode him, we just saw her spread ass cheeks riding up and down on his cock which stuck deep in her pussyhole. When it came to him, she fucked him very slowly and her pussyhole milked his cock dry with strong strokes. When she had her period, she would take his cock in her mouth and rub it real fast and after she bravely swallowed his semen, she would kiss him fleetingly on the cheek and go home to her husband. She introduced Daddy and Mommy to each other a few years ago and Mommy is a great mother.

We share a room with 3 beds, one for the parents, one for Kwon and me and in the third the two midgets. Kwon and I have always slept naked together like the parents and we always spy when our

parents fuck. Mommy keeps the little light on too and also says that it didn't hurt the kids to see normal sex. Of course she knew that we were spying.

Daddy usually demands that Mommy get naked and masturbate in front of his — and our — eyes, because that makes him really horny. She lies on her back and spreads her knees apart and she masturbates wildly and passionately, she never did it as a fake show. The orgasm makes her wince spasmodically and that's the signal for Daddy to penetrate and fuck wildly away. That's how I learned to masturbate from a young age on, and of course I do it several times every night. Most of the time the parents just sloppily cover their nudity when they fuck, so that Kwon and I can see everything very clearly. Mommy isn't even 10 years older than me, but she already has a pretty big hole that Daddy forces his cock into and then fucks her, just like the dogs on the street. It doesn't take him very long, then he pinches his flat ass cheeks together rhythmically and squirts into Mommy's pussyhole jet after jet. Mommy never gets an orgasm while fucking, I actually don't know for sure if women can even have orgasms while fucking. He immediately turns over and falls asleep instantly, because he works from early in the morning until the evening and earns a little money. Mommy waits a bit and then masturbates very quickly. She doesn't make a sound, the orgasm only makes her twitch and wriggle violently like mad. Kwon and I watch silently with bated breath, Kwon lying half on my back while spying and thrusting his cock into my ass crease or pussy crack. Mostly into my pussy crack and he usually squirts inside through the large hole in my hymen. He is not allowed to fuck me in real in the dark, because he can't see where the hole is. The spying excites him very much and he squirts probably a dozen times a single jet without rubbing his cock. It excites me too, of course, lying on my belly and sliding a hand underneath to play with my clit. But I have less often a secret orgasm than Kwon, who jerks off a single rich jet every few minutes. First I play only with my clit and masturbate for real only when Mommy also masturbates for real breathlessly horny with racing fingers on her clit at the end. Then she turns off the light and falls asleep too. Then it's our turn, I masturbate Kwon with my fist while he's allowed to touch my little pussy parts and I let him squirt quickly, then it's my turn. I masturbate about the same as Mommy

with a breathless racing of my finger on my clit and mostly Kwon also masturbates at the same time when he watches me, for in the dim light you see everything. I need this violent and wild masturbation every night at least twice in quick succession, with Kwon hugging me lovingly during masturbation because his sperm is already emptied and he wants to feel my lusts with his body.

Mommy knows that we both masturbate in the evening, she showed me herself years ago how I have to masturbate Kwon with my fist. She masturbated him three times in a row with her fist and Kwon and I learned then. She then caught us once in the afternoon trying to fuck. She explained the hymen to both of us and told us not to tear it because I could sell it very expensively later on. With that money, a family could buy food for a year. That was a lot of money. Mommy showed Kwon exactly how to fuck me without damaging my hymen. The hymen has a big hole, so he can very carefully put his slim, long cock through it and fuck me normally. However, he has to hold still when he cums, because the cock is then very thick. He then has to wait until his cock softens and is then allowed to pull it out again. It sounds easy, but you have to be very careful. She watched the fucking very closely a few times in the beginning and corrected him until he understood. The hole in my hymen has grown a good bit in the meantime, but the hymen is still undamaged and there. She then said it was much safer if I masturbated him with my fist. That was clear, so we fuck for real every afternoon and in the evening I masturbate Kwon with my fist, that makes me a bit hornier myself and I can masturbate wonderfully afterwards. I once told her how fine the real fucking with Kwon was for me and she smiled, “Fuck as often as possible, it’s healthy and gives a lot of pleasure!” Mommy doesn’t mind at all if we fuck in the afternoon in the same room where she does something for the household or prepares food besides. She just looks a little bit to see if we are paying attention, and of course we are.

One afternoon Mommy let Kwon fuck her, so to speak for rehearsal she said, he was allowed to squirt three times in a row and on the third fuck she masturbated herself to orgasm. I crouched behind Kwon and it looked insanely awesome! She promised him next year he would be 14 and then he could fuck her every afternoon as often

as he wanted if he could keep it a secret from Daddy and the others. That was no incest, because he was not her son, we had learned in school. He nodded eagerly, still shaking so much from squirting into her pussyhole that I hugged him tightly and held him until he calmed down. Mommy got dressed again and told me Kwon couldn't fuck me anymore because I might have a baby. She didn't, she couldn't have another baby. Later, Kwon kept asking me out and I kept having to describe to him what his fucking had looked like in Mommy's pussyhole. I was pretty down about the baby-thing and a little jealous because he was so happy to be allowed to fuck her.

Mommy never talks about her work, but she brings a lot more money home than Daddy. Once I overheard her talking to our neighbor girl as they discussed fucking techniques, positions and masturbation, and I loved listening every day because the two women called a spade a spade and obviously had incredible experience with fucking and masturbating. I also liked listening to them because during their quiet conversations they both played very delicately with their clits under their skirts, and I soon found out that their deep sighs and the short silence afterwards were the only signs of their orgasms. I have to sit under the table on the floor since they need the table for drinking coffee. I pretend to study in my notebooks, but in truth I'm looking up their skirts left and right. When they play with their clits, their skirts slide up higher and I look right into their pussyholes and at their clits, it's very very exciting and my own clit usually gets very stiff and throbbing too, but I don't dare to touch my clit. I really like watching them orgasm. My Mommy sighed deeply and whispered after her orgasm that Daddy was still very very bad at fucking, he hardly fucked for a minute, the Europeans or Americans could do much better. I was very unsettled, I wonder how she knew that? At the time I suspected she was letting European and American tourists fuck her for money like the neighbor girl. But Daddy sometimes asks her in the evening, when she shows him her money, how many there were today, then she says, for example: "Eight big white and four small yellow fishlets" and then he laughs and says: "A good catch!" So I think she is working somewhere in the fish market nearby.

Mommy took a closer look at Kwon's cock the day after their rehearsal fucking and said it was too big and too thick for the hole in

my hymen by now. From that afternoon on she let Kwon fuck her every afternoon and of course we hid it from Daddy. I was quite sure that Kwon's cock was not a bit thicker than yesterday or the day before and I suspected she could not wait until he turned 14. He usually squirted in two or three times in a row and she masturbated throughout the fucking. I was allowed to lie next to her, watch the fucking up close and masturbate to my heart's liking. When Kwon was too tired to keep fucking, I masturbated his cock inside her little pussyhole and let him squirt in powerfully. Soon I wasn't jealous anymore, because Mommy had promised to sell my hymen very expensively, but I had to fuck a completely stranger for it. That's okay, I said, the money was important to all of us. "Then I'll bring you a little fishlet to you for a very very fine fucking, for a real fucking, my sweetheart!" she said with a loving smile. Kwon got lazier and lazier and regularly let me masturbate him in her pussyhole and squirted grunting contentedly. Mommy noticed me watching her masturbating curiously and asked me if I didn't want to masturbate her? I nodded and felt her clit. I had never touched another clit before and I was very excited. It felt very strange, it was warm and stiff. She ordered me to lick her clit for a very long time to moisten it profoundly, and the licking, which I have never done before, I found so insanely horny and arousing me, that I just continued to lick her and licked with such fervor that I accidentally licked her to orgasm, and continued to lick her wonderful clit from orgasm to orgasm, so that she still had to remind me violently twitching and laughing, but now to rub the clit with a finger. From now on she let me lick her clit with a grin while Kwon fucked her. But they both didn't understand how good this clit licking was for myself! She let herself slide backwards very relaxed and we both took over the activities. Kwon fucked her firmly and steadily, I licked her clit slowly and then faster and triggered her orgasm rapidly with my tongue. I waited until she nodded to me and I licked her again with great pleasure and lust, so she had many more orgasms than before and I could ignore Kwon, I had no capacity left to masturbate him.

I was already taking the pill for the third month, Mommy bought me three seductively skimpy dresses and showed me how I looked better with a little makeup. I got a new identity card with a false name and false address. And there I was already 19, that was because

of the police, when they frisked me, she explained that to me very precisely, because that was an important issue. I had very little pubic hair, but I had to shave myself every day now, because men didn't like pubic hair or stubble, it had to be really smooth like a baby's ass. I was very ashamed when she shaved me for the first time and my clit got really horny and all stiff and stood up between the shaved labia and stuck out an inch. It was obvious what it wanted and she nodded very kindly and asked if it was me or her who should do it? I was confused and nodded, not immediately knowing what to answer. She accepted and pulled my knees up, then spread them. I almost perished with shame, because my clit looked out even further with my legs open and it knew exactly what was coming now, the rascal! I have never been masturbated before, turned my head away and closed my eyes in horrified shame. She was masturbating me really quite delicately and exactly in the same way as I was used to. I jerked and wriggled convulsively in orgasm and saw Kwon's eyes almost fall out.

At lunchtime, Mommy came home only briefly to be fucked very hastily by Kwon and let me lick her clit during their fucking, before she went back to work quickly. The young neighbor took a lot of photos of me, in skimpy dresses, in portrait and naked, in many different positions, with legs spread, licking Mommy's clit devotedly or masturbating my own clit. Weeks later the time had come, Mommy called me and ordered me to a hotel. She was very excited and kept repeating what I had to do and what not to do. Her emergency number. No alcohol, just coke. No swallowing anything, no drugs, no smoking. We had gone over all this a hundred times before. "Did you bring your ID card?" My heart was pounding, but I was composed. "Which one?" I asked, and she pointed her chin toward the bar. A tall blond man with a full beard. "Now go on, that's the one, an American, your first fine little fishlet!" She had already gotten the money, she whispered. Off I went.

The American made me sit down and offered me a drink. I spoke English for the first time. "A Coke please, thank you very much, and thank you again!" It was not easy, I had only 4 years of English in school. He was already old, maybe 30, but not as old as Daddy. When he smiled, he seemed to be very nice. He was from Norway and his name was Thorfinn. He smiled sweetly and said something, some-

thing about ‘thundering’. I nodded like a submissive Japanese Geisha-Doll and whispered my fake name, Cai, which means ‘sweet girl’ and I was from here, Ho Chi Minh City. He took my hand and told me a long mouse tail of stuff that I only at half understood. He worked internationally with computers and had been to H.C.M.-City already 12 times. He had no wife and no children, he said, because when you work with computers, it is better that way. I whispered softly that I would start medical school soon. That was true, too, but not for another three years. We didn’t talk much more, he took my hand and led me to the elevator, to his room. He put down my Coke and pointed to the bathroom. “We’re taking a shower!” he announced. He soaped me up with lots of suds and washed me, his cock and himself off. I smiled and said it was swell to shower twice in one hour! and we were both laughing now. He dried us off and hugged me for the first time. I was shaking with excitement and nodded when he asked if I was ready?

It was actually the same as always, as with Kwon. He refrained from kissing and cuddling, knowing that it was not appropriate in our culture. I shook my head, for all I care he didn’t need a condom, I’m on the pill. Tenderly and considerately he embraced me before penetrating. I felt a violent prick and that was it. He fucked me with his medium sized cock for quite a while, then he squirted into my pussyhole. I could feel the warm jets quite clearly as he squirted in.

After that we sat side by side on the bed, he smoked and asked me if it was okay with me. I gulped and whispered that I was sorry there was a blood stain on the bed sheet. He laughed loudly and offered me a cigarette again, but I declined. He fondled my tiny little breasts, flat as a flatbread, and asked how old I really was. I thought back and forth and he smiled adorably. He just wanted to know and not cause any trouble. I trusted his smile and whispered I was 14 years and 8 months old. He nodded, okay. We did not fuck for a second time, although I would have wanted it badly and also desperately needed it. He got up and escorted me to the bar. He asked if I wanted another Coke, but I declined with thanks. Mommy sat like on hot coals and I said goodbye. I waited for Mommy on the street.

Well, now I had become a real woman! I told Mommy everything on the way home, I left nothing out. Even before we arrived home, I deposited my ownership of Kwon. There was no reason not to fuck me anymore, and she had Daddy, so Kwon was mine! I had expected resistance from her, but she smiled to my amazement and muttered that he fucked just as miserable as his father. With that, the cookie was eaten.

Of course, I let Kwon look at the naked pictures we had taken at the neighbor's house on my cell phone, but not copy them. I was too afraid they might get on the internet. We waited in the evening until Daddy was asleep and Mommy was done with the second masturbation, then we fucked quietly. No more masturbating with my fist, no more fucking with Mommy, no more fucking in the afternoon. Kwon was allowed to fuck me every night, as often as he wanted. I still masturbated several times before going to sleep until I was tired. I didn't get an orgasm while fucking, which really pissed Kwon off, but that's the way it was. Whether it would have gone if he could have fucked longer, I didn't know.

Kwon and I were now studying really hard and we became top of the class pretty quickly. I wanted to graduate as fast as I could, maybe as early as 17, and go to medical school right away. Mommy put aside most of the money I earned from my fucking for my studies. I tried very hard, I studied obsessively and fucked as many men as I could. Like Mommy, I felt I had to keep the money together and bought makeup and clothes very sparingly. She was absolutely right that I didn't smoke, drink alcohol or do drugs. We were a splendid pair in the years until I went to college, two splendid young whores.

Daddy only worked until noon and drowned his disappointment with alcohol. We couldn't talk him out of it. Then he got no work at all and sat motionless at the table until the afternoon. He didn't start drinking until late afternoon. He was still sober in the afternoon and lovingly occupied himself with the two youngest ones. He had never attended school and could neither read nor write. But since he wanted to help the little ones with their homework, he learned to read with me and Kwon and could really keep up with his children.

He knew very well from the first day that his wife worked as a whore and now earned the money for the family, for that he was grateful. We were usually only two at home before noon and the dear little neighbor girl came over every noon since he was out of work and fucked Daddy, just like she had done before. He was much too drunk in the evening to still fuck with Mommy. I always watched them fucking, even though I was sitting in front of my notebooks and was supposed to be studying. Only sometimes I masturbated secretly when they were doing it really horny. When she had scurried out, he often still sat on the bed and masturbated very thinkful and slowly. If I opened my legs a little bit and he could see my little pussyhole and my finger playing with the clit, my dear daddy squirted immediately and that's what we did every day. He nodded with blurry eyes after jerking off when I told him one day that I was also working as a whore and putting the money aside to study later. Hastily and with a greedy and covetous look at my pussy he rubbed his cock in anticipation stiff again and asked me if he could fuck his whore daughter also at times? I knew what he meant and nodded in agreement.

It was clear to me that it was incest, but I immediately stripped naked and, lying on my back, masturbated quite wildly and passionately. As my orgasm approached, he penetrated me instantly and almost immediately squirted inside in the midst of my orgasm. We finished it at the same time. I have never masturbated before so wonderfully and passionately as now in front of my Daddy. I enjoyed it insanely that he fucked precisely into my orgasm and he actually needed not even half a minute to squirt in midst of my dawning orgasm and squirt in jet after jet. I felt his rhythmic squirting and my orgasm shaking me at the same time. We held each other tightly and let our orgasms fade out and subside at the same time. We could rarely repeat it more than twice, his seed had dried up. I enjoyed it with Daddy very much, he certainly didn't fuck the way Mommy or the cute neighbor girl expected, but he fucked just right for me so that I was completely satisfied and happy. He kept saying how nice fucking me was, and he always said it when he was sober. I let him fuck me every day at lunch for a few weeks, as often as he wanted. But he insisted for months to fuck at noon also with the cute little neighbor girl, so we shared him sisterly and enjoyed the fine masturbating as well as his squirting midst into our orgasms.

Honestly, I felt sorry for him, he had been a hardworking and honest man all his life and couldn't help it that the New Age had overtaken him and didn't need him anymore, that was very bitter for him. I spoke quite openly with Mommy and later with the fine neighbor girl that the three of us took turns to fuck Daddy before noon. Two of us could make money with fucking at noon and one of the three of us would lie down with Daddy to fuck. It was an important and simple decision that was good for everyone. Mommy no longer had to worry that he was roaming around and maybe taking advantage of kids or raping someone like others or something. The neighbor girl was not allowed to masturbate with her husband or with the clientele, but with Daddy she was always allowed to masturbate happily, passionately and completely uninhibited before fucking. I was glad that I didn't have to shoulder the whole burden alone and didn't lose valuable time every day for studying or for paid fucking with the tourists. And I was certainly the only one who could enjoy fucking with Daddy as much as with no paying customer, bit I could justify this unfairness. At not yet 50, alcohol had destroyed his virility.

At night, Daddy sleeps away intoxicated and Mommy meanwhile masturbates silently four or five times in a row before turning out the light and falling asleep. Kwon now lies on my back whenever we watch Mommy masturbate and sticks his cock in my fuckhole from behind. He keeps squirting because Mommy's masturbating excites him even more than it excites me. He mostly fucks already lying on my back and I am very happy with him. He is the only one who is allowed to fuck me from behind. I'll keep fucking him until the Gods break us apart.

I am now in my third year of medical school, it is very easy for me and I don't even have to spend as much time on it as I did at the end of college. We continue life and fucking as before, since the boarding school obligation is gone and I can continue to live in our one-bedroom apartment. Only Kwon has changed a bit. He sneaks over to Mommy every few days when she is in the middle of her nightly masturbation and fucks her, but she just lets it happen with a smile. Sometimes he fucks the neighbor girl at lunch when she's done with Daddy. I scold him smiling, the prankster, and then we laugh at his cock, which obviously loves variety.

Mommy often calls me softly when she starts to masturbate at night. “Don’t you like to come clit licking, my sweetheart?” she calls very softly, and she pauses patiently until Kwon had finished squirting inside me. Then I sneak up to her, followed by Kwon. Her clit is all mine, I love it insanely hot because it was the best, most beautiful and most receptive clit I had ever licked. I experienced such wonderful feelings as if I was orgasming myself and I licked her clit up to orgasm and continued licking her clit to prolongue her orgasm for minutes until she clawed my hair and pulled my head away. Neither of us paid any attention to Kwon, who poured into her from time to time until he had flung all of his seed into her. I was blissful as she demanded it more and more often.

She also sold me to tourist ladies as the “Best Tongue” in town. I did not like them, they were fat and arrogant, ‘cause they had paid after all, or not? I turned my head to the side, because I did not want to cuddle and kiss. First I cleaned her pussy with an alco-tissue, then I licked her clit to orgasm. It was a job, not a pleasure. Likewise, it was just a job when I was frisked twice by the police. They found neither money nor drugs, yet they dragged me to the police station. It was immediately clear, they were fucking me for hours amidst all the other women in the cell. I turned my head to the side and closed my eyes, couldn’t they see how ashamed I was? I hid my orgasms as best I could and after a few hours they let me go, everyone had fucked enough and there was no reason to hold me any longer. It was half as bad and the police lost their terror for me.

Since fucking at the police station, I knew that I could very well have an orgasm while fucking if I was just fucked long enough. I was finally able to teach Kwon, with a lot of training, to fuck me until I had an orgasm. When the orgasm had subsided, I nodded to him that he was allowed to squirt now and enjoyed it very much when he rhythmically squirted jet after jet into me.

I still have four years of study ahead of me and I’m really looking forward to becoming a doctor. Until then I will fuck hundreds of tourists, as I have fucked hundreds already. I am thankful to the Gods that I don’t have such a messed up life like many other whores,

that I have been able to stay away from horrible perversions and diseases.

Whenever I can squeeze it in my time schedule, I visit the Gods in the Temples and thank them for their blessings.

# The Convent Maiden

by Jack Faber © 2023

I grew up in a monastery of women, I never had parents. I believed I was the daughter of a nun, this was not uncommon in those days because there were many children in the monastery and sometimes you would see a pregnant nun, usually well hidden.

I have been deaf and dumb since birth, I never attended school and for the work in the herb garden and in the kitchen hand signals were enough. I never really missed speaking, what I didn't understand when I looked, I didn't need to know. I didn't need my own cell either, I slept with this one for a few months and then with another. I cuddled up naked to the naked nun under the bedspread and they taught me to masturbate right from the start when I was a kid. Most of the time we masturbated together, snuggled close to each other and I only noticed their orgasm by their breathing. Some wanted to masturbate with the little light on and we sat naked opposite each other and masturbated, watching the other masturbate.

Some nuns did not masturbate, we held each other close and kissed each other with our tongues, almost everyone liked that kind of kissing. The nuns who didn't masturbate themselves embraced me very intimately when I masturbated. They held me very tightly pressed against their naked shivering bodies. When the orgasm made me wriggle and twitch, then they embraced me very lovingly and kissed me with their tongues. Only a single one allowed me to masturbate her afterwards for months.

Sometimes a little pastor or a little monk came to our cell in the evening. The nun unwrapped his cock awkwardly and then she masturbated him by hand. I paid attention very well and a few times I was allowed to masturbate him, but the second time I had to rub for ages until he squirted. I looked at the cocks of course very closely, they were as different as the breasts of us nuns.

Once the priest who had said mass in the morning came, but he had not come to be masturbated. Of course, I did not understand what they were talking about, but he really wanted something and she did not want it at all. After all, we were in the middle of masturbating when the priest slipped in, and it was quite obvious that her clit was still hot burning like hell from masturbating. He grabbed her rather roughly and she clung to my neck with wide open fearful eyes in search of help. She shook her head, but at the same time she stretched her white ass cheeks back, towards him demandingly. I looked over her shoulder, his cock entered her little hole with a brutal jerk and she winced as if he had impaled her. I stroked her back soothingly and then caressed her asscheeks while the priest fucked her brutally. He was having a very hard time making himself cum and kept thrusting in hard to squirt. He pulled his pants up and left with an angry look on his face. She wiped a bit of blood from her thigh crying and wept bitterly hanging from my neck. I didn't know anything about deflowering at that time. But the wicked priest came every night and fucked her from behind while she hung on my neck and cried no more, so I was caressing her white asscheeks when she was brutally fucked from behind. After having squirted into her little hole he went without thinking that she maybe wanted to orgasm. After a few months he stopped coming and I was glad about that, because he always made such an evil face.

Few nuns let themselves be fucked, but most of those obviously liked it and usually had a nice orgasm too. With these I loved the fucking of the men very much. When they were fucked from behind, I would hug them lovingly, caress their buttocks and their ass creases, which most of them demanded, and feel their orgasm in their breath. When they were getting fucked lying on their backs, I would lay their head on my bare pubic, fondle their breasts or twirl their teats and look at the cock driving busily in and out beneath her masturbating finger. When their head jerked in my lap, I knew they were orgasming. The priests then had to pull out their cock and masturbate. I then spread their semen playfully with my fingers on her ass cheeks or her cunt.

I had learned very early to fuck the nuns clit to clit. Most nuns wanted to be fucked by me, and I liked it very much. I felt a bit like a

man when I kept fucking a nun very hard after her first orgasm. I looked at their excited faces, which distorted devilish in orgasm and softened again, until the next orgasm. The nuns who loved to be fucked by me the most were the ones who did not masturbate themselves. They submitted themselves completely to me and let me do the aggressive clit fucking dominantly, they winced and twitched in their orgasms. They had quite a few orgasms and many cried afterwards with laughing eyes. When I was about 16 years old, we masturbated only as an exception, I should fuck them all clit to clit until they went limp. To me that was quite right, because when I fucked one, I myself also had many orgasms.

How I loved this, the fucking clit to clit! I bent over her, holding her wrists and bending them behind her head. I looked at her firmly, her wrists were not allowed to move! I saw her gaze wander like a little bird, trying to escape. Like a bird of prey I pounced on her lips, brutally forcing them apart and seeking her tongue, she did not escape me. My tongue attacked, overpowering the other and I kissed her aggressively until I saw in her eyes that she was defeated. I slid slowly over her body and my clit sought hers. She had to meet me, we both knew that. Her clit was seeking mine, I was seeking hers. Finally! Now I began to fuck her, slowly and carefully, so as not to miss her clit and not to lose it. I thrust harder and harder, watching her face slowly changing. The first orgasm came gradually, I kept fucking, aggressively and furiously. There, finally, the face changed to a devilish grimace as her first orgasm erupted. The clits lost themselves, her abdomen twitched and wriggled for a moment, then she calmed down. The clits immediately found each other again, I leaned on her wrists and continued to fuck firmly. The next orgasms came after only moments, I continued to fuck firmly and determinedly and she orgasmed every second. These orgasms didn't tear her around as the first one did, her face contorted from orgasm to orgasm again to the devilish grimace and she exhaled trembling and lightly shivering. It was over. I lowered my head, my own orgasms had exhausted me. She sought my mouth, my tongue. We kissed until our heartbeats and breathing calmed again.

Most dear to me were the most chaste virgins, the ones who never masturbated themselves, who never let a man fuck them, and who at

night, bathed in sweat, awoke in a dreamed orgasm and, full of shyness and embarrassment, pressed a finger upon their clit until it calmed down and came to the relaxed resting position. They trembled like aspen leaves when I laid down with them for the first time. Shy, confused by their own feelings and full of shame, they allowed themselves to be embraced. The first French kiss was the decisive one, it was the door opener. Fucking clit to clit I didn't need to teach anyone, they had already had it explained to them a hundred times before they decided to dare. These virgins had the most beautiful orgasms, rapturously listening inside they felt the rise of the orgasm. Shy and girlish their facial expression at the orgasm, amazed and surprised they opened their eyes. I could see stars in their eyes!

I had fucked all the nuns over the many years, even the Sister Superior. The older ones didn't need to be seduced with French kisses and they kissed very little. She was quite old and smiled gently as I approached. She, like all the elders, had only gentle, trembling and shivering orgasms and knew exactly how to bring on the many small orgasms in quick succession after the first big one. She patted my buttocks kindly and nodded contentedly as I left.

War was raging outside and the convent was gradually closed. The nuns disappeared one by one and the Sister Superior explained with many gestures that the Emperor had been chased away and the war could not last much longer. I didn't know much about the world outside and I only knew the Emperor from the big photo next to the Christ and Our Lady. I nodded, I didn't care about the Emperor any more than I cared about Our Lady, I just felt sorry for the poor crucified Christ. He looked very unhappy and I thought to myself how uncomfortable it must have been to be nailed to a wooden cross. That all the nuns were in love with him I noticed, of course, but that was probably part of their lives. The Sister Superior then made it clear to me that a horse-drawn carriage would take me to a village and I would live there in the rectory. I understood her and left with a very heavy heart after hugging all the remaining nuns.

The new parish priest had not yet arrived. The old housekeeper took a very long time to explain to me that she would only stay for so long and then leave, where to I could not understand. I was then the

new housekeeper and she showed me everything. It was certainly not difficult. After a few days the new priest arrived, he had come back from the war and had only two fingers on one hand. He was very young, I must have been three times his age, he was 27 and I 61, a sad child he was, coming back very desillusioned from the war. But he was friendly and I cooked very well, because the farmers of the village brought really fine foodstuffs, better than we had available in the monastery.

He dragged me into the bathroom the first morning, I had to wash him thoroughly in the shower. I did that with pleasure, I had washed the nuns too, if they wanted it. Of course, I also washed his cock, which naturally stiffened. I rubbed his cock very lovingly until he stopped my hand just before squirting. He turned to the wall and immediately squirted on the tiles. I held his ass cheeks and bent over to see him masturbating. I grabbed the little sacklet and the shaft from behind and caressed it very gently, because I knew that's something the men wanted. He stopped masturbating and let me rub his cock from behind, leaving me to make him squirt. He only allowed me to reach between his ass cheeks from behind and caress his cock until he stopped masturbating before squirting and I was allowed to rub him hard from behind and make him squirt. After cuming, he turned back to me and I rubbed the drops of semen out of his cock, pulling out the last drops of semen at the end with firm fingerstrokes. I washed his cock and handed him the towel. But only after three months he allowed me to rub his cock until he squirted. I did it, I knew exactly how to do it. He was very pleased and friendly and after a few weeks he meant that I should not wet my dress and take it off. It was fine with me, I washed him in my panties and bra and masturbated him conscientiously every morning. Sometimes he would look into my room late at night and nod friendly when he saw me masturbating, because without the nuns I had to masturbate obsessively every night until I fell asleep tired. When he looked in, I would uncover myself and masturbate naked one after another time until I was tired. Weeks later he unhooked the bra, before I washed and masturbated him. I was very embarrassed for the first time, because they were hanging down like fat melons and the teats were getting pointy and stiff. But they seemed to please him very much.

I washed and masturbated him in my panties over the next few months and my melonlike-breasts swung back and forth like church bells so that sometimes we both had to laugh. He asked if he could squirt into my mouth and I nodded, I've seen that with the nuns too. I always let him squirt in my mouth when he wanted it. He put his cock deep in my throat and squirted with his eyes closed. He told me that some French women had done it like that to him during the war. He never raped or fucked a French woman against her will, he was not a monster like others. But he admitted, never saying No to a willing French woman. I liked how good he did our conversations, which was not an easy task, but he desperately wanted me to understand him.

Then, weeks later, he made me sit on the stool. He took off my panties and looked at my pussy and clit. He touched my clit and looked at me questioningly. I nodded in agreement and spread my legs willingly. He was not unskilled in masturbating a woman and I came trembling and twitching to orgasm. After that I masturbated him and this went on for half a year, he had learned to masturbate me quite well and I was able to have an orgasm every morning before I masturbated him.

He now came to my room every night, sat next to me on the bed and uncovered me. He wanted to watch me masturbate when I was completely naked and that was fine with me, I masturbated one after another time until I had enough. One night he took off his clothes and lay with me. He didn't bother me while I masturbated, he only hugged me and pressed his naked body against me while I masturbated. I could feel his cock getting hard, and mostly he was fine with me masturbating him afterwards. This went on for months.

After one of my nightly orgasms, he lay upon me between my legs. I felt how firmly and demanding his cock wanted to penetrate my pussy. I shook my head, No, it was locked down there, I had never fucked before! He continued to press, although I shook my head in protest. I had never fucked, my lips formed, my fuckhole hasn't been opened! He pressed and pressed and suddenly my hymen tore, I could feel it very clearly. He fucked me very slowly and powerfully. He kissed my neck and paused deep inside me. His cock twitched

and squirted several times, then he lowered himself next to me and instantly fell asleep. He went to his room a few hours later.

We've been fucking for years now without much change, I still wash him every morning in the shower, but I don't masturbate him every day. I run his household conscientiously and neatly. Only on Friday afternoon, when he comes back from hearing confession, he has to fuck me immediately because of his horniness. I do not know what the women tell him exactly in confession. I had asked him sometimes about it and he just shook his head sadly and made the hand sign for fucking and masturbating and the cock rubbing in the mouth, which he himself was very fond of. Yes, all of them, he pointed, mainly the cock rubbing in the mouth and fucking, but not with her own husband. He explained to me that many poor women made love to other women and girls and that it was not allowed if one or both were married. He described that the women masturbated each other or licked their clits. I had also often licked clits, but I did not enjoy it so much, only when I was licked, but it was not very common among the nuns. It was often the same poor women, he explained to me, who fucked other men, their girlfriends' husbands, their neighbors, the mailman or the craftsman. Married women are not allowed to do that, he explained to me, they are only allowed to fuck with their own husbands. I understood what he was explaining, but I found it quite strange and really boring. There were also two widows in the village who fucked with their own sons, that was quite sinful!

I didn't understand much about these things and what was allowed or not allowed, but I saw in his sad look that much of what he heard in confession was not allowed. I pressed his head to my chest, I didn't want him to fret too much about what the pious wives were doing with their cunts. I didn't ask further, I didn't really want to know.

# King Arthur's Spies

by Jack Faber © 2023

The two orphan boys Bob and Ric met at the age of 8 and stayed together all their lives. Robert and Eric were their names, and they slept in barns and stables and went to help people on farms to earn a meal or foodstuff. They had given up begging, it was no way to survive. They slept close together and warmed each other, likewise they masturbated together or masturbated the other.

They curiously stroked around the maids and servants to watch them masturbate or fuck. They got bigger and got a No after another No, none of the young maids wanted to fuck 10 or 11 year old boys. Only the old, the very old maids, no longer able to entice anyone to fuck them, let the boys fuck them willingly. They would go forward into a secluded room, bend over and flip up their skirts, offering their old worn cunts between the asscheeks to be fucked from behind. Most people fucked like this at the time, face to face only married couples or long time lovers fucked. For years the boys fucked the old broads every day at least twice. That was a good training.

They would sneak into the kitchens when the mistress was getting fucked from behind by a visitor, guest or deliveryman, as was the custom in those days. There were a few mistresses who also let the two boys fuck them after the guest. The maids would watch the mistress, but they were too fine to fuck the boys. Some let the boys watch them masturbate and squirt upon them, and only a few taught the boys to masturbate a girl. Bob and Ric quite soon knew which mistress, which maid tolerated their presence while they fucked and would sometimes let them fuck her. But for daily fucking, they still had to go to the old maids for a very long time.

They eventually got tired of the old, tired pussies of the old women and very soon moved on to assaulting and fucking younger maids. In pairs they approached their victim, wrestled her to the ground and one held her by the wrists, the other flipped up her skirt or took off her dress completely and fucked her. They took turns until they had

enough. The other maids and servants watched impassively, it was none of their business. They only had to fear the master of the house, because the maid was his property. But they were never called to account and fucked a maid every day. They fucked a mistress only if she allowed it, and there were some. They did their mischief for more than two years, they had no bad conscience about it, because they only wanted to fuck younger women and not plow in the really old pussies anymore. And most of the maids didn't even put up a fight, because fucking the half-breeds was a welcome entertainment in their joyless daily routine.

When they were about 13 years old, they were allowed to do minor work in the king's castle, in Camelot. They spied on the noblemen, soon knew who with whom and where. The people in the castle changed partners like the clouds in the skies and many noblewomen lay down in the grass in secluded corners of the parks to masturbate undisturbed. These were the situations that the two depraved boys took advantage of. They watched the girls masturbating and when she gradually recovered afterwards, they came out of their hiding place. One would hold the girl by the wrists and the second would fuck her quickly and hastily, then they would take turns until they had fucked often enough. Not a single girl ever betrayed them, most allowed themselves to be fucked shyly and ashamedly. While the really chaste ones avoided the gardens, there were some who came back for years and let the well-built boys fuck them voluntarily.

Brangaine, the young Queen's servant, came to the garden at least once a week for several months to be fucked by the young boys. She took life easy and enjoyed being fucked like no other. Once she even told them in which secluded chamber the young Queen Guinevere was secretly fucking her lover Sir Lancelot. Brangaine had ridden to Cornwall to marry her Sir Cadwynn. The two boys spied with bated breath when the Queen fucked her lover. Sir Lancelot was a muscular giant in build who fucked Guinevere to the brink of fainting with his giant club. He had the biggest cock Bob and Ric had ever seen and Guinevere orgasmed wonderfully. The two knew they were playing with death when spying the couple, for neither Guinevere nor Lancelot would let them live. They had little to fear from the other damsels, they would be insulted at most, but certainly not whipped.

Bob and Ric were very popular and very successful as scouts in the war campaigns. Even King Arthur listened to their reports, he was very pleased with the two of them. When they reported that there were 126 horsemen in the enemy's east wing, it was not 125 or 127, but exactly 126. Such people could be relied upon by the King or an army commander. They were unimaginably skilled at sneaking, they were never caught, and they performed many a feat. Once they stole the gilded helmet of King Pellinore from his tent and the next day King Arthur rode to meet Pellinore and offered him smiling his helmet. The war was over before it began and Pellinore bowed his knee to Arthur and became one of the most loyal knights.

Bob and Ric stayed at the castle until the end. Every day they found a maiden in the garden who liked to be fucked by both of them. One day Guinevere was lying in the garden masturbating to herself, it was scorching hot and she couldn't stand it in her chamber anymore. The two of them could not see anything exactly, because Guinevere covered herself demurely in her skirt. After the second orgasm she remained dozing. The two approached in the usual manner. Bob held Guinevere by her wrists while Ric flipped up her skirt and fucked her. Guinevere was embarrassed, tired and shy, she just let it happen. The two boys took turns fucking her three times, Guinevere orgasmed from the second fuck on and orgasmed every time after that. When they had fucked enough, Guinevere sat up with flashing eyes and let them know that she was the Queen. The two cavaliers pretended not to know. They went down on their knees and begged for mercy. Guinevere thought long and shooed them away. It was wiser to remain silent, she thought. And she had had a good fuck, after all.

Bob and Ric grew more cautious; the garden offered too many dangers. They were now officially scouts for the army, and they were given a small chamber in Camelot. The girls, noblewomen and respectable married wives visited them there to let them fuck them all afternoon long. The women passed on the secret tip only to their peers, never a man learned about it. The time between the war campaigns the most beautiful, noble and pious faithful married wives spent the afternoons on the bedside of the two boys and let them fuck their brains out. The chaste women passed each other shyly and

with their eyes lowered in shame when one left and the other came. Usually one came too soon or the other wasn't finished yet, so she blushingly dropped her dress and lay naked with the others. Bob and Ric never minded fucking two cute chaste wives at the same time. If the wives wanted to get fucked again, they had to wait a little while for the guys to recover. They knew that the guys would get hard faster if they fucked clit to clit during the break. Every woman older than 12 or 13 knew this art in Camelot, which was assiduously practiced by all the noblewomen, virgins and married wives. Bob and Ric couldn't get enough of it and tried all sorts of tricks to seduce the shy and very reserved women and girls into fucking clit to clit. Every woman who let herself be fucked by the younglings was very happy to fuck clit to clit with the other woman.

Mordred, the illegitimate son of Arthur with his sister Morgause, had seized the throne when King Arthur was fighting in France. Bob and Ric were far too young to have experienced the events themselves. But they had listened well to the ancients when they told of those times at the bonfire. Morgause was as beautiful to look at as Guinevere, but she definitely had more sex-appeal and fire in her cunt than Guinevere, they all agreed. The royal family at one point could no longer deny that Arthur was Mordred's father, so they fabricated the legend that Arthur had been bewitched and had fucked Morgause in bewitchment only once. All the ancients laughed at this story.

Arthur had a problematic relationship with the cooler Guinevere, he never forgave her for fucking and letting Sir Lancelot deflower her just before she married Arthur. Arthur loved Guinevere, no one doubted that. But the fact that his wife Guinevere was still fucking his best friend Lancelot must have offended him deeply. On the other hand, Arthur could never free himself from his younger sister Morgause.

He had deflowered her at a young age of 12 and she clung to him, playing out the full keyboard of her sex-appeal and the fire in her pussy and he followed her blindly with sexual lust, sinful desire and sexual greed. He fucked Morgause for over 20 years and they fell out when Mordred was about 16. Supposedly the quarrel was about Mor-

dred, who had been fucking Guinevere for two years at that time. That this was true, the ancients knew that from their own observation. Whether it caused the quarrel between Morgause and Arthur, no one believed, however, no one knew why the bitter quarrel broke out. One day Morgause was found with her wrists slit and many thought it was a cowardly murder. Bob and Ric tried to keep track of this strange game.

Bob and Ric had moved against France with the king and still managed to squeeze all the information they could out of the messenger riders. Mordred had usurped the throne. With Morgause he lost not only his mother, but also his first and only love. That he fucked Morgause from his youth on was an open secret. Mordred had captured Arthur's wife, Guinevere, and fucked the naked Queen several times a day in the castle courtyard in front of the gawkers. If he wanted to award someone, they were also allowed to fuck the naked Queen.

Guinevere would have been indifferent in itself to be fucked in public. But she cursed her body, which enjoyed the fucking horribly and made her twitch, wriggle and scream in orgasm. She would never forgive Mordred for this humiliation! King Arthur left France and returned home in a flash. His army faced Mordred's army irreconcilably and furiously. Mordred fucked Guinevere in her cage several times a day in front of both armies, sometimes leaving her to a knight to fuck the naked Queen. Guinevere's scream resounded far and wide when she orgasmed. At night, when Mordred slept off his drunkenness, knights and soldiers fucked the Queen in the cage. Arthur buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly. Just now, when he and Guinevere so desperately needed the friend, Sir Lancelot, the invincible warrior and lover, the latter, distant from Arthur, sat in his castle of Joyeuse and fucked King Lot's 14-year-old daughter, the Princess Elaine, night after night with such fury and rage that Elaine soon lost consciousness. What Lancelot's rage did not mitigate, he fucked the unconscious girl until he had spilled all his seed. The 12 year old Elaine had seduced him 2 years ago, had let him deflower her and loved him idolatrously and possessively. She couldn't get over the fact that he was still fucking and loving Guinevere. She was

very vindictive and when Lancelot was not at home, she let all the pageboys and younglings fuck her brains out.

Before the final battle of Camlann, Bob and Ric crept into Mordred's camp, stole the sword of the sleeping Prince, and left in its place a scrawny stick. They brought the sword to the King, who immediately recognized it. Mordred came to the battle the next morning very distraught and unsettled, for whoever could steal the sword could also have cut his throat. Instead of the sword, he swung an axe at the King, who cut it instantly in two. The fight was actually decided, Mordred disarmed and beaten to the ground. But Guinevere's rapist, who had fucked her for months in captivity, was the usurper and knew that an ignominious death awaited him. He grabbed a broken spear and rammed it into his father's chest. Mortally wounded, Arthur rammed his sword into Mordred's heart. That day the battle ended, only a handful of men survived.

Elaine held Sir Lancelot until it was too late. Guinevere had been in Mordred's grip for many months by then, and when Lancelot finally rode off, the Battle of Camlann had already been fought. He slew all who held Guinevere in the cage and brought her and the dying King to the Nuns of Avalon.

Somewhere, under a mountain of corpses, Bob and Ric, both 17 years old, also lay united in death.

# King Pellinore

by Jack Faber © 2023

Little Ali grew up in a large Arab city, his father was the most powerful merchant for miles around.

At the age of 8, his very special curiosity awakened. He picked up the floor-length dresses of women, most of them immediately chased him away. Some let him look, but under the black dresses he saw practically nothing. A few showed him their cunts willingly and invited him to touch the cunt. He was very, very impressed. He uncovered one or two slave girls in the noon siesta, some let him look. One took off her dress completely and Ali saw a naked woman for the first time and it was very exciting. She was masturbating and he didn't know what exactly she was doing. He clearly felt his cock getting hard like never before. She beckoned him and grabbed his stiff cock out. He could fuck her tomorrow, she said, and he nodded, although he didn't know what she meant. She rubbed his foreskin back and forth and let him squirt. Just at that moment his mother came, scolded the naked slave girl and led him to her chamber. They lay down naked for the siesta, and he saw his mother naked for the first time. She pressed him to her and did not care about his cock, which was poking stiffly into her side.

Every noon, he now lay with his mother, dozing in the midday heat. She stroked his stiff cock and sighed deeply, sighed deeply and stroked his cock gently. When he pressed too close, she turned away. He knelt up and stroked her beautiful white ass cheeks. He thrust his cock between her ass cheeks into her butt crack and she pinched her ass cheeks hard together. This was very pleasant, he rubbed back and forth in her ass crease and squirted to his amazement. She sighed deeply and groaned. He was having fun squirting in her butt crease. He had never cum before and was not interested in his cock until now.

She got down on all fours and stretched her ass cheeks back covetously, directing his small cock into her butthole with her hand. Ali

didn't find it strange at all and she spread her ass cheeks with both hands and moaned with horniness. She mumbled in a voice dying with horniness that he had to thrust in, thrust in again and again! He did it and the squirting in her butt hole was very pleasant and exciting. For weeks he thrust his cock into her asshole and squirted in. She obviously liked it a lot, only she was very displeased because he was always at the start poking in the wrong hole, in her fuckhole and she had to reach back to put his cock in her butt hole.

She hadn't pushed him out in weeks when he penetrated her fuckhole. He squirted almost instantly and she moaned aloud with lust. He left his cock inside and continued fucking after a few moments. She moaned with horniness and her finger raced over her clit. Her moans were drawn out as her orgasm soared. He usually squirted only moments before she squirmed in orgasm. A guilty conscience plagued her every time, and she didn't look him in the eye, so ashamed was she of it.

But she must have misunderstood something a few weeks later, because she started crying and sniffling that it wasn't right at all that he demanded to fuck her! He had made a mistake as usual and had pushed his cock into her fuck hole and cum immediately, then she had let him finish fucking her while masturbating and squirt in again. He had squirted in juicy and moaned how good it was to cum in that hole! "Ha! You can't do that! You can't squirt in there!" she exclaimed indignantly and pushed him out. "It's not right to ask me to let you fuck me!" Ali was silent, affected; he had not asked for it at all.

She was silent for a while longer and then said tearfully, "All right, in heavens name, so be it!" Sighing deeply, his mother turned on her back and pulled him onto her naked lap, sighing and sighing and sighing. "But you mustn't tell the father," she whispered through her tears, "because you fucking me is strictly forbidden!" Ali nodded and made a solemn promise. She cried as she took his cock and guided it into her cunthole. She put one hand on his butt cheek and rhythmically squeezed it in and out. "You have to thrust in and out like you've done it in my ass, until it squirts!" she whispered, wiping away the tears. She smiled again and he thrust and thrust. He squirted and

she let him sink down. “But don’t tell daddy!” she inculcated in him and he was now allowed to fuck her every noon, it was wonderful.

In the evenings, when Daddy was grunting done fucking and asleep booming loud, he had to wait until he heard her masturbating quietly. Then he was allowed to lie with her quietly and fuck her as long as she masturbated. Her orgasm was silent and she let herself tremble just a little bit. When she had her period, she called during the siesta one of the black slave girls and let him fuck the girl. When he got bigger, he called all three black girls and fucked them one by one. For the next 10 years he fucked at noon and night with much passion and lust.

When he was 18 years old, his father said that he had now learned everything a good merchant had to learn. He had got him a passage to France and he should prove himself there. “In France there are the most beautiful women in the world, lie down with them, choose the most beautiful ones! Your mother is getting old, you have to find younger ones to fuck!” Ali was blown away, his father knew everything and never said anything. Ali took leave and sailed to France as Prince Pellinore.

He learned there the knight’s craft, in it he was really very good and feared. Every night there was a court maiden in his bedstead and it was rarely the same as the one the previous week. He had to buy a second, third and even a fourth chest, because his wealth was growing rapidly. He had a royal armor made and one day he sailed to England to King Arthur in Camelot. He had come with warlike intentions, but one night his golden helmet was stolen from his tent, and the next day, when the battle was to begin and he was waiting bareheaded, King Arthur rode up to him and handed him his helmet. He could have brought him his head, the king grinned, but he had no reason to kill him. Pellinore was completely overwhelmed by the chivalrous gesture, bowed his knee to the King and swore allegiance to him. Thus King Pellinore came to Camelot and became one of the King’s most loyal knights.

The English had very different customs from the French as far as fucking was concerned. He could take a maid or slave girl to bed ev-

ery night and fuck her, what he of course did. But the noblewomen were not to be had, one was only allowed to love them platonically. One had to fall in love with one and worship her from a distance, that's how the English did it. The only exception was Queen Guinevere, Arthur's wife, who fucked her lover Sir Lancelot every afternoon. Arthur sat on his throne with a petrified face and tried not to listen when Guinevere screamed in orgasm with joy and pleasure. At night, when Arthur was allowed to fuck her, she never screamed.

Pellinore now found one with whom he could fall in love, it was Queen Mab, the wife of King Gawein, who was said to have dark magic arts. She was a very shy, chaste and not frivolous whoring young beauty, devoted to her old husband, King Gawein in iron loyalty. She graciously accepted his adoration and Pellinore played along with the stupid game of the English. He was only allowed to visit her in her bower after weeks, she pulled her dress up over her knees and wanted to see his cock. Every day the skirt slid a little higher, Queen Mab looked at his cock for minutes before dismissing him. It was a few more days before she let her pussy be seen under the skirt. She wanted to see him masturbate, why not? He liked to step next to her because she wanted him to squirt on her breasts or thighs. It took a little while until she also masturbated and let him squirt all over her pussy. But he wanted to squirt in her cunt, he said, and she shook her head. All right, she relented, "to cum you may enter, but only to cum!" He did as told.

King Gawein never liked to fuck very much, Mab whispered, only once every two or three months, three or four times a year at all, she whispered tearfully in his ear. Pellinore understood her woes well, Gawein was three times Mab's age when she had to marry him at 14. She was much younger than Pellinore, not even 19 and breathed words of love into his ear when he entered her tight fuck hole to cum. "You mustn't fuck me, though!" she whispered for a few more days, then fell silent and listened inwardly while Pellinore fucked her sitting up under her skirt. He was very impressed because she had a virgin tight vagina, much tighter and finer than the black slave girl he had been fucking for months. The black girl fucked excitingly and very passionately, but now he had conquered Queen Mab and fucked her every afternoon when she sat on the windowsill looking out to

see if her consort had returned from hunting. Her favorite thing was to lean out the window and let Pellinore fuck her from behind as often as he wanted. They spent the afternoons fucking and masturbating, because when he needed a break, she masturbated shyly and bashfully, not looking him in the eyes. Only when she masturbated did she have an orgasm, and when her husband fell asleep at night, she often masturbated for hours, because the orgasms always relaxed her. Several times they had to stop fucking because her husband rode in to the castle gate.

Pellinore was happy with the circumstances. The black slave girl was the one who fucked him night after night until he exhausted his seed. The English treated him very well because he courted so devotedly the chaste and shy Queen Mab. That the two of them disappeared for hours every afternoon in her bower was noted approvingly, probably he was lying at her feet and reciting love songs to her.

King Arthur had a huge row with his best friend, Sir Lancelot. Lancelot slammed the door behind him, he cursed like never before and shouted he was never coming back to Camelot! Pellinore shook his head sadly as Arthur looked at him, the timing of the brotherly quarrel over his wife was most unfortunate. Arthur was preparing for a war campaign to France and now lost his best friend, an undefeated commander and his best warrior. Arthur wanted to free Pellinore from the clutches of the evil sorceress Mab and gave him the mission to search for the Holy Grail. Pellinore was not allowed to go to France, he was to search for the Holy Grail and case by case to see if Queen Guinevere was safe in Camelot.

With a heavy heart, Pellinore rode off, seeking the Grail with a pure heart. He had no idea what it looked like, but Arthur assured him he would unfailingly recognize it. He stayed with peasants and country bumpkins, the first peasant had only one bed and offered him his only maid for the night. He accepted gratefully and fucked the scrawny, ugly maid next to the peasant couple. The peasants wife had turned to the side and stretched her fat white ass to them, between which the black pubic hair glistened wetly. Pellinore had to grin because her finger was clearly visible rubbing her clit. When Pellinore finished fucking the maid, the farmer’s husband rolled over

on top of the maid. He only fucked her, the farmer said, his wife had not wanted to fuck for a long time. The maid clasped the farmer passionately and had a long orgasm.

Pellinore moved on, slept at the peasants with their maids and daughters. He was morose, the maids and daughters just let themselves be fucked shamefully, shyly and girlishly, leaving him with a guilty conscience. He was not to blame, the King had sent him on a journey and the maids and daughters had to serve a knight on a journey, that was the law. He rode back to Camelot after two weeks.

Queen Guinevere was well, suffering only from loneliness. Husband and lover had broken up in a quarrel, leaving her alone. That was unfair, wasn't it? Pellinore agreed, saying it made him sad because she had to sleep and masturbate alone without a good man's cock to make her scream. The queen talked to him for another two hours, she told him about her obsessive masturbation and finally showed him her pussy and her clit, sore from all the hourslong masturbating, which he was allowed to rub with a healing ointment. He noticed much too late how skillfully she had cast her net around him. He ended up in Guinevere's bed.

What a wonderful woman, after all the skinny maids, one who fucked like a world champion! He didn't think about Mab or Mkele the black slave girl after two seconds. He asked Guinevere to hold a pillow over her mouth, he didn't want to make her scream through the halls. They fucked all night, slept an hour at dawn, and continued fucking until noon. Pellinore was exhausted to death, but he grinned all over his face. He stayed another night fucking Guinevere and rode off again at dawn to seek the Grail.

He lay with the maids and the daughters again, he squirted his seed the first time unwilling, for fucking with the maids gave him little pleasure. He much preferred it when the farmer had no maid and no daughter, because the farmer's wives at least fucked passionately and enthusiastically, they were sexually starved and and left horny and unsatisfied at the farmer's side. He often rejected the scrawny maid or the childish daughter when the peasant left him his wife shrugging his shoulders with indifference. Pellinore paid attention at

the meager supper to whether the farmer's wife gave him lustful or curious glances. After three months he rode to Camelot.

Who was with the Queen, he asked the old servant who had brought him the welcome drink and a snack. Guinevere's sounds of love resounded in the hall. The servant laughed mischievously, it was Prince Mordred, Arthur's 16 year old son, whom he had begotten with his sister Morgause. Pellinore had never heard of it and was told everything. Arthur, who had deflowered his sister when she was 12. Arthur fucked her to this day, the old servant said melancholically, the poor king was hopelessly addicted to her, bewitched by her black magic arts. Prince Mordred fucked his mother since he could squirt, they never hid that. In Morgause's castle they fucked sometimes for all to see in public, and whoever didn't like it could leave. Prince Mordred came to the Queen now and then for two years and fucked her, much to the King's displeasure. The boy was just a boy like all the other boys, he had to fuck adult women, because he did not feel like young girls.

Pellinore went to Mab, who almost devoured him, and then went to sleep. The black Mkele woke him gently and fucked him. Who was that screaming so happily, he asked, and she said it was the Queen and Prince Mordred, hadn't he ever heard of the messed up relationships in the royal house? He shook his head and the black girl told him the same thing as the old servant. Only about Mordred's fucking with Morgause she knew much more details than the old servant, who was already quite indifferent to all of this. She told Pellinore in great detail about the sexual preferences of Queen Morgause. She also knew more about Arthur's quarrel with Guinevere over Mordred. The King was very disappointed with his wife who let his son fuck her, that was somehow sacrilegious.

Pellinore rode out again. He had pocketed a sack full of gold coins. He gave one coin to each maid and each daughter after fucking, two to each peasant wife, and five if he was allowed to deflower a girl. This was a signal to the peasants and the land junior Lords, they came to meet him and directed him to the nearest virgin maiden. Five gold coins was more than a peasant could earn in two years. He loved the virgins and they loved him. The peasants slept in the barn

or with the animals to allow him to deflower and fuck the virgin undisturbed. He had to ride to Camelot twice in the next six months to refill his purse. By the time he got to Camelot the third time, Mordred had usurped the throne and imprisoned Guinevere.

Pellinore faced Mordred for the first time. The 18-year-old was a handsome, muscular man and he wore a mourning bow on his arm. Pellinore had already heard, Mordred's mother Morgause had slit her wrists. He condoled with Mordred, who said his mother had been murdered, by order of the King. He looked Pellinore straight in the eye. "King Pellinore, I have no quarrel with you," Mordred said, "for God's love, pack your things and leave Camelot. I will kill Arthur, so do not stand in my way!" He hesitated for a moment, "Arthur's knights have all left, including King Gawein and Queen Mab, they have been gone for two weeks. You are the last from Arthur's service, go or fight me!"

Pellinore said he would leave before daybreak, he wanted to take his black slave with him. Mordred nodded somberly, "tomorrow morning, not a moment later!" Pellinore was still about to bid farewell to Queen Guinevere, when Mordred laughed loudly and grimly. "Drink your wine, eat your supper! You will see the Queen again soon enough!" Pellinore remained seated, eating and drinking. There were perhaps 8 or 10 rude men in the hall, loud and sinister fellows. Pellinore placed his sword handy on the bench beside him and ignored Mordred's men, though he watched them closely. He had ordered a servant to have Mkele ready to leave for him tonight.

An old woman with repulsive features led Guinevere into the hall. She was naked and tied at the wrists, and the old woman dragged her to a bench. Mordred stood in front of her and fiddled with his pants until he had his cock out. The sinister fellows fell silent in tense silence. Mordred grabbed Guinevere's ass cheeks and lifted her. She impassively let her legs fall apart and Mordred fucked her fast and hard, here, in front of everyone! Pellinore could not avert his gaze, but he hated what he was seeing. Guinevere's face contorted more and more and she jerked her head up, looked at the ceiling and screamed, screamed liberated and happy in orgasm. She was trem-

bling all over and looked contemptuously around. Only, recognizing Pellinore, she smiled shyly.

Mordred walked up to Pellinore. “You wished to bid her farewell, so then, she be yours!”

Mordred turned to Guinevere. “Do you want Sir Pellinore to fuck you?”

Guinevere’s face said it all. “Yes,” she whispered barely audibly, “come, Sir Pellinore, give me the honor!” Tears rolled down her cheeks.

“Come, Sir Pellinore, come — it is I, your Guinevere!”

It took Pellinore a few moments to stand up decisively. “You would have it so, Sir Mordred?” he asked sharply, and Mordred nodded with a grin.

“This way, or no other way!” laughed Mordred, making a welcoming gesture complete with a courtly bow. “She’s yours, dig in heartily!”

Pellinore stepped close to Guinevere. “Do it, dear Pellinore,” she whispered silently, “he will kill us both if you don’t!”

Pellinore looked into her eyes, she smiled again. “Fuck me lovingly, noble Pellinore, fuck me gently and tenderly! Not like those wild animals!”

He saw that she meant it too and nodded. He took out his cock and hugged her gently. She put her bound arms over his head and on his neck. He steered his cock and gently penetrated. Guinevere closed her eyes and listened inside. He looked at her face, which was gradually changing, slowly contorting into a grimace, and she wrenched her eyes open in orgasm, not screaming, her eyes laughing and her ass cheeks quivering.

He was nowhere near ready. “Tell Arthur how sorry I am, and that I wouldn’t have wanted any of this!” No one heard her but him. He

fucked her vigorously and felt that he must cum soon. “I must, Guinevere!” he whispered, and her face contorted anew. “Me too!” she brought out and her face contorted into a devilish grimace. She wrenched her eyes open and thrust herself fiercely against him as he firmly fucked and thrust squirting into her hole.

He kept his cock inside her so it would stay stiff. The onlookers were restless, but they waited anxiously. He kept fucking her and he whispered how sorry he was for all of this.

“Don’t hold back your scream,” he whispered, “I’m already done!”

Her face contorted ever so slowly, contorting into a grimace, and she opened her mouth, gasping. He kissed her dirty neck and clasped her ass cheeks with both hands. He held her like a vice and squirted with all his might, squirting and squirting and squirting. He heard her soft, drawn-out scream and felt the violent trembling of her ass cheeks. He held her for minutes more until they both calmed down. He let go of her.

The old woman was already standing very impatiently next to Guinevere, so he bent down and kissed her lips. “Farewell, Guinevere, farewell! I hope Arthur will still come in due time!”

He went without a greeting to the rear side, where he had been assigned a bower. Mkele was already waiting, she had a small bag and a food basket. He closed the door and said he would take her to Joyeuse, Sir Lancelot’s castle. She would have to make up her mind right away. Now!

The black slave girl had already made up her mind. They walked quickly and wordlessly to the stables. The two pack mules had already loaded his four chests and one groom was saddling his horse, a second saddling a mule for Mkele. Mordred stood under the gate, leaning against it and smiling maliciously. Pellinore rode out without a greeting, Mkele behind him, leading the pack mules.

They rode all night and did not rest until sunrise. They were not pursued, which was reassuring. Three days later, they arrived at

Joyeuse and were welcomed with open arms. They slept together in the big bed, Mkele did not leave his side and they slept until the next afternoon.

He told Mkele he would have their charter written today and witnessed by Sir Lancelot. Mkele wept with joy, for a slave the charter was the gateway to a new life.

But then she shook her head decisively. “I will stay with you, free or not, I will remain your maid!”

He could say what he wanted, let her live free and give her 50 gold coins, she shook her head. No. No. And no again.

Pellinore gave up. “Even the mules are not as stubborn as you!” he said, shaking his head.

He went to Lancelot, the charter was quickly issued and he gave it to Mkele. “Welcome to your new life!” he said after kissing her on the mouth. It was their first kiss.

Elaine had given Mkele a dress, she was sitting at a table like a noblewoman for the first time in her life. Elaine’s maids had bathed and coiffed her, and Pellinore saw how beautiful the 21-year-old actually was. After dinner she sat down with Elaine and talked with the 14 year old about sex, Elaine wanted to know everything from her and also gave away her secrets.

Pellinore sat with Lancelot at the window and they talked about the situation. Lancelot’s grudge against Arthur ran deep and he could argue all he wanted, Lancelot was dead set on it. That Mordred had usurped the throne and Camelot, he casually dismissed. “I need only cough once and the Punch and Judy show is over!” he kept repeating, “but first Arthur must give in!” Pellinore still didn’t know what that quarrel was all about, but Lancelot evaded.

Pellinore had to talk about Guinevere at some point and was afraid, because Lancelot had been her lover for ages. He told of the last evening. Lancelot did not move a muscle. Guinevere had been

letting Mordred fuck her for two years, he said, and that it was in public suited Guinevere well. She was very exhibitionistic, that was nothing new. How often had she ordered her maids to watch her masturbate. She would have wanted them to watch his fucking too, but he didn't want that.

Lancelot told him about the ill-fated, secret love that had bound them since she had allowed him to deflower her. Arthur's anger that she had given herself to him, Lancelot, before the wedding.

Pellinore drew in his shoulders as he recounted his last fucking of Guinevere. Lancelot nodded grimly, that suited the debauched boy who had had to fuck his mother since he was 8 years old! They had fucked so many times in public that it brought no blush of shame to his face to fuck Guinevere in public too!

Lancelot was furious. Not at Pellinore, Mordred, or Guinevere. He was angry at Arthur, for he had left Camelot and Guinevere to their own devices. He tapped Pellinore's shoulder amicably. "I hope you fucked her with honor and decorum!" and now Pellinore related in detail how it had gone and what they had whispered. Lancelot nodded and nodded, "that was well done, my friend!" Pellinore had to recount the fucking with Guinevere three more times before they all went to sleep.

Mkele snuggled up to him after the first fuck in three days. She told him about Elaine's love life, her obsessive masturbation and fucking with the little boys when Lancelot was not home. They heard Elaine's cries of pleasure and that immediately made Pellinore stiff again. Elaine's cries stopped abruptly and Mkele said, now she has fainted, she always faints at orgasm when Lancelot fucks her.

They took breaks and fucked until Pellinore had enough. Mkele asked if she could masturbate, because she didn't always get an orgasm when they fucked. She had never masturbated when she was with Pellinore. He said if she wanted to be his maid, he could accept that. But she was not his property. So if she still had fire in her ass after fucking him, she should put it out. Mkele whispered that so far she had always waited until he fell asleep and only then put out her

fire. He laughed and hugged her affectionately. “Go ahead and masturbate, my dear wife, to your liking! I always enjoy watching, so do as you please!” She kissed him gratefully and lay down on his chest, then began to masturbate slowly, without haste, without hurry — but with quiet enjoyment. He nodded and soon fell asleep, though Mkele was far from finished.

They stayed on Joyeuse for months. Neither Lancelot nor Elaine would let them go, and Mkele asked Pellinore one evening if she could fuck Sir Lancelot. Pellinore was taken aback. She explained to him that Lancelot wanted to fuck her and she had told him she would have to ask her master. Pellinore growled that she was a free woman, to which she replied as usual, “I am your maid!” He laughed and asked what her pussy said to that? She bowed her head and whispered that she sometimes thought about it. Yes, she wanted it.

So it came to pass, Mkele slipped over in a transparent veil and already in the doorway Elaine met her in her veil. Elaine dropped the veil and lay down with Pellinore. She snuggled up and stroked him. He was actually not thrilled to now fuck Lancelot’s wife as well.

Mkeles lust could be heard all the way to them. Elaine focused on his cock and asked in a whisper, “Won’t you fuck me, Sir Pellinore?” He gave a jerk, Mkele had obviously found her lust and he really wanted to fuck the pretty young thing. They cuddled and kissed and Elaine knew how to kiss with her tongue. He started fucking her, she had a tight little cunt and moved really gracefully and passionately, she knew how to get a girl orgasm while he was fucking her. He had just really got going when she rolled her eyes in rapture and her orgasm made her tremble violently. She was unconscious.

He broke off and waited a few minutes until she awoke, dazed. With a glance, she realized that he had not cum. She always fainted when she orgasmed, Elaine said, except with the young boys, she didn’t orgasm there. He was welcome to fuck her in the faint and squirt in, Lancelot always did it. They fucked again and she got the orgasm just as fast as before. She rolled her eyes, she shivered violently and passed out. He held her tight and kept fucking, she gradually woke up and he was ready. She looked with wide open childlike

eyes as he cum. She pulled his cock out immediately and rubbed the jets of semen out with firm fingers. She rubbed every squirting jet after jet and nodded satisfied, she did the same with the boys and he asked, what boys? She told him that she always fucked the young page boys when Lancelot was not at home. She giggled, usually taking two or three, but sometimes five, and letting them fuck her in turn, but the cocks were too small to bring her to orgasm.

Mkele scurried in and lay on his other side. A young girl and a mature woman. He kissed Elaine on the lips and told her to leave. He asked Mkele if she still wanted to masturbate, but she shook her head. Now they told each other how they had fucked. She had liked it super, she whispered, her pussy had a lot of pleasure with Sir Lancelot. But she didn't have the beautiful feelings of love as she had with him, her master.

Every few days the women swapped men. Mkele loved it as much as he did, fucking with Elaine was indeed special, but he liked it as a very pleasant entertainment. When she was unconscious, he squirted in her tight fuckhole, otherwise she would rip his cock out and made him squirt in her throat, that he liked more than be made squirting by hand.

New messengers had arrived. The armies faced each other irreconcilably. Lancelot smashed his drinking jug against the wall and walked into the garden brooding dully. He was not ready, and Elaine, the jealous little witch, would not let him go.

Mkele lay by his side and listened. He told her about his youth. The beautiful black slave girls who masturbated under their flowing robes at the noon siesta. The one who stripped naked and let him watch from close by. The one who took out his cock after a few days and said he could fuck her one day. The mother. Midday siesta. She turned her back on him. He stuck his cock in her ass crease. She pinched her ass cheeks fearfully. He fucked in her ass crease for weeks and squirted. How she showed him to fuck her in the asshole for weeks. Her strange transformation and fear to let him fuck her in the real way. The trembling sighs of the mother. She turned on her back and inserted his cock into her fuck hole with her hand. Fucking

and squirting, in every noon siesta. The black slave girls would sometimes peek in and leave immediately. Sneaking in to her at night, as she had told him to do. That's when he could fuck her so often, because she always masturbated for hours. Ten years later, the fright. The father had always known and never said anything. The trip to France. The knight's craft. Every night a noblewoman. England. In the service of King Arthur. The seduction of the shy, demure and chaste Queen Mab, by then he already knew Mkele. The search for the Holy Grail. The boring fucking with the maids, the daughters and with peasant women who didn't want to be fucked. The peasant wifes who wanted to be fucked and sent their husbands to the stables to be able to fuck undisturbed. The many, many virgins he was allowed to deflower.

They had a fine time on Joyeuse. Sir Lancelot set off for Arthur one morning. Elaine lay with them at night and he fucked both women in turn. Elaine seduced Mkele during his rest breaks. Watching the two girls make love quickly made him horny again. He had double of work, but also the double pleasure. Sometimes, when he had fucked Elaine to unconsciousness, Mkele would lick Elaine's clit from orgasm to orgasm until she awoke.

Lancelot returned with Guinevere. Arthur they had buried in Avalon, Mordred they left to the ravens. Guinevere slept with Lancelot, Elaine had endured a week with them, watching enviously as her husband passionately fucked the emaciated Queen. Elaine could take it no more, she now came back to Pellinore and Mkele and let him fuck her and Mkele lick her to orgasm. Elaine loved the clit licking as much as Mkele.

Guinevere had again and again seduced Pellinore and lay naked with him when Elaine and Mkele were with Lancelot. He fucked Guinevere very passionately, but his heart belonged to Mkele. He did not think much of Guinevere's character, at heart she was just a noble whore.

They stayed on Joyeuse for three more months, then they rode on.

For the next two years they lived quietly and contentedly in Wales. One evening, Mkele kissed him fervently and breathed that she was pregnant.

# The Angel of Death

by Jack Faber © 2023

Aline's mother had died when she was 10, and she was allowed to sleep with Daddy and cry herself to sleep. Daddy rubbed his cock every night before he went to sleep, then he turned out the light. They slept naked since she was allowed to sleep with Daddy and tortured him until she was allowed to rub his cock. It wasn't hard to learn and it sent nice shivers down her spine when he stroked her pussy very finely and intensely in the meantime.

Immediately after the funeral Aunt Renate had stayed with them, she was the 20 years older sister of her mother and a real nun. She came every day in the late afternoon, cooked dinner and took care of the kitchen. She always got to bed very late, awkwardly took off her black robe and lay down next to Daddy. She was really old and roundly fat, her face not pretty and her breasts hung down to her belly button like fat bags. She had quite no pubic hair left and her little clit was always red and sore.

Aunt Renate didn't care that Aline rubbed Daddy's cock, she lay down, bent her legs and masturbated with her eyes closed. When Aline had let Daddy cum, she put her head between Renate's thick thighs and watched the masturbation very closely. After a few days she was able to do it and with each day better.

One evening Daddy stopped the hand of Aline and rolled over to Renate. She was surprised and stopped masturbating. He wants to fuck her, Papa said. Renate shook her head in refusal. She had never fucked before, she said angrily, and she was too old for it. But Daddy's cock was already stiff and he really wanted to fuck, not discuss it. Aline sat up on the edge of the bed because Daddy was gripping Renate's wrists tightly. She turned her head away when he tried to kiss her. "Oh my God, I'm a virgin after all," Renate gasped, pressed, "please don't do this to me, please don't hurt me!"

Daddy was very determined and even though Renate tried to pull her cunt from him, Aline could see his glans latching onto her cleft. Suddenly Renate gave up. Daddy immediately reached for his cock and put it in the right position. He stroked Renate's cheek with one hand and thrust very hard. She gave a surprised exclamation, then Daddy began to fuck her intensely. Aline had never seen the fucking before and watched everything keenly. Renate was not angry, on the contrary. She first made a face like a poor bunny, later she kicked her legs and panted like a dog, tongue half stuck out. Fucking obviously made her very horny and you could tell she was having a hell of a lot of fun. He fucked faster and faster and Renate's body and legs were rocked wildly. Daddy was now thrusting slowly and deeply and Aline knew he was cuming.

Daddy lay down next to Aline and slowly dozed off, Renate started to masturbate with a first quick orgasm only seconds after the fucking and then continued to masturbate like every night and Aline turned off the light. She would ask Daddy everything tomorrow, now she took care of her clit, which had become all stiff and horny from watching their fucking. Yes, she would ask him tomorrow.

The next two years went on evenly. Daddy initially fucked Renate every night, who took it wordlessly and then masturbated. Aline followed the fucking with interest, Renate always got horny very quickly and usually had an orgasm before he cum. Renate watched him wordlessly as he got into it and then squirted into her fuckhole. Daddy didn't have much fun with fucking, because Renate doesn't do it right, he complained to Aline. Renate would just have to fuck along, said Daddy, not just lie there like a punching bag. Aline understood this and once spoke to Renate about it when they were cooking dinner together. Renate kept silent grimly and worked on the vegetables with a pinch. Perhaps she was of the opinion that a 12-year-old did not need to give her advice.

Aline was very proud of her breasts, which had finally started to grow. Daddy had to feel and caress them every evening and compliment them. Aline was almost 13 and now went shopping all by herself with the grocery cards and a little money. If she didn't get something on Renate's shopping list, she improvised and looked for a sub-

stitute. As Daddy had said, she dodged the German roadblocking soldiers, and that always worked. “Paris belongs to us French,” Papa said often, “one day we’ll chase the damn Germans away!” Aline said nothing to this, for she had often looked at the German soldiers and there were some very pretty ones among them.

Slowly she approached the subject. Renate really never felt like getting fucked further after her quick orgasm and lay there like a buff sandbag while fucking and let it happen. Daddy fucked Renate every day to her orgasm and Aline did him later with her hand. She was old enough to fuck now, she kept telling Daddy, though he shook his head. She would sometimes pull his hard-on in front of her pussy and look, but it was way too big. She got him to fuck and cum in her vaginal entrance only. However, it took several more weeks before he was ready.

“Deflowering hurts a little,” he said, and she nodded. She’d seen it happen at Renate’s, and it was over in a moment, she said. She certainly wouldn’t lie there like a punching bag either, she said giggling. He was kneeling between her thighs and the glans was already in her vaginal entrance.

“Okay?” he asked, and she nodded excitedly. “Okay,” Aline whispered, holding him by the hips. She felt just a little prick and then how the warm cock penetrated quite deeply. Daddy kissed her on the mouth, his tongue seeking hers. They had never kissed like this before and she embraced his neck. The French kissing was actually quite light and it made her tremble, the shivers ran down her spine so beautifully. She closed her eyes and listened inside, the thrusting made her hornier and hornier. She gently pushed along, exactly in time with him. He moaned and squirted, squirting and squirting all at once. She knew his cock would go soft right after that and was a little sad that it was already over. He lowered himself next to her, he was dog tired. He stroked her face and asked quietly if it was okay with her. She nodded and said she was almost at orgasm, maybe next time. He nodded and dozed off. Aline looked at Renate, who was masturbating silently. Aline turned out the light and devoted herself to her clit. She was mighty proud that she had fucked and she had al-

most come to orgasm. The residual excitement grew as she touched her clit.

After 14 days Aline had already figured out what she had to do to orgasm while fucking. Daddy was obviously very happy with their fucking and only fucked Renate briefly, mostly just as an appetizer to the main course with Aline. He fucked without squirting Renate, who came very easily to orgasm and immediately lay down with Aline. He fucked her long and extensively and squirted into her after she had orgasmed. Aline masturbated every night until her eyes closed. The tiredness came when she had relaxed a few times. Those were probably the three best years Aline had with Daddy.

Renate had called, saying she was staying with the nuns in solidarity because the damned Germans had occupied the convent. She would stay with her sisters even though there were rumors that they would all be deported to Poland. That's what happened, the nuns were taken to Poland and Daddy went to the Résistance meetings every night. Aline was 17 and was also allowed to go with him. The Résistance could make good use of a young girl and they both couldn't go home because the Germans had searched their apartment and Daddy was put on the wanted list.

Daddy accompanied her to the Rue Barbès. He took her to the most expensive establishment in Paris, the Flamingo Club. "It's a whore house, I know" he said, "but the safest place in this damn war!" He paused, for two people were passing close by. "I know the Madame, she's a leader in the Résistance and extremely reliable, you can trust her. I'm going to disappear, I have to. But I'll visit you as often as I can!" It was the moment when they had to part. She hugged Daddy and felt that it was a goodbye forever.

A pretty young woman led her to the second floor, to Madame's office. She had to wait a few minutes, Madame was on the phone. She was a very old woman, very elegantly dressed and beautifully made up. She was very energetic, Aline recognized that immediately, although she didn't understand the language, it was probably Italian or Spanish. She hung up the phone, some women left the office. Two women remained and a four-toned giant. Ben, whom she was to get

to know better later. The greeting was friendly and Madame asked this and that. How far she had come at the Lycée and that the school had been closed for a year.

Whether she knew what the Flamingo Club was and Aline nodded, an expensive whore house. Madame smiled finely, that was true of course, but we are talking about an establishment, that sounded better. Aline nodded, she apologize. Madame laughed and flashed her flawless teeth. Never again should she apologize, one stand by one's convictions or learn quietly. "I've known your father for a very long time, he's one of the best!" Madame spoke of the Résistance without calling the child by name. Madame leaned back and told her to undress. Aline looked at the two women and Ben, but Madame nodded, go ahead! Aline quickly removed the dress and stood in front of the foursome in her panties. Madame pointed with her long cigarette holder, that too! Very unsettled, Aline took off the panties.

The four looked at her very closely and smiled kindly. Madame asked if she had shaved her pubic hair, but Aline shook her head, they had not grown at all yet. And no, she was not menstruating yet either. Madame nodded kindly, that makes you precious. Aline replied that she spoke German quite well besides French, her mother was from Austria. Madame looked at her papers, yes, von Waldenberg. The Baroness, and Aline already wanted to deny it, but she kept her mouth shut, she didn't really know. And of course she also had 5 years of Latin, but she didn't speak it. Ben grinned impudently and winked happily at her, then petrified himself back into a statue. Yes, her mother and her sister Renate always spoke German to her.

Madame exchanged a meaningful glance with the two women, who nodded in agreement. "But now for something else," Madame said, asking how she felt about the German occupiers and the French resistance? Aline concentrated and completely forgot that she was naked. She looked at the four of them and replied, "My father said I could speak openly with Madame." Madame nodded, then said those present could hear everything. Aline thought for a moment. She didn't know any Germans personally and only knew what was generally said about them. Even if only half of it was true, they were scum

and not honorable men. Madame remained silent and awkwardly lit a cigarette.

She had been going along with her father to the secret meetings for almost a year, and she thought it right and just that they should send the Germans away again or throw them out by force. If she were not only 17, she would have joined the fighters, but the father had forbidden it. Madame lingered on this point for a long time. She said that many Germans came to the establishment, they loved the shows, the champagne and the girls. She would like to have Aline work in the establishment, drink champagne with the Germans and go to the room with them. She looked at Aline questioningly. Aline nodded in agreement and mumbled that she was happy to do that, but she had never had Champagne or other alcohol before.

And going to the room with the gentlemen was no problem, she had been fucking already for 4 years. Madame did a quick calculation and asked if she had fucked many lovers in those 4 years? Aline shook her head, No, it was only one. She didn't want to say it was Daddy and when Madame asked if her lover might mind, she shook her head. "He's with the Résistance, I don't know where he is or if we'll meet again," Aline said in a firm voice, suppressing tears. Madame now spoke to one of the two women and then told Aline that Yvonne would show her the room, take her to the dressmaker to have beautiful clothes made, and explain everything to her in detail, how things were done in the establishment, what was all right and what was not. Madame stood up, nodded to her and disappeared behind a heavy curtain.

Aline dressed quickly, Yvonne introduced her to Monique and Ben. Ben was responsible for keeping the house in order, watching out for all the girls and kicking out the ruffians. Aline shook hands with them and squealed because Ben's handshake was painful. Ben looked at her kindly, if there was a problem with a guest, she should press the emergency button, he would be right there. Gradually the picture formed for Aline. Yvonne showed her the room, went with her to the dressmaker, who measured her very carefully. Yvonne made an appointment for the next day with the photographer, she giggled while talking on the phone. "That guy tries to fuck for free ev-

ery time!" she said laughing to Aline. "A very important point: whoever you fuck, that's up to you, but never for free! Everyone has to pay, really everyone!"

The photographer tried it the other day, of course, and Aline told him the price, 2,000 francs. That was already a friendship price, she added, because the pomaded and made-up photographer was not a pleasant appearance. Yvonne smiled in the background. Aline had never been photographed naked before and she only did what Yvonne told her to do. Whatever the photographer thought of, she always looked at Yvonne. She was very uncomfortable that the photographer kept touching her body at any moment.

In the evening she picked up Monique and sat down with her in the crowded club. Monique explained exactly how it went down and gave her valuable advice on what to look out for. She drank a glass of Champagne and it tasted quite good. After the second glass she stopped, feeling only a very slight dizziness. Monique said she had to drink with the guests, but it was better if she just sipped the glass, it was much wiser. If she was thirsty, then a juice or mineral water would do. Most of the girls do it that way, it was an unspeakable stupidity to get drunk at work. Aline nodded, she would remember that well, I promise! It was much more difficult to listen to the guests and make conversation. One should only say something vague and approximate, preferably repeating the meaning of what the guest said. In no case to say one's own opinion or conviction, even if it was often difficult. That was just as important as drinking, that could go wrong very quickly! Aline nodded, that was easy to understand.

A young German, after asking politely, sat down with them and ordered a Champagne. Monique answered in the affirmative as she quietly asked if she should do it with him. "You decide and not for free," Monique murmured and left after a few minutes. The German chatted the whole time, obviously happy to be able to talk German with a girl. Aline listened and just said the same thing he had said, mutatis mutandis. At some point he wanted to get intimate with her. She didn't mind, he wasn't sober anymore, but he was a smart guy and of course he wanted to pay. She preceded him towards her room,

but Ben was standing in the corridor pointing to a completely different room.

They fucked quite happily and she had no bad impression of the young German. He paid as agreed and kissed her on the mouth before going out. She exchanged a quick glance with Ben, who had been waiting a few steps beside the room. It was a good start. Over the next year, Aline fucked hundreds of Germans and most of them seemed like decent people to her. Ben only had to throw out a handful and she was grateful because he was always there when she needed him. Ben had fucked Aline only a few times in the beginning, and despite his small cock, he managed to make her really horny and usually bring her to orgasm. He was completely infatuated with the young, childlike girl who masturbated so naturally when she didn't have an orgasm while fucking. Later they fucked regularly every day in the early afternoon, when the business had not yet started.

Madame took a drag on her cigarette holder and sipped her liquor. Aline waited a little excitedly, as she usually greeted Madame from a distance, but it was special to be summoned to her office. She was quite sure that she had not done anything wrong. She had fit into the establishment like a living organism. Madame looked up. She said only a few sentences of small talk and got down to business. Was she still in line with the Resistance?

Aline nodded in agreement, Yes, she was still ready to drive the Germans out of Paris. Her face began to glow. Madame nodded and smiled. She would have an assignment for her. To put a few drops in a Champagne glass for a certain officer. "Think that it is only a laxative, my sweet," Madame said with a smile, "but I will not lie to you. It is a poison, a slow-acting poison. He won't die until two days later, so no one can suspect you." Madame looked straight at her and took a drag on her cigarette. "We don't kill innocent people, my sweetheart, only the most disgusting pigs." They fell silent and Aline nodded in agreement, she understood that, she murmured almost inaudibly. "I am ready, Madame Lavernier!" she said in a firm voice. Madame nodded and briefly explained how it was to be done. Aline went out 15 minutes later and leaned against the wall of the corridor. She was shaking all over. Finally she could do something for the Ré-

sistance, but on the other hand she was terrified. She had never killed anyone before, not even slapped anyone. Ben stepped behind her and hugged her from behind. “Don’t worry, little one, I’ll take care of you!” Aline leaned back, the big bear gradually reassuring her. “Do you like to fuck me now?” she asked softly, walking with him to her room.

Yvonne gave her a small vial a few days later. Five drops, she whispered, pointing her chin at the man at her table. Aline took the vial and 10 minutes later went to the room with the German. Ben was standing in front of the “fuck room” and Aline could see that he was clutching his pistol under his jacket with one hand. It was a piece of cake, five drops and the guy left after fucking.

Aline soon lost count, there were close to 80 or 90 men she poisoned over the course of the next months. Once, the German collapsed after being fucked. She called Ben, who took the dying man to the back exit and threw him into a waiting car. That was a signal for them all to be even more careful. Nevertheless, the raids became more frequent, one or another of their protectors or waiters disappeared without a trace. Monique was arrested one day behind the bar counter. She was a dirty Jew cunt, Aline could hear as the Germans left.

Madame and Aline were arrested at the same time. Ben would not let them go, he engaged in a shootout with the Germans and was shot in the leg. Aline could only give him one last look before the black car took her and Madame away.

Aline was interrogated for many hours, forced to wait on a bench in the corridor when they took a break. A crowd of Germans dragged the lifeless Madame past her. Aline snapped that she had poisoned herself during the interrogation. This shook her immensely. Things had to be very bad when a steely-eyed woman like Madame committed suicide. Aline straightened up. She would not reveal anything, she remained rock solid with her story that she had only worked as a whore and an animator. She had nothing to do with Madame Lavernier and knew nothing of the Resistance or any drug deals. She had only drunk and fucked with the men. She had to look at several hun-

dred photographs to see if she could recognize anyone. She found a handful of German officers who had been infiltrated into the folders. She was quite sure they were German officers she was “revealing.”

On the fourth day, the interrogations stopped. For seven days she waited in the cell without anything happening. On the 8th day they led her into a small room, there she stood together with 3 other women in front of the judge’s bench. The German occupiers were obviously confused and walked around in a rather undisciplined manner. Aline picked up scraps of words, the Germans were obviously on the run, just get away from here!

The judge spoke such a strong dialect that Aline could hardly follow. She was called by a completely false name and, like the 3 other women, sentenced to death as members of the Résistance. Three minutes later they were taken away and crammed into a van. She screamed her name and that she was not that other, but no one paid any attention to her. An hour later, they arrived at Mont Valérien.

One last night in the small chapel where 30 people sat or lay huddled together. Not a single familiar face. Aline smiled despite the frightening situation. She was now officially part of the Resistance, the dumbed-down bureaucratic apparatus had promoted her there. What irony!

The chapel was emptying. The dry rifle volleys made those who remained cringe every quarter of an hour. Through the night, crowds of Germans poured into the old fort and ran away again. Aline could not tear herself away from the small window. It was just frightening the way things were going outside. They were only five left when the door opened for the last time. Those who were called walked out with their heads bowed. Aline did not move; her name was not called. A soldier stepped up to her and beat her out with the butt of his rifle.

She shook her head in denial like the others, she didn’t want a blindfold. One last moment in the dusk of that August 19, 1944, tears rolled down Aline’s cheeks. “I’m not even 20 yet,” she thought. And she wondered where her father was?

She stared into the gun barrels. A mop of blond, tousled hair under his cap. Light blue, empty eyes. A child's face. The sergeant cleared his throat for the third or fourth time.

"Fire!"

# On the island

by Jack Faber © 2023

Astrid was swimming for her life. The storm had slapped two of the dragon boats against the rocks, and her father and husband had perished in the floods, disappeared with man and mouse. Few of her compatriots could swim at all, but she excelled. She spotted the shock of red hair on Erik, her husband's 12-year-old son. She grabbed him and yanked his face up. He gasped, choking. She held him under the armpit and swam, away from the rocks.

The gods had caught sight of her, a longboat was rowed past at arm's length beside her, away from the rocks! The helmsman threw her a rope, she held on. The boat shot forward, entering calmer waters. The storm stopped as quickly as it had come up. She looked back. A total of 4 ships had been wrecked, 3 had escaped the storm and the rocks. She held on to herself and Erik. Fifteen minutes later, the men brought them both aboard. Three days later they had arrived at their destination, one of the Orkney-Islands.

It took weeks to find a suitable place to settle, and months for them to build enough huts. Astrid and Erik had built a small hut with the help of the others. Astrid was the only one who understood willow weaving. There was plenty of willow and good, hard grass, which she needed. The pain of losing her father, husband and many friends in the raging sea gradually faded. She was needed, Erik was needed. There were only two women among the many men besides her.

Astrid remembered the first evening. People found several caves to spend the night. She had a small cave for the two of them alone. Most of the time she held Erik in her arms, he was deathly sad because his father and grandfather had perished in the floods this morning. She laid out a bedstead of furs and spread out her wet clothes. It was a warm evening and she did not mind staying naked. It was tedious to take off Erik's wet clothes. He was not used to nudity and could not take his eyes off her naked body, he had never seen her naked before. She pressed the crying, naked boy against her.

She didn't need to warm him, she needed to comfort him. He buried his face against her chest and cried silently. She stroked him soothingly and he actually calmed down. She could feel his stiff cock and caressed it. She knew exactly what would follow and he was torn between sadness and horniness. Never had a girl or woman touched his cock, he had only ever masturbated secretly under cover of darkness behind the house while father and new mother fucked inside. Of course, both the father and Astrid knew he was masturbating outside, but that was okay. Astrid distracted him from the sadness, she stroked his cock very deliberately and soon achieved that he stopped crying and concentrated on his arousal. She caressed him insistently and tried to make him squirt. She could feel the squirting coming. She put her fingers protectively on his cock and let him squirt. While he was still squirting she continued to caress his cock until he had finished squirting. She stroked his head that was resting on her breasts and whispered that it was allright and that it was okay to squirt. "You men need it every day," she whispered, "it's perfectly fine with me that you squirt!" She hugged her stepson more lovingly than she ever had before and told him to go to sleep now. She held him tightly until he fell asleep. Only then did she have time to be afraid of the totally uncertain future. Her husband and father had drowned early this morning, the exciting future they had imagined had gone down with them. She cried until she tiredly fell asleep.

Erik could no longer sleep alone at night. He snuggled up to her, they were both naked, warmed each other and of course she felt it when he pressed his stiff cock against her naked body. She didn't move when he sat in a corner of the cabin and masturbated with his back to her. He had to do it like this, he was told once. After a few days, she said he could safely lie down beside her and masturbate, it was fine with her. He was pleased on the one hand, frightened on the other. Lying naked next to each other while sleeping, okay. But while masturbating? She insisted. "If you want to touch me because it makes you horny, then do it, I don't mind!" In the beginning she let him masturbate alone and he was allowed to caress her during masturbation, that excited him a lot. He trusted her, fondled her breasts and masturbated. His hand slid to her pubic the other day and she nodded with a smile, that was okay. He curiously palpated her pussy and she opened her legs smiling, that was okay too. He stared at her

pussy and masturbated. She stroked his inner thighs soothingly as the boy masturbated wildly and furiously. She silently prayed to the gods when Erik masturbated and his semen squirted all over her hips, thighs or pussy. She nodded at him in affirmation, go ahead, it's okay! For a few days he stared at her pussy and masturbated blissfully, squirting on her pussy in a high arc. She caressed him, he was allowed to lie on top of her while masturbating if he preferred. He cuddled up to her after he had squirted and cried. He had first lost his mother and little sister years ago, and now his father and grandfather during the sea crossing. He sobbed against Astrid's chest and she caressed his cock. He calmed down because it was so nice when she caressed his cock right in front of her pussy and immediately let it go before it came to squirt. She excited his testicles with her fingers and he squirted all by himself on her pussy, without having to touch the cock.

He lay on top of her every night, she caressed his cock very lightly until he was ready to squirt. He moved back and forth on her body, rocking and thrusting his cock on her pussy. She let go of his cock and stroked his butt cheeks, he rubbed his body against hers and squirted the moment her hand stroked his asscheeks and asscrease. She let her hand slide lower, stroking his testicles and the root of his cock. This made him squirt the best, her fingers slid between his asscheeks and grabbed his sacklet from behind, later purposefully grabbing his cock. He moaned when she caressed his cock from below, from behind, until he squirted. That was their scenario for the first few weeks.

She had made Erik squirt twice, had excited his testicles with gentle touches and caressed his cock lightly from behind. He was highly aroused and slid up and down on her body until he cum. He wanted her to masturbate him with her hand the second time. She let him sink back and pulled his foreskin all the way back. She licked his glans until he squirted in her mouth and then she masturbated him for the first time while finishing the squirting. She pulled the last drops out of his cock with two fingers and asked if it was good? He nodded and she rubbed the drops all the way out. He said the cum in her mouth had been quite wonderful, much nicer than masturbating

by hand. “I’ll be happy to do you again with my mouth, because I like that too,” Astrid said, broadly smiling.

Erik preferred to sit between her legs and masturbate, his eyes fixed on her pussy. She had put her fingers on her clit and allowed him to squirt directly onto her pussy. He moved very close to her so that his glans touched her labia as he masturbated. She smiled sweetly and directed his glans to her clit. There he should rub his glans against it, she liked that very much. He nodded and rubbed the glans very hard on her clit until he squirted. She took the glans and rubbed it firmly on her clit, she circled her finger on the clit and suppressed the orgasm. She trembled ever so slightly and let go of his glans.

He needed it again, after a brief pause. She nodded that she would masturbate him with her hand and inserted his glans into her little hole. He widened his eyes, he didn’t expect that! She rubbed his cock and he turned his head to the side, for he was ashamed that all he could think about was fucking her. She quickly made him squirt and pulled his cock halfway into her hole as he squirted. He grabbed her hips and shuddered, his cock twitching and jerking inside her and squirting inside. They sat motionless facing each other for a few more minutes, he had his eyes closed and was feeling her hole from the inside with his cock. She pulled out his soft cock and pulled him into her embrace. “This is how we’ll do it from now on, I’ll do you with my mouth first and then you get to cum inside, good?” she said, stroking his head. He nodded quite excitedly, because he would never have dared to ask her explicitly about it. They did it like this for many days, usually he still had an erection after the second squirt and she patiently let him squirt in again for the third time. But then he was completely done and soon fell asleep.

Erik loved to squirt in Astrid’s mouth at the beginning, her fingers masturbated his cock only very gently, the main work was done by her tongue. She smiled so sweetly while she did it that it got him all hot. His cock remained hard and he penetrated her vagina very quickly and deeply. He almost always had to squirt immediately and was then quite embarrassed. But she smiled again and grabbed his cock as best she could. He stayed stiff and deep inside her, so it was

quite difficult for her to masturbate him. The heel of her hand rubbed her clit while she masturbated him. It always took her a long time to make him cum and the fingers of her other hand circled upon her clit. She suppressed her orgasm and only let her thighs tremble slightly. She kept eye contact with him to hide her secret masturbation and orgasms. When she felt he remained stiff, she masturbated him again. She pulled out his soft cock and, if she was still aroused, she pulled the foreskin all the way back and let his glans dance on her clit until her thighs trembled. Then it was time to go to sleep.

She thought of her father and husband who would never fuck her again. She had always loved to fuck, but she never got pregnant. She missed her father, her husband, the fucking very much. When Erik had squirted two or three times, he would fall asleep. It was very difficult for her to masturbate at first. She had not masturbated since she could fuck, but now she masturbated every night and probably more often than ever before. Only when she got tired from the orgasms did she fall asleep. She masturbated not because she was horny, but because her clit demanded it. The more hopeless her situation was, the more she was afraid of tomorrow, the more urgently her clit throbbed. She hid masturbating from Erik as long as they didn't fuck each other.

The men knew where to find her, on the riverbank, by the willows. The men came for her, of course, not for the willows. She didn't turn anyone away, she lay down in the grass with them and they fucked. There were some who could fuck very well and with whom she came to orgasm. Many, however, squirted way too early and didn't care that she was amped up and unsatisfied. Most of the men had enough chores and work to do, only one or two sneaked off to the pastures during the week. That didn't bother her, she had enough work too, the willow baskets didn't weave themselves.

Rangalf was the leader. He was very old and visited her at the willows because he valued her as a clever conversationalist. He laughed grimly when she asked him once. His well had dried up, he said, it no longer urged him to lie down with a woman. Astrid was startled, for she had never known anyone who was done with it. He was, after all, the oldest person she knew. Rangalf usually came around noon,

shared his snack and water with her. He usually talked about issues and matters of the community and listened to her thoughts very attentively.

Rangalf saw a problem coming, for the other two women, who were married and whose husbands worked their ass off in the woods, were growing bolder in their whoring. On the one hand, the two women were there with their husbands, and on the other hand, they were not very desirable, Astrid said. Rangalf nodded in agreement, he had already observed the ugly women fucking and agreed with her. He was mainly bothered by the shamelessness with which they fucked in public, that had to lead to problems one day. The men gathered around the women when they got fucked and everyone got the opportunity to fuck them too. Rangalf did not interfere, because the men had to blow off steam. Astrid had seen both of them fucking other men in public over and over again in front of everyone, but they didn't get the really desirable men. One day the husbands will no longer be able to look the other way and then there would really be a problem.

In the course of time she told him everything about herself. How the black disease had taken her mother and her sisters within a few days. That she had lain with her father and he had deflowered the 12 year old. She liked to be her father's wife, they loved each other very much and she stopped masturbating there, because she got the orgasms while fucking with him. The father had said that he had never seen a woman who came to orgasm as quickly and easily as she did. Even when she married at 19, she continued to fuck with her father, her husband had to admit to her. But he got along very well with her father and felt no jealousy. Her husband's first wife had died in childbirth, leaving him with 10-year-old Erik. She told Rangalf that she might not have any children, it was such a dull feeling that gnawed at her. But she would fuck any man who felt like fucking, because maybe she could get pregnant after all.

Astrid cried as she told Rangalf. He waited silently until she had cried herself out. He knew how the blows of the gods could strike someone, how much you suffered when a loved one was torn from

you. He took Astrid's hand and stroked it gently. He also knew that the tears would eventually stop.

One evening loud trampling, loudly bawling drunks approached her hut. She held Erik tightly and murmured in his ear that he should not mutter. The drunks, it was the 4 Halgrim-brothers, came in. She pushed Erik aside and covered her breasts and pubic with her hands. They didn't come to interrupt her, the boys grunted happily, they had only come to fuck a little bit and she could go ahead with Erik, the men said laughing. Erik sat down in the furthest corner, clutching his knees and making himself as small as possible.

Astrid smiled reassuringly at him, that was no problem! The 4 guys fucked her one by one and laughed, roared and accompanied each other's fucking with raunchy words. Astrid could see how aroused Erik was getting despite his initial fear, his cock spurting at irregular intervals without Erik touching himself. The boys were done, they could take no more. Loudly and with booming laughters they left. Astrid was tired from the orgasms and beckoned Erik to her. She held him embraced and soon fell asleep.

She thought of how much the Halgrim-brothers' fucking the night before had confused him. Had it hurt her, the fucking, yesterday? She smiled, but no, the brothers had not hurt her, fucking was something natural after all. Could he fuck her too? Erik asked softly. She laughed, he was still quite young and for fucking his cock would have to be stiff. She squeezed the soft cock and gave him a kiss on the cheek. She held him embraced and soon fell asleep.

She masturbated Erik every night, usually twice with a break. At starting she made him cum in her mouth, which he liked very much. She told him all about fucking during the break and how husband and wife fucking usually went, because that's what he wanted to know. After that she quickly masturbated the impatient boy inside her hole and he turned over to sleep. She waited a bit and masturbated. The moon was shining brightly in the doorway when she stopped much later and opened her eyes. Erik was sitting upright and had been watching her. She immediately saw his stiff cock. He

waited until she calmed down and gently caressed her pussy. He just looked at her and knelt between her legs.

They didn't speak a word. He bent over and moved his cock into position. Sighing, she opened her legs and unfolded her knees. He pushed in. She held onto his shoulders as he fucked her. He had been paying attention, after all, and knew how to do it. Despite her tiredness, she felt the orgasm approaching and let it happen, clinging to him and letting the orgasm shake her violently without losing his cock. It took him quite a while before he squirted. She looked at his face, it was very clear how much he liked it. From now on they fucked every night, sometimes twice when he was stiff again.

The Halgrim-brothers came irregularly, for they rarely brewed booze, but they came every few weeks. Astrid smiled kindly and also took a big sip of the booze. Everything had to be peaceful, because the drunken boys could also smash everything to pieces. Erik hid, because he was very afraid of the drunks. Astrid was completely exhausted after fucking with the Halgrim-brothers and did not let Erik fuck her. Tomorrow, she mumbled sleepily, tomorrow!

# The Merchant's Daughter

by Jack Faber © 2023

Anna was hopelessly in love with the young count who was courting her. She had masturbated every night since her earliest youth, but now she increased her lust so much that her clit still hurt when she got up in the morning. She was a good child, she knew nothing about love, sex or the customs of court. She was so much in love with the Count that she gave herself to him even before the wedding. They lived together like man and wife even before the splendid wedding, secretly of course.

She understood fucking very quickly. She understood just as quickly what the count expected from her. When he returned from hunting, and he was hunting almost every day, he expected her to get fucked as soon as he got home. She smiled when he rode out and went straight to the bathroom, because he wanted to be received by his young wife clean, fragrant and wrapped in a transparent veil. That was fine, he laid her across the bed, pulled off her veil and fucked her. It seemed very unseemly to her that two or three of his hunting buddies came with him, wine goblets in hand, sat down and watched them while the count fucked her. The first time she held the veil crying to her breasts and shook her head. But her husband grinned wryly, pulled away the veil and showed his friends her nudity, parting her labia with his fingers and showing them her little hole and her unusually large clit. He masturbated her clit until she squirmed as if in convulsions and fucked her in front of his buddies. She buried her face in the pillows and howled with shame. The men laughed quite amiably and went their way.

She was shocked each time because her husband stripped her naked in the presence of his buddies and fucked her in front of them, but each time she also became more indifferent. The count did not want to talk about it, she had to accept what the husband wanted, period! She felt a very special tickle when she looked into the greedy eyes of his buddies. She smiled at them because when the count had cum and withdrawn, she masturbated her clit for a few seconds to

trigger the orgasm. She stared into the eyes of his buddies while the orgasm violently pounded her. The count was very impressed and pleased with his young pregnant wife.

The buddies stepped very close as soon as she masturbated. One put a hand on her little tummy and stroked her and the child, the second continued to rub her clit firmly and she plunged from one orgasm to the next. She lay splayed out in front of them and let them caress her, her look telling them how liberated and satisfied she was. She was still smiling as the two men masturbated and squirted their seed all over her body. This was probably the moment when the final hurdle fell.

The next day, after he had cum, the count moved aside and let a buddy join her with his pants down. Before she realized it, he had penetrated her and continued fucking her where the count had left off. She actually wanted to push him away indignantly, but the fellow fucked damn well and she felt the orgasm rising. Unfortunately, he squirted now, a moment too soon, and she held him for a moment, disappointed and angry. But now the second man penetrated her immediately and fucked her further. The orgasm took a second try, leaving her just enough time to feel gratitude. She pressed her body and clit against him, clinging to him in orgasm. The orgasm lasted for a while and she was still orgasming when he cum. He was a level-headed hunt master, keeping his cock inside her and finishing up his squirting. When he came up she closed her eyes, not wanting to look her husband or his buddies in the eye.

That night, her husband was ready to talk. A little bit. She said that it was terrible for her to break her marriage vows. It's not a bad thing, he replied, it was done with his permission after all, so it was okay with him. She kept silent, what could she say in response? He had allowed it, that was what mattered. He kissed her fingertips and turned away to sleep. He knew she still wanted to masturbate, but that was none of his business. She continued to masturbate for quite a long time, recalling it over and over: fucked with three men in a row and finished with a nice orgasm!

Two or three times a week the hunting party came to her bed. Perhaps it was because of her pregnancy that she quickly learned to finish with an orgasm on each of the three fucks. With the first, her husband, she still helped a little and briefly rubbed her clit with her finger, but with Gernot and Volker she was already in the flow and got the orgasms without touching herself. Only a few weeks before the date the men let go of her. Thank God she had a quick, uncomplicated birth and gave birth to a splendid son for the count. The count carried her on his hands, he overflowed with gratitude.

The count rode to Constance for the Pontifical Council at the invitation of Duke Sigismund, he stayed two months and came again. He was boisterous and cheerful, he had deepened friendship with the duke and had every night a beautiful daughter of the town in his bed, but also many well-behaved married wives who were unfaithful to their husbands only exceptionally during the Pontifical Council. It was downright exciting how these chaste married wives let themselves be uncovered bit by bit with a bashful look and lay down shyly like virgins beside him. Coyly they covered their breasts, though with practiced movements they lay down prepared to fuck. He sensed their embarrassment as most wept at their own lasciviousness. He had not pressed or forced a single one; they all gave themselves willingly to him. He enjoyed the spectacle for a while, then fucked them lustily and passionately. He was puzzled at first because, in keeping with the spirit of the times, they all masturbated while fucking, something Anna very rarely did.

Anna was very happy with her little son and remained faithful to her husband. Only every morning she let a little 14 year old pageboy fuck her and pulled out his cock to make him squirt by her hand, because the squirting inside seemed too dangerous for her. She masturbated the boy with her hand again and sent him away. Her maids, who did not miss all this, rolled their eyes to the sky. Anna slowly regained sexual desire and masturbated every night.

Anna had become accustomed over the years to being fucked two or three times a week by the hunting party. She had improved her orgasmic ability even more and rarely needed it during the night. The noblewoman who had charge of her son was a lesbian and seduced

Anna a few times. However, she was not a lesbian and did not let her get too close. Nevertheless, she enjoyed being licked to orgasm by her very much. Anna had two more girls and a son born, but she was not sure if her husband, Gernot or Volker was the father of the children. It was also beside the point, they were children of the count. Period!

When the Lords rode out to hunt, she would more and more often fetch a young pageboy to bed. She had a preference for the young boys, she was very aware of that. But they usually fucked with much passion and she let her finger dance on her clit. When she masturbated the boyish cock of the pageboy, it reminded her of her childhood where she had masturbated such cocks and let them squirt laughing happily. It was a wonderful appetizer before the gentlemen came to the main course. Of course, her husband had heard about the pageboys by rumor, but he didn't dare to ask her. He did not want a war of roses with the mother of his splendid sons and daughters. He shooed away the rumors like pesky flies and swatted the most gossipy across the mouth. The countess was not an issue, period!

Duke Sigismund once came to visit. He was received royally, the count talked for hours with the ruler and they decided many things. At night the duke was allowed to spend the night in the bed of the count. Anna awaited him fragrantly in her transparent veil. The duke was already an old man, but he did not miss this beautiful tidbit. She stroked him stiffly and sat on the old gentlemans cock. She rode him very gently and made him squirt. He dozed off right away and she quietly went into the other room to her husband. He listened to her report and was very pleased. The duke was a very important man who needed to be pampered carefully. Anna washed her pussy and grinned. It had been 25 years since she had any idea about fucking and now she was fucking for five nights a total stranger old man because it was very important for her husband. — What a world!

One day the count returned early from hunting, supported by his friends. She shooed away the naked pageboy and had her husband laid on the bed. He wanted to fuck her one last time, the dying man whispered. They undressed him and she snuggled up to him. But he was so tired, deadly tired. Two minutes later, he was dead.

The oldest son Sigbert was 18 and the new count. Anna withdrew after the first few weeks, Sigbert did his job well. Anna mourned her husband for more months, she knelt in the chapel and prayed for him, they had led a beautiful and quiet marriage. Before the end of the year of mourning, she took a 14-year-old pageboy into her bed. About this time Sigbert confessed to her how much he had missed her during the year of mourning, how little love the married girls gave him when they fucked. He had little pleasure with them, by God! She was silent and said nothing.

That night she slipped into his bedroom, which was just one door down. She lay down with him without a word. She was already over 50, but the fire still burned in her clit. She came to him every night until after 3 years he had to take a wife at the behest of the council. She helped him to make a good choice and get one that had fire in her clit.

She had taught Sigbert to masturbate when he was 11. She had pinned up her skirt and sat cross-legged on his bed opposite him. She patiently masturbated him for a few days and he stared mesmerized at her pussy. She explained everything to him about fucking, deflowering and men chasing women in great detail. No, she would not let him fuck her, she said firmly, before giving in. Just a little, just to try it out, she said. Just before he cum, she took out his cock and finished masturbating him with her hand. The next days she let him cum inside quietly, why not? — After two weeks of trial fucking, she left Sigbert to masturbate himself.

Of course, that wasn't the end, the trial fucking was just the beginning. He was incredibly adept at getting the timing right. His father rode off to hunt and she was about to go off to find a willing pageboy. Standing in front of her, he could feel her horny anticipation for the pageboy's fucking. She saw his big begging eyes and it warmed her heart instantly. So all these years Sigbert managed to fuck her regularly in the morning. He didn't stop her for long, she could still fuck her pageboy afterwards, but he grinned to himself. He enjoyed fucking her in her positive upbeat mood, her first fucking and orgasms of the day, it was always a very lovingly nice and quick fucking.

After all, she had taught him from a young age not to listen to the prohibitions of the clergy and to follow his cock everywhere, it was a pretty good compass needle. The 13-year-old had followed his mother's advice and had diligently fucked all the noblewomen and married wives, of whom there were a lot willingly ready to be fucked. The mother had spied on him only at the beginning, but the boy did everything right.

Anna had found a good bride for her son and he liked the girl very much. She was not a beauty, which could be improved with a little makeup and noble clothes. But she was a cannon in bed, masterful in fucking and had a lot of experience. Sigbert could lose himself in her pussy and finally let Anna go. Anna was able to retire and let the young pageboys fuck her again, because even though she was already well over 50, she exerted a magical effect with her restrained and at the same time alluring sex-appeal. The young pageboys were still unspoiled, they fucked her without calculation or ulterior motives. They fucked for the sake of fucking a really sexy woman. Anna gave the boys rich gifts, partly because she had to keep everything secret.

Her son, Count Sigbert, suppressed any gossip about his mother with success.

# The Stepmother

by Jack Faber © 2023

Although Jack was already a young man at almost 18, he was very simple in mind. When others sprinted off in their minds at the speed of light and missed easily, he leisurely strolled to the finish line on a marathon. Many thought he was stupid because of this.

Since his earliest youth, his mother Eva came naked to the bathroom twice a week, showered and washed him conscientiously, and then she weighed his cock examiningly in her hand. The cock was already like a grown man's, she concluded satisfied, but he had inherited it from his father: he couldn't really squirt and fuck until he was 21 either. Jack listened to her devoutly, because it was so fine when she rubbed his cock in her hand. Yes, he really couldn't squirt yet, why should he? He wasn't masturbating either, even with Eva's skill in asking him out. He was flooded with the wonderful feelings when she pulled the foreskin all the way back over the glans, again and again, until the cock throbbed. She did this every time after she had showered him, she masturbated him very gently and until his cock began to throb. "I'm almost exploding!" gasped Jack, and she paused and pulled the foreskin back very tightly. The glans was swollen deep red and she rubbed it hard with her thumb. The glans nodded in a continuous motion as she rubbed it, while Jack nearly exploded. "You really can't squirt yet," she noted. He shrugged, why should he squirt?

He found her nudity quite normal, only when she leaned down and turned her ass towards him did he get very excited. He saw the thick labia under the fold of her ass and the wet hole in the dense bush. His cock and heart were throbbing wildly. He knew what the little hole was for, he had always spied on Eva and the father when they fucked. The first few times it was very exciting, later it wasn't. In the meantime he spied only on Sunday mornings, there Eva brought the father three or four times to fuck her, she masturbated him in between and took his cock in her mouth, that was really exciting! When

he unintentionally squirted in her mouth, she swallowed the semen reluctantly and scolded him quietly.

Jack, of course, didn't know that she was intentionally showing him her pussyhole in such a frivolous way. She had discovered, when he was still a young boy, that he was rubbing his cock thoughtfully when she bent over to mop the floor after a shower. The little boy stared at her cunt, and she bent again and spread her labia with her fingers. For five minutes he stared into her pussyhole with his mouth open, rubbing his cock. He gasped, "It's exploding, Mom!" and she straightened up, stroked his hair with her hand, and reassured him that it was okay to explode. From that day on, she masturbated him twice a week after showering him until he moaned that it was exploding now. After the shower, she would always handle herself bent over and let him look inside her pussyhole. He rubbed thoughtfully and then she masturbated him quite quickly. She was glad that it didn't take too long.

Eva taught literature at the university one morning a week and usually read on her bed all day. That didn't change until their last year together began — she would be leaving for good at the end of the year. The father had a new job and was now on the road steering a heavy truck for several weeks, leaving Eva and Jack alone. Eva now sometimes brought strange men or students to fuck in the afternoon. Jack was really confused, why was she now cheating on dad with all these guys, she had never done that before? "He left me, am I supposed to give up sex because of that?" she hissed angrily when he asked her.

Jack spied curiously as she fucked the guys. The fucking usually lasted a long time and Eva masturbated while doing it, although Jack couldn't see exactly how she did it. He saw her beautiful face gradually contorting into a grimace and then she became beautiful and soft again and smiled.

At one point he cautiously asked her why the fucking was taking so long and how it was with her grimace. She looked at him reproachfully and scolded a bit because spying was not decent. But she answered his questions. "Your daddy fucks way too fast and way too

short, that's the difference. I need a guy to fuck me long enough for me to have an orgasm!" She thought for a few moments. "People get the grimace when they have an orgasm, that's normal." He understood after she explained it in more detail. And no, she wasn't going to show him her masturbating, that was really private, she snorted indignantly.

That night he couldn't fall asleep. He stood indecisively with his massive hard-on wrestling with himself, then mustered all his courage and went into Eva's bedroom. "What is it?" she asked sleepily, turning over on her back. "I'd like to be with you" said Jack timidly and took off his pajamas, for Eva was lying naked on her bed as usual. In the dim light you couldn't see much, but of course Eva could see his erection. He didn't wait for her answer, unceremoniously lay down next to her and embraced her, pressing his body and cock against her. She stroked him gently and let him stroke her gently. Usually they hugged while dressed, but now he felt her nakedness with his naked skin, caressed and hugged her over and over again. He said, he loved her so much, much more than the guys she was fucking with in the afternoon! He pressed his body against her and virtually impaled her with his hard-on, she laughed brightly at his stormy embraces.

Earlier than he himself, she realized that he wanted to lie on top of her. No, I can't do that, she thought and turned on her stomach, I'm not going to let him fuck me! He pressed his stiff cock against her ass cheek and made wild fucking movements. She turned on the little light and grabbed his cock. She masturbated him very gently until he gasped he was going to explode. The other day the same, she rubbed his cock and asked if he really wanted to play fucking? "Yes," of course he did and knelt quickly behind her. Greedily staring at her wet fuckhole, he approached it with his cock. She stopped him energetically when he penetrated her. He stroked her ass cheeks hornily and she whispered that if he wanted to play fuck with his stiff cock between her ass cheeks, it was fine with her. "Just, don't disturb me while I do me" she whispered without him understanding right away. But he knelt behind her and pressed his stiff cock into her butt crack. Ahh, that felt good! He darted back and forth, and after a while he noticed that Eva's fingers were rubbing under her belly. He kept

darting back and forth for a long time and kept going even as Eva's body twitched and wriggled. "Stop it," she groaned, "stop it! I'm already done!" He lay down next to her and she quietly explained that it was only fine during masturbation, but not afterwards.

From now on in the evenings he went straight to her bedroom. She was already lying on her stomach and turned off the big light after he lay down with her and left the small one burning. He was again allowed to eagerly whet in her butt crease while she masturbated. Sometimes he would straighten up and try to make out her finger rubbing rapidly in the dim light. But he couldn't make out much. The next evening she asked him, smiling, if he might prefer to play fucking in her ass-hole? "You may do it, it's quite fine and I like it too!" she said cooing and Jack nodded eagerly, yes, fucking, he definitely wanted to! But in the asshole? He asked how that would go, staring unblinkingly at her wet little hole. She moistened his cock with saliva and also her asshole. She helped him to penetrate, but it was very laborious. Finally it was done and she masturbated lying on her stomach. He stared at the finger that was rubbing like crazy. Fucking her asshole wasn't as great as he thought it would be, but she seemed to enjoy it a lot, he thought, she moaned in one go how fine it was and rubbed her clit rapidly. He pulled out his throbbing cock as she began to twitch tremulously. He had learned that lesson.

Soon he was no longer content to fuck her asshole. He tried to go deeper with his cock and penetrate, but the first few times she shook him off indignantly. He penetrated her fuckhole anyway, "just to get the cock wet," he stubbornly claimed. She growled gruffly that he was not allowed to do that, but she no longer denied him. He then dutifully fucked her asshole and pondered how he could come to fucking.

He was unsettled by her refusal and waited the next time with his cock stuck in her hole "to make it wet". Maybe it was better to wait longer in her little hole, because now she did not reject him anymore. She just grunted indignantly as he slowly fucked in her fuck hole and she concentrated on masturbating, she needed it badly now! Screw it, she told herself, let him fuck then!

Was that fine! He fucked very slowly, like he had seen do the men she cheated on father with. Her grunting protest turned into pleasurable moans, he fucked until her finger began to race. Now he pulled his cock out, just in time because she was twitching and wriggling. She hugged him as they lay side by side again. “My God! What are you doing to me!” she gasped, and Jack suddenly felt a little bit bad. “But not a word to your father, will you?” He nodded, guess that went without saying. “It’s so wonderful to be fucked while masturbating,” she said dreamily, nuzzling his hair, “but you must never do it again!” she said, still smiling, before they fell asleep.

Naturally, he did it every night. At first he dreaded a little when she had let herself be fucked in the afternoon, wondering if the lover’s seed was still “inside”, but soon he didn’t care anymore. She had told him to spread her ass cheeks firmly apart and push them up. Having her ass cheeks firmly spread apart would add to her pleasure, she explained.

Sometimes Eva would bring a student girl with her. Spying on them was very horny. She licked the student or let her lick her. He couldn’t see it in detail, of course, but what he could see was very exciting. Also, when they did it to each other with their hands and fingers. He asked Eva one evening and she was upset about the spying, but she explained it to him succinctly. One afternoon, when she was in bed with her friend Renate, she called him in. He had to undress and Renate felt his cock, which was soon stiff to bursting. Young Renate was very shy about the cock because she had never fucked with a man, only with girls. Eva told Renate that the boy could fuck great, if she didn’t want to try it? The discussion went back and forth, he lay between the women who took turns groping his cock. “No, he can’t squirt yet, don’t worry about that!” said Eva. Renate let herself be persuaded, he lay down on a girl for the first time in the missionary position. Eva guided his cock to Renate’s vaginal entrance and he penetrated her carefully. He was now allowed to fuck Renate until she masturbated herself to orgasm. He pulled his throbbing cock out and noticed the glint in Eva’s eyes, but she shook her head in denial. It wasn’t the only time Eva let him fuck a student after he confessed to her how fine it was. Eva loved her son and now all her lesbian

lovers had to fuck him, she didn't take no for an answer. Jack stayed with them afterwards and watched their lesbian game.

One day Eva walked away with her lover Paul. Jack hugged her, crying bitterly, as she left. He didn't cry again after that, although it had made him very sad.

The new stepmother was very strange and a horny piece, Jack thought. After she bathed him the first night, she sat down on the little stool in the bathroom and he had to stand naked in front of her.

"Your father had said you couldn't squirt yet. — So, can you squirt yet?" she asked, unhooking her bra. She let it slide carelessly to the floor. He didn't understand her question. He wouldn't tell her a single word about Eva, even if he had to play dumb.

"I don't understand, what do you want me to squirt?" he asked unsurely, staring at her thick breasts that hung down almost to her thighs.

She grabbed his cock with one hand and rubbed it for a moment. She looked searchingly into his eyes. "Is it squirting yet when you rub it?"

Jack felt uncomfortable. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her breasts and felt his cock stiffen all over.

"I never rub myself down there," he said weakly. She was obviously surprised. She drank the wine cup empty now, her spirits rising with the wine.

"So, don't you like it?" she asked, grabbing his cock anew. He said nothing, for it was so fine when she held his cock rubbing.

"Don't you know how to do it?" she asked and he shook his head in denial. He really didn't know, he pretended.

"Do you want me to show you?" she asked, and he didn't move. He understood exactly what she meant.

She pulled his foreskin all the way back. “Look, it goes like this!” she said, rubbing his cock for a while. He nodded when she asked if he understood it now.

“Then do it yourself now, let’s see if you can squirt yet.” She let go of his cock. Jack now continued to rub himself exactly as she had shown him. He stared at her hand and fingers playing stealthily under the hem of her panties.

He couldn’t take his eyes off her body. His father was on the road again with the truck and would not be back for weeks. His new stepmother, Beate, had just moved in with them today and had given Jack a bath after dinner, she wore bra and panties only. Now he stood naked in front of her, staring at her large breasts and at the fingers in her panties. “Oh, you like to look, do you?” she grinned happily, pushing the hem of her panties aside a little bit and pushed a finger in her vagina. He rubbed and rubbed, it was a very nice feeling in his cock and he almost exploded when he saw her finger in her vagina.

Beate stared at his red swollen glans and said he had to rub faster now. He obeyed and the nice feeling in his cock became even nicer. He didn’t have to pee, he knew, but it was a very similar feeling. He was getting more and more excited. Groaning, he stopped rubbing, his cock throbbing and throbbing. He looked uncertainly at Beate.

She pulled her fingers out from under the panties and touched the red swollen glans. She wiped away the drop that had formed on the tip of the glans and rubbed the glans with her thumb for minutes. “Okay,” Beate said, “so you can’t squirt yet!” He lowered his head, was this for her good or bad? She let go of his cock as it stopped throbbing, and his dick gradually drooped.

“All right,” Beate said, standing up, “let’s go to sleep!” He nodded sadly, as his father let him watch TV in the evening until he fell asleep. He trotted behind Beate into the master bedroom.

“Do you like to sleep in the nursery or with me in the big bed?” asked Beate and Jack gave no answer, he didn’t know. His father had

always let him sleep in the nursery. “Okay,” she nodded, “lie down then!” He obeyed and lay down in the big matrimonial bed, he hadn’t done that since his mother left.

Beate took off her panties and turned around a few moments in front of the dressing mirror, admiring herself and Jack looked with eyes wide open, he had not often seen a naked woman before.

Actually she doesn’t look bad, Jack thought, she was much younger than his mother, small and roundly, but not fat. Most noticeable were her large, full breasts, which now hung without a bra down to her belly button. Her pubic area was hidden under a thick blonde bush, her ass was tender and round. The light blond shoulder–length hair framed her flat face, where the light green eyes caught the attention.

Beate turned in front of the mirror around and around for a long time and admired herself, then lay down in bed and turned off the light. She grabbed Jack by the shoulders and pressed him against her. He loved it very much when their naked bodies pressed against each other. After a few minutes of cuddling, she reached down. Even though it was pitch black, he could feel that she had started rubbing herself.

“Now I’ll do me and you can rub your cock when it’s stiff too!” Beate whispered. He felt very clearly that she was rubbing somewhere, somehow — probably just like Eva did it? He could feel his cock gradually getting hard again. He rubbed his cock conscientiously and had to smile, now they were both rubbing themselves. He stopped when the cock throbbed really hard and he felt it explode.

Beate let go of him, she needed both hands now. Jack pressed himself against her jiggling body, his hands groping for her breasts. She let him do that to his astonishment, she gasped now really hard and then her body jerked a few times. She let out the held breath and hugged Jack.

“There we are, that was fine, now good night!” He nodded in the darkness. “Good night, Beate!” he whispered.

The next night the same, she unhooked her bra and he had to stand in front of her and rub his cock until it throbbed. This went on for a couple of days. Now she would take off her panties too and he would stare at her fingers playing with her clit and hole. He kept looking at Julia's pee hole, as she was his best girlfriend and asking her, but she didn't know how the rubbing exactly went. He kept meaning to just ask Beate, but he was too chicken.

Beate asked him once why his mother had left and Jack stammered around, not really knowing, he said. He had only heard the parents arguing more and more often. The mother had yelled at the father that he was a failure in bed, he could never satisfy her like Paul, with whom she had run off in the end. Beate nodded thoughtfully.

"Your father really is a failure at fucking" she said to Jack with a lovely grin, "he can fuck for a minute at most and then he has to squirt immediately. That was way too short for your mother, I understand that. But I don't mind, I'll rub myself if I need to." Jack didn't quite understand the connection and didn't ask her until a few days later. She explained to him that his mother hadn't rubbed herself and was very disappointed because his father couldn't fuck her well. She then fucked Paul and he was apparently good in bed. "I see," said Jack, who didn't understand fully but guessed. Eva had rubbed herself every night, that's for sure, he thought. "I for myself don't mind," said Beate, "your father is a good, decent and honorable guy, that's the most important thing to me. And the fact that he doesn't fuck very well doesn't matter to me, I rub myself at night and that's enough for me." That was the end of the interesting conversation, although Jack still had a thousand questions.

The father came home every few weeks, that's when Jack slept in the nursery and spied on them fucking. But that wasn't very exciting, he had already seen his mother fuck his father. It was true, the father fucked Beate for barely a minute, then he squirted in really hard and deep, and then it was over. Five or six times on a weekend the two disappeared into the bedroom, and when Jack spied, it was always the same. Beate always beamed at the father and gave him a thou-

sand lovely kisses after he had squirted inside. Beate apparently never masturbated when his father was with her.

Again and again, Jack kept asking Beate questions. He wanted to know everything about fucking. She knew everything, but she didn't like to talk about it. At least she could explain to him why his best friend Julia didn't want to fuck really, and what the hymen was all about. Once, when he had dutifully rubbed himself to the point of throbbing in front of her in the evening, she pulled the labia apart with both hands and showed him everything. He looked into the big hole which his father had drilled in her and at the end she pointed to her clit, that was what she had to rub at night, she said smiling and grinning. But she let him look just this once.

He rubbed himself to the point of throbbing every night in front of Beate. He had gotten used to her nakedness and also to her rubbing his cock sometimes. One evening, his cock began to drip as it throbbed. She grinned, "Well, finally!" and continued to rub his cock very hard, but it stopped dripping.

It was another week before it squirted a bit for the first time. Beate held his glans with two fingers as he squirted. He stared at the splatter that had landed on her thigh. She smiled and wiped it away with her hand. He kept rubbing every night, Beate held his glans with two fingers and rubbed it with her thumb until he squirted, and soon it squirted properly. Beate was very pleased with this, she stroked the last drops out of his cock with two fingers after he squirted. He was finally a man, Beate said, and hugged him.

Julia liked to watch him when he squirted. She caught the semen with the palm of her hand and examined it very closely. She had discovered clit rubbing in cooperation with Jack and now masturbated every night. She thought it was great!

One day Beate talked about her past. She knew that she was not a beauty and could only score with good fucking. She had fucked with more than a dozen men and had also been in longer relationships for a while. She loved fucking and would fuck anyone who wanted to

fuck her. She didn't care much for marital fidelity and had married his father only on that condition.

Beate had told him that when he rubbed himself at night, he shouldn't squirt on the sheet, he should squirt on her belly. He obeyed and squirted on Beate's belly at night. Because she masturbated for a very long time, he usually squirted twice on her belly. Gradually it changed, he knelt up to squirt and squirted on her rubbing hand, which he dimly recognized in the darkness. That was okay with her, she said, and acquiesced as he knelt between her legs and let his glans touch her rubbing fingers. In the pause before the second time, he left his glans on her rubbing fingers, so he felt her masturbation quite clearly. When he squirted, he pressed the glans very firmly on her fingers and sometimes she grabbed the glans and pressed it against her flesh while squirting. He felt that his glans was pressed directly on her hole and squirted inside.

He had asked her over and over again if he could watch her masturbate, but she always refused. That was far too private, she said cowardly, and she had never let anyone watch. From a young age she hid and concealed masturbating. So no, she didn't show him. However, when she sat naked on the bathroom stool and watched him masturbate, her fingers now liked to play with her clit. She was just playing, not masturbating, she said. But sometimes she couldn't control herself and masturbated with her eyes closed. Afterwards, she would straighten up with her face reddened and try to figure out if he had seen it. He quickly looked to the ground and always pretended not to see it. After all, he knew from Julia how the girls masturbated.

Beate pressed his glans on her vaginal entrance at night and let him squirt in. He let his seed squirt in and it was wonderful. One night she whispered asking if he wanted to fuck her. He pretended not to hear it. A few days later she whispered that if he wanted to fuck her, during she masturbated, it was fine with her. Only his father must never know.

Jack let days go by. He wanted to, but he was afraid of taking action at the same time. She didn't push him, she didn't care if he wanted to fuck her or not. He took an incredibly long time, thrusting

a little when she pressed his glans on the vaginal entrance. He thrust a little more and she let him thrust. Then, one night, he thrust deep into her vagina while squirting. She let him glide deep inside to squirt.

Then, finally, he had made up his mind. While Beate masturbated, he knelt between her legs and whispered that he wanted to fuck her really. She nodded and her hand directed his cock into her vaginal entrance. He fucked her, for the first time. He had to squirt after only seconds, while she masturbated rapidly. She laughed and said he still had to learn to hold out longer. Since she wasn't done masturbating, he fucked her a second time. And held out longer.

He would learn it, Jack thought, he would learn it!

# Comrades

by Jack Faber © 2023

Jack didn't arrive at the funeral until 10 minutes before the end. It had taken a long time for the commander to give him the 10 days home leave, but he had fought doggedly to get it. He was just able to catch a transport flight and raced to the cemetery in a cab. He stood at the very back and saluted as Roger's casket was lowered. He was one of the last to step up to Roger's widow, Jenny, and offered her his hand in condolence. She cried out softly and hugged him fiercely. "I knew you would come!" she said. Tears ran down her cheeks like a torrent.

He had to ride with her in the funeral home's pompous limousine, not comfortable in the parade uniform or in the company of so many chattering, smacking and drinking people he didn't know. Jenny's house was like all on the military bases: a large living room, two bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom and garage. Jenny had furnished it nicely and tastefully, so that you quickly felt at home. He could only exchange a few words with Jenny, thank God the state was not stingy in honoring its fallen son, she would get a good pension and be able to stay in the house on the base. He would have to sleep here, of course, Jenny said with finality, the empty house would fall on her head otherwise.

Jack had only one drink. He had given up drinking 8 years ago, that was the last time he was with Roger and Jenny. He stayed iron dry, he didn't want to go down in a drunken stupor like his parents. Jenny had gotten a big and fat ass and — yes, it was unmistakable — she drank quite a lot. Jack kept silently in the background, clutching his drink, which he had only sipped. He ate something from the buffet, but he wasn't very hungry. Finally the last of them left, and the caterers cleared the buffet, drinks and dishes. Jenny sighed when everyone was gone. "Sit down, Jack!" she said with relief, "I'm just going to go change, this tight dress is killing me!"

He sat down with his drink and heard her showering next door. *He remembered how he and Roger used to date girls after school and when they could, they would both fuck the girl one after the other. They had started working at the same company after school, he and Roger were inseparable. Roger was like a brother to him, the orphan. Jack was of Hispanic descent, Roger came from a proud black family. Roger kept dating the slender beauty Jenny, acting very secretive and not taking him on dates yet. Jenny was the one, Roger said, she was the woman to marry! They had both fallen madly in love with each other and Jenny had let Roger deflower her very, very shyly, as he proudly reported.*

*Jack remembered how they had fucked the first time. Sometimes the three of them met, they had a lot of fun together and Roger fucked Jenny as often as he could. Jenny was very shy and terribly ashamed at the first time when Roger undressed and exposed her naked in front of Jack, pushing her thighs apart and spreading her cunt with his fingers. Roger pushed Jack forward so he could examine his lover's jewels. Jack clicked his tongue, what a beautiful little cunt! Then Roger fucked her while Jack watched the two of them drunkenly smiling as they fucked, reaching out his fingers to feel Jenny's cunt during their fucking. Jack kept drinking and nodding at her affirmatively, she didn't have to be embarrassed, he had said, they always did it that way. She was a very pretty girl, Jack purred, he hadn't seen such a beautiful cunt in a long time, her flowerlight shining pink on her beautiful black skin, he added poetically, groping her cunt insecurely and drunk. She looked uncertainly and confusedly at Roger, who nodded in agreement. Confused, she opened her thighs and Jack sobered up in one fell swoop. He reached down to Jenny's clit and rubbed it deftly, quickly and very effectively. She wrenched her eyes open and held her breath, his fingers making her clit dance and lightning bolts shot through her body. Her thighs trembled and she looked to Roger for help, but he just grinned. Her thighs trembled more and more violently and after a few moments she shyly withdrew from his greedy fingers. She tried in vain to suppress her orgasm, but her knees knocked to-*

*gether several times in orgasm. She smiled shyly and girlishly and felt somehow ashamed, because she was often been masturbated but only by her intimate girlfriends until now and never by a boy. Now Roger urged her to fuck Jack, too. Roger had to coax Jenny for a very long time until she gave in. She knew, after all, that he and Jack had fucked every girl together so far. Jack was already pretty drunk, but he sobered up in one fell swoop. He sat down next to the naked Jenny and quickly undressed. Roger demanded of Jenny with great emphasis that she fuck Jack, they always did! Jenny no longer dared to contradict Roger, lay down and dutifully opened her thighs. Tears flowed down her cheeks and she looked uncertainly and fearfully at Jack. Jenny had given in very unsteadily and wept bitterly as Jack mounted her. She cried and reached for his cock, sighing and crying endlessly as she dutifully moved his cock into position and slowly let him penetrate her, crying bitterly. "Yes, that's my good girl!" she heard Roger murmur, and now Jack was penetrating her as deeply as he could. Now she very shyly and girlishly gave herself to Jack's cock and he fucked her with great pleasure, because she could really fuck well. She was one of the few black women who orgasmed very easily. She was already very tired and exhausted after all the fucking and orgasming with Roger and she let Jack fuck her resistanceless. She gasped and moaned and after some times orgasmed. That triggered Jack's squirting instantly, he squirted off, squirting jet after jet into Jenny's quivering vagina. Finally she stopped crying only at the end, when the fucking was over. They fucked as a threesome for the next two years and Jenny really enjoyed it. First she always let Roger fuck her with his big black rod and got wonderful orgasms, and after that when Jack fucked the really tired girl with his smaller one, she orgasmed softly and gently mostly only once, with that she triggered his squirting. She knew that Roger liked to watch her masturbate and when the two guys had fucked to exhaustion, she would spread her long slender legs and masturbate in front of them with passion. They both fucked her every day until Jenny already had a huge belly and they were only allowed to fuck her very carefully. Jack had enlisted in the Marines and it was off to Iraq very quickly.*

He was jolted out of his memories when Jenny walked in. She was wearing only a semi-sheer dress and nothing underneath, he realized immediately. She continued to drink heavily and deliberately and frivolously showed him every inch of her body so that he could not avert his eyes of her pussy. She was still a pretty young woman, the shoulder-length wavy black hair framed her friendly face. The slim black thighs merged into the big round ass. She noticed his gaze, of course, and opened her thighs a little more. “So, do you like what you see?” she asked in a cooing voice. He nodded without lifting his eyes from her pussy and said she had a shaved pussy now unlike before. Jenny smiled. She had been shaved in the hospital before giving birth and Roger had then urged her to keep shaving, saying her cunt looked even hotter. Abruptly she interrupted herself and asked how Roger had really died, the military had told her only vague and few details. He had to describe how Roger had perished, after all he had talked to Roger daily on the phone or they exchanged mails. They were stationed in different places, but since Kevin’s death Roger had sought contact with him. He reported only what she already knew. Roger’s commando had driven the Humvee into an explosive device and Roger, who was in the passenger seat, was blown apart by the device. Both legs torn off, he was dead after a minute as was the driver. Jenny cried heartbreakingly and Jack sat with her on the couch. He put her head on his shoulder, hugged her and stroked her back soothingly. Jenny smelled fresh and clean, but the smell of booze stung his nose at the same time. No, Roger didn’t have to suffer long, certainly not, he murmured in her ear, he was dead in an instant! The comrades in the second and third Humvee recovered the injured and the two dead and took them to the base.

Jenny dried her tears and continued to drink heavily, she let her knees slide apart as if unintentionally and he could not tear his eyes away from her naked pussy. They chatted about how she was doing on the base. She really got into it, how generously the state took care of them all, how wonderfully the soldiers’ wives stuck together. And there were only a few black sheep who cheated on their husbands. She looked at him with big black eyes when he asked. No, she had never cheated on Roger, never! She had promised him that, sworn to him by God and her salvation, when he was detached to Iraq. “I’ve

only fucked two men in my whole life," Jenny said hoarsely, looking him straight in the eye, "only Roger and you."

He nodded quickly, wanting to leave the subject quickly. Jenny got up and went to pee. *Just like Roger, he had visited the brothel once or twice a month, the mostly fat Arab girls with their pitch black pussies were not to his taste. He much preferred the willowy girls from Ethiopia or Eritrea, they had jet black skin and light pink pussies like Jenny. They were silent and were much more passionate at fucking than the Arab girls. He was very ashamed of this because these girls were probably enslaved or captives. Three or four times a year he got a week's home leave, so he secretly visited the wives of his comrades, those who were keen to getting fucked. He usually didn't have to call around for long, every time he found one. The sneakiness didn't bother him at all, the fucking was almost always of the finest and he fucked as much as he could. He didn't feel bad, these comrades were not his friends like Roger, whose wife Jenny he adamantly avoided. He would lose his friend and brother forever.*

Jenny came back and sat very close. She had been thinking and needed to get it off her chest. She finished her drink and immediately poured herself another. "I must something confess, for the sake of truth," Jenny continued very thoughtfully, cuddling closest to him, "I had passionate sex with two women. They were lonely, I was lonely. We were doomed to remain faithful to our husbands and we had no choice but to masturbate. Masturbate, masturbate, masturbate! — So one thing led to another, my dear Jack!" she concluded the confession. Jack had no clue about sex between women and said so. Jenny clasped him more intimately and described to him that they masturbated together, sometimes each other, but rather rarely. "We spent hours making out, cuddling, caressing each others body and cunts. We kissed like you kiss a man, we got really hot with French kisses, then it was just a tiny step to masturbating. Mostly we pushed against each other and masturbated ourselves, only a couple of times we did it to each other, but that wasn't as good as masturbating ourselves. That's when you have a clear feedback." Jenny leaned her head against his shoulder, her nipples had become stiff, he could see

that. Jack noticed that Jenny was gently caressing the stiff nipples as she continued the storytelling.

"The second woman had taught me fucking clit-on-clit. We lay in the missionary position, me mostly on the bottom. We crossed our legs so they formed an X." Jack felt Jenny's hand drop down and disappear between her thighs. "Now you could feel the two clits pressing against each other, the two pussies pressing against each other like two fish mouths kissing. The one on top was now thrusting like a man, she was really fucking the one on the bottom very hard. We just had to learn that our clits did not lose each other even in the highest excitement. This was no longer girlish play, my dear, this was real fucking!" Jack put a hand on hers, because he was actually uncomfortable with Jenny masturbating now. But she continued masturbating unperturbed. "We fucked every night for one-two weeks, and I quickly learned to lie on top and fuck her like a man. Our orgasms made us scream out loud, it was so wonderful!" Jenny continued to masturbate undaunted. "I then broke it off. It was real fucking and I had sworn high and holy fidelity to Roger. I never wanted to cheat on Roger, but this was close! — But for a few days it was the most beautiful and wonderful sex!" Jenny gasped loudly now. "Jack, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" She pressed her lips onto his neck to keep from crying out loud as the orgasm made her wince violently a few times. They sat still and silent for a couple of minutes. She had missed Roger and fucking a lot during those years, Jenny whispered. She whispered "Sorry, but I really needed it right now, the memories of that girl fucking are still driving me nuts! A hundred times I had the phone already in my hand to call her, but then I thought of Roger and went to masturbate immediately!" Jack grumbled that was okay, she needed it after all, that he could understand. Jenny snuggled up to him gratefully. She masturbated every night, of course, she whispered, but without Roger it was only half a thing. - Quietly she whispered that every few months she couldn't take it anymore and invited the girlfriend over for a sleepover, despite her guilty conscience towards Roger. They fucked all night until morning, fucking each other's brains out, screaming their orgasms into the night. Then it was good again for weeks. That had been going on for 4 years, Jenny added softly, kissing Jack's neck through her remorseful tears.

“I’m very tired,” Jack said, “still in Iraq at midnight tonight and then the miserable elongated flight …” He broke off and got up to get the blanket next from the TV. Jenny finished her drink, stood up and seemed indecisive. She couldn’t find the right words. He nodded to her and wished her good night, then spread the blanket on the couch. Jenny had gone into her bedroom. He decided not to shower now, stripped down to his boxers, and lay down. He gradually dozed off.

*Roger had kept sending him pictures of their son Kevin, a sweet, dear little boy. Roger joked that Kevin looked a lot like his father. Jack knew what Roger meant, the little guy was really noticeably brighter than his parents, but he had to be Roger’s son! Jenny agreed with him too, Roger said on the phone with a grin, but then they agreed amicably. Kevin was Roger’s son, period! Roger had also committed to military service and would soon arrive in Iraq. They now talked daily on the phone and wrote emails to each other after four years of sparse contact. Roger came to Iraq, but they were in different bases. — Then the disaster struck.*

*Little Kevin had been run over by a car and killed while playing with the neighbors kids in the street. Roger immediately flew home. When he returned, he made accusations to Jenny that she should have taken better care of the 5-year-old. That the drunk driver had been sentenced to three years didn’t help anyone. Jack was a good and reliable friend to Roger, he was not a psychiatrist, of course, but he was able to gradually straighten Roger out. It was a bad blow to his marriage, of course, but he regained his composure and no longer thought about divorce. Roger went back to regular home visits and reconciled with Jenny. “We fucked all week long like we did in the early days,” he said on the phone with a grin, and Jack laughed with him.*

Jack slept the watchful sleep of soldiers, the slightest sound waking him. Jenny was standing naked in the moonlight. No, it was not the moon, it was the street lights. Jenny came closer, he sat up. She struggled for words. “I can’t sleep alone tonight,” she said softly, “please come and lie with me!” He nodded, “Okay, I’m coming!” She

led the way and he stood up, looking at her body from behind. Her ass had become fat and plump, he thought, she used to be slim and graceful like a black gazelle. He shook the thoughts out of his head. It wasn't about her body, she was dead sad and couldn't fall asleep.

He hugged her brotherly as they lay in bed. He shooed away all other thoughts, he had been in the brothel only two weeks ago and that was unthinkable now, they had just buried Roger a few hours ago. She clung to him like a lover, but he at least kept his distance inside. She cried and he let her cry. She sought physical contact, she needed physical contact. She stopped crying and cuddled up to him that it took his breath away. But when she put her hand on the boxers, felt the stiff cock and started to pull the boxers down, he grabbed her hand. "No, don't!" he said softly, not explaining that he was grieving for his brother without crying. They lay quietly side by side for half an hour. She had dozed off. He released her hand from him and turned his back to her, wanting to sleep.

She was awake, he could feel that, even though his back was to her. He could feel her every move, he could feel that she had started masturbating. He scolded himself a donkey and pressed a hand on his cock, for her masturbation was rapidly making him horny. He wrestled with himself, was he just an asshole donkey or an honest friend? Jenny masturbated for a very long time and gasped very loudly at the end. It was not new to him but it was still very exciting. Finally he heard her long breaths and fell asleep too.

The next day he showered before breakfast and put on fresh clothes, he accompanied Jenny on all her ways. They sat on the couch for two hours after dinner and talked. She thawed and told him about the charity organization she had been involved in for years. He listened intently because it made sense what she was doing. He drank orange juice and she drank her booze. She was quite drunk by the time they went to bed. Swaying slightly, she supplied the blanket next to the TV. "You're sleeping with me," she said, noting it wasn't a question. "And you fuck me," she added in the same tone, "I don't like masturbating tonight!" He was a little surprised by her directness, but he said nothing.

They were lying in bed entwined and he had kept his boxers on. She turned on the little light, she was definitely drunk and hot as hell. She started to take off his boxers. Although his cock was already popping out in anticipation, he stopped her hand and shook his head. “I can’t, Jenny, I really can’t” he said softly. “Just masturbate yourself, fine and passionately,” he squeezed out, “watching is fun too!” He had expected her protest, but she settled down and masturbated. He looked at her masturbation very closely, her big ass was thankfully not visible. She parted her light pink labia with one hand, rubbing her clit up and down and all around with one finger. Her clit was still as small as before, but it was swollen deep red and resisted stubbornly her fingertip with its stiffness, again and again and again. She had been masturbating for 25 minutes now, but now she spread her legs wide apart and he got insanely horny from watching. She now started to gasp loudly and although he didn’t touch himself, a bright jet squirted out of his cock over his thighs. He was stunned and covered himself in shame. What an asshole donkey he was, he scolded himself, there lying next to you is a hot woman I had fucked a thousand times and she is writhing lustily in orgasm! She turned out the light. He heard her long breaths and fell asleep too.

She said nothing the next night as they went to bed. He took off his boxers as a sign that he was now ready. She gently embraced him as he lay on top of her. “Foreplay is off today,” he said with a grin, “we already had that yesterday!” Jenny laughed loud and gleefully. “Yes, come fuck me!” she murmured almost inaudibly, spreading her legs willingly. Her vagina is still as tight as before, as if she hadn’t given birth, Jack thought. He fucked her for a very long time, having already squirted out the first wild load yesterday. Jenny came very quickly to orgasm and clung to him, he could clearly feel her wild twitching. He continued, he wanted to bring her to orgasm again today. He briefly had the old image in his mind: Roger’s massive dick pounding in Jenny’s virgin hole. He had seen that a hundred times. Jenny sighed and gasped loudly, she was on the verge of her orgasm. He thrust faster and faster and Jenny’s orgasm erupted. She clung to him and her twitching vagina triggered his squirting. He squirted violently, squirting jet after jet inside while thrusting hard inside. He let himself fall to the side.

Jenny cuddled and kissed him off. “Just like in old times!” she whispered, and he sensed that she was completely sober now. “Yeah,” he said weakly, “only we’re ten years older!”

He stayed until the end of the week. They fucked in the mornings, afternoons and nights as often as he could. They didn’t talk much about it, that wasn’t their way. They sat on the stone bench next to the entrance door and enjoyed the sunshine. He felt a strange, pleasant peace that he had long forgotten. “If it’s a boy, name him Roger, Roger junior” he said with his eyes closed, feeling her nod in agreement without looking to her.

It is so beautiful and peaceful here, Jack thought.

# Comrades Part 2

by Jack Faber © 2023

Jack took advantage of his next home leave to call Trixy. She was that woman who stayed over at Jenny's house every few weeks and fucked clit-on-clit with her all night long. Jenny had given him her number and promised to give Trixy a heads up. Jenny was not sure if Trixy even fucked men — as far as she knew, Trixy only had girls in her program. Jack laughed and said he would find out then, just call her now and prepare her, that he would call her in 10 or 12 weeks.

Now he put his ear to the receiver of the pay phone at the airport. Trixy had listened to him ask in innocuous terms for lodging and 'perhaps more'. The silence had lasted a minute, and Jack feared she would hang up. Finally she answered in a low, smoky voice. "Well, lodging is no problem," Trixy said, taking a long pause, "and as for 'maybe more,' I can't promise you anything, I'll leave that to later. I'm sure Jenny will have told you how our 'maybe more' is going usually." Jack nodded and noted her address, then got into the cab.

Trixy opened for him. In an instant, he took in her appearance. A tall, slim black woman, broad-shouldered, not particularly large breasts, loose black hair and an intelligent look in her black eyes. She also eyed him up and down. The handshake was firm as they said their names. "Come in, Jack!" she said kindly, making room. He immediately got the impression that there 'might be more' going on, definitely!

They sat in the living room and he didn't sip his drink once. "I don't drink alcohol anymore, Trixy," he said weakly, "I'd prefer a glass of water!" He put the drink down and she went into the kitchen, getting a large glass of orange juice. "Very sweet, thank you" he said and took the glass. The conversation continued normally for an hour, two people who didn't yet know each other moving from the superficial to the private. She was only 31; he would have guessed her to be 35. Trixy's husband was a colonel in an entirely different front section and she had an agreement with him: she was allowed to live out

her lesbian tendencies, marital fidelity was not an issue with the two of them. Even the colonel sometimes had a mistress and that was also okay.

The blisteringly hot August day was getting to Trixy. The air conditioner was on full blast, but she was sweating terribly. She excused herself and changed in the bedroom, returning in a light, long dress. He saw immediately that she was not wearing anything underneath. Now she sat back on the couch and pulled her legs up on couch. But she didn't let show an inch of skin, she sat in a decent, proper pose and they continued the conversation. He had already taken off his jacket at the beginning, but now his shirt was completely soaked with sweat. He was dressed too warmly for this weather; shorts and a T-shirt would be better. Trixy noticed and suggested he could take a shower and wash off the Iraqi dust, she said with a smile. He immediately went into the shower.

Moments later, the door to the bathroom opened and Trixy scurried in. Without asking Jack, she said she would wash his back. She took the washcloth and washed his back. She took a long, curious look at his cock. "Well, passed the test?" he asked, looking into her eyes. She nodded and grinned. "Take this bath towel," she said with a broad smile, "I'll go ahead to the bedroom!" and she left immediately. He put the bath towel around his hips and followed her.

She lay naked on the bed and stretched her arms out to him wordlessly. He lay down with her. She was really slim, her skin shining in deep black. Her small breasts pleased him very much and he looked at her shaved pussy. He embraced her wordlessly, and as they kissed, he felt her hot, libidinous tension. She put a hand on her cunt. "I just need a very little foreplay," she said with a broad smile, rubbing her clit very gently. He glanced down, in her ebony-black skin the light pink flesh of her cunt, labia and clit shone brightly. Her clit was barely the size of a small fingernail and she rubbed it harder than Jenny up and down and in between in circles, much like Jenny. She spread her legs apart more widely, the finger with the red-painted fingernail rubbing her clit fast and then faster.

Her body shivered, she sighed and relaxed. “Now, Jack, now!” He knelt between her parted legs and penetrated her bright pink cunt very slowly. “I’m using contraception,” Trixy said softly, “don’t worry about it.” Her vagina was all wet, felt very nice and a semi-tight, he liked the tight ones a lot. He began to fuck her very slowly. She had her eyes closed smiling and her pace quickened his. She drove him more and more and he felt he had to squirt. “I have to!” he said, very disappointed, “I have to squirt already!” She smiled. “Let it flow, just let it go!” she said, clutching him softly. He had to squirt instantly, spurting in rich, firm jets, and lay down next to her. She stroked his head and said, “I don’t orgasm when I fuck, it’s never worked before. I’ve fucked dozens, but I only orgasm when I masturbate or when I fuck a girl!” They were silent for a time.

Her red fingernail brushed her labia with relish, moistening the fingertip inside her vagina before masturbating her clit. He watched under half-open eyes, she masturbated like all the women he knew. She wrenched her legs apart in orgasm and pressed them tightly together again, pressing the finger hard on her clit. He caressed her hair softly and dozed off.

Not fifteen minutes later he woke up, Trixy had moved. She looked down at his cock, which was stiff again. “Again?” she asked in a whisper, and he nodded. She did her foreplay and he touched her clit. Immediately she left the clitrubbing to him and the foreplay turned into a skillful masturbation on his part and a magnificent orgasm on hers. Her body trembled before the orgasm and her body winced in orgasm. She had clung shivering to his neck before the orgasm and pressed her face onto his neck in orgasm. As soon as her orgasm was dying down, she drove him on: “Come now, Jack, come now!” He thrust in quickly and fucked her at the same pace as before. She fucked along smiling at him but did not orgasm. He squirted without asking a few droplets only and lay down next to her. They lay still and silent next to each other.

The door bell chimed. They straightened up at the same time. She called out softly, “What day is it?” and he, as if shot out of a pistol, “Wednesday, August 18!” “Wednesday,” she repeated, cursing, and quickly slipped into her dress. “I completely forgot her!” she cursed

aloud. The doorbell rang again, urgently. She closed the bedroom door and left. He put on his boxers, slacks and a T-shirt for any case and waited silently. Outside, there was whispering for minutes, then rustling for minutes, as if someone was rubbing a fabric. He had the impression that Trixy was cuddling heavily with the visitor. Then the bedroom door opened and Trixy pushed a young woman in front of her.

Jack took in her appearance with a glance. She was very young black girl, may be less than 25, short and slender, and apparently had quite full breasts. She had dyed blonde hair with some bright red streaks and a pageboy hairstyle. Her handshake was soft and uncertain as he gave her a squeeze and introduced himself, “Jack!” “June,” she introduced herself, and he had the impression of a sly little mouse next to the selfconfident Trixy, who was now unbuttoning June’s summer dress. June ducked her head anxiously. “But,” she began, but Trixy immediately interrupted her in no uncertain terms. “Jack is with us and he gets to be with us tonight.” Trixy unbuttoned the dress fully. June quietly told Trixy she didn’t want to fuck a man, though. Trixy laughed out loud, “But you have fucked before, right?” and she certainly meant it only ironically. June winced as if under the lash of a whip. “Yes, with two, first Uncle Ed and then just Jim.” June looked to Jack and explained, “Jim is my fiancé, he’s actually serving in Iraq.” Trixy, meanwhile, had taken off her dress and was now unhooking her bra. June had really nice firm round breasts. She held an arm in front of her breasts and whispered that she was very full of shame. Trixy took off her bra fully and said, “we’re both taking off our clothes, too, of course,” and Jack did so in a flash. “So, how old were you at Uncle Ed’s?” continued Trixy, fiddling with the elastic of June’s skimpy panties. “I was 13, almost 14” June replied in a tear choked voice, “Uncle Ed was drunk as a skunk and forcibly took my virginity and it hurt like hell, the fucking” she mumbled. Trixy let her hand softly slide into June’s panties. “So, did you two fuck again then?” she asked sternly and June ducked her head. Like a little mouse, Jack thought, now standing naked beside the bed and putting his hand on his cock. “On and off, every few weeks” June whispered almost inaudibly, “but I never do it willingly. It wasn’t until Jim beat him up when Uncle Ed was fucking me, but Ed always gives me that greedy dirty look he gives me like every time he comes to fuck me..”

June's voice died, and Trixy pulled her panties down to her ankles. Jack was thrilled, Junes cunt was finely shaved like Trixy's and had a nice mound of venus with a childish looking slit. Trixy hugged her gently and stroked her head. "You'll tell about Jim when we're all in bed." There was a long silence. June lifted her head and looked up at Trixy. "But I don't want to fuck, I don't want to be fucked!" she breathed almost inaudibly. Trixy walked wordlessly to the bed, dropped her dress and lay down. Jack followed and then June lay down next to Trixy, but on the other side than Jack.

Trixy caressed June, fondling her breasts and sometimes her vulva. "Well, now you can tell about Jim doing you!" she said half aloud. June smiled and seemed to blossom up and immediately babbled away. "Jim has a much bigger cock than my Uncle. He has a hard time going in with me at first, he has to get my cunt wet with saliva first. I taught him to lick me like you and I do with each other. In the meantime he licks me to orgasm, afterwards my pussy is wet and soft and he can penetrate more easily and fuck me wonderfully. I try really hard, but he has to squirt much too early before I come to orgasm."

June winced as Trixy rubbed her clit rapidly. "And, go on!" commanded Trixy, and June continued, gasping. "We usually fuck twice, sometimes three times, and I masturbate afterwards every time, because he likes to watch me masturbating so much. Jim beats up Uncle Ed every time when he has home leave because Uncle Ed fucks me all the time when he's on tour in Iraq. Uncle Ed fucks me almost every week." June was silent, groaning and moaning and gasping loudly as Trixy brought her to orgasm. Jack watched very intently, having never seen one woman masturbate another. There was silence as June's orgasm had ended.

"Come, Jack, come fuck!" said Trixy half aloud, and he mounted her immediately. "June, darling, lick my nipples!" commanded Trixy and the babe obeyed immediately. "You don't have to cum" Trixy murmured softly and secretly in Jack's ear, "save it for June!" He nodded, that was a good plan. He didn't know how Trixy was going to do it, but the thought was exciting. He fucked Trixy for quite a long time, stopping before the squirting rose up. He straightened up

and exchanged a look with Trixy. He pulled back a little and now Trixy said in a commanding tone, “June, darling, please lick my clit!” Jack made room for June, who crouched down in front of Trixy and licked her clit. He would have liked to see it, but now he grabbed June’s ass cheeks, which stretched out to him like two beautiful peach halves. June suspected nothing as Trixy held her by the head and shoulders. “Now, Jack, now!” Trixy whispered silently, and he read it from her lips.

June cried out softly as she felt Jack’s cock pondering between her ass cheeks. “No, please don’t fuck me, I don’t want to be fucked!” she cried, trying to pull away from Trixy’s and Jack’s grip, but they didn’t give an inch. June cried, tears pouring down her cheeks like a waterfall. “No, don’t fuck me!” she whimpered. Trixy looked at her firmly. “Jack has a hard boner now, he has to fuck if he has a hard boner, doesn’t he?” Jack was amazed that June then bristled and nodded eagerly like a little mouse and stopped whimpering.

He parted her ass cheeks and very slowly penetrated her vagina, she was really goddamn tight! He felt June’s vaginal entrance gradually relax. He slowly and very carefully penetrated June’s tight vagina. Her vagina was much tighter than Trixy’s and Jack sighed with pleasure. He loved tight vaginas, Jenny was that tight too. He scratched with his fingernails over June’s ass cheeks and felt her shiver in arousal. Trixy murmured, “now what about my clit licking, huh?” and June obeyed immediately, licking and smacking and Trixy moaned soon in satisfaction. He fucked the girl gently and slowly at first, bending over her, but he couldn’t see the licking. He stepped up his game when he heard June sigh and gasp, but she dutifully kept licking Trixy’s clit. He fucked as best he could because he could hear exactly that her arousal was rising and rising. The little girl might be a dumb, timid little mouse, but she allowed herself to be fucked delightfully to orgasm. Jack was very proud when he realized that June had stopped licking and was pressing her face onto Trixy’s vulva. June orgasmed quickly and very briefly, and after a moment she continued licking Trixy’s clit. He saw that Trixy’s face was gradually contorting before orgasm and he squirted after her in a moment. He thrust and thrust his cock all the way deep into June’s vagina and

squirted it all inside. He dropped down next to Trixy and closed his eyes, needing to take a deep breath and catch his breath.

Trixy had half sat up and pressed June's back against her, hugging the little girl from behind. Her fingers played with June's nipples and one hand slid lower, landing on June's clit. He leaned far forward to watch the clit rub, that fascinated him. Trixy noticed after a while that his cock had stiffened as he watched. "Now, Jack, now!" she murmured, and he knelt in front of June. She opened her eyes and began to cry immediately when she saw his stiff cock. She closed her legs abruptly and shook her head in denial, "No, please don't fuck me anymore!" she whimpered and Trixy gave her a little slap. "You've fucked each other just a minute ago, so don't be so stupid!" she hissed angrily. Jack hugged the crying girl and thrust his cock slowly forward. She sobbed god-awfully and reluctantly opened her legs wide apart again. He penetrated her slowly, she was so goddamn tight!

He held onto Trixy's shoulders and fucked the little girl. Trixy kept rubbing June's clit and June stopped crying. She wrenched her eyes open and wriggled a bit, arousal rising up inside her like hot magma in a volcano. Trixy also felt June's arousal rising and continued to rub her clit more rapidly. June twitched and wriggled and orgasmed with a deep animal sound. The orgasm wouldn't and wouldn't stop, Jack kept thrusting and thrusting until she relaxed again. He thrust hard a few more times and squirted off, continuing to fuck her during the squirting. He dropped down next to Trixy. June chattered the whole time, finally having had an orgasm while fucking. Trixy noted that she had already had one when Jack had fucked her from behind. June mused, "but that was just a little one, the one now was a really big one!"

Trixy brought drinks and a bite from the kitchen. They ate and drank, then continued fucking until midnight. Trixy fucked June clit-to-clit several times and Jack put his face on June's belly to watch the clit fucking up close. Trixy's clit was only the size of his little fingernail and June's was even smaller, but Trixy obviously had a lot of experience in clitfucking and once she found June's clit with her clit, she never lost contact until the very end. Jack pushed June's mons

veneris down firmly with one hand so he could see both clits better. Trixy's pussy and clit pounded from bottom to top on June's clit, making her twitch each time as if a bolt of lightning was going through her clit. For minutes Trixy fucked the passively lying June, she became faster and faster and pushed the poor little girl with bared teeth and all her strength, because she got many little orgasms herself now. Jack slid his fingers forward, just above June's clit and felt the fucking with his fingertips. June twitched and wriggled more and more and then her orgasm came wild with a deep animal sound. June's mons veneris quivered under Jack's fingers. Trixy straightened up on her knees, spread her labia with one hand so that her clit stood out pointedly, and masturbated furiously. She let herself sink backwards and her body jerked violently in orgasm. She gasped and straightened up again, looking proud and satisfied into Jack's eyes. — It was fascinating! Trixy loved clitfucking very much and after a short break she fucked June again, several times in a row. Jack took advantage of some of the pauses and fucked June very hastily, only to quickly squirt his semen out again. Trixy smiled maliciously, as Jack had obviously taken a liking to June's young cunt. They were all three dead tired when they fell asleep.

Jack woke at dawn to the slightest noise. June was sitting next to him, Trixy still sound asleep. "You have a morning wood," June whispered devoutly, "just like Jim!" He smiled. "So, what's Jim doing with his morning wood?" June giggled softly. "He has to fuck me instantly!" she giggled like a little girl. Then her face changed. "And — do you have to fuck me right now too?" Jack grinned and laid her on her back. "Be nice, spread your legs apart and just let me fuck you!" he said kindly, but she shook her head in denial. He penetrated her tight vagina anyway and fucked her really hard. Her arousal rose, but she didn't orgasm. Trixy woke up as his squirting rose and blinked sleepily. "Are you still not done, or have you just started again?" She didn't expect an answer, of course, but June babbled on without thinking, that he had gotten a hard morning wood just like Jim and so he needed to fuck her right away just like Jim, the nice bad guy Jack! She kept her mouth shut because Jack was in the final spurt and it took her breath away when he cum and squirted in for a very long time.

They got dressed and went into the living room and had breakfast. Trixy had asked June if she was using contraception, and June said, of course not, we're going to get married and have a baby really quickly! But before Trixy or Jack could get to a retort, a key crunched in the door lock. In stepped — the Colonel, Trixy's husband.

Trixy flew to meet him and hugged him. "I didn't know you were coming!" she exclaimed, and he laughed. "Surprise! Surprise! Wedding day!" Trixy held him on arms length, wondering. "Next month, on September 18, my dear!" The Colonel blinked, oh yes, is that so? Jack had to bite back the grin, next month, my dear Colonel, next. He quickly retrieved his travel bag from the bedroom and they said goodbye to the couple with a handshake. He had to reach under June's arms because she didn't understand anything anymore and was staring at the handsome Colonel with her mouth open. Trixy called out to them that they would make a phone call and then they were on the street. They walked two corners and he stopped to call Jenny. But she was still at her parents and wouldn't be back until late tomorrow afternoon. He had to ask June now, even though he was embarrassed.

June thought, that was a difficult thing to do and said, tomorrow the aunt and uncle Ed came in the afternoon for coffee, so there he would have to be gone again. The aunt was 20 years older than Uncle Ed and she wanted to watch TV right away, she wasn't interested in anything else. She would only turn around sometimes to yell "Shh! Shhh!" while Uncle Ed unabashedly fucked her on the couch in arms length behind the back of the aunt. He always fucked her for a very long time, much longer than Jim, and if the aunt's TV show went on even longer, he fucked her a second time. He squirted very little semen in his condom, though, June babbled on, much less than her Jim! Jack interrupted her chatter. So he could stay the night, Jack asked patiently, if they don't come until the afternoon, and I'll be long gone by then! But you'll be gone by noon tomorrow, right? Well then, okay!

They took the bus to June's and Jim's house. They went straight to the bedroom and fucked all day, half the night, before breakfast and then again until noon. June masturbated during the breaks and liked

to let him watch up close. He put his face right in front of her pussy and watched June's fingers. She masturbated differently than Trixy or Jenny, June spread her fingers and fanned quickly from side to side. She laughed childishly and babbled that everyone had wanted to watch her masturbate all her life. But that was okay with her, she was happy to let anyone watch, she wasn't the least bit ashamed of masturbating in front of them. This was nothing special, she had been masturbating since an early age and didn't even remember when she started. Of course she masturbated every night before falling asleep, that was just part of it. When she was at school, she often masturbated together with her best girlfriends or let them masturbate her, which she found very exciting. But the boys were not particularly interested in it. She had learned doing handjobs and blowjobs, that made her more interesting for the boys.

Uncle Ed had once caught her secretly masturbating and brutally deflowered and raped her, that was actually nothing unusual in the countryside. The aunt knew of course that he fucked June every week, but she didn't care, on the contrary she was glad not to have to fuck him anymore. June said that Auntie definitely often watched furtively when Uncle Ed fucked her on the couch, but she always pretended she was just watching TV. But sometimes her TV show was finished and uncle Ed hadn't finished yet, she turned her head and watched until he was done. When Uncle Ed got up after fucking her and got dressed again, June still often stayed on the couch to masturbate. That's when they always watched her, she was sure of it. But she was so terribly horny after fucking that she absolutely had to masturbate immediately. Jack nodded in understanding, he knew the urging feeling. And it was good that she listened to her own feelings and wasn't ashamed to masturbate in front of the dopey old ones, he said.

They sat on the bed and smoked. June chattered away and opened her thighs willingly so Jack could masturbate her during the break. He did it the old fashioned way, up and down, and had to be careful as hell because June only had a very tiny clit. She leaned against him and hugged him while she let herself masturbate. She babbled on incessantly. "I was only 13 when Uncle Ed took my virginity and now I'm 19, he's been fucking me for over 5 years. In the beginning he

lured me to her house every day, right next to our house. The aunt was already in her mid-60s and he was 45, but she didn't let men fuck her anymore, Ed said. My mother, the aunt's youngest sister, listened to me with only half an ear and slid a pack of condoms across the table. She obviously hadn't heard that it was Uncle Ed. Always have him put on a condom so you don't get pregnant, was her only comment. Uncle Ed always used a condom except when deflowering, I had made that a condition. Auntie always sat across from us in the chair when Ed fucked me on her couch. In the early days she masturbated while watching our fucking, later she didn't. Apparently she got pretty hot watching Ed's little cock in my cunt, she couldn't get enough of it. She often moved the chair all the way over and bent down to my pussy to see the fucking up close." June began to twitch and held onto Jack as she orgasmed. After a few twitches, she whispered for him to do it again and kissed him on the neck, then babbled on.

"Auntie took off her panties and masturbated under her skirt. Uncle Ed always had to wait to squirt until she got into the final spurt, or until her orgasm was over. I always had to giggle because she contorted her ugly face into an ugly grimace. I used to look under Ed's arms when he had to wait for Auntie, and watched her masturbating. Later, after I moved here to live with Jim, the two of them would come every Thursday to fuck. She usually puts one hand under her skirt and I don't know if she masturbates while watching TV now, but she plays with her old dried up pussy." June kept getting nice little orgasms and Jack liked masturbating her, she reacted so nicely. He listened to her babble with only half an ear.

He talked to June for a very long time, that in the future she would have to masturbate while fucking, that would certainly be fine with Jim too. Many women do that, it's very common, because few women had orgasms while fucking. She was starting to get the picture.

They continued to masturbate and fucking all morning until he could take no more. He kissed her on the mouth and then left before noon. He was going to wait outside Jenny's house on the stone bench.

Jenny came home early in the afternoon. She threw her travel bag into the corner, tore off her sweaty summer dress and stormed into the bedroom. Jack followed her and undressed as well. “You can’t imagine how awful it was! Not a single minute undisturbed to myself! That night everyone was on the floor, no chance to masturbate and fucking with the cousins is something I never think about in my life! They are all much too young and embarrassing in their puberty. — Only in the evening before going to bed a few minutes on the toilet to masturbate and mom already knocked on the door, if I was not well? A hasty, half masturbating on the toilet-shell! — I love my family, but these visits are a torture!” Jack laughed softly and lay down next to her.

“You’ll have to do the foreplay yourself today,” Jack said, lying down with his face right in front of her pussy, “I’m exhausted and dead tired!” Jenny grinned knowingly, opened her legs and started to masturbate. He looked at her fingertip, which she had quickly dipped into her vagina to wet it. She was not masturbating like June, but more like Trixy. The fingertip touched her clit very lightly, stroking mostly up and down and sometimes in a circle. Even when she was already on her way to orgasm, she didn’t squeeze the clit hard, she just sped up. He told her how it had gone with Trixy and June. Jenny got her first orgasm when he told the first fucking with Trixy. She continued to masturbate and orgasmed as Trixy fucked June clit-to-clit. She got the third orgasm when he fucked June from behind for the first time while she licked Trixy’s clit. Jenny orgasmed one time after another and he had to describe everything in painstaking detail since she did not know June. When he reported how June lay down after fucking Uncle Ed and the two old ones watched her masturbate in front of them, Jenny exploded like a rocket. He held her in his arms until she calmed down. “I definitely have a strong lesbian tendency!” whispered Jenny with an unhappy expression on her face. Jack laughed and hugged her lovingly, he had known that for a long time and it was just part of her, it was something endearing, he laughed. Then he mounted her, because he had become insanely horny while watching her masturbate. The completely exhausted girl embraced him, “I can’t take any more, darling, I’m completely exhausted, Jack!” She clung to him passionately, enjoying being passively fucked and enjoyed his squirting with eyes closed.

She had fetched cigarettes and drinks, and they sat on the bed smoking. Into the silence, she dropped the bombshell. “I’m three months along, Jack!” and he took a few seconds. “You’re pregnant?” he asked with a blank mind. Jenny nodded. Since his last visit, three months ago. Finally, the lights in his brain came on. “Wonderful! You’re having a baby!” She stared at him from the side. She knew, she didn’t even have to ask him. He would never marry, he had always said that, he was a soldier and didn’t want to commit to a family.

Jack guessed what she was thinking about. He said, he was eager to check on her and the child during his home visits. He thought for a moment and asked quietly. Could she list Roger as the father? When had she last fucked with Roger? Jenny thought for only a split second. “Two weeks before …” her voice trailed off, silent tears running slowly down her cheeks. She got herself together. Of course she could name Roger as the father, it worked out mathematically and would nip any critical question in the bud. She was disappointed, of course, but that was the way it was, Jack was not the marrying-type. He thought back and forth. “I don’t want to make you a widow again,” he said softly, for he was sure he would fall in combat, he had told Jenny that three months ago. She snuggled up to him. “I know, I know, don’t think any more about it,” she said clammily. She got herself together. “It would be nice if you came to see me on home leave. I remember how permanently horny I was during … The first pregnancy, with Kevin. Poor Roger!” Jenny was smiling now. “I didn’t give him a minute, I just wanted to fuck all day long and when he wasn’t home, I masturbated every spare minute!” she giggled smiling.

Jack promised to always visit her, “and yes, the fucking, I’ll have to think about that!” She nudged him in the side. “Other men would lick their ten fingers off at that offer!” she said in a Mickey-Mouse-voice. They laughed. It was good that they could laugh. He became serious again.

“I won’t give you any superfluous advice, Jenny, but please remember that smoking and binge drinking are not good for the little guy. Period.” He didn’t look at her. He knew she would try hard, that was all there was to it.

“You know what I’ve been brooding about for the past few weeks?” Jack waited, she’d say it in a moment. “That Roger and I weren’t compatible, sort of, but you and I were. I let Roger squirt fully in my cunt a thousand times, sometimes several times a day. Yet I didn’t get pregnant, even after Kevin, and we fucked like maniacs because we desperately wanted another baby. But you only have to look at me once and — bang! — I’m pregnant again.” She looked at him with a lovely smile. He was silent; there was nothing he could say in reply. “After the third child, we should talk about birth control,” he muttered, grinning wryly. She burst into loud, hearty laughter.

She fixed dinner in the living room. Afterward, they showered and went to bed. He was refreshed and ready for anything.

He was firmly decided to visit Jenny on all home leaves and to be as good a father as he could be to Roger, jr.

# Franzi Gets Fucked

by Jack Faber © 2024

Dr. Ariel Grienschnabl was very happy that he got a nurse and housekeeper from the Carmelite monastery. He didn't have to save money, but after the war it was difficult to find such staff. The war was lost, Kaiser Wilhelm II had abdicated and was living in exile in Holland. Ari was still very young, only 24 years old, but he had hit a mine while riding as a motorcycle courier and lost his left foot, which had been amputated above the ankle. He had received a medal and the Grand Cross of Merit, and his subsequent promotion to first lieutenant brought him a large pension. He could forget about working as an archaeologist, he limited himself to reading and lively correspondence with archaeologists all over the world. He was delighted when the contract with the monastery came through; a Sister Franziska would work with him all day and return to the monastery in the evening, which was only 15 minutes away.

At 11, his mother brought him into the marital bed; his father had become impotent. She was a 30-year-old beauty whose sexuality was in its best prime. She had agreed with her husband that Ari could lie down with her and in return she would not cheat on him with others. At first it took a lot of getting used to fucking her next to her husband. He learned quickly and fucked her night after night. After a while he was able to ejaculate and his drive awoke powerfully. He sometimes had to fuck her now 4 or 5 times in a row until he had ejaculated enough. She masturbated every night before going to sleep and let Ari watch because he liked to watch it. She didn't have an orgasm from fucking for a long time, because he was just a little boy and his little cock was very good for fucking, but she only had an orgasm from fucking with her coachman, who had a big, chunky cock, and with other men who could fuck well. Ari stayed in the marital bed, breathless because she had ordered him to watch her fucking up close, the coachman or the others. He held his breath when the big cock was rammed into her little hole, fucking her wildly and powerfully until she climaxed and then squirted everything into her, jet after jet. She didn't love these men, she just loved being fucked power-

fully by them. But he was learning how to make her an orgasm. She smiled gently when little Ari had to fuck her immediately after the man had left. He always got really horny when he watched her fucking, she could see that clearly and she let herself be fucked by horny little Ari good-naturedly.

She occasionally gave her husband a blowjob when he got an erection, which Ari also found very exciting. She took his cock in her mouth, licked and sucked it, then she masturbated him with her fist and made him squirt in her mouth. She swallowed his semen with a bit of disgust, but she did it. Ari fucked her with love and passion for ten years until he went to war. He was in northern France when he received the news that his parents had died in a fire.

Before the accident, he had fucked a woman every night, a Belgian, a Dutch or a French woman, depending on his deployment on the Western Front. He avoided the German whores of the Wehrmacht because it was so easy to pick up one of the chaste and shy wives or daughters in the occupied territories for sex. He was young and fiery and didn't give a damn if the whole family was watching them in dark silence, glancing hatefully. But most of these women were chaste and shy, they would not let themselves be fucked in front of others. They would cast a shy and confused look at their husband or family and lead him into their bedroom. He watched the women and girls very closely as they undressed. In his opinion, it made a difference whether they undressed quickly and indifferently or very hesitantly and slowly. He saw their uncertain or sad looks as they undressed bit by bit and looked at him, hoping that he would stop them from stripping completely naked. His eyes glowed when the last piece fell to the floor and they held one hand in front of their breasts and the other in front of their pubic area. Yes, that was always a difficult moment for them and he enjoyed this feeling of power very much!

He lay down on top of the trembling and shaking woman, kissed her passionately and parted her thighs. He penetrated forcefully, he was already very excited to fuck her. He knew that she felt disgust in the first few minutes, but it didn't take long before she overcame the humiliation and resigned herself to her fate. If she was going to get

fucked, she didn't have to suffer, she could enjoy it too. He would fuck them until he was exhausted, he would only fuck them in a decent way, never in a dirty or piggish way.

If he wanted a daughter, he would let the mother lead the girl into the bedroom and the mother had to lie down with them naked. If the girl was a virgin, he would deflower her with great pleasure and only fuck her very shortly. In these cases he would fuck the mother full of lust, round after round and the girl had to watch. And if the girl was not a virgin, he would fuck her and her mother alternately because it made him horny when the other one watched. That gave him a real kick and he would fuck both of them until he could no longer.

The Flemish women were much more reluctant to start with fucking than the shy French women. But they thawed out during sex and fucked with passion until they came to orgasm in the second or third round. Only a very few Flemish women touched their clits, many seemed to have no idea how to masturbate at all. The French women were completely different. They were much more chaste and shy than the Flemish women, many said with tears in their eyes that they had never cheated on their husbands and he believed them. They thawed out much more quickly than the Flemish women, they forgot the humiliation more quickly during sex and fucked more actively and passionately than the others. Many did not come to orgasm, although he tried very hard. Only a few rubbed their clit after sex, and masturbation was not very common among them either. He still got his money's worth, he fucked until he could no longer.

He never stole anything other than the innocence of the women and the girls, he would take neither food nor drink, people often did not have enough for themselves.

Ari had become friends with his commander on the Western Front. They ate together almost every Saturday evening, smoked a cigar and drank cognac. They had a great conversation; the commander was a historian and he was an archaeologist. And of course both understood how the war was developing and what was going wrong. The commander was a bon vivant and had a new favorite every two weeks. The 17 and 18 year old French prisoners fought for a place in

his bed; he didn't like older ones. The two men took turns fucking the favorite until the early morning; sex was one of the few pleasures you could have in wartime. The girl knew that it was mainly her lovemaking skills that made her the favorite and remained the favorite. The two men got on very well and rarely got into a competition. They resolved such competitions by taking turns fucking the girl alternately every other minute, one after the other. That was fun and amazingly hot for all three of them. They fucked until early morning when all three of them were exhausted.

Ari was seriously determined to fuck this Franziska, even though she was a holy nun, because he hadn't fucked for two years, since the accident!

Sister Franziska arrived promptly at 6 and helped him get up, she accompanied the naked Ari to the bathroom, helped him into the bathtub. She rolled up the sleeves of the habit and lathered him with liquid soap, then washed him. Ari said her to take off the habit, it would only get dirty and wet. Franzi thought for only a second, then actually took off the habit and hung it up. She was not wearing any underwear and Ari looked at her naked body, she apparently felt no shame about being naked. The 61-year-old had a flat face, short gray hair and was quite fat. Perhaps it was also because her melon-sized breasts hung heavily down. She had neither armpit- nor pubic hair, her slit was red and slightly open, revealing her medium-sized clit under the foreskin. Her ass didn't seem to be misshapen and quickly gave him unchaste thoughts. It was probably not an intentional gesture that she spread her labia wide with her fingers and pulled on her clitoris several times until it came out semi-hard. She rubbed it until it was stiff and hard and nodded in satisfaction, then knelt down next to the bathtub and he stared, spellbound, at her clit becoming stiff. Franziska washed him uninhibitedly with the bath sponge, leaving out his stiff cock.

Ari had started rubbing his cock ever since she knelt next to him, staring spellbound at her stiffening clit. When she was finished, she looked indifferently at his masturbating, caressing her clit absentmindedly. He started to squirt and she grabbed his cock firmly. "I'll

finish it, doctor!" she said casually and rubbed his squirting cock, then she washed his cock clean with the bath sponge.

He told her to call him Ari and Franzi nodded, but never did. He asked her what her real name was. She obviously had to think about it. "Rachel Rosenblatt, doctor!" she finally said. "Then you're Jewish, like me," he said with a smile, but she shook her head firmly. "No, Catholic, doctor!" she replied firmly and he dropped the subject. "And, Franzi, do you learn how to get a man finished in a monastery?" he asked. She looked straight at him. "No, doctor, I learned how to do that in the field hospital during the war." He told her what had happened to him in the war and how he had lost his foot on a mine. It was a shame, as an invalid you can't find a decent woman to fuck. Franzi asked what kind of women he had fucked and he told her about many of his amorous adventures. He didn't like going to the Wehrmacht whores, he preferred to fuck shy citizen women or their daughters in the occupied territories, as long as they didn't resist too much. He hadn't taken any of them by force, because that was against the spirit of fucking. Franzi nodded understandingly, she had seen so many women who had been raped, and they were all very sad stories.

Ari asked if she had ever fucked. Franzi laughed out loud. "But no, doctor, I'm still a virgin, a 61-year-old virgin, if you like! I've spent my whole life in the monastery, since I was 13. My father, Samuel, was killed in a skirmish with the French, my mother was dying and quickly sent me to the monastery, where I was for almost 50 years. Only during the war, I was in the hospital." Ari asked her to tell him. Franziska told him everything openly and honestly, just as he had told her about his fucking.

"The first thing that bothered me was that I had to change my habit for a nurse's uniform. My breasts were visible and my skirt only went down to my knees. I was very ashamed of my body and for months I only did work where no one stared at my breasts or between my thighs. Because that's what all the doctors and all the patients did. They all stared at my full breasts, at my legs and along my inner thighs to my pussy when I had to bend over. It was only gradu-

ally that I didn't care and I bent over a hundred times a day and let my pussy flash on purpose.

I had to put the patients' cocks in the tube of the piss container and dab them after they had pissed. I had to learn it first because I hadn't seen a real cock for the first 50 years of my life. I had grown up so sheltered, but the Sister Superior made it clear to me that it was part of the job. She showed me how to do it and after pissing, she rubbed the cock with a grin and let him squirt into the pipe. "But you don't have to do that if you don't want to," she said with a broad grin, "I like doing it."

I was amazed when the patients masturbated. I hurried to put the tube of the piss container over their cocks when they ejaculated. They touched my knees while they masturbated and pushed them apart; they wanted to look at my pussyhole while they masturbated. I didn't care at all as long as they only stroked my knees and my inner thighs. Some tried to touch my pussy, but I hit their fingers. I learned from the patients that it was great to look at a pussy while they masturbated. I really didn't care; I let them look and ejaculate. At the beginning I squeezed out the last drops of semen from their cocks with my fingers, but over time I finished it off for them making them squirt when they had masturbated enough. So it came to be that I always finished it off for them. I can finish you off too, doctor, if you want!"

And so it happened. Ari masturbated and she sat next to the bathtub and rubbed her clit until it was rock hard and she paid close attention to, when she had to take over and rub him fast until he squirted. Half a year went by like this and Ari hadn't found a chance to fuck Franziska. He thought about it every time he masturbated or when he looked at her face when she was masturbating him. He let her masturbate him earlier and earlier and gradually she masturbated him right from the start. She did it very naturally and as a matter of course, she had also masturbated the patients in the past.

Ari noticed that her labia and clit were red and sore. "Franzi, why are you so red down there, your clit is so sore!" Franziska blushed and carefully cleaned his cock. "It plagued me last night like it hasn't in a long time," she said, concerned. Ari said he didn't understand.

She grabbed his cock again and stroked it slowly up and down. “It’s been like that since I came to the monastery at 13. I woke up in the night covered in sweat from a filthy sexual dream, my heart pounding wildly and so did my clit. That’s where I learned to saw the clit along the edge of my index finger until it exploded, until I had an orgasm. It was like that all those years, sometimes every night, sometimes not for weeks. The young chaplain said it wasn’t a sin, I didn’t have to confess it. And last night I kept dreaming that I was rubbing your cock and making it squirt, and I had to saw my clit over and over again until I had to orgasm, and that’s why it’s so red now, doctor!” She had made his cock hard again and masturbated him a second time, she did that quite often.

Ari had to smile, because of course Franziska knew the right words, masturbate and orgasm, but sometimes she used childish expressions. She had been masturbating him in the bathtub for a whole year, she was still excited every time he squirted and then put on a relaxed face. Ari noticed how her clit became red and stiff during her masturbate him. “Don’t you want to masturbate now, want to saw your clit?” he asked, but she shook her head for days, even though he noticed her strong arousal. She caressed her clit indecisively with her index finger, and it wasn’t long before she was masturbating while sitting there. He knew how important it was that he “didn’t notice”.

Later, she lay on her back, raised her knees and masturbated her clit in her own way. He could now lean on the edge of the bathtub and watch her openly, because she masturbated every time after she had “finished” him. To begin with, she placed two fingers on the foreskin of her clit and pulled it back and forth quickly until the clit woke up and poked its head out curiously. Then her index finger ran its edge along her clit, slowly and arousingly. The clit turned dark red and stiffened visibly, becoming an inch longer. For perhaps 10 minutes, she “sawed” the clit alternately on one side. She reached the finale and now the index finger was energetically scraping directly on the clit, she raised her ass up and arched her back before collapsing in orgasm. She looked him straight in the eyes and caressed her clit thoughtfully for minutes. He nodded and smiled, they were getting closer to fucking.

He got out of the tub as soon as she was in the middle of it. She shook her head and gasped, “No, please don’t, doctor!” and pulled away from his cock. But he came closer every day, he waited longer until she was almost at orgasm. She withdrew her hole from him later and later, he could already penetrate between her labia before she reacted. A few more days later his glans touched her hymen, she reacted later and later every day when her hymen was touched. And then, one day, she didn’t react rejectingly. She stopped masturbating, resting the finger and stared into his eyes in expectation. His cock pressed her hymen until it tore. His cock slid inside until it was deep inside. She gasped with her eyes wide open, “it’s torn, it’s torn!” He just nodded and started to fuck her. It had taken almost a year. But now she offered no resistance, none at all. She was just very curious, this was something completely new to her. He only fucked her for a few minutes and then squirted inside.

He sat down next to her. He said it was more comfortable in bed than on the cold floor tiles. And if she masturbated first and he started fucking her just before she climaxed, then they could have an orgasm at the same time, which was a very intense feeling. Franzi nodded silently, she was still completely overwhelmed by the first fucking. She would have to confess the sin, she said sadly. Ari shrugged his shoulders, he didn’t believe in religion.

It was nice and wonderful, the fucking, said Ari. It couldn’t be a sin, because it was nice, wonderful and you felt love, not hate. And God loved everyone, sinners and non-sinners alike. No, he wouldn’t confess it to the young chaplain. Franzi thought about it for a long time and said she would keep it to herself, it was really nice that they both had an orgasm at the same time. She didn’t need to confess it. It was good the way it was.

They fucked every day for the next 4 years, Franzi started masturbating in the morning and afternoon and he only mounted her when she was climaxing. Sometimes he let her finish masturbating because he liked watching her masturbate and orgasm. Then she continued masturbating and he squirted inside right in the middle of her orgasm.

After fucking they lay arm in arm and talked about everything. Hitler's gangs of thugs raided the Jewish shops, beat them up mercilessly and if one of them didn't get up again, it was barely worth three lines in the newspaper. "He wrote it," said Ari, "he wrote to kill all Jews like the vermin they were!" Ari sighed. "They're already going into the Jews' houses and dragging them away, God knows where."

He didn't want to wait for Hitlers brownshirts. "We're both Jews," Ari said to Franziska, "they don't care that you're a Catholic nun, to them you're Rachel, Rachel Rosenblatt. They'll just kill you because you're descended from Jews like me." Franzi closed her eyes, pressed her body even closer to Ari's and thought for a long time. Of course she was a Jew, according to the current way of thinking. But would these monsters really rape and kill a Catholic nun? They had both read the reports of how Jewish women and girls were brutally raped by the wild hordes before being taken away. Raped, fucked, raped by the whole squad, one after the other. Like animals.

One day they were eyewitnesses. The horde fucked a weeping young Jewish woman and her horrified underage daughter until they had all fucked both of them and were exhausted. Ari and Franzi had to be quiet and not move from the spot so that they would not be discovered.

He would take poison, Ari said. He neither wanted to run away and leave the country he had fought so bravely for, nor would he let the Hitlerists lock him up. He would take poison, Ari said.

They took the poison together, one rainy morning. They went to bed, hugged and fucked until they were dead.

Ari had written a farewell letter. "You all condemned us Jews to death, we are just getting there first. You made us wear the Star of David to show that we were condemned. We proudly follow the Star of David because it lights our way to the life of the righteous.
Dr. Ariel Jehuda Grienschnabl,
and below in childish school handwriting,
Sr. Franziska, (Rachel Rosenblatt).

The neighbors broke down the door after three weeks and found them in a loving embrace.

• • •

# Uma, the Neanderthal

by Jack Faber © 2024

Uma held Ri's cock in her fist. "Wait, Ri! I heard that you fuck girls on the river bank!?" When her husband was away, Uma had always let Ri masturbate behind her ass, he had been allowed to squirt inside her pubic fold, in her ass crease or on her ass cheeks. He was already 15, he had to masturbate 4 or 5 times every evening and Uma, his stepmother, good-naturedly let him squirt in the crease of her ass or inside her pubic fold. But now she was clutching his cock in her fist and waiting for an answer.

Ri pushed his cock back and forth in her fist. She gripped his cock even tighter. "Well, don't you have anything to say to me!?" Uma asked sternly. "Yes, that's true," Ri admitted with shame. "Everyone fucks by the river," he added, softening his words. "Aha!" said Uma, and waited for his explanation. "Kaa lets anyone fuck her who wants to." Ri had thus revealed a big secret. Ri squirted in her fist, Uma rubbed his cock briefly and lovingly, she rubbed it until he had finished squirting. Then she grabbed the cock again really tightly and probed, "who of them?" Ri had no choice but to name the other two. "And do you fuck the poor girl one at a time or all at once?" Ri continued to thrust into Uma's clenched fist. "Only one at a time, Uma!" he stammered, "you have to wait until the other one has squirted!" Uma nodded. "Kaa isn't quite right in the head," said Uma, "you know that well! I've often heard that she lets anyone fuck her and squirt inside her at will. The poor thing, she'll have one child after another!"

Uma carefully placed his cock in her asshole. "There, you can fuck there," she sighed submissively and turned her back to him, "just fuck in my asshole, you're still too young for real fucking, I think." But Ri slid forward into her pubic fold and fucked twice more, then he had enough. Uma took his cock in her hand and forcefully squeezed out the last drops of semen. "Now sleep well, my little bull!"

Ri had learned to hunt from his grandfather. His grandfather had given him a long leather cord, a lasso, with which he could catch rabbits, partridges and deer after a lot of practice. He had made a sharp dagger for his grandson out of a deer's antler and taught him to stab the rabbit or deer in the heart, then they would die immediately. Grandfather was a very good teacher, and he was allowed to mount and fuck Uma once a month. She didn't let many people fuck her, only the ancient grandfather and her old husband Urg. Usually grandfather would lie on his back after mounting her, he would let Uma slide back and forth upon his cock. At the end she took grandfather's cock out of her pussyhole before the old man squirted and gave him a quick and hard fist. Ri always watched excitedly when Uma rode on Grandpa's cock, it was very hot to watch because Uma's clit swelled up and she had to rub it immediately. She tried not to let Grandpa squirt inside, only Urg was allowed to do that. She was very annoyed when someone else mounted her. She let him fuck her for a few minutes because that's what all women did, and chased the guy away before he could squirt inside.

After hunting, Ri always went down to the river bank and fucked Kaa two or three times until he had had enough. Kaa grinned friendly, she loved being fucked and rubbed her clit nonstop. She laughed shrilly when one of the boys came to the end, grabbed her by the hips and squirted inside. Immediately afterwards, she went into the shallow water and washed her pussy in the ice-cold mountain water, grinning. Kaa was a really fine buddy, Ri often said. Since he was allowed to fuck and squirt in Uma's ass crack and more and more often in her pubic crease, he also found his beautiful stepmother a fine buddy. Uma really was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, she had a friendly, kind face, beautiful and medium-sized breasts and a small black bush grew above her slit. She was Urg's fourth wife, she was not yet 30 and yet the boss of the clan, because Urg preferred to go hunting and leave the day-to-day business to her.

Ri also had an older sister, Lili, who was a few years older than him. Ri had never understood why Urg and Uma were not allowed to find out that Lili sometimes let a secret lover mount her and fuck her. Ri let her buy his secrecy, and he was sometimes allowed to mount Lili and fuck her too. They did it very secretly and in secret

places and he had to pull his cock out and squirt into the bushes before he squirted inside. Lili was a real secretive person.

Uma let him fuck her in the fold of her pussy for weeks afterward, he liked it and so did she, because she could masturbate well while she was being fucked. Ri had been watching some girls and women masturbate, but not many made it in full public. Uma's buttocks trembled when she had an orgasm. He enjoyed it because Uma was a good mother and a fine buddy and she always praised him when he came home from hunting and brought home rabbits or deer. Ri was happy about the praise because it was important to be a good hunter and able to feed the family.

Uma stopped one day in the middle of her masturbating and grabbed his cock. "So come on, fuck me, my little boy! But don't forget to pull it out before you squirt! Don't squirt inside!" Ri was completely surprised and nodded, "Yes, Uma, I don't squirt inside!" he repeated. Uma guided his cock and plunged it deep into her cunthole. Ri was very surprised, her cunthole was even tighter than Lili's, and of course also than Kaa's, whose cunthole was soft and wide. Uma's cunthole was very tight and his little boy's cock filled it very well. He was only allowed to fuck Uma from behind, as he had done in her asshole before, only this time she was stuffing his cock into her real hole herself. Still, it was the best thing he had ever experienced. Fucking Kaa was very easy and not very exciting. Fucking Lili was more exciting, because she didn't let herself be mounted very often, usually right after her lover had left. She was soft and unable to fight, Ri could mount his exhausted sister very quickly. She lowered her head and let Ri fuck her. Lili was only very careful that he pulled his cock out before he squirted, just like her many lovers. Fucking Uma, on the other hand, was very exciting, he felt her fingers dancing on her clit. That was very exciting in itself. He started to squirt inside and pulled his cock out. When Uma was deeply engrossed in masturbating, he could safely squirt inside her unnoticed. Uma always said that he should pull his cock out when he squirted, but she never scolded him for it. Uma once said that masturbating was especially nice when he fucked her at the same time. He was only allowed to fuck her from behind, so he reached forward, onto her full breasts. He had discovered that she loved it immensely when he twirled and

pinched her nipples with his fingers. Then she let him squirt inside and continued masturbating vigorously. He left his cock inside her and fucked her again. She let him squirt inside again when he tortured her nipples. After the second squirt, he left his soft cock inside until she had finished masturbating and her ass cheeks were shaking tightly. On the few days a month when Urg came home from hunting, Uma naturally fucked her husband and Ri had to stick to Kaa and Lili, but that was okay.

A stranger came by, Beg. He was a hunter wrapped in furs, he had a long spear, the likes of which Ri had never seen before. His accent was strange, but he was understood. He had come from far away and he wanted to take over Uma's cave immediately. The men had all gone hunting with Urg, so Uma had to make it clear to the ranger that she was the chief's wife and that the cave belonged to the chief. Beg was not welcome, he could set up camp over there under the apple trees, eat the apples and then move on, the men would be back soon. Beg hung around for days, looking at the cave and the pretty young woman with increasing avidity. Ri went hunting every day from sunrise to midday, and in the afternoon he went to Kaa at the river or spied on Lili to see if he could fuck her. So he came home at midday and put the two rabbits and the deer next to the fireplace. He heard Uma screaming.

Uma was lying on her back in the living area, Beg between her thighs, and the monster was fucking her. Ri saw the pool of semen under her ass, the guy had probably fucked her a few times. Uma screamed for help when she saw Ri. Like a predator, Ri jumped onto Beg's back and pulled him off Uma. They were wrestling on the floor, Uma had jumped up and was also beating Beg with her fists. Ri saw the spear coming towards him and rolled to the side. Had the guy gone mad, was he trying to impale him!? Beg stormed at the boy, his eyes bloodshot, and yelled that everything belonged to him now, the cave, the woman and the village. His spear stabbed and hit Ri in the shoulder. Ri was thrown over. He got up, the dagger made of deer antlers suddenly in his hand. With a quick thrust, he stabbed the dagger into Beg's throat, from side to side. Beg staggered, grabbed his throat and ran away screaming.

Ri immediately took care of Uma. “He jumped on me and mounted me and rammed his cock in as soon as you left. He fucked me nonstop, he came inside me at least 5 times and was nowhere near finished when you came.” Uma lowered her gaze to the ground. “He actually fucked me really well, I had more orgasms in a row than I have in a long time.” She looked at Ri shyly and vulnerable. “Don’t think badly of me, I screamed, bit and scratched him, but he is much stronger than me. He jumped on me and fucked me with a big grin, he hummed contentedly every time I had an orgasm.”

Uma cleaned the wound on his shoulder and bandaged it, it was just a deep scratch. “And now you’re running off to fuck Kaa or Lili?” He nodded, “my shoulder doesn’t hurt anymore,” he said. Uma looked at him for a long time. “I’ve known about Lili for a long time.” She took his hand and looked at him with teary eyes. “Please stay with me this afternoon. I want to cry on your shoulder and have a good fuck with you!” Ri looked at her for a long time. He was no longer a child, she spoke to him like to a man.

He lay down naked next to Uma. She let herself be fucked from the front for the first time, face to face like Beg, and she let him squirt inside her without saying anything, over and over again. She talked the whole time about fucking Beg, he had taken her brutally, but he had fucked her better than any man had in a long time.

Three days later he found Beg on the river bank, he had bled to death. He took his spear and his valuable long stone knife. Kaa undressed Beg, she wanted to take his leather clothing and the furs to the village. She had not understood what death meant. She played very excitedly with the dead man’s cock and was very disappointed that it did not become stiff. She let go of the cock and grumbled, “it’s no good anymore!”, then she helped Ri and the others to drag the dead man into deeper water and leave him to the stream.

The chief was told how Ri had saved his wife and killed the stranger. “You’ve grown up, son,” said the chief, “big and strong and a brave defender of our village and my wife! And I’m told you’re fucking little Kaa, that’s fine with me. We both know she’s not right in the head, but she’s good enough for practice!” The father laughed good-

naturedly. “Next year you’ll go hunting with me!” Ri was very proud, that was praise, spoken in front of everyone. He told his father that he wanted to keep the spear with the stone tip, but he gave the valuable knife to his father as a gift.

He told Lili that they didn’t need to be so secretive anymore, Uma knew everything. He fucked Lili and Kaa alternately, and at night he fucked Uma from behind again and again, that’s what she wanted. Often he squirted inside, sometimes not, because he knew that she preferred that. Nevertheless, he was very proud because, apart from his father and grandfather, he was the only one she let fuck her properly.

A new girl had come to the river bank and was watching the boys who were taking turns fucking Kaa on the bank. Ri asked her what her name was and where she came from. Her name was Aja and she came from the other village in the south. She was 13 summers old, Aja said. He asked her if she wanted to join in with the fucking, but Aja shook her head firmly. “Mama said I can’t fuck until I get hair down there, then I can fuck with Daddy!” Ri said he wanted to check if she had hair yet.

Aja looked at him for a long time, then she went behind the bushes. She picked up the fur that covered her crotch. Ri couldn’t find a single hair, not even a fluff. Aja’s pussy was smooth like all little girls’. Then he wanted to know what her mother meant by ‘fucking her father’? Aja looked around to see if anyone was listening. She had two little brothers, twins, who were only 3 years old. Her mother hadn’t fucked her father so often since thd were born. She had shown Aja how to rub her father with her fist until he squirted. Aja sat down in front of her father and clamped his cock between her labia. Then she rubbed it with her fist right in front of her little pussy. Her father liked that a lot and when Aja asked, her mother said she wasn’t allowed to fuck her father until she had hair on her pussy. Her father laughed and licked his lips. “We’re going to fuck wonderfully, little Aja!” he shouted, but he stuck to his wife’s instructions. She was the boss after all.

Aja stuck to his heels like a burr. She masturbated Ri every afternoon, she clamped his cock between her labia and did it with her fist, she was really good at that. He liked the little girl a lot and they became very close friends. As time went on, he told her that he not only fucked Kaa, but also Lili, his older sister. They were only allowed to fuck in secret, he said, and Lili had a very tight vagina and was really good to fuck, better than stupid Kaa. And after much hesitation, he also told her that he slept at his stepmother Uma's and fucked her too, every night when his father was away. Uma's vagina was even tighter than Lili's, but he was only allowed to fuck her from behind, under her ass. She almost always lay on her side and he had to hold on to her ass cheeks. Then he pushed his cock under her ass crack and she grabbed the cock and guided it into the cunthole. She was the best to fuck of all, she masturbated while fucking, she always did that. Aja asked what the masturbating was. Ri pressed a finger to Aja's clit and rubbed it a little. Aja pulled away. She had seen it many times in the village, because there were several girls who did it in full public, they spread their legs and rubbed their clits in front of everyone. But she never did it herself, not even in secret, because her Mom didn't do it either, not even when she was fucking her Dad. Aja said that her Mom didn't care at all if another man, usually someone from the village, mounted her. She let herself be fucked indifferently, like most women. Before he squirted, however, she pulled out his cock, nobody except her Dad was allowed to squirt inside.

Aja looked up at him, her hero, whom she loved with childlike zeal. She snuggled up to him and whispered how nice it would be to already have hair. She would fuck him right away, no matter what! Ri caressed her labia and clit a little too, but she rarely wanted to have an orgasm.

Ever since the deadly fight with Beg was sung about around the campfires, men came from near and far to mount the beautiful woman. She had explained to Ri a thousand times, that men had been doing this for ages and women had to humbly go along with it. The only thing that had changed was that they now waited until the husband was out of the house, and Urg was always out hunting. Even in great-great-grandfather's time, grandfather said, it wasn't like that; some men held the husband when it was necessary and then

one after the other mounted the indifferent woman, that's how it was! Uma also let herself be mounted and fucked with complete indifference, the man rammed his cock into her and fucked her. Uma usually let herself be fucked quite indifferently and only pulled the cock out very late to let him squirt on the floor. She did not believe that it was the good goddess who made women pregnant. Like some other young women, she believed that the man squirted the very tiny baby into the woman. She had lost every baby the men had injected into her. She had seen the very tiny fingernail-sized ones when they were lost. That's why she did not let the men squirt inside, only Urg and Ri, she said. Nevertheless, Ri sat in the cave, brooding, and watched Uma being fucked. Only rarely did Uma get hot during fucking, then her face would glow unearthly and she would touch her clit discreetly. Ri was inwardly angry during this fucking because she was obviously enjoying and lusting over the man's big cock; he did not yet know the word jealousy at that time.

He had agreed with Uma that she would position herself so, that he could see every detail of the fucking. She stood with her back to the man, pulled up her fur loincloth and bent forward so that she could support herself with her hands on the floor and thrust her buttocks towards the man. The man could support himself on her ass cheeks after he had mounted her. He mounted the beautiful woman smiling and rammed his cock into her cunthole from behind. Uma always screamed briefly because his big cock suddenly widened her tight cunthole. Then he fucked her for a few minutes and she reached back between her legs and pulled the cock out the moment he started to squirt. Of course the first jet usually squirted inside, but she let it squirt on the floor. She winked at Ri while being fucked and grinned, which made him even hornier, because watching her being fucked made the boy really horny.

The flickering of the campfire illuminated the scene when father Urg fucked his wife Uma. Urg grinned friendly because Ri was lying opposite them and watching everything. Urg always penetrated Uma's pussyhole slowly and carefully, he didn't want to hurt her. Ri watched as the big cock penetrated Uma's tight pussyhole and stretched her. Urg fucked Uma for a long time and she masturbated until she orgasmed. Now Urg increased his pace and squirted inside

for a long time. Usually he fucked her a second time after a while, Ri had slowly pushed his foreskin back and forth over the glans and squirted on the floor when Uma masturbated a third time after the second fuck.

The spring festival was something very special. People from the surrounding villages and settlements gathered in the village square, the elders called out prayers to the good Goddess and people sang and danced in a circle. The village chiefs fucked their favorite wives in front of the staring people, then everyone fucked each other. Everyone was allowed to fuck everyone else, of course most of them fucked women other than their own. For many women from the remote settlements this was the only way to fuck men other than their husbands, their fathers or their brothers. So they were like hell after fucking as many different men as possible. That made up for the long walk to the festival. That was the point of the spring festival, to fuck like crazy. Many women were already pregnant and after the festival there were a lot more.

Ri and Aja always hid behind the bushes, they took off their clothes and cuddled and snuggled close to each other, Ri had long since taught her how to French kiss. Aja masturbated him every afternoon, their bodies had become accustomed to the close skin contact of their naked bodies. They both watched as Aja's breasts began to bud. A delicate downy fluff of black hair began to bud on her pubic mound. Aja asked every day whether they shouldn't fuck now. She talked to Ri about the first fuck, when his cock had to penetrate the hymen and that was supposed to be painful. Ri had questioned both Lili and Uma, and both said it wasn't worth mentioning.

Ri decided on the day he would deflower Aja. She was incredibly excited, he promised not to hurt her, at least as much as he could. She inserted his cock into her vaginal vestibule, let go and closed her eyes. He penetrated very carefully and Aja screamed very quietly as her hymen tore. Ri penetrated deep into her vagina and waited. "Did it hurt a lot?" he asked worriedly, but she shook her head, "it doesn't hurt at all anymore!"

He fucked Aja for a long time in a deep embrace, he loved her very much. She didn't have an orgasm, but that was okay. He masturbated her clit after fucking because she had gradually lost the fear of her strong orgasm. He stopped fucking Kaa, instead he fucked Aja all afternoon long. He had only told Uma that he was fucking Aja and she said he should love and care for her, she knew the girl and thought she was a good choice. Uma's opinion was important to him. Aja told her parents about the fucking. Mom was astonished at first, but she immediately thought further and said that now she could fuck Dad too. Aja nodded delighted, and Mom helped her to insert Dad's stiff and big cock into her little hole. She lay next to the two of them while they fucked. She was happy with the result and Dad fucked Aja from then on every night, usually twice. Ri was very jealous and accompanied Aja home in the evenings. Uma agreed that he would sleep with Aja now. But things turned out completely differently.

When Aja's mother saw him fucking Aja for the first time, she desired him with unbridled desire. She had no desire to fuck Dad, and hadn't for a long time. But now she fell in love with Ri's cock and seduced him. She liked his way of fucking very much, and from then on she let Ri fuck her every time Dad fucked Aja. Ri liked fucking Aja's mother very much, and all four of them fucked each other for the next few years. Ri and Aja always fucked late at night after they had fucked Mom and Dad. Aja's mother became pregnant three times and had three sons. Aja and Ri whispered that the children could only be his, because the mother rarely let other men mount her. She also let these men fuck her like Uma until they squirted, she also let the men squirt on the floor.

Ri had managed to get a cave to live in; the previous owners had just died. It was a good place, half of it had been dug into the hill and the other part was built solidly out of stones. They told everyone that they would stay together from now on. Aja let the men mount her and fuck her with the same humble devotion as all the other women. She let them squirt on the floor, because what Uma said about squirting babies into women sounded reasonable. She only let Papa and Ri squirt inside. That's how it was.

A new people appeared. They were small and had white skin. There were only minor skirmishes and disagreements at the beginning because they spoke a different language. The vanguard explored the area, then the white people came in droves, in large droves. They were more numerous than the old people. They were good hunters, they brought good tools and knowledge with them. The old people thinned out. But it wasn't because of the wars!

It was the women. Among the old people, couples often stayed together for life; white women didn't care about pairing up. They fucked wildly everyone, there were often large groups of women, mothers and aunts who looked after the numerous offspring. And the white women soon discovered that the men of the old people fucked much better than the white men. With their big, hard cocks they fucked the little white women's little pussies to multiple orgasms, into seventh heaven. The white women simply seized the men of the old people. The offspring were white. The women of the old people had far fewer children than before; the white men did fuck them, but they had fewer and fewer children, and they were all white.

The men of the old people were great at fucking. Their cocks were bigger, thicker and much more enduring than those of the whites. Many of them fucked two or three white women a day and fathered white children. The white women hardly let themselves be fucked by white men anymore. White men would squirt in their mouths while the white woman was being fucked by one of the old people. It became a plague, many white men had not fucked a white woman for years, they were only allowed to squirt in her mouth, while the women let themselves be fucked by the old people. Usually three or four white men would gather around the woman's head, kneel, masturbate and finally squirt in the woman's mouth. The white men had to be content to squirt in a woman's mouth at least, because only the big men from the old people did the fucking. And the descendants were all white. The old people gradually disappeared, but not because an overpowering enemy defeated them. It was the unbridled white women and the compliant men of the old people who destroyed them within 20,000 years.

One day the ancient people, the Neanderthals, became extinct.

# The sufferings of Marie P.

by Jack Faber © 2024

Marie Pauer was tried for witchcraft in Neuarkt. She was imprisoned for 22 months and interrogated on 287 days. The chairman, the Lord von Pfleger, instructed the clerk to prepare two reports because very saucy details were mentioned during the interrogations.

Marie was generally described as lazy and stubborn. The general public thought she was dissolute, her only interest was in sex. She stopped at nothing, she let herself be fucked by all the men in the town, by all the young men and boys from 8 years of age upwards, who thought that fucking and squirting was just a game. The neighbors knew that she didn't even stop at her father and that she let the grief-stricken widower fuck her hard and thoroughly every night.

Marie, a cheeky and dissolute 16-year-old girl, was examined by the court doctor on the first day. The chairman and his assessors were wide-eyed when the doctor uncovered and examined her pussy. Everyone stared at the young witch's open pussy hole. Only a light fluffy down was visible on her naked, childlike pussy. The doctor parted her surprisingly large, fleshy labia and covered them again after the inspection. "Virgo intacta," he dictated to the clerk, so Marie was still a virgin. This was in stark contrast to the accusations. And these were not the only discrepancies.

Marie contradicted the doctor when the chairman repeated it in German. "That can't be," she said, "my father took my virginity two years ago, when I was only 14." There was a long silence, then Lord von Pfleger asked Marie to tell him everything. "We had just buried my mother when he became very restless and ordered me to come to him in the marital bed. He took off my nightgown and touched my whole body, especially my clit, and I pulled away. "I'm not that kind of girl, Dad," I said to him, "I don't play with my clit like naughty girls do!" He was very surprised and questioned me further, but I was firm that I was a decent girl and only rubbed my clitoris a little bit sometimes, but not to orgasm. He grinned maliciously and said

he had always seen me rubbing my clit! That was true, but I said that I usually stop before I climax because it was a sin. He laughed cheekily, “I’ve watched you climax many times, so don’t lie to me!” He looked at me triumphantly. “How often have I watched you slowly caress your clitoris until it became long and stiff, your little cock! And then how you rubbed it and rubbed it mercilessly until you were writhing like a worm in orgasm! So don’t lie to me!” I was very ashamed because it was true, I had masturbated to orgasm every night even, back then. He just grunted smugly and spread my legs. I told him that I was still untouched, but he just grinned, and I cried when he had to ram his cock into my pussy three or four times until my hymen broke. He fucked me three times in a row the first time and grinned contentedly every time I had an orgasm. Since that day he has fucked me every night except on Saturdays, when he goes to confession and does not sin because he goes to the Holy Communion on Sundays.” The doctor shook his head and indicated to the chairman that the little girl was totally crazy.

At the next interrogation she was supposed to talk about the devil. Marie blushed and had to be asked several times. “My Lord and Master only came to see me at night after my father had fucked me and squirted inside me. He always squirted inside me and it didn’t matter to him whether I got pregnant.” The chairman wanted to know what the devil looked like. “A very tall man with two thumb-sized bumps on his forehead, he looked like other men, only he had a very very big cock and a short tail at the back. His companion was much smaller, but he also had a much bigger cock than normal men. I had to call the big one Colonel. He made me sign a contract with a drop of blood, “I am yours and you are mine!” The Colonel snapped his fingers and I was a virgin again! He wanted to deflower me every time and fucked me for half an hour, then he disappeared. Now the smaller one fucked me, he fucked just as well as the Master, then he left me. It was like that every night, the Colonel deflowered me every time and then they both fucked me.” The doctor examined Marie’s pussy again, and she was no longer a virgin. Marie made serious accusations.

“How could I be a virgin, Doctor, when the two guards fuck me in the morning and in the afternoon, one after the other!” The chairman

summoned the two men, but they denied everything and denied everything again under oath. They were believed. Nevertheless, no one could explain how Marie had had three stillbirths during the two years of strict imprisonment.

Marie was questioned as to why pots and pans and tools like hammers flew through the air and made a hellish noise. Marie laughed loudly. “That’s the companion, he makes music with them when the colonel fucks me!” The court was speechless. Then Marie was asked what happened with the forester Waldmann. Marie had to explain to the court that the colonel had taught her two magic spells, one to turn the wife to stone and a second to force the man to fuck her. The colonel had ordered her to cast a spell on the forester and his wife, but she tried for 20 days without success, because they remained loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ and did not give their souls to her Master.

The judge wanted to know how it went. Marie answered with astonishing openness, smiling. “I paralyzed the woman and put a spell on the forester. He wanted to mount his wife straight away, but I forced him between my thighs, because the forester has a nice, big cock. He fucked me reluctantly, but very well. Then I allowed him to fuck his helpless wife. I let him fuck me 20 days, but I didn’t get his soul.” The court questioned the forester and his wife, who confirmed everything. The forester’s wife looked very venomously at Marie. “Your witchcraft didn’t do you any good, because my husband loves me faithfully!” she shouted angrily.

Marie did not deny that she had done it with around 80 men in the town in the two years, she had let all of them fuck her, but hardly captured a soul, only a few. Even the preacher Father Anselm was one of her victims. The preacher was interrogated and he denied everything under oath. Marie screamed that it was a lie and that she could prove it! She claimed that there was a crescent-shaped mark on the preacher’s cock, under the foreskin. The priest was forced to undress. The doctor rubbed the cock until it was stiff and the priest ejaculated on the floor. The doctor pulled the foreskin back completely and hey presto, there was the mark! The poor priest slunk away, dejected.

Marie was employed as a nanny at the Höllerwirt, for the 3-year-old daughter. But the young witch made advances on the boy, and she finally admitted this. The 8-year-old son had to fuck her, although he didn't understand the whole thing. He stuck his little cock in her pussy, fucked her for a while and squirted inside. The little boy was not questioned, but his mother reported that it was true, that she had seen it herself.

But that was not all. There was the matter with Liesl Hofmüller. Liesl was the same age as Marie, and Marie was reluctant to talk about it. They were good friends and they liked to roll around naked in Liesl's bed, hugging each other. Marie taught her how to kiss with her tongue, Liesl always got very excited and masturbated herself, because Marie didn't masturbate herself. But she let Liesl masturbate her until she had an orgasm, she liked that very much. After a few weeks she began to fuck Liesl. The chairman asked in astonishment how that was possible? Marie laughed haughtily. "It's very simple, sir! Liesl had to spread her legs and spread her pussy hole with her fingers so that her clit was visible. Then I pressed my clit against hers and fucked her until she climaxed, until she was mad. Liesl enjoyed it so much that I always had to do it with her clit!" The chairman's mouth fell open, because it was the first time he had heard that two women could actually fuck. Of course, the clerk was only allowed to write about it in the second report.

Marie was interrogated every second or third day, and more and more details came to light. Much of it was obviously lies, but some of it turned out to be true. Her father was interrogated, he denied everything, saying that his daughter just had a vivid imagination. But he was questioned more and more strictly and under oath he finally admitted that he had been fucking his daughter for years. Yes, she was still a virgin, he admitted, he had to deflower her first, but then she let him fuck her willingly and voluntarily. He stuck to that.

After 22 months in prison, the verdict was unanimous. Marie was a witch and was sentenced to death. She was beheaded at sunrise and then burned.

Marie Pauner was not the only witch to be convicted in Neumarkt.

# Liz's Revenge

by Jack Faber © 2024

Liz had washed Ben's cock like she would any cock that wanted to fuck her. She took off her negligee and lay down on the bed. Ben, who was a tall and bulky-looking man, lay down on top of her nimbly and lithely. He began to fuck slowly and deliberately, Liz closed her eyes because Ben was fucking very well and her thoughts wandered back to the past.

She was lying under the covers as usual and masturbating like her brother Bob in the other child's bed. She had been masturbating for a long time, but it was not an issue between her and Bob. She must have been about 13 at the time and Bob was a year younger. They both knew that the other masturbated, but they both did it under the covers, breathing heavily and panting, but they had never let the other see it. Of course they had shown and examined their genitals now and then, but it was not a particular issue.

She heard the heavy footsteps of her father, Thomas Crumble, on the stairs. He came up for the first time, quietly entering the child's room. He sat down on the bed next to Liz and pulled her covers away. He saw her finger resting on her stiff, swollen clit. He looked at his naked daughter from top to bottom, he had never seen her so naked. Her father was her great love at the time, she was crazy about him and fantasized about him and other boys when she masturbated.

Her father ran his fingers over her body, caressed her inner thighs and her pussy. Liz shivered with pleasure, he had never touched her so sexually before. He touched her finger. "Keep going, my love, I want to see it, I want to watch you." he said quietly. Bob just raised his head, he wanted to see it too, but secretly. "Should I keep going, Dad?" Liz asked uncertainly, "Do you really want to see it?" He nodded, "Yes!" Liz could smell the whiskey, he must have come from the saloon where he played every evening, that was his only job and the family income. Her mother lay in bed all day and spat blood, she had it on her lungs.

Liz hesitated. She barely moved her finger on her clit, but then she saw her father's greedy look. Now she was convinced that he wanted to see her masturbate. She started and watched him, he stared at her finger, at her clit. She usually masturbated with her eyes closed, but now she was watching him, her dearest Daddy. Her buttocks had been shaking for a while, then the orgasm broke out. She writhed and twisted as always, then it was over.

The father stood up, covered his daughter and kissed the top of her head. "Good night, my love!" he said and left. He came up two or three times a week until the next summer to watch her masturbate. Liz turned 14, her breasts began to bud, her labia were now always swollen and covered her clit. She began to take an interest in the boys at school and watched some of them rub their cocks and squirt. But she didn't touch a cock; her love was her father, who loved to watch her masturbate.

Her father lay down heavily next to her, he smelled strongly of whiskey. He had won big today and was in high spirits. "I'd love to fuck you, my love!" he stammered. Liz was just surprised and not at all shocked. "Okay," she said after a while. He repeated, "fuck, that's what I meant. I really want to fuck you, my little one!" Liz hugged her father lovingly. "Yes, Daddy, I said okay. Come and fuck me!" Liz didn't think about her mother for a moment.

He fiddled with his pants and pulled out his stiff cock. "Come on, lie on your back, spread your legs and put my cock in," he gasped. She grabbed his cock, it seemed huge to her. But she pushed it into her vaginal vestibule until it hit the hymen and then let it go, hugging her father. "I love you very much, Daddy!" she whispered. He pierced her hymen with a jerk, Liz felt a small sting. The drunken father didn't fuck her for very long and squirted inside her with a satisfied grunt. They didn't think about contraception, Liz didn't have her period yet. He got up and kissed her on the top of her head as usual. "Good night, my love!" he said and left.

Bob whispered. "He fucked you! Did he really fuck you?" he wanted to know. "Yes," Liz answered in a whisper, "he deflowered me and fucked me!" Bob asked after a while, "What does deflowering

mean?" Liz explained it to him, he listened with his mouth open. "Can I see it?" he asked and Liz shrugged. Bob took the candle in his hand and spread her labia. "Indeed, I can only see a big hole, it goes right deep inside!" Liz mumbled that Daddy's cock was very big and had drilled the hole. They went to sleep.

When father wasn't too drunk, he came to Liz to fuck, almost every night. Sometimes Liz fell in love with a boy and let him fuck her, which was good for her soul. But nobody had a cock as big as Dad's. Liz was 17 when mother died and she was now running the household alone. Bob just begged a little and then she let him fuck her, every afternoon. Bob was a natural talent when it came to fucking. He had a strong sexual drive and would often fuck Liz three times in an afternoon. Liz was confused because now she was loving two men at the same time, Dad and Bob. She loved Bob's way of fucking her tenderly and gently. Dad, on the other hand, was hard and brutal when fucking, although he never really hurt her. Half a year later, Dad had won a considerable amount of money and announced that they would moving away from Boston to the West, to Dodge City, where gold was lying on the streets for him as a gambler. They didn't leave until 4 months later, so that Bob could finish school.

Liz found out that there were only two girls in her class who fucked their fathers. One of them didn't like to talk about it. Her father had taken advantage of her mother's absence and raped, deflowered and fucked her against her will. Every few weeks he took advantage of this opportunity and fucked her secretly. She had no one to compare him to, but she thought he was a very bad fucker. He mounted her and fucked her only briefly, then he squirted inside, proud as a peacock.

The second was much more talkative, she had seduced her father and not the other way around. From the very beginning she went naked into the parents' bedroom and threw herself at them with a war cry. She loved to cuddle with her parents, and she especially liked to rub her naked body against her father. Her mother had always scolded her when she snuggled up close to her father and masturbated with a naughty grin. She was rarely present when they were fucking. The mother always tried to scare her away, but she stuck out

her tongue cheekily and stayed until they continued and had finished fucking. Later she lay on her back, spread her legs and shouted, “Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me too!” He was of course exhausted from fucking and did nothing of the sort. But she annoyed the parents always and sometimes the mother shouted, “Fuck her now, Edy, so she’ll shut up!” This happened more and more often until the father got a hard cock and lay between her thighs. The mother shouted, “Well, do it now, fuck her and shut her mouth!” The father was actually much too cowardly, he was a little afraid of the mother. But when she kept repeating that he should finally fuck her, he did it, because this time he had become quite horny when he was lying between her thighs, his cock tapping her cunt. He pierced her hymen and it didn’t hurt at all. He fucked her for a very long time, because he had just used up all his ammunition. She was very surprised because she could feel every single jet as he squirted inside. Her mother watched in amazement, she had never thought that Edy had really done it! Since then, her father had to decide every evening whether he wanted to fuck his wife or his daughter. Her mother hated her ever since.

Dodge City was really a gold mine. Dad earned a lot of money at the gaming tables, he dressed like a westerner, wore a nice cowboy hat and a silver revolver in a holster. He also bought Bob a revolver. Bob practiced drawing a revolver every day, he had an old prairie rider show him how. He lined up empty bottles and practiced drawing and shooting. They lived in a fancy hotel and Liz started talking to the barmaids. After a few weeks she was working in the saloon across the street as a bar hostess and earned her own money, which she took to the bank. She was soon hardened and let the guests grope her, touch her bare skin, her breasts and her pussy. It was clear to everyone that touching her pussy was much more expensive than touching her breasts. If someone was very nice and paid good, she went with him into the dark corridor or behind the house and let him fuck her standing up. Papa was usually at the gaming table until late at night and didn’t fuck her so often anymore. Bob was a loyal fuck buddy, he fucked her every morning, noon and afternoon. She loved Bob with all her heart. When her period came, she got advice from the barmaids about contraception.

They stayed in Dodge City for three years; Liz was now 22 years old. Now they moved on, Tombstone promised even more money. But Tombstone was a wild town, Sheriff Mike Rogers unfortunately only maintained a certain amount of order, but the town was full of wild guys who were hard to control. They moved into a large, comfortable hotel room and Papa accepted that Bob fucked Liz. He could also fuck Liz if he wanted to. But his loins had become lame, Bob was 21 and in the full bloom of his sexuality. The boy fucked Liz at least three times a day shamelessly in front of the father. Sometimes his father buried his face in the pillows, because he was most ashamed of himself for getting his cock up less and less often.

There were no barmaids or hostesses in Tombstone, only whores, Liz soon found out. Madame Gaultier, who owned the house in which the “Golden Nugget” saloon was, owned the brothel above the saloon. The girls roamed around the saloon, let themselves be invited for drinks and made acquaintances there. They paid a fixed amount to Madame for each customer, whose maids kept the rooms clean. Madame also took care of security, there was always an armed guard sitting in the corridor. But he didn’t have much to do, maybe punch someone on the nose if they didn’t want to pay or the girl had them thrown out because they were too drunk.

Liz made a deal with Madame. She was determined to earn ‘her own money’, because her mother was a terrible example of a woman who had no money of her own. Papa said nothing, it seemed as though he didn’t care that Liz worked now as a whore. Bob was quite insulted, but over time he understood her arguments. He worked in the hardware store, where he looked after the revolvers, guns and rifles and sold them. He once told Liz that he would have liked to be an armorer or gunsmith, but there weren’t any in Tombstone.

For two years everything went well in this wild town. All three worked and earned money, because Tombstone was not a cheap town. Liz was now 24 and had already fucked hundreds of men. Ordinary citizens, strangers passing through, cowboys and farmers.

Liz had learned to whore from the other girls, it wasn’t difficult. Spot a guy in the saloon, have a few drinks and lure him up. Pay in

advance, of course, and leave the money with the guard, just in case. You had to wash his cock thoroughly before fucking, an important hygiene measure. When fucking, you had to feign excitement and passion, probably the hardest part of it. Most people had enough of one fuck, if someone wanted a second round, that was OK too. It didn't take Liz long to learn to whore. She was amazed at how she could distinguish the purely business-like fucking in the whorehouse from the loving fucking with Bob or her father.

She had fallen in love with one of Madame's guards, Harry. He was a thoroughly honest person under his skin and was only a feared gunslinger on the outside. He was a tall, broad-shouldered guy with strong fists and a fast revolver. He didn't kill anyone if he could avoid it; a shot in the leg was always enough. He and Liz had slowly grown closer; they only fucked after months of being close friends. Liz wasn't thinking about marriage yet, but Harry would be an option for her. Harry was a good listener, an interesting conversationalist and he could be very romantic when he was with her. He fucked excellently, gently and honestly. He accepted the facts as they were. She had to earn her money as a whore, he had to play the tough guy and cool gunslinger, when he was on duty. It was just a job, it wasn't something you had to think about much.

He trained with Bob in his spare time and taught him to shoot well, because he used to be a marshal and hunted people. Bob learned more than just how to shoot from him, he learned about the laws and some things that were important for hunting people. Perhaps Bob would become a marshal himself one day, the governor paid quite well.

Father Thomas sat at the gaming tables every minute, he had always been a skilled cheat, but now he was old, his fingers were not as nimble as they used to be. More and more often he had to break off a trick and that was bad for business. And so misfortune came quietly upon the family. It was a feared bandit and gunslinger, Big Ben, who caught poor father Thomas Crumble cheating. There was a loud argument, Thomas jumped up and so did Big Ben.

Thomas had only fired his revolver a few times to practice and he made the same mistake as everyone who faced Big Ben. He stared at Big Ben's small revolver in the holster, not at the sawed-off shotgun Ben wore on his other hip. Thomas drew his revolver, Big Ben calmly left his revolver in the holster. His shotgun, only slightly larger than a revolver, was hinged to his hip. Big Ben did not draw the shotgun, he pushed it down to a horizontal position and fired immediately from his hip. The bullets tore through Thomas' chest, and he fell dead to the ground. Sheriff Mike Rogers stormed into the saloon minutes later, his gun at the ready. Ben was still standing tall and ready to fire behind the card table. "It was self-defense, Sheriff," he said loudly. The sheriff questioned those standing around, and it was true. Thomas had drawn first and aimed at Ben, but had no time to pull the trigger. The sheriff nodded and told Ben that he was not welcome in Tombstone and that he should get on the horse.

Big Ben leaned over to the dead Thomas and took out his wad of money. He counted out 200 dollars. "That's my share that he cheated me out of!" he said calmly to the sheriff and threw the remaining money on Thomas' corpse. "I ordered food and I'm leaving after that," said Big Ben and sat down again. Sheriff Rogers nodded reluctantly and went back into the sheriff's house.

Liz was lying next to Harry after fucking and they were talking about their future when Harry heard the shotgun fire. He sat up. "Nobody would be stupid enough to shoot around in the saloon with a shotgun!" he called quietly, then laid his head on the pillow. The deep bass of the sheriff could be heard, which was soothing.

A small boy ran into the hardware store and tugged on Bob's sleeve. "Big Ben just shot your father dead with a shotgun in the saloon!" the little boy called, and Bob turned pale. He grabbed the boy by the coat. "No, it's true!" the boy called, and Bob let go of him. He quickly walked across the street into the saloon.

Ben was sitting at the table eating calmly. Bob saw his father's body lying in a corner, his throat tightened. It was definitely his father lying there, with his chest torn and bloody. Bob immediately drew his revolver and fired at Big Ben. He had forgotten everything

Harry had taught him. Keep calm, aim carefully and shoot low, because a man shot in the stomach or leg was finished.

Bob had aimed far too high and fired far too quickly. His bullet ripped into the wall several inches above Ben's head. He aimed lower and fired again. The bullet grazed Ben's earlobe and also hit the wall. Ben was a practiced gunslinger, he was on his feet immediately and ripped the small revolver from its holster. His first shot hit Bob in the forehead, the second his chest. Bob was already dead before he hit the floor on his back.

Sheriff Mike Rogers stormed into the saloon with his gun ready. Big Ben lowered his revolver, he didn't want to mess with the sheriff, he never did. "I don't know the man, he stormed in and shot at me twice without saying a word. He only hit my ear, then I shot back, Sheriff!" Rogers leaned over Bob's body. "The son of the man you shot earlier, Ben! I heard 4 shots, does anyone have anything to say?" The people didn't move, Ben held the revolver in his hand, lowered to the ground. The sheriff then took each one individually and everyone confirmed Ben's words. It had been a completely unexpected attack by Bob, Ben was only defending himself. The sheriff swore aloud, the boy was only 20 or 21 at the most! He shouted at Big Ben to put the food in his pocket and get on his horse immediately. Immediately! Ben put the revolver away, threw a few dollar bills on the table and went ahead with the food in his hand to the stable. The sheriff stayed behind him with his gun at the ready until the stable boy hastily saddled up. Ben had eaten and got up in the saddle, cursing, and rode out of town in a cloud of dust.

Harry had gotten up and was getting dressed when he heard the sheriff yelling. He strapped on his holster and quickly checked his revolver. "Stay here, I'm going to take a look!" he said to Liz and left. There was great excitement in the saloon, everyone was shouting at the same time. It was only after a while that he had the facts. He looked into Bob's empty eyes. An ice-cold hand clenched around his throat. He didn't know Thomas, but he knew Bob very well; he had been something like an apprentice of his and he was Liz's little brother.

Liz's scream rang through the saloon. She was only wearing an underskirt petticoat and was screaming with all her might. She had stopped on the stairs, she recognized them both immediately. Her legs gave way, she crouched down on the stairs. In four long leaps, Harry was next to her, took her face to his chest and covered her view of the corpses. Liz's scream turned into a howl, only now did her tears flow down her cheeks. Harry comforted her as best he could. "Where's Big Ben!?" he shouted down into the saloon. A few people pointed to the door. "The sheriff! Over there, in the stable!" He was still holding Liz's head and comforting her. She raised her tear-stained face to him and stammered, "Did Big Ben do that!?" Harry hesitated, perhaps he hesitated a little too long. After a while, Liz jumped up and ran downstairs, running out towards the stables in her petticoat and naked cunt.

Big Ben swept past her. She could clearly see that his ear was bleeding. Seconds later, Harry was standing next to her. "Shoot! Shoot!" Liz screamed and ran after the cloud of dust. Harry caught up with her and held her with both arms. "He's already much too far away and besides, I'm not shooting anyone in the back! Not anyone!" he whispered in Liz's ear. It took her a while to calm down. They went back to the saloon.

Liz covered Bob's and Thomas' faces with their jackets. She couldn't look at their dead eyes any longer. Harry questioned the barman and others who seemed halfway sober, he wanted to hear every detail. The second barman had run to the carpenter when Ben had shot Thomas, now the two of them came to the saloon with a horse-drawn cart and a half-finished coffin. Thomas was laid in the coffin, Bob next to him on the bunk. Harry had emptied their pockets and wrapped everything in his scarf, finally he took off their gun belts and then let the carpenter drive off.

Liz was totally devastated and unable to make any decision. Harry was now her support. He had her wash her face, he found no black clothes in her trunk, only a coarse, dark brown dress and she changed. He brought her a hot tea to her room and then sat next to her for an hour silently. Then she looked up and asked him what had actually happened, why everything had happened. Harry searched

for words. “Your father cheated at the game and Ben caught him. There was an argument, your father pulled first and Ben shot him with the shotgun.”

“Bob must have found out, he came storming in and only took one look at the dead father. He immediately, without warning, shot at Big Ben, twice, but he only hit him in the ear. How can you not hit a target as big as the massive Ben at 6 paces? In any case, Ben shot back immediately, and that was it. The sheriff immediately chased Big Ben out of town, as you have seen.”

Liz was silent for a very long time. “What can we do?” she asked after a while, “can we pursue him, kill him?” Harry shook his head. “Liz, I understand you very well, I feel for you. But we would become criminals ourselves if we pursued and killed him. In the eyes of the law, Ben clearly shot in self-defense both times. And he was incredibly lucky, because otherwise I would already be in the saddle and would bring him back, alive or dead. Ben is known to be a good gunslinger and he knows exactly when to shoot in self-defense. The fact that he not only hurts people, as I always did, but kills them is a disgrace, but it’s covered by the law.” Harry was dejectedly silent and took Liz’s hand. “He’ll be back, Liz. He comes by here two or three times a year, whiskey and whores. He’ll come back and I’ll shoot him in self-defense, I give you my word.”

Liz nodded. A few days later she bought a small double-barreled Derringer pistol from the hardware store, and the owner gave her a box of cartridges. He didn’t ask, she didn’t say anything. Then she went with Harry to the meadow where he had been practicing shooting with Bob. He didn’t ask, she didn’t explain anything. “The first shot comes immediately, for the second you have to cock the hammer with your thumb.” They practiced in silence for half an hour, then Harry was satisfied, Liz had mastered the few movements. As she walked away, Liz murmured, “Maybe I can get him in front of the barrel!” She didn’t say anything else, but Harry nodded seriously. “You have to get close enough to him that you can touch him. Don’t get involved in anything else, you would lose, my love!” Liz nodded seriously, she knew that.

Father and son were buried next to each other. Liz had a beautiful wooden plaque carved with both names and the date they were murdered. She withdrew from the brothel business for a few weeks and spent most of her time with Harry. She was glad that he could keep quiet just like she could and that she could let her thoughts wander. One morning she woke up, kissed Harry on the forehead and said, “My mourning period is over, tonight I’m going to work in the saloon!” And so it happened, Liz was a popular and happy whore. The men liked to fuck her and let her fake the passion, only Harry got real passion and love.

She had come to an agreement with Harry. When this was over, but in a year at the latest, she would give up the life of a whore and move away with him. She wanted to be his wife and start a family with him, no matter where. Harry hugged her and said that was a good plan. But it would be another six months before Big Ben came back to Tombstone. Whiskey and women, as Harry had said. Liz stayed away from the saloon for a day, letting the murderer eat and drink and fuck. She had waited long enough, she was waiting for her chance. Harry had said he wanted to wait until Big Ben felt safe, then he would provoke him. Liz nodded absently, she had her own plan.

She whispered to the other girls that Big Ben was hers tonight. The girls grinned crookedly, the guy had a big cock and fucked three or four times in a row. “You’ll feel like a mistreated mare in the morning, Liz!” they giggled and Liz forced herself to giggle too. Then she put on her most daring dress and approached Ben. He didn’t know her, he suspected nothing. He bought drink after drink, he groped the pretty girl and followed her into the room. Prepayment, that was clear.

She washed Ben’s cock thoroughly, took off her negligee and lay down on the bed. When he undressed and put his sawed-off shotgun on the floor within easy reach, she knew that she couldn’t make a single mistake. She was surprised at how big his cock was, she knew other big men, but they usually had small cocks. Ben was a big, massive man with a very big cock and he fucked really well. She played her game well and let herself be fucked really well 4 times in total, but she avoided having an orgasm, she couldn’t overexert herself, she

needed all her strength. “Well, wasn’t it good?” Ben asked with a victorious grin after the first squirting, “now let’s do it again!” Liz nodded and hugged the hated man. “You fuck much better than most, Ben!” she said and nodded in agreement, because that wasn’t a lie. Nevertheless, she let herself be fucked hard and well 4 times, Ben was really good at that, then he was exhausted and dozed off.

With infinite care she took the Derringer out of the drawer. Ben dozed and slept peacefully. A hot feeling ran through her, because she had never asked Harry exactly where she should shoot. Without hesitation, she shot Ben in the forehead and immediately cocked the hammer again. He jumped halfway up, his hand immediately grabbed the shotgun and he looked at her with a very strange squint. He was not dead, his finger curled and the shotgun burst into the door behind Liz. She held the Derringer in front of his face and pulled the trigger resolutely. The bullet went into his left eye. He let out a terrible scream and sank back onto the pillow. He was dead.

Liz was sitting there, naked as she was. She couldn’t think straight, her head was empty. Minutes later, Harry and Sheriff Rogers burst through the door. Rogers’ eyes widened in disbelief. He looked at the huge hole that the shotgun had torn in the door and the door panel. Then he saw Liz naked, the Derringer in her hand. He went to the bed and made sure it was Big Ben. He put the gun to the side. Harry had thrown a blanket over Liz’s nakedness and took the pistol from her hand. He hugged her comfortingly and stroked her head soothingly. Sheriff Mike Rogers listened carefully as Harry questioned Liz.

Ben was drunk and had woken up from his doze. He had immediately grabbed the big gun and she tried to rip it out of his fists. He shot at her, but he missed. She had ripped the Derringer out of the drawer and he aimed at her again. But it only clicked and she shot him twice in the face. She had stayed seated because “the Derringer had been fired and when he wakes up again he will shoot at me again.” Harry reassured her that Ben was dead and could not hurt her anymore.

The sheriff looked from one to the other. What a lousy spectacle! All visible things indicated that her story could be true. He himself had been sitting with Harry in the saloon, as the sheriff was concerned, Ben and Harry in the same town, that could go wrong, but Harry could have had nothing to do with it. He asked Harry to take care of the rest, get the carpenter and so on. Would they come to his office tomorrow afternoon to take care of the formalities? Harry, who was holding Liz in his arms, nodded. Two men from the saloon helped to hoist the heavy body onto the carpenter's bunk. Harry took Liz's trunk and put it in another room. They spoke in quiet whispers and Liz told him how it had happened really .

They sat opposite Mike Rogers in the sheriff's office. He read his report from the logbook. All three of them nodded, that's all true. The sheriff asked Harry to sign as a witness, which Harry did and added "former Marshal of the Governor of New Mexico" after his name so that everything was correct. Then Rogers closed the book and took a wad of banknotes out of the safe. "7,200 dollars, that's the bounty for good old Ben, it's yours," he said to Liz, who signed the receipt. She and Harry looked at each other, that was a hell of a lot of money!

The sheriff carefully put the receipt away and got 3 glasses and a bottle of whiskey. "So, that was the official part," said Rogers, "now let's have a drink and be completely unofficial." He poured and they drank. "To that bloody scoundrel Ben Cartwright, may he burn in hell!" said Rogers, leaning back. "I'm not completely stupid, Liz," he continued, "I realize that you caught him off guard and took revenge! But it's fine with me, Ben was a multiple murderer and a plague on this world. He just got what was long overdue. I was on the wrong track, because I thought Harry would finish it. But you must be a very brave woman to take on that dangerous monster. I don't know anyone else with as much guts!"

Liz wanted to say something, but Harry interrupted her. "Never mind, love! We've heard the official report and his unofficial opinion. He's perfectly entitled to believe what he wants." Liz kept her mouth shut and as they left, she shook the sheriff's hand. "Thank you, Mike!" and then they left.

They stayed in Tombstone for more than half a year. She continued to work happily in the brothel, Harry rode to the governor and came back with good news. The governor would ask him if a sheriff's position became available. So they had to wait another half a year until the governor offered him the sheriff's position in the small town of Tucson. But how astonished Harry was when three strangers came to Tombstone. He knew one of them well and greeted him warmly, they knew each other from before. It was Marshal Wyatt Earp and two of his brothers. Like two old buddies, they sat in the saloon in the evenings and exchanged old memories. Wyatt promised to ride to Tucson for their wedding, it wasn't far. It would be a great honor to be his best man! The three Earps fucked Liz over and over, always three of them coming at the same time. Wyatt was always the first and the other two watched. They took turns quickly so that Liz didn't lose her excitement. Virgil was always the third, she had her orgasm, a strong orgasm in the middle of his fucking and he prolonged her orgasm for many seconds until he squirted inside. The Earps thought she was a really great fucker, damnit! Wyatt was very impressed by Liz, because of course he had heard about the story of Big Ben's end.

One month later they rode to Tucson.

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# The Black Nora

by Jack Faber © 2024

Leo had met Nora when he was giving some lectures at the university. His position as managing director enabled him to organize his time himself. Nora was the first black girl he met. She came from Nigeria, but had lived here since she was born and was now studying at the university. He was fascinated by the black beauty and courted her. It took months before they ended up in a hotel room for the first time.

He looked at her in amazement, her skin was pitch black, but the mucous membranes like her mouth or pussy hole were light pink shining. She was no longer a virgin and it took her a long time to tell him, but there had only been one. But now they fucked wonderfully, she was very experienced and always got him going. Leo was 29 and had a lot of experience in fucking, but she was the first to fuck him from afternoon to dawn, over and over again. They were madly in love with each other.

They married six months later, without their families and in complete silence. He swore to be faithful to her as long as she didn't get a fat ass. Nora was slender with big, full breasts and a very small ass, so she laughed, "No danger, my love!" She dropped out of college when she got pregnant. They called the child Eva, she had light brown skin and only an expert recognized her as a mixed-race black child.

The unexpected happened while she was still breastfeeding. Nora's bottom grew. Slowly but steadily. Leo smiled, so that was the end of the marital fidelity! Nora cried desperately, but he took her in his arms and calmed her down. He was fully occupied with fucking her night after night, he didn't need anyone else. Nora smiled again, because she loved him very much and loved fucking him. He loved her very much too, that was true.

She lay on his chest, purring contentedly, and told him about her first lover, Leo had asked her several times. It was her father. “Okay,” said Leo, “I have to tell you something too, but go on now!” Her mother, his wife, had moved back to Nigeria with her latest lover when Nora was 13. Her father suffered greatly and she crawled nakedly into the large, empty bed to comfort him. She hugged him again and again when he had stopped crying. Since they were both lying naked in bed, she often noticed that his cock was getting stiff. She often asked him if she should do it with her fist, but he didn’t want to hear about it for months. For months she stroked his stiff cock until one day he became weak. Now she did it him with her fist every night.

He asked her if she never did it herself? Nora smiled, “Every night, Dad, when you’re asleep. I’ve been doing it for many years, ever since I saw Mom do it once.” He became sad again, he didn’t know until now that Mom did it. Nora said she thought Mom did it every night, but she didn’t know for sure.

Dad wanted to see it and she did it in front of him. He was very reverent, tears glittering in his eyes. “The orgasm looks terrible, but before that your face shone like an angel’s.” He hugged her tightly. “Thank you for showing me!”

She turned 14 and Dad asked her what her greatest wish was. “I want to fuck you like a real woman,” she said hesitantly. He winced. “But I’m your Dad!” Nora nodded, “That’s exactly why! You’re my hero, the hero of my sexual fantasies!” He was shocked and silent. “Do you really want it?” he asked and she nodded. “Like a real woman!” she confirmed. That same night he deflowered her and fucked her for quite a long time. “You can cum inside without worrying, Daddy,” she whispered as he fucked her, “I don’t have my period yet and I can’t get pregnant.” He nodded and much, much later he reared up and squirted inside. They fucked every night, she rarely had an orgasm while fucking, but she masturbated every night before going to sleep. They fucked every night until a year ago, then his father died and he went to Nigeria for the funeral. He stayed to take over his father’s business and sent her a large check every month.

“That was my story,” said Nora, “I hope it didn’t shock you too much!” Leo shook his head, “No, not at all!”

Then he told his story, he felt obliged to do so. His parents had lived separately for as long as he could remember. He was with his father every other weekend, he would have been a good father, said Leo. He only got angry once when Leo kept asking why they were separated, they lived barely three bus stops apart. “She only loves little boys,” said his father full of disgust, “you’re an accident, so to speak. But I love you more than anything, little Leo!”

The mother nursed him, she breastfed him even when he was 10. She had large breasts and still had milk, she had very large, stiff nipples and loved it when he bit and tortured her nipples with his teeth. Then she was always close to orgasm. He thought about what his father had said, but he had never noticed his mother making advances on little boys, never! He was the only one, he drank her milk from her breasts and she rubbed his little cock, she always did that when she nursed him. At 11, he no longer liked his mother’s milk, but he licked and sucked her nipples because she liked it so much. Of course, he had already noticed that she was secretly touching her clit with a finger, triggering her orgasm while he was biting her nipples and sucking them hard. She also discovered that he could now ejaculate. She rubbed him day after day and made him ejaculate.

After a few weeks, she asked him if he wanted to fuck her, really fuck her? He had seen the fucking on the Internet, he told her, but it was always only adults. He asked her in surprise if he could, since he wasn’t an adult? She laughed out loud. “Of course you can, if you want to! Since you could squirt, you’re a real man!” He thought for a moment. “Okay, let me fuck you, but don’t laugh at me, I’ve never done it before!” She nodded, that was obvious! She took off all her clothes and him too, then they lay down on the bed.

It was a very strange and intense feeling when his cock penetrated her for the first time. “It’s really tight,” he said, “my cock is very difficult to get in!” She replied, “Yes, that’s exactly why I only fucked your father very rarely, his big cock tore my vagina often enough! Back then I only let little boys your age or a little older fuck me, so nothing

tore. But he caught me a few times and left me, left us." Leo asked if he had torn her, but she said no. "Now come on, fuck me properly!"

Leo fucked her at least once a day, but usually more often because his urges became stronger and he had to ejaculate more often. Since then, she no longer rubbed him with her fist, she preferred to let him fuck her. They only stopped fucking 6 years ago when she had an operation on her abdomen. That was Leo's story.

"Although they are very different things, we experienced similar things in our youth," said Nora. "Yes," said Leo, "I realized that when you first said that." Nora smiled when she saw how stiff Leo's cock had become. "Come on, fuck me, my darling!" she said softly. He said he wanted to fuck her from behind. She nodded in agreement, although they had never done it before. "I want your big ass right in front of me, maybe I and you will like it." So they did it, and that was the new good. He spread her big ass cheeks with both hands and fucked her from behind with pleasure. Nora put her hand on her pussy and masturbated from orgasm to orgasm while fucking. On days like that, she no longer masturbated at night, she had had enough orgasms while fucking.

When they weren't fucking, they brought little Eva into their marital bed. The little one loved to snuggle up naked to Nora or Leo. Leo caressed the childish pussy and the tiny clit and Eva laughed and squealed with delight. "Do you think a five-year-old can have already an orgasm?" Leo asked Nora when Eva squealed so sweetly. "I don't know," said Nora, "but maybe you shouldn't masturbate her so deliberately!" Leo nodded, that was clear to him.

Nevertheless, it was clear that little Eva had an orgasm, a light, childish one, when he caressed her tiny clit. "Don't spoil her before her time," warned Nora, "she'll discover it herself in time." Leo nodded, but he didn't stop. He put Eva back in the crib and went back to Nora with his cock bobbing, he wanted to fuck. Nora's black ass was now huge, the doctor had said that it wasn't an illness, but pure genetics. Lots of black women developed such a fat ass, some earlier, some later.

Leo enthusiastically fucked her from behind, and when she had her period or was ready to conceive, he happily fucked her in the asshole. Nora's period stuttered and stopped. The doctor said she couldn't have any more children and she didn't need to use contraception anymore. She was a little sad because she would have liked to have had more children, but Leo consoled her. At least they had Eva and the little one was their sunshine.

Nora got on all fours and let Leo fuck her from behind. She had gotten very used to masturbating while fucking and Leo was very enthusiastic about her and her fat ass. That were beautiful, quiet years, married life was peaceful. Leo had installed a one-sided mirror window in the storage room so he could watch Eva in the neighboring children's room. Nora thought it was crazy and continued reading her book, it didn't bother her much. He watched Eva with enthusiasm as she developed physically and watched her getting horny when Eva "discovered" masturbation. She masturbated every night, sometimes several times in a row.

She had turned 13, he had bought her a large dressing mirror, now she could look at herself naked and he could look at her too. She was slender, her breasts were beginning to bud and her skin was so pale that she could pass for a Greek or Italian. Leo went crazy when Eva sat on the chair in front of the mirror, spread the slit under the light fluff down with her fingers and looked at and dabbed at her clit. She had had her curly hair straightened by the hairdresser, now she had become a real European. Leo looked at her every day, he knew very soon when she was undressing and looking at herself in front of the mirror or masturbating in an armchair in front of the mirror. Nora had been right, Eva had "discovered" masturbation herself at the right time. Leo felt from day to day that he desired Eva, physically and sexually. He fucked Nora every day again, but with Eva in front of his eyes and not Nora's fat round ass.

After fucking, Leo lay next to Nora and smoked. "We need to talk," he said, meaning that he wanted to talk. "Nora, I'm hebephilic, I only found out recently. That means I like girls in puberty, on the threshold of becoming women. All the girls in the office that I told you about. They were all very, very young. No, they all wanted it them-

selves, I would never force one." Nora loved her Leo very much, he was always honest with her and never hid the fact that he fucked women in the office. Nevertheless, she was amazed at his realization that they were all very young. She asked him whether there weren't grown women among them, but he said no. The untouched, the innocent was what attracted him.

He was always near the girls that Eva brought into the house. His fingers had touched her breasts and her asses as if by chance, Leo said thoughtfully, her astonished looks and her shy avoidance were gold in his eyes. Nora said she had noticed this a few times, but nothing else. "No, you're not too old for me, you're my Nora," he contradicted, "I'm in love with you like I was at the beginning! You're the first and only one whose fat ass turns me on and who I love fucking from behind!" Nora breathed deeply, she didn't get compliments very often, but this came from the heart.

"That brings me straight to Eva," Leo continued. "I watch her all the time when she's naked or when she's masturbating, and she does it every day! I love her more than anything else, I desire her physically. Sexually. I'm dying to fuck her!" Nora backed away in shock. But he reminded her that she herself had done it with her father when she was 14. She lowered her head, that was true, but it was a completely different situation! Leo stuck to it, he wanted to fuck Eva. Nora's arguments were getting weaker and weaker. "Have you talked to her about it?" she asked and he said no. He wanted to talk to her first, to his wife, his confidante, to Eva's mother. They discussed it for a week, Nora gave in. Eva should decide for herself.

He got Eva out of the children's room, no, she didn't need to get dressed. Eva lay down in the middle, trembling slightly with nervousness. Nora put her warm hand on her stomach, she didn't need to get upset, Leo just wanted to ask her something. "I want to fuck you," Leo said simply, "I want to sleep with you!" Eva looked into Nora's face and then stared at Leo's stiff cock. "It's your decision," Nora said seriously. Leo hugged Eva. A thought twitched in her head. Her best girlfriend was the only one in the class who fucked her father, they had discussed it endlessly. "You are the hero in my dreams, Daddy,"

Eva whispered hoarsely. “If I wanted to give someone my virginity, you were always my candidate. Anything else would be a lie!”

Leo lay down on Eva, trembling with excitement. Nora grabbed his cock and pushed it into Eva’s vaginal vestibule. “Be nice to her,” she whispered and left her hand on Eva’s fluffy down and pussy, she wanted to experience it up close. Leo pierced Eva’s hymen with a jerk and penetrated deep into her small, tight vagina. Eva didn’t scream, she just let out a loud breath. Leo fucked Eva with obvious satisfaction, he felt Nora’s hand there. Eva kept her eyes closed, she felt the excitement rising in her pussy. Leo squirted everything in, he didn’t have to pay attention because Eva hadn’t had her period yet. Eva was very impressed by the fucking and loved it very much. “You have a big cock, Daddy!” she exclaimed enthusiastically on the first few days. “It’s a normal cock, my love,” Leo said modestly. “You’re pretty reserved, darling,” said Nora, who had already fucked some 100 other cocks in secret, “you don’t need to be so modest, it’s big and, above all, good and enduring!” How right she was!

Leo fucked Eva every night. Immediately afterwards he fucked Nora, who had become horny while watching. Eva sometimes filmed them fucking, Nora got on all fours, he spread her ass cheeks with both hands and penetrated her from behind. Eva only showed these videos to her best girlfriend. After he had fucked Nora too, he was completely exhausted. Sometimes Nora would skip the fucking if he had completely exhausted himself with Eva. Eva didn’t have an orgasm very often and only when Leo held back his squirting for a long time and fucked her hard and long. But it was a good arrangement for all three of them. Eva masturbated every night before going to sleep, like Nora, but rarely in the marital bed, only when Leo specifically asked her to do it. Nora watched it, although she felt strange about seeing her daughter masturbating so exposed. Eva seemed to really enjoy rubbing her clit just a hand’s breadth from his face. It was Eva’s idea to wrap her legs around Leo’s neck. Maybe she has a strong exhibitionist tendency, Nora thought. In any case, he couldn’t turn his face away and stared at the finger and the clit, transfixed. His eyes glittered when Eva’s orgasm broke out. He held Eva’s ass cheeks with both hands so he didn’t miss a second of it.

Eva had turned 17 and one day disappeared without a trace. Leo ran to the police, but was told that he could only report her missing after 72 hours. The lieutenant asked him to come to his office. 154 young girls had disappeared last year, 2 had fallen victim to a serial killer who had not yet been caught. A good 30 had reappeared with their families after days or weeks, having run away wildly and returned home repentant and broken. And almost 100 turned up in the prostitute districts, hardly any of them were able to return to their families, but at least they were alive. Leo was completely devastated when he heard the policeman's statistics. "Let's hope she's alive," said the police officer. Leo made his report after 72 hours. The police promised to look for Eva.

Nora sat in front of the phone all day. She was ready, no matter whether it was the police, a witness or kidnappers. She held back her tears, crying was of no use to anyone. Leo went to the pubs and bars from late afternoon, showed everyone Eva's photo and asked about her. For two months he went to the bars late into the night, until one day a barman knew something. She had been seen with the Albanians, three sinister brothers who rented out girls and spread fear and terror. It only took Leo a few days to track down the Albanians.

He had taken a vacation, took a different rental car every day and followed the three of them everywhere. He had his revolver in his pocket, a heavy Ruger revolver of .44 caliber, which he used in the shooting club because many of his customers were there. He had bought wadcutter ammunition, the flattened tips of which were only intended for killing. He watched as the brothers dropped the girls off at the hotels and picked them up again two hours later. This was how he saw Eva for the first time in months.

She was dressed and made up like a whore and walked very unsteadily on her feet, supported on either side by two Albanians. Was she drunk, on drugs or simply not used to walking in high heels? Day after day he watched as the criminals delivered her to the hotels and picked her up again. He played restlessly with the revolver, but he just couldn't find an opportunity. He thought feverishly about whether he should pretend to be a wealthy john. But then everything changed. The Albanians had delivered her to a hotel, but didn't bring

her out again until after midnight. As he later learned, the Albanians had learned that they were being persistently pursued by Eva's father.

The Albanians didn't drive to their usual base, they drove Eva to a dark, poorly lit shipping yard. Just the right place to eliminate someone. Leo crept up very close. They had tied Eva's hands with a cable tie, she was kneeling in front of them in the rain and one of them, the obvious leader, was letting her give him a blowjob. Leo clutched his revolver and cursed silently as his daughter had to give the criminal a blowjob. He saw his chance coming when she had finished with the first one. He fiddled with his pants and took care of his cock, the other two grinned dirtyly and fiddled with their pants and pulled out their cocks. They had no hands free. That was the moment.

Leo jumped out of his hiding place and immediately shot at the two of them, they fell over like sacks. His third shot missed. He jumped forward and the leader slipped and fell to his knees. Leo stood in front of Eva, who looked at him in disbelief. He shouted at the leader to put his hands up. But the idiot reached for the revolver in his waistband and pulled the revolver up. Leo shot him point blank in the face, in his eye, and his brains splattered across the asphalt. The leader died instantly. Leo knelt down next to Eva, but he had no knife to cut the cable tie. He called the emergency services.

Leo spent the following weeks in a daze. The media pounced on him, on the heroic father who had shot his daughter free. The police had confiscated the dashcam of his rental car, and the whole thing was shown in a grainy image. But you could see the criminal pull out the revolver and how Leo only then shot. Clearly self-defense.

Nora immediately took care of Eva. She had to get off heroin first, it was a tough procedure. She took Eva to a therapist who was supposed to heal the wounds in her childish soul. Eva was deeply humiliated, she had worked as a whore for the Albanians for months, that had stuck deep. Nora stood firmly by Eva's side, and that was good.

The other two Albanians had survived with a bullet in the chest and stomach. The trial began nine months later, when the brothers

were fit to stand trial again. The judge was an old, grumpy guy who showed no mercy. He played the dashcam recording a dozen times. The two had a long criminal record and they got 35 years. They would leave prison as old men. Leo got a long lecture from the judge. As a sports shooter, he had to know the law, and that weighed heavily. The judge sentenced him to 6 months probation. It could have been harder, Leo thought.

Eva's body quickly recovered from the heroin. Her mind recovered after many months of therapy.

But her soul kept the scars for life.

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# The Diamond Necklace

by Jack Faber © 2024

To better understand the events of the time around 1790, one should first get to know the characters in the story.

There is Cardinal Rohan, the Prince-Bishop of Strasbourg. Coming from one of the oldest noble families, he was rich, an ordained priest and did not believe in celibacy. He lived in luxury and was a dissolute womanizer. He stayed in Vienna as French ambassador for two years, until Empress Maria Theresa had him recalled out of contempt for his lifestyle. She was disgusted that he did not even stop at her children, the princesses. When he was caught with his hand under the skirt of her 13-year-old daughter Marie Antoinette, it was all over. The Empress had raised her children modestly and the princesses all knew how important the hymen was for their marriage. Not a single princess had been fucked by Rohan, not a single one. He could only touch or rub the clits of all the princesses to orgasm, the little ones squealed with pleasure!

Marie Antoinette had been engaged to the French heir to the throne since childhood. She was 13 and of course still had her hymen, the court doctor examined her regularly. However, he recorded in the protocol that she only had a ring-shaped hymen, which was in a circle at the entrance to the vagina. What the good man could not have known was the young princess's active love life. She had learned to rub the boys' cocks and make them squirt. The cocks of the bigger boys were too big for the fucking-playing, but the little boys only had very small ones that fit into her pussyhole without damaging the hymen. She had fucked hundreds of times and let the boys squirt inside her, the fucking tickled so pleasantly. Cardinal Rohan was one of the few who dared to reach under the princess's skirt and play with her clit. She always laughed at him because he was far too clumsy and couldn't make her orgasm. Only she could do that, at night.

Marie Antoinette had of course been spying when her two sisters were visiting from Italy. She listened very carefully as they told each other about their marital tragedies. Amalia had the Duke of Ferrara on her back, he loved to hunt and mount peasant girls, when he came home he was tired and exhausted and fucked absentmindedly. Augusta had a guy, the Prince of Naples, who spent the nights drinking in brothels and was also not a good fucker. Every morning, before sunrise, our good Rohan sneaked into the bedroom where the two were sleeping. They liked to be properly fucked by the strong-armed man of God. When one of them was racing towards climax, the other grabbed her clit and triggered the orgasm. In any case, after 9 months there was happy news from Ferrara and days later from Naples. Maria Theresia was very happy to have become a grandmother and only few people knew that the children were French bastards.

The French heir to the throne, Louis, was born with phimosis. The foreskin was completely fused together at the front and there was only a tiny hole for peeing. He sometimes let very familiar girls give him a handjob; the semen didn't squirt out, but she had to press it out through the little hole with her fingers and let it ooze out. It was always an embarrassing procedure that he didn't have done very often. He was very ashamed of the phimosis and never had sex. He only had the phimosis corrected after he had already been married for 7 years and had never had sex with his wife.

Jeanne de la Motte grew up in poverty, her mother died giving birth to the third girl. Even as a child, Jeanne slept naked with her father, he fingered her clit and masturbated. Many neighbors were keen to look after the widower and his three little girls. He rewarded them with a good fuck, he had no money. He fucked them all and Jeanne often witnessed the fucking. No, he didn't want to fuck her, she was still much too young, said her father. But she was later on allowed to rub his cock and make him squirt, which she was pretty good at after a while. Her father died when Jeanne was 8 and she went begging with her sisters.

A Marquise de Boulainvilliers took pity on the little beggars who came from the royal bloodline. The old Marquise was asexual; she

had married the Marquis for family reasons and masturbated only rarely and very secretly. She accepted the Marquis's womanizing behavior without understanding. Now she saw the three little girls who were surviving on a few sous. The little ones soon found out that they earned the most money by giving handjobs. The Marquise crossed herself when she witnessed the handjobs. Jeannes father's death certificate, which recorded her bloodline, was Jeanne's only possession and was also her motivation to get to the top. Unfortunately, the Marquise died when Jeanne was 12. The Marquis immediately took her into his bed and deflowered her. He fucked her for five years, deflowering her sisters one by one, and fucking the 13 and 12 year old girls in turn. Jeanne, as the eldest, tried to attract his attention and was mostly successful. But she detested the pig when he went after her little sisters despite everything. Then she held his cock so that it did not penetrate the little pussy too violently. She held the disgusting child molester's cock firmly and let it penetrate the child's pussy very slowly. He grinned cheekily and arrogantly, because that made Jeanne his accomplice. She did not stop him from squirting everything in, because the sisters did not have their periods any more than she did. At 17, Jeanne ran away with her sisters and hid in a monastery. Two years later, she fell in love with an officer and married de la Motte. She had twins just a month later, but they died days later. She knew that the Marquis was the child's father, he had tracked her down in her hiding place and fucked the pretty and reluctant girl day in and day out. He left her forever when she was heavily pregnant. The youngest sister had died of pneumonia within a few days, the other had fled to another convent when the Marquis showed up and fucked them both like mad. After all, he thought the two girls belonged to him, so he fucked them whenever he could.

One day she was introduced to Cardinal de Rohan, Jeanne intended to fleece him financially and became his mistress. Rohan was a good fucker and Jeanne not only seduced him into fucking, but also into some pretty dirty practices, which she was the only one of his lovers to perform. At Rohan's court she also met Count Cagliostro and recognized in him the same predator that she herself had become. Although Cagliostro, unlike Rohan, was not a good fucker, she seduced him again and again. She wasn't sure if the con man preferred to fuck boys or girls, that remained his secret. But he tried re-

ally hard to fuck Jeanne properly, he gave everything his mediocre cock could handle. She thought that knowing such a high-profile conman and money pocket cutter might be useful to her one day.

Cardinal Rohan was determined to become prime minister, but the royals had not forgotten that he had been chased out of Vienna years ago in disgrace by the queen's mother. Jeanne learned of Rohan's intentions, and now she wanted to meet the queen too and receive a royal pension because of her bloodline. After 7 years, Marie Antoinette was fed up with rubbing King Louis' cock and squeezing the semen out of the foreskin. Her brother, Emperor Joseph II, sent her his best doctor, Isaak Einsenstein. King Louis hesitated, but the chloroform worked quickly. Eisenstein circumcised the king's foreskin and removed it completely, so that the glans saw the light of day for the first time, and Joseph had him ejaculate while intoxicated by chloroform as a test. Joseph continued to masturbate the unconscious man and made him squirt in thick jets, which Joseph enjoyed very much. Then the doctor disappeared as quickly as he could. The king was taken by surprise, but after a few days he was able to properly fuck Marie Antoinette for the first time. They had four children in quick succession, and the king was proud and not dissatisfied. Marie Antoinette had had enough after four births and left the king to sleep alone. The king was understanding and kept a low profile when it came to his lovers.

Marie Antoinette let two people into her life, Jeanne, who became her favorite maid and chaperone. And Axel von Fersen, the Swedish diplomat, the first and only man the queen really desired with every fiber of her pussy and absolutely wanted to fuck. She had remained physically faithful to the king to this day, but that was now over. She let Axel come. Jeanne was mostly there when the well-built man fucked the queen and was really delighted when the queen came to orgasm, fucking the Swede was a mental and physical fulfillment for the queen, who only slowly awoke from the delirium of orgasming.

Jeanne quickly became the Queen's trusted, best friend. The queen told her how the king was freed from the curse of phimosis. Marie Antoinette's brother, Joseph, the future emperor, was visiting. He was very upset that she was still virgin after 7 years of marriage.

He even half-heartedly suggested deflowering and impregnating his own sister, but his sister waved him off. She rejected Joseph smiling, she compressed her labia tightly and let Joseph fuck her between her labia and ejaculate into her vaginal vestibule, which they had already done often as kids in Vienna. Marie Antoinette described to her brother how she masturbated King Louis and then squeezed the viscous semen out through the little hole in his foreskin. Joseph had brought along Doctor Eisenstein, who completely circumcised and removed the Frenchman's foreskin. Now Louis could fuck like normal, a whole series of ladies of the court, maids and chubby peasant girls made pilgrimages to him to be fucked.

Marie Antoinette had four births, but two children died very young. She agreed with the king to take it easy and that he should pull out his cock to ejaculate, as she did not want to be pregnant again. The king agreed, but he did not come for a long time. But he loved his wife very much and came after a while to her every day to fuck. Jeanne sat next to the queen's bed as ordered. She was very surprised when she saw the queen naked for the first time. She had a very small, almost girlish-looking pussy with a tiny pussy hole. That was astonishing, because she had given birth to four children. The queen trimmed her pubic hair with scissors, Jeanne already knew that, but seeing the childlike naked pussy in real life was exciting. The king's cock was average, Jeanne judged with a connoisseur's eye. Marie Antoinette caressed her husband's cock until it was rock hard, and now Jeanne recognized what was special about it. His glans swelled up like a balloon, at the tip the exaggeratedly large hole for squirting that was so typical of his family. Marie Antoinette inserted his cock very slowly into her tiny pussy hole, giving the cunthole time to adjust to the cock. When it was really all the way in, she lay down on the pillow and sighed, because she loved her Louis very much too. He fucked her slowly at first and then faster and faster until Jeanne had to intervene and pull the king's cock out. Jeanne masturbated the cock only briefly and let him squirt. He sometimes gave short orders as to where he wanted to squirt, on the queen's face or breasts. Marie Antoinette was still extremely aroused from the fucking, but she waited to masturbate until the king had left. She never had an orgasm with the king and never masturbated in his presence.

But after a few weeks the king had had enough and ordered Jeanne into his study, the place of his studies and sins of the flesh. Jeanne wordlessly dropped her dress and lay down naked on the chaise longue, spreading her thighs. “Very pretty, Countess, very pretty!” was one of the longest compliments he ever gave. He fucked Jeanne for weeks until he got tired of her. Jeanne had no opportunity to squeeze gold out of the king, she was just another cunthole for him to fuck and squirt inside. And the king fucked a lot of young girls and faithful wives and buxom peasant girls, but especially shy and timid wives who would never let anyone other than their husband fuck them and would give themselves crying up to the demand of the king, him without having the slightest affection or interest in the person. He really enjoyed fucking young wives who at first only cried because they wanted to be faithful to their husbands. Shy, ashamed and with tears in their eyes, they reluctantly gave in and obediently let the king fuck them. They sobbed crying in misery when the king squirted into their holy tabernacles, into which only their husbands were otherwise allowed to ejaculate inside. The king responded to the sobs with a satisfied grin. He knew most of the ladies of the court by name, the chubby peasant girls whom he preferred so much he didn’t even know by their first names. Why should he? He was the king, damnit, and all the pussyholes in his kingdom actually belonged to him. It was as simple as that.

Jeanne, the chaperone, sat motionless in the background when Axel von Fersen came to see the queen. It was actually very exciting to watch the two of them fucking in her armchair. Axel had a fairly large and enduring cock, which he pushed very carefully and considerately into the queen’s little pussyhole until it was all the way in. It certainly had something to do with Marie Antoinette’s infatuation that she had an orgasm every time. Only then did he let go and fucked her fast and wildly, then he straightened up and squirted inside. Jeanne was surprised that the queen didn’t get pregnant, because she always let the Swede squirt everything inside her cunt. He traveled a lot and was often in Paris only for a few days. It took several weeks until the queen stopped letting herself be fucked in the armchair under her wide skirt and retreated to the bedroom with Axel to fuck nakedly. Jeanne locked the bedroom door and now watched the fucking from the next room, through the spy hole.

Jeanne was rarely present at first, when the queen masturbated during her lunch break, Marie Antoinette preferred to be alone. But Jeanne was undeterred and stayed with the queen, caressing the queen's inner thighs and after a while lying naked next to the queen. Marie Antoinette had no lesbian tendencies at all and never touched Jeanne, but she let herself be served passively. Jeanne had learned a lot of lesbian things in the monastery 10 years ago. She licked Marie Antoinette's clit, whose head was hidden like a small pea above her inner labia, until it became stiff and hard and protruded a few millimeters. Now Marie Antoinette was ready, horny and defenseless. Jeanne had a much larger clit than the queen, she lay on top of her and fucked her and her clit with her clit until the queen arched up in orgasm and collapsed again. Marie Antoinette regularly let Jeanne fuck her when Axel was not in Paris.

Jeanne used her power skillfully. She made Cardinal Rohan pay her in gold if she let him look through the spyhole into the queen's bedroom. Jeanne knew that Rohan would never come closer to the queen, not a step. She never let Rohan near the spyhole when Marie Antoinette was alone and masturbating after lunch. It was a kind of sisterly impulse to protect the privacy of the queen and friend from the depraved voyeur. Jeanne let Rohan fuck her right there and then, because he had become very horny watching the Queen and Axel fuck. Jeanne let Rohan fuck her as well as her devoted, submissive husband, the secretary and the man for the rough stuff. On the one hand, she loved fucking, but on the other hand, it meant nothing to her. That was something these four men would never understand.

Jeanne spun her web carefully. She stole the Queen's stationery and memorized her handwriting and signature. She even managed to steal some discarded drafts of letters so that the secretary could practice forging the Queen's handwriting and signature. She stole as many love letters from Axel von Fersen as she could get her hands on. Just in case, she might have to use it one day.

Jeanne's favorite sex was with Cardinal Rohan. Not only did he have a cock like a stallion, he fucked her very well. He was the only one who could make her orgasm often. The secretary Rétaux de la Villette, like the man for the rough, only fucked briefly and brutally.

They just wanted to squirt, that was all. Her husband, who had named himself Count de la Motte, had only a small, boyish cock. She felt emotionally attracted to him because he was the companion of all her swindles and frauds. But he fucked her devotly, almost submissively, because other women simply wouldn't let themselves be fucked by such a small cock. But Jeanne let him fuck her, he reminded her of all the little boy cocks she had rubbed in her youth or later fucked with. La Motte was grateful to her for that and did everything she asked of him. Everything.

Cardinal Rohan fell more and more under the charm and sexuality of Jeanne. He fell more and more under the queen, who fucked Axel von Fersen when he was in Paris. He stuck to the spy hole and fucked Jeanne, he became a desperate voyeur and became addicted to Jeanne's willing pussy. But he had no idea that Jeanne had been planning her big coup for over a year. By the time she had finished planning, the Cardinal de Rohan was lost, he was the useful, rich idiot that Jeanne needed.

For months she persuaded the enamored cardinal and good fucker that she was always talking about him with her friend, the queen. She told the cardinal his own stories, which he had told her himself. The queen, Jeanne ranted, often spoke of him with shining eyes, how he had reached under her skirt in her youth and stimulated the young girl's clit. The cardinal, in his love madness, listened spellbound, his memories becoming more and more glorified. How the queen still thought about it today! Jeanne pondered and thought that the clit game could have left a lasting impression on a 13-year-old girl. After months the cardinal was wrapped up, he was now convinced that the queen thought about his clit-game every day. Now Jeanne made the second move.

She offered Cardinal Rohan the secret transport of letters between him and the queen. Of course, she made the suggestion neither crudely nor directly, she let the cardinal come up with it himself. And she literally fucked the love-crazed cardinal's brains out. She talked as often and as flowerily as possible about the ambassador's clit-game until he was bursting with lust. She questioned Rohan very cleverly, because in his two years in Vienna he had fucked a whole lot

of noble women and girls. And he had played with the clits of all the princesses, the queen's sisters. Only the two eldest let themselves be fucked, because they were already unhappily married. Empress Maria Theresa would have been shocked to death if she had known about it. But the princesses kept quiet, they didn't want a scandal that would destroy them too. The cardinal laughed, the two had had to marry real wimps and were happy to be fucked well and hard by him. Jeanne memorized all this.

More months passed before the queen replied to Rohan's love letters. Jeanne dictated the letters to secretary de la Villette's herself. She made sure that the queen's answers were brief and reserved. Just enough to keep the cardinal on board and yet as unemotional as the queen actually was known. The more brief and reserved the answer, the more convinced the cardinal was. De la Villette implored the cardinal to burn the letter, but he kept the letters and only had them burned when he was arrested. At least the queen let it be known that she forgave the cardinal for his misdeeds in Vienna and then also that she took note of the idea that he wanted to be prime minister. Benevolently.

Jeanne knew, like everyone else in Versailles, that the former king had had a beautiful piece of jewelry made for his lover, Madame du Barry, by two jewelers in Paris. But the king died and du Barry disappeared with him. The jewelers presented the diamond necklace to the new king, who declined. For the price of 1.8 million livres, you could build two warships, the king grumbled. Marie Antoinette also thought it was far too expensive. She had received a diamond ring or diamond earrings when her children were born, but she would never hang two warships around her neck, she said, laughing. The jewelers turned to kings and queens, but no buyer was found. Jeanne was no longer satisfied with all the gold that Rohan was throwing at her. She wanted nothing less than the diamond necklace.

She cast her net cleverly. The Queen mentioned in passing that she could get the position of Prime Minister for a gift. The correspondence dragged on for a long time, and the Queen often took weeks to reply. Jeanne fucked the Cardinal every day, not because of her orgasms, but to observe him. After months, the breakthrough came.

The Queen was interested in the du Barry diamond necklace, but 1.8 million livres was too much, perhaps the dear Cardinal could negotiate a price? Of course he could, he pestered the jewelers until he had negotiated it down to 1.6 million livres. The Queen was delighted, she suggested four half-yearly payments of 400,000 livres, which she could just about manage.

Jeanne was very careful about what she discussed with Rohan. The ox had to go through the barn door, and he was nowhere near ready. Jeanne fucked Rohan like a wild woman, she had to make her moves. Rohan was flattered by how wild Jeanne was about fucking, what proof of his masculinity, his loin strength! He mounted the pretty young woman whenever he got the chance. He watched the queen fuck and smiled arrogantly when King Louis fucked his Marie Antoinette again for once. The king only had a very small cock, which looked downright ridiculous next to Axel von Fersen's Swedish cock. Marie Antoinette's face only betrayed her fulfillment of duty, she obediently let the king fuck her and feigned excitement to her husband. Cardinal Rohan had to laugh inwardly, because how different, how passionate and how excited the Queen was when she was being fucked by the Swede!

Jeanne worked Rohan over successfully, and in parallel to her good fucking she let her friend, the Queen, know that she was worried about whether she would be able to pay the 30,000 livres down payment that was required. She cleverly had Rohan cancel two appointments because the Queen was completely strapped for cash at the moment. She had to get the money past the watchful court officials, and that failed twice. Aha! Jeanne gave Rohan the idea of putting up the 30,000 himself. Yes, that was a good idea, said Jeanne after thinking about it for a long time. Cancelling another appointment would be a first-class disgrace.

So the ox went through the barn door. The jewelers brought the magnificent necklace and received the 30,000 livres. Jeanne's husband, dressed in the queen's livery, was waiting outside the door. Jeanne handed the necklace over to the supposed court official, who disappeared without a sound. That evening, Jeanne and her husband took the necklace apart and broke out the diamonds with brute force.

Count de la Motte went to various jewelers and diamond dealers in Paris, but no one wanted to buy the stones. Jeanne immediately decided that her husband had to go to the Stevens in London and sell the diamonds there.

The Stevens knew her from small joint deals on the fringes of legality. At that time, Jeanne had set her husband on Stevens, a very shy and faithful wife, and had him fuck the shy and intimidated girl hard and brutally, which bound her and her husband to her. The Stevens girl was completely frightened at first because she had never masturbated and never fucked anyone other than her Stevens and feared the worst. But her drunken husband pushed her under De la Motte himself and encouraged her with a dirty laugh to let the French stallion mount her. She prayed humbly and obediently as de la Motte mounted her and fucked her thoroughly. She had never been fucked so brutally before, but she really enjoyed the orgasms. Now De la Motte was back, she lowered her eyes demurely and, at her husband's insistence, let the French nobleman fuck her really hard and then her husband did the same. Madame Stevens was addicted to being fucked by the French nobleman and constantly urged him to mount her, which he did more or less willingly. De la Motte not only fucked the enamored Stevens girl, he actually sold a lot, lived in luxury in London and did what his wife denied him in Paris. He fucked everybody who would let him fuck. Young and old, nobles, commoners and serfs. He ejaculated more than ever before in his life.

Jeanne fucked de la Villette and the brute one for days and gave them money at the end. The brute disappeared and never returned, and de la Villette rented a room in Geneva, Switzerland. He had nothing else to do at the moment but spend Jeanne's money sparingly. He was from Geneva, had a few gold coins in his pocket and could now fuck all of his childhood sweethearts who had previously ignored him, the poor wretch. Now the beloved girls had become mature women and were disappointed with married sex life. They happily and willingly gave themselves over to the con man from Paris, he fucked a different one every day and enjoyed his power over his exes. Fucking the women he had adored then was more satisfying than ever!

Jeanne made the only mistake in her plan. She wanted to get a little more gold from the cardinal and fuck him a few more times, because he was pretty good at fucking!

The jewelers called in Versailles to collect the first installment. The queen called the king, who called the minister of police. He knew full well that Cardinal Rohan had bought the necklace for the queen, all of Versailles knew about it. The king was furious and had the cardinal arrested in front of the church. Then Cagliostro and hours later Jeanne. The game was over, but not in the way Jeanne had planned. All three were sent to the Bastille.

Rohan's gold opened the doors of the Bastille. Jeanne was able to slip into the cell where Rohan and Cagliostro were languishing every day. For months she fucked both men one after the other and was able to discuss the charges with them. In the end, however, both men were able to explain themselves and talk their way out of it, saying they had nothing to do with the brazen robbery. The agents of the French police were able to track down Jeanne's husband in London and gave a detailed report on the promiscuous and wasteful thief. The greatest coup, however, was that de la Villette was arrested in Geneva and brought to Paris. He talked like a waterfall and revealed Jeanne's plan.

The release of the stupid but popular Rohan was celebrated like a public festival, Cagliostro quietly left through the back door. Jeanne, pushed into a corner, now placed a heavy burden on the queen. No one believed her when she said the queen had stolen the necklace. But her love life, dragged into the light of day by Jeanne, dominated the press and gossip like hardly anything else. No one believed her chaste life, Axel von Fersen topped the endless list of her lovers, ministers and officials, servants and stable boys populated the queen's bed of lasciviousness. Nothing damaged the reputation of the royal family more than the queen's debauchery. The revolution came inevitably, the king and queen lost their heads on the guillotine, the Ancien Regime was dead.

Jeanne and her husband were the only ones who were convicted. Her husband was safe from persecution in London, which made it all

the harder for Jeanne. She was sentenced to be whipped with a broom, a V was to be burned into her shoulder as a sign that she was a “voleuse”, a thief, and then locked up for life in Salpetriere prison. She was whipped, but when they tried to brand her with a branding iron, she fought like a tiger. She tore off her clothes and fought naked against 6 men. The branding iron slipped and the V was burned into one of her breasts. She fainted and the men raped her on the spot in front of the gawking people, all 6 of them fucked her in public, and then she was locked up.

The magical hands of Cagliostro and the gold of Rohan helped her escape to England. Her husband was not very happy to have her back, but she wrote three books in London to expose her innocence and the Queen’s wild sexlife. She described how the queen dragged her, the poor innocent one, into her lesbian whore life and tried to make her an accomplice. She did not spare any saucy details regarding Marie Antoinette’s lesbian sex activities. Although of no legal value, her pamphlets sold like hotcakes in France, something that even the King could not prevent in the pre-revolutionary world, even when he had all the printed copies bought up. A single copy was enough to print a new edition. But Jeanne did not benefit much from her literary success; plagued by madness and paranoia, she threw herself out of a window and died at the age of 35 penniless in London.

The Revolution broke out, King Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette were imprisoned and beheaded on the guillotine. Her daughter Marie Charlotte, only 14 years old, was sent to one of Marie Antoinette’s maids, Madame Elisabeth, the king’s sister and was then placed in the care of a tutor, Lord Frank Butterill from London. The son Louis was taken into the care of a shoemaker to be raised as a good citizen. The depraved boy, only 11 years old, fucked the shoemaker’s wife up to five times a day. But the shoemaker and his wife, who had tolerated and experienced the boy’s wild fucking, were sent to the guillotine and Louis was sent back to the Bastille, where he died of pneumonia that same month.

Frank taught Charlotte conscientiously and did not let himself be thrown off track when Charlotte’s hand disappeared under her skirt.

He only looked up when she sank back and quickly masturbated to an orgasm. The princess was an obsessed masturbator, completely addicted to constant orgasms. She learned well, however, and after half an hour at the latest her hand disappeared under her skirt again to masturbate. Frank asked her if she didn't want to fuck properly? "You mean like a grown woman? Would you want to make me a woman?" she whispered in surprise. Frank deflowered the princess and fucked her every day for two years until he lost his job and the princess was allowed to go to Austria. Madame Elisabeth was neither blind nor stupid, but she preferred an English Lord rather than a stinking revolutionary fucking her princess day in, day out.

As time went on, Marie Charlotte revealed everything about Marie Antoinette's last days. Prince Louis was used to lying on his back in his mother's lap and holding his cock in his hand. Marie Charlotte was already 14, but she had never seen a cock before. She was surprised at how big her brother's cock was, the foreskin stretched over the swollen glans, which had a large hole in the front from which he squirted his semen in thick jets. Marie Charlotte leaned forward and grabbed the cock and examined it. Marie Antoinette explained everything about the cock to her. The Queen stroked his head and placed her warm hand on his cock. "Don't masturbate so much, my love!" she would say. He nodded obediently, but when his mother took her hand away, he pulled back the foreskin so often that his cock became stiff, then he began to masturbate his surprisingly large cock. Marie Antoinette good-naturedly caressed the prince's balls and cock with a filthy grin, when he masturbated, and when he came to squirt, she energetically took over her son's cock and made him squirt from the big hole in his glans. She warned her son not to masturbate so often, it was bad for his health. But she did not stop him and made him squirt laughing, while looking into her daughter's astonished eyes with a haughty smile. She had rubbed her husband for 7 years without ever fucking him and she knew very well how strong the power of the person was, whose fist rubbed him.

This went on for a few weeks, then the guards came into the cell and raped the queen. Marie Antoinette resisted firmly, but they ripped off her dress and raped her, one after the other. Marie Antoinette laid her face in Marie Charlotte's lap and cried for hours. But

the next day, when the wild guys came again, the queen undressed herself so that they would not tear her dress. She laid her head in Marie Charlotte's lap and whispered that she should not be afraid, it would soon be over. The daughter caressed the face and hair of the queen on her lap who was being fucked by the rough guys. The wild guys had to fuck Marie Antoinette for a long time to bring her to the first orgasm, but then orgasm after orgasm followed and Marie Charlotte had to hold her and caress her because the queen was orgasming wildly.

The men left and the queen lay heavily in the princess's lap. "It's just a physical reaction, the orgasms," she said to the worried princess, "or do you think I love one of those pigs!?" The princess didn't understand a word. "It's just my body that reacts to fucking, my love!" Louis masturbated in front of the queen's pussy and squirted upon it. "I've fucked Mademoiselle Neville many times," the boy commented and Marie Charlotte scolded him loudly. The next day the guys came again, the queen let herself be fucked without resistance and when they left again and the queen lay completely exhausted in the princess's lap, Louis approached the queen's pussyhole with his stiff cock. The princess saw her brother slowly rubbing his cock and the hole in his glans widening greedily. She screamed at him that he wasn't allowed to do it, but he didn't listen, his cock approached, parted her labia and now Louis mounted the queen and fucked her. The princess shouted at him, but Marie Antoinette, completely exhausted, waved off, "Let the dirty little bastard do, my love!" and so it happened that every time Louis fucked the queen after the rough guys. Every day, Marie Charlotte saw her brother stick his thick cock into Marie Antoinette's really small and tight pussyhole and fuck her. She was usually far too tired, but again and again she arched up in orgasm and clung to the little sex offender who squirted inside like an idiot. She kept telling her daughter that it didn't matter to her if he was another bastard more, because she despised her son very much during those moments. The princess also despised Louis, because after he had squirted, he left his cock inside the queen and waited a moment, then he fucked Marie Antoinette a second and sometimes a third time. Marie Antoinette clung intimately to her fucking boy, whose cock filled her little pussyhole so wonderfully and aroused her very much. Obviously the thought of in-

cest excited her to the extreme, she whispered “Yes, fuck me well, my boy!” and her finger went secretly onto her clit. She usually orgasmed during the second fuck. Marie Charlotte, who held her mother’s head and face in her lap, felt her orgasm, as strong as if she were orgasming herself. The boy continued to fuck her until he reared up and squirted into her again. If he still hadn’t had enough, he continued to fuck her for the third time, triggering small, gentle orgasms that the queen only noticed tiredly as she was completely exhausted and drained. At the end he caressed her pussy very sadly and said, “I’m sorry, Mom, I just have a very strong urge, sorry!” Marie Antoinette sank deep into the princess’s lap and breathed gently, “Okay, Louis, I get it, it’s allright.” Marie Charlotte wasn’t sure whether she should hate Louis or admire his audacity. The completely depraved and libidinous Louis fucked Marie Antoinette two or three times a day in her last months and she wasn’t even angry with him but lovingly embraced him, and her daughter was very confused because she didn’t understand. Why did the mother let it happen without giving the lustful bastard an angry lecture!?

Marie Charlotte, who kept her hand under her skirt all day long because she couldn’t do anything else in the dungeon, was always amazed at how the mother reacted to her son’s urges. She stayed seated and lifted up her skirt. She spread her legs and let Louis stand between them, she offered him her bare cunt. “Come, my dear, come and squirt!” and she didn’t have to ask him twice. He leaned his head on his mother’s breasts and fucked while standing between her legs. Louis was always very sad after squirting inside, but she pressed his head against her breasts and kissed him on the top of his head. “You have a strong urge, my boy, you got that from your grandmother!” She pulled his cock out and rubbed out the last drops of semen with a firm grip of her fist. Marie Charlotte took her hand out of her skirt and hugged her mother and brother at the same time. She didn’t understand why she let him squirt inside several times a day? Marie Antoinette always said, “Because I love him as much as I love you, dear Charlotte!”

Marie Antoinette pulled Louis onto her lap and took off his pants completely. He lay in her arms like a baby and said tiredly and tearfully, “I love you very much, Mommy, and I just have to fuck!” She

stroked his head, “It’s okay, my Louis, don’t be sad about it!” He nodded obediently and fell asleep in her arms. She stroked his soft cock very gently and tenderly, without making it hard. “Listen, Charlotte, the fact that the dungeon masters rape me is simply disgusting. But the fact that my son fucks me because he has too strong an urge fills me with joy. He loves me with all his heart, like he loves no one else. It makes me very happy that someone still loves me and fucks me with love. Don’t look so horrified, I know very well that he is my son. When you grow up, let anyone who loves you fuck you! I mean that quite seriously, because I was not allowed to live by that advice, for me there was only Daddy and Axel, only those two. You are growing up in a new time, so remember my advice. Even if you are sold off to a wretch, only listen to your heart, fuck and love!”

Marie Antoinette’s hand played very gently and tenderly with the sleeping child’s cock. She paused as the semen oozed out of the soft cock, then after a while she continued to caress the soft cock. “Tell me, Charlotte, my love, do you always masturbate so much?” Charlotte lowered her gaze. “Yes, Mom!” she answered quietly, stubbornly ignoring her mother’s use of Madame. “And since when have you been doing it?” she asked, and Charlotte was once again embarrassed to answer. “I had my first orgasm when I was about 8. I immediately showed Mademoiselle de Taberney and she was not at all pleased. But she took my finger and showed me how to do it properly. She also made it clear to me that it was very private, that I was not even allowed to do it in her presence, and I stuck to that. Only — there is no privacy in this cramped cell!” Marie Antoinette was still stroking the cock, light and tender as a feather. It wasn’t long before the semen started seeping and oozing out of the cock, which was now a little bit stiffer. After a while the mother continued caressing his cock and continued talking. “When you are both asleep and I am consumed with longing for Axel to fuck me, I do it too,” she said, “and one orgasm is enough for me, but you make yourself two dozen orgasms or more, every day.” Marie Charlotte hesitated. “It’s not just the situation, Mom,” she said thoughtfully, “I’ve needed it so often for years, it’s like I’m addicted.” Her mother nodded smiling, and changed the subject. — Master Frank interrupted Charlotte. “I know you’re addicted to orgasms, masturbating and orgasming, but it’s not a bad or threatening addiction, it won’t harm you or your body!” —

Marie Antoinette continued to caress the cock of the child sleeping in her arms and Charlotte smiled as the cock continued to stand up. “The ambassador told me that the Emperor was heavily negotiating with the revolutionaries,” Marie Antoinette said to Charlotte, who watched the cock stroking in fascination. “The rebels must eliminate the monarchy, there is no doubt about that. They will put Papa, the King, on trial, but the verdict has long been decided. He will be murdered, beheaded on the guillotine.” The mother continued to stroke the cock thoughtfully. “The same fate awaits me, the verdicts have long been decided!” She looked absentmindedly at the cock, from which the semen was oozing again. “Apparently the rebels promised the Emperor that they would let you and Louis travel to Vienna.” In a fit of emotion, she rubbed the cock very hard and Louis woke up smiling and actually squirting. Marie Antoinette woke from her absentmindedness. “I hope these barbarians keep their word!” she cried, completely agitated. She was really angry and squeezed the last drops of semen out of his cock with her fingers, then she let Louis go.

Sometimes, when she had let Louis fuck her, Marie Antoinette would throw herself on the bed in despair and cry for a long time. Then Charlotte would take Louis on her lap like her mother had done. He would push up her blouse and take Charlotte’s little breast in his mouth like a baby, licking and sucking on her nipples tickled so fine! She would wait until he fell asleep and caressed his cock like her mother had done. She would let his semen flow out slowly and then continue after a while. It was the first time for Charlotte to let a boys semen flow out, but Louis was asleep, smiling happily. When he woke up, she masturbated him violently because the little rascal was sucking hard on her teats.

Marie Charlotte found it very difficult to talk to Master Frank about what followed. Mademoiselle de Neville had completely corrupted and depraved the young prince, Neville had masturbated him a thousand times and let the young boy fuck her a thousand times. Louis was so lustful that he did not even stop at her, his sister. She secretly rubbed her clit and masturbated under her skirt, he sometimes approached her with his stiff cock and lifted up her skirt. She always had the presence of mind to form a tunnel in front of her pussy with both fists, in which tunnel the boy could fuck without en-

dangering her hymen. She let go when he ejaculated into her vaginal vestibule. The orgasm that followed was always powerful, as she rubbed the semen on her clit. But it happened not very often.

Marie Antoinette smiled as she talked to her daughter about it. “That is the only thing that still gives me joy in this deadly bitter situation, that you both have inherited your grandmother’s sexual lust.” She often spoke very openly about the love life of her mother, the empress. Maria Theresia was only recently married and complained of her suffering to the court’s doctor. He suspected dyspareunia, the fear of mating, which prevented her from having orgasms when she was having sex. She ordered him to fuck her and make sure his opinion. He fucked much better than her husband, but no matter how often the brave doctor fucked her, she still couldn’t reach orgasm. The young empress’ pussy was burning brightly after each fucking because the doctor fucked her every time as if she were an ordinary peasant whore. Afterwards she experienced the first orgasms of her life thanks to the doctor’s skillful fingers. The doctor showed the empress, who had been brought up in complete chastity, how to masturbate and recommended that she masturbate before, during or after fucking to relax her sexual excitement. At this time, Maria Theresa decided to let herself be fucked by a discreet confidant in addition to her husband, much to the chagrin of her husband, Franz Stephan. But he was a weak, submissive character and submitted to her decision. They both knew, that he wasn’t a great fucker. Marie Antoinette reported how much her father was upset when a rival fucked his wife. Until she was very old, she let Franz Stephan and then one of her confidants fuck her in the morning before breakfast while she masturbated. She masturbated until she was sexually relaxed. The fact that the children were playing and romping around her did not bother her, she did not hide her sexuality from her children. So she, Marie Antoinette, also learned to masturbate and watched them fuck a thousand times. Franz Stephan crawled onto her fat, bulky and usually pregnant belly and fucked her quickly and furiously, because after him her confidant climbed onto the empress’ bulky and unwieldy body to fuck her with great pleasure and delight while she masturbated nonstop. The Empress’s big, fat asscheeks began to shake and twitch long before she orgasmed. Her husband was only

allowed to fuck her alone when the empress wanted to have a child, and she would not let anyone else fuck her in this time.

Master Frank, who had not known the Empress, who had died over 10 years ago, and knew very little about her, asked Marie Charlotte whether it was not clear to the Empress that her own behavior was in stark contrast to her sexual moral laws, prescriptions and to her 'chastity inspectors'? "But no," said Marie Charlotte, "she was only following Doctor Van Swieten's medical advice! She let herself be heavily fucked every morning to ignite the flames in her pussy and she masturbated to relax herself sexually. She only forbade her people from whoring, she would never have considered or described her own behavior as whoring!" Frank shook his head, because the image of the great ruler was becoming deeply cracked in his eyes.

The princess was very upset when she told Master Frank, Madame Elisabeth had found out everything that Louis was doing at the shoemaker's. The shoemaker's were incredibly impressed by his rank and put up with the little prince's assaults. The shoemaker's wife lowered her eyes in shame when the boy lifted her skirt for the first time. "I am a faithful and chaste wife!" she cried desperately to the boy. She was very young and had never fucked anyone other than her husband, she cast a desperate look at her husband when the boy pulled out his stiff cock. "You must let him do, he is the prince and heir to the throne!" murmured the shoemaker and nodded in confirmation. She held her skirt tight and grabbed the boy's cock. She buckled before the supposed authority, "in God's name!" she said quietly and shivering inserted the royal cock into her cunthole. He fucked her with pleasure and enthusiasm, but when he squirted inside, she let out a dismissive sound. She did not want to be impregnated by the completely depraved boy! But she obeyed her husband, the royalty and God, who demanded all this of her. She sighed in shame and submission when the prince mounted her and fucked her libidinously, again and again. The naughty prince showed her how to masturbate while fucking. She had the first and only orgasms of her life. She felt a little daring and frivolous when she masturbated while fucking and smiled blissfully with lust at her sad husband. For the young prince they were serfs, it was his right to fuck the woman in front of her husband. She surrendered to her fate with being fucked

by the lustful, libidinous prince over and over again for two months. Two months later the boy was dead like the shoemaker's.

The maids, who brought fresh clothes every week, brought a black dress, dressed the queen and did her hair nicely. They wept as the queen said goodbye to her daughter and walked out, head held high, truly royally, into the great courtyard where the guillotine stood. Axel was nowhere, he was detained in Denmark because he was not allowed to become entangled in the maelstrom of the French Revolution. She walked up the steps, looked contemptuously at the onlookers and prayed quietly. Then she bowed her neck.

The Ancien Regime ended at that very moment.

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# Fucking with Scheng's Ghost

by Jack Faber © 2024

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But why hadn't we died?

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

But why are we three still alive?

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

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

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

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

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

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# A true quirk

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Devil's Brat

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# On Vacation

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lina was my daughter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# A widower's Life

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Children's Games

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But that’s another story.

# The Music Producer

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# The Godly Woman

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Writing inhibition

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We had a deal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Three weeks later we moved to the new house.

# An Angel's Child

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# The Maid

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# The Widow Plunkett

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They all left bright-eyed the next morning.

# Shipwrecked

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# The Healer of Lasalle

by Jack Faber © 2024

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She couldn’t accept it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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# The Dragon Man

by Jack Faber © 2024

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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# Trixi

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do we perhaps have a second chance?

# Anni

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Karl

by Jack Faber © 2023

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

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

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

My boys hooted crossly when I brought Trixi with me. "Strip her! Undress her!" they chanted and again I gave in. Trixi was a bit shy at first, but she went along with it for my sake. I slowly undressed her and let the boys feast their eyes on her nakedness. I had her sit backwards on my lap, spread her legs and labia and the lads hooted in pleasure.

Trixi was indeed pretty as a picture, her shoulder-length hair framing her smart face in which her green eyes contrasted beautifully with her black hair, the heritage of a Scottish great-great-grand-

mother. She was rather slim and her hips were just beginning to round out womanly, her breasts were still small but firm and round with long nipples. But her jewels were a hit! She had a sparsely covered mound of venus with full labia, between them a not oversized clit that now stuck out stiff and red, just a bit. The boys jeered as I gently stroked Trixi's clit.

Trixi stiffened instantly as they chanted, "Do her! Do her!" I kissed her on one ear and stroked her clit more. She shook her head in disapproval and hid her face against my neck as I began to masturbate her. I'm not going to make excuses about the alcohol now — I did it, I was very practiced and brought Trixi to orgasm after a few minutes. She gasped and crossed her legs. We hugged and kissed, which got us both very horny. I unzipped my pants and released him. Trixi let out a little scream as he entered her. She held onto me and cried against my ear, "But not in front of everyone!" I was already inside her, there was no turning back. "You're turning your back on them after all, they can't see much of you!" Even I noticed how thin that was. But I had to fuck now, instantly!

Despite her tears, I fucked her. The boys jeered loudly as I spread Trixis' ass cheeks wide apart with both hands as I squirted inside. They jeeringly chanted, "Squirt inside! Squirt inside!" and moved closer to see the squirting in detail. Then we sat quietly in our arms. "I love you, my Trixi," I breathed in her ear, "we didn't just put on a good show, we loved each other dearly!" Those were the phrases my sweetheart loved so much. It took her quite a while to turn back around and look them in the eye. We drank on and on and then I shooed the guys off the couch and onto the floor. I laid my drunk Trixi on the couch, pulled down my pants and fucked her despite her lame protests. She soon fell silent, masturbated quickly during the fucking and surely came to orgasm. The fellows were horny as monkey shit, but I resolutely shook my head. I was drunk too, but she was MY Trixi and I wasn't sharing her with them, not yet.

Trixi now always came enthusiastically to the gentlemen's evening. She soon didn't mind getting naked and everyone else got naked too. Alcohol and nudity, a great mixture! We fucked more and more unselfconsciously in front of the lads who were masturbating.

They squirted on Trixis' body while we both fucked or after we fucked. She was loosened up and giving handjobs to some of them. She sat sometimes on this lap, sometimes on that lap, cooing in drunken laughter and letting my musketeers paw, grope and touch her jewels. My buddies practiced in masturbating Trixis' clit, she laughed and laughed and only got serious if someone did it right. That's when she stopped laughing and concentrated on aiding the orgasm come. — Alcohol and nudity, a really swell mix!

That's about how our gentlemen's evenings went, proficient boozing, fucking and handjobs! Soon Trixi felt comfortable at the nude evenings, she had attention and caressing in abundance. The boys had to watch when Trixi and I fucked two or three times a night. They wanted to fuck her too, goddammit, they wanted to fuck her too! For days we whispered to each other that the boys wanted to fuck her too. Trixi flatly refused. She was not a company whore! I agreed with her, possibly only with Johnny or Ben, my very best friends? She was stunned, hey, wasn't I listening to her!? I nodded, Johnny had promised to use a condom, and I will require that of everyone! Trixi was alarmed. Johnny may fuck me? I nodded, "Johnny is like a brother to me, we have both fucked a girl many times, one after the other of course, don't you understand?" Trixi was moodily silent.

The next naked night we fucked as usual, I let Trixi finish her masturbating and when she orgasmed Johnny penetrated immediately. Trixi howled and looked to me, I looked drunkenly into her drunken eyes and mumbled that was okay, he has a condom! Tears ran down Trixi's cheeks, but she let Johnny fuck her. He was out of shape and squirting way too early, Trixi was still miles away from her orgasm. Benjamin, however, was already standing by, he too had put on a condom. Trixi looked back at me, again I nodded in agreement, Ben was also fine. Trixi came to orgasm this time, long before Ben squirted, because she masturbated in a hurry while fucking.

Then Hannes, Erik, Michael and Karl the Little One followed. Trixi got an orgasm with each of them, because she masturbated while fucking nonstop and gasped for air when it was my turn again. I was already quite drunk and praised her, she did her thing really

well. She smiled faintly and continued masturbating as she always did when we fucked the second or third time. After me the other 6 had their turn again, I checked with the persistence of the drunk that they all had put on a condom. Trixi had stopped crying long ago, but concentrated on masturbating herself, because when fucking with my 6 musketeers, she hardly got an orgasm. Everyone was exhausted, I accompanied Trixi home. I had to support her, she had knees soft like butter and was completely exhausted. After the goodnight kiss in front of her front door she mumbled I was an asshole, but the next morning we got along again.

So the gentlemen's evenings had become first nude evenings and finally fuck evenings. I remained adamant about the condom, without exception. Trixi smilingly let herself be fucked by my boys, some fucked her three times in one evening. She came home with soft knees, completely exhausted and dead tired, but she had had a dozen orgasms and it was a devilish fun for her. We made love as before and fucked every day, and two or three times a week there was a fuck night. I was amazed at the change that was going on with Trixi. Every afternoon one or more of my friends would visit her at home and she would let them fuck her (with a condom). She made no secret of it and only did it when I didn't have time to fuck her.

We had been together for a good two years and it was my senior year, when she said she was pregnant. I was the father, that was undeniable, because I was the only one who fucked her without a condom. Her contraceptive method of counting the days had failed. I hugged her for a long time and then we discussed. I was in favor of abortion, I wanted to study and get a PhD. She categorically refused to have an abortion, that would be murder. Our debates remained fearless and unsatisfactory. I promised to pay her alimony if she had the child. We didn't argue anymore, we made up and went back to fucking regularly as before.

Trixi thought she was losing me and lost all dignity and self-respect. She fucked with Tom, Dick and Harry, she let herself be fucked by 100 students in her girls' room and did not even stop at the youngest students. If they had never fucked before, they had to lie face down right in front of her pussy, while she was being fucked by

someone else, and watch it up close before they were allowed to fuck her. And, of course, anyone who had a voyeuristic bent was allowed to lie down in front of her cunt and watch her fucking. I visited her daily and waited patiently until the others had finished fucking her, then she was mine again. We drifted apart and it tore my heart to see her fucking so many other insignificant guys. At the same time, I knew deep in my heart it was my fault. A few days before Anni was born, I came home to Trixi for the last time with my 6 musketeers and we fucked her until after midnight. I was dead sad, I knew it was the last time.

I went to university for two semesters, only to find out that it wasn't for me. I had met "gay Ilse" and was very much in love with her. I started driving cabs for the same cab company like my parents, dutifully paid Trixi alimony and saw little Anni two or three times a year, that's all I wanted. Trixi arranged my visits so that her husband Benjamin was not at home, because she wanted to be fucked by me every time. I only let it go years after I had married Ilse.

Ilse was a great woman, smart and clever and a rocket in bed. Of course we talked about her lesbian love affairs a lot and when she showed me intimate photos and videos or told me the sexual details with her girls, she made me — grinning devilishly — so hot that I too went off like a rocket. Our desire to have children remained unfulfilled and when Ilse got the medical certain verdict, she didn't want to live at all. With much love and effort I held her back. And she threw herself headlong into the night life, into the bars of the lesbians. After many shameful episodes, which she never wanted to talk about, she fell in love with a young girl. We discussed for hours, because she didn't want to do it behind my back and she didn't want to lose me or exclude me. We didn't want a divorce.

Her offer to have an 'open marriage' was apparently the solution. We could both have a mistress and include her in our relationship. I wanted only Ilse and no one else. She brought her young mistress home with her. Watching the two make love made me furiously horny and I fucked Ilse like never before. Little Jutta kept in the background, she was still a virgin and had never fucked with a man.

Gradually Ilse's additional disposition came out, apparently she had the cuckoo syndrome.

She really wanted me to fuck Jutta. Ilse worked Jutta all week long, we fucked in front of the little girl and Jutta swayed and got really horny while watching us fucking. A few days later she let me deflower and fuck her without any resistance. We led sexually seen a three-way relationship and that would go well for the next years. Of course, one day Jutta left and others came, many many others. Most of them liked to be fucked by me, patiently Ilse watched her fuck by me and they were usually not with us for very long. Even the die-hard lesbians Ilse brought into our bed, into our way of fucking together, with more or less gentle pressure. I freely admit it, I liked it a lot. I was happy that Ilse and I stayed together and of course I was a lucky guy because I fucked a gazillion different women without cheating on my wife. I enjoyed this life together with Ilse for many years.

Trixi worked in the meantime also for the cab center and we often sat after closing time still with a coffee. She had a deadbeat husband, Ben fucked mainly for himself and did not care about Trixis sexual desires. I saw Anni two or three times a year, and when she was old enough to understand, Trixi told her that I was her biological father. Anni looked at me with different eyes from then on. Years after I married Ilse I resisted every temptation and stopped fucking Trixi, and I think she understood my arguments with reference to Ilse.

One day something unusual happened. Trixi drove me to her favorite hideout, a covered loading bay in a decaying factory. She told me that Ben had raped our 15-year-old Anni and that she had turned him in and sent him packing. I screamed and cursed at first, I wanted to strangle Ben, beat him to death, kill him. But I calmed down, Trixi had grown up a lot and brought me back down to earth. Anni was doing quite well again by now and was gradually resuming her love life, that ment masturbating again.

Hours had passed. I asked Trixi if she came here often and she was honest. She came here 5 or 6 times a week to let appealing guys fuck her nicely or fuck her brains out. And those who could, gladly paid for it, she grinned. When she asked me, I was embarrassed to

admit that on the night shift I sometimes brought whores home from the hotels and they liked to pay with a fuck (I rejected a handjob as well as a blowjob, fucking or money) — for the girls probably just another cock, for me it was usually a feast because most whores fucked insanely well just when tipsy or even better when drunk.

One thing led to another, Trixi slowly stripped naked, grinning broadly, and we climbed into the back seat. It was a great fuck — lightnings, thunder and stampede, my dear! I talked to Ilse and have been staying at Trixi's place three or four nights a week ever since. It had another good thing. I had more time for Anni, sometimes I helped with learning, but mostly we discussed for hours about God and the world. She liked me.

Trixi said we would leave the small light on while fucking and the door would also stay open. She had a hunch that Anni spied sometimes and that was fine with her. The girl should see normal, peaceful sex after all the awfulness. It was all right with me, although I never saw Anni spying. I began to think about my future, to break away from Ilse and her cuckoo syndrome and to have an ordinary yet special family with Trixi and Anni. But I didn't talk about it with anyone, I still had to have time to think. I was so spoiled to fuck with Ilses girls and I was not sure to give it up. Trixi, for her part, continued to fuck well-hung guys and admitted it unapologetically when I asked her once.

I now often sit upstairs in Anni's room and tell her about my love life and sex, because that's what she likes to hear the most. I have to tell her about the wild times with Trixi and about Ilse and the lesbian lovemaking, that gets her going. She sits on the bed in her shorts and her fingers always creep along her inner thighs under her shorts and panties to play with her clit. She is always topless, wears neither bra nor blouse and is insanely proud of her growing little breasts. They are small and roundish so similar to Trixis breasts and she has small light pink nipples. She took her top off on a hot day because it didn't bother me, and always since then. She has only a hot-pant on, the ends of which are already so frayed that you can see her panties when she sits straddled. She always sits legs apart straddled, to be precise. I tell this so you can get a good idea of her. In the early days,

her fingers crept up her thigh, under her hot-pants and under the hem of her panties to her labia and clit. Of course, I pretended not to see it and she played the first few days only very lightly, really masturbate she did not dare. And of course I always pretended not to notice how excited she got at my descriptions. But then she said she wanted to be alone for a minute, and when I looked at her questioningly, she quietly said she needed it now, right now. I smiled, “and that’s why you want me to go out?” I asked provocatively, looking at her kindly. She hesitated a bit and then slid the hand, that had been playing restlessly under her panties the whole time, from the top of the waistband of the Hot-Pants, deep down inside her panties. She rubbed for just a few seconds and orgasmed quietly and soundlessly. She looked at me ashamed and desperately, but I smiled at her really kindly.

At night, after fucking, Trixi and I often sat in bed for a long time and smoked cigarettes. It was our time to talk to each other undisturbed. She had mostly talked about her passengers fucking, I mostly talked about Ilse and her lesbian lovers, all of whom I was allowed to fuck. Trixi had no lesbian experience yet and hung on my lips. Now she wanted to know everything that concerned Anni. I reported honestly and truthfully, after all, I thought more and more about marrying her. And trust and honesty were, in my opinion, an important cornerstone. I told how Anni wanted to send me out the first time and I stayed anyway. Anni’s first masturbation under her pants and that since then she always puts her hand through the waistband and plays with herself and sometimes masturbates. Trixi let me tell everything in great detail and said that was fine with her. She had no concerns or objections, the child should feel free and secure.

From now on she sat with one hand deep in her pants listening to my stories. Her hand wiggled in her pants when she got aroused until she orgasmed silently. Her gaze was afterwards always full of shame, but no longer desperate. It was okay for both of us, and I wasn’t counting. She now pushed the hot-pants and the panties to the side. I could clearly see her labia and clit and her busy fingers. She had lost much of her shyness and when she masturbated properly after playing for a long time, she closed her eyes. Before orgasm — and she only gave herself small orgasms so that her legs barely trembled — so

before orgasm she looked at me with a blubbery, suffering look that got very under my skin. She was always ashamed after her orgasm, she couldn't overcome that. But she sat straddled on the bed all afternoon, playing with herself, making little climaxes over and over again. Trixi sometimes stopped by and brought lemonade. She saw everything, she stayed next to me smiling until Anni was done and looked at her mother scared, but Trixi didn't lose a word, for her everything was fine.

Trixi often put in a video before fucking, she recorded every episode of "The Best Fuck". Unthinkable in normal television, it revolved around 30 couples on the private channel to figure out, who of them fucked the most excitingly. The footage was of excellent quality, every hair, every pore and every drop of sweat could be seen in close-ups, the genitals of the young couples captured in beautiful, clear images. In my opinion, the program should have been called The Voyeur Channel. The jury awarded points in each episode to choose the best. I was much less interested than Trixi. She frequently rewound and had it repeated in slow motion. "I'm a goddamn voyeur," she laughed, "but almost all the girls are just faking the orgasm at fucking. Maybe in the solo performances, where the girls masturbated in front of a big audience, maybe one or two orgasms were real." I never did figure out how Trixi recognized the fake orgasms. To me, they were all real.

After we fucked and when I had masturbated her nicely, she would snuggle up to me, purring contentedly, and we would smoke. There we had a good time for good conversations. Usually Trixi started spinning a thread and sometimes I had a hard time following her leaps of thought. "When the doctor told me after Anni was born that I couldn't have any more children, the world collapsed for me, forget the dream about 5 children! The only good thing about it was that I didn't have to be afraid of an unwanted pregnancy or condoms. I was cheating on Ben through the teeth back then, I was fucking with others every goddamn day. I wasn't 20 yet, and I couldn't put up with the grotty sex of Ben! Remember, I invited you to my place as often as I could! In the beginning you came twice a week and then once a week for years! I claimed so that you would see Anni more often, but in reality I wanted to fuck with you. Ben was really a complete failure

in that regard. I enjoyed it with every fiber of my body to fuck with you all afternoon. I put the little one to my breast and only then I got the most beautiful vaginal orgasms of my life. The little one sucked my nipple, which was an arousing feeling and you fucked me wonderfully at the same time, that together was incredibly horny and aroused me to the ninth heaven, to strong vaginal orgasms! The little one sucked and sucked quite excitedly during the fuck, that alone would have brought me to orgasm. After you didn't want to continue fucking me after a few years, I started fucking passengers and I still do. Just look, I can afford some luxury from it, the TV for example or my new Mercedes. No, it's right and justified for my life and I don't feel like a whore, do I?" I nodded faithfully, that's what we had agreed on from the beginning. "And you're still fucking Ilse and her girls and the whores on the night shift. And you're not a whore yet because of that!" Again I nodded, that was all true. I really wasn't a shining man of honor when it came to fucking. I honestly fucked everyone that could be fucked. That I fucked Ilse's underage girls was nothing to be proud of and I never told Trixi how young some of them were. Once Trixi said that if Anni ever asked her for advice, she would advise her to take money for fucking. Anything else, she concluded, would be mendacious and a hypocrisy. That was my Trixi-girl!

Anni pulled her hot-pants and panties resolutely to the side and played unabashedly with her labia and clit, she had confidence in me. Today she was swimming and it had become quite a horny affair by now, as the lifeguards were mainly concerned with making sure no one was drowning. One just had to be inconspicuous in the water. She described how the girls would rub their butts against her girlfriend and she would grab around your hips, push your swim trunks to the side and masturbate you discreetly. That was what she personally liked very much, to have a girl masturbate her under water. There were only a few boys who got an erection in the cool water, they were of course masturbated by this or that girlfriend in turn. There were also some girls who got fucked in real manner discreetly under water, boy after boy after boy, but not many girls let fuck herself in public, even when hidden in water. Anni watched their fucking up close and smiled, the semen making milky clouds in the water. Sometimes the lifeguard came by, then the rest of us made a ruckus

to distract the good man. Once he came, there were three girls side by side holding onto their girlfriends in an intimate embrace French kissing and behind the three maids the three lads, diligently and discreetly fucking them. Behind the lads a whole row of lads, waiting for their turn with their cocks rubbing. Thank God a clever girl feigned distress and successfully distracted the good man. The group fucking continued until all the guys had fucked. Maybe every girl was fucked by ten, which was usually the standard procedure.

When Anni told about swimming, she unbuttoned her hot-pants and stuffed her hand into her panties from above, later she pulled both down to her thighs and later the knees, but she anxiously looked at me to be sure that it was still okay for me. I liked to listen to her stories about the merry go round in the swimming pool, she loved to tell about it. Not many boys got an erection in the water, but Anni liked to masturbate them and dive down with her swimming goggles when the boy squirted. She couldn't quite put her finger on what was so horny about it when the semen formed little milky clouds. Her favorite thing to do was to lean backwards on a girlfriend who reached around her, pushed her swim trunks aside and masturbated her. Of course, it was important not to attract the attention of the lifeguards. There were a few girls who let the guys fuck them properly. This was highly interesting and Anni dived with the swimming goggles to see the fucking up close. The other girls spoke very disparagingly about the girls who let themselves be fucked by several guys in a row in the water. But they weren't whores, my God, Anni said, the other girls were just jealous or ashamed because they didn't dare themselves to fuck publicly.

Anni paused, as she always did when considering whether to tell "it" to me. "In the swimming pool last week I let some lads stick their cock into my pussy and squirting inside," she whispered almost tonelessly, "I wanted to be accepted and respected even more by my girlfriends. My girlfriend was just masturbating me to a wonderful orgasm underwater and I stayed cool in orgasm not to attract attention. Three nice guys were standing in front of us and I spread my legs very wide apart, because I love it when I am being masturbated in public and am observed. The boys had their cocks in their hands and were looking curiously. The boy I found quite nice, showed his stiff

cock under water and looked at me expectantly. I nodded in agreement. We had agreed that he and his two friends could fuck me, one after the other. I was anxious and horny in anticipation at the same time. I held on to the edge of the pool, the nice guy was behind my ass and I felt his stiff cock already advancing from behind between my ass cheeks. I pushed my bikini pants to the side and guided his cock to slide into my pussy from behind, it felt really good at the moment. I didn't really feel anything from the fucking though, nothing physical. My pussy was completely cramped and felt hard and numb like a stone. He squirted after a short while and I only felt his squirting in jets but no arousal. My girlfriend rubbed my clit anew, but I felt no excitement as usual. Now it was his friend's turn. I directed his small, stiff cock into my cunt and he banged wildly in it like a rabbit. I couldn't feel anything while he was banging me rabbitlike, maybe his cock was too small. He also squirted way too soon, my girlfriend stroked my ass cheeks and my clit to do me some good. I felt the squirting jet by jet without feeling anything. My girlfriend directed the cock of the third in my pussyhole, it was really a big and firm cock. He fucked well, much longer than the others, but I felt nothing, even the stroking of my clit by my girlfriend did not excite me a bit. I felt quasi-mechanically that this one squirted much harder into me, I felt every single jet. But then the images came, all the shit-rape-crap shot up again with horror in my mind. I just couldn't do it, I panicked and pushed the boy back even though the poor guy was in the middle of squirting off. I ran into the locker room crying. My girlfriend came along, hugged me comfortingly and after a while masturbated me very gently until the panic, the horror was over. I'm afraid I will probably never let myself be fucked again!" Anni was close to tears, but we talked about this event for a very long time. We weren't psychologists, of course, but it seemed that the hard and vigorous squirting of Rabbit #3 reminded her of Ben's squirting and set off the whole shebang. She laughed boisterously because I referred to the fellows as rabbits.

Today Anni had pushed the hot-pants and panties aside as usual and was playing dreamily with her labia and clit, but I felt that something was bothering her and of course I asked. She addressed the rape directly for the first time and was plagued by stupid doubts. I kept silent and looked at her clit play. "I have to report from the be-

ginning, though, so you can understand my doubts better," she said. I nodded and mumbled that I had nothing better to do until dinner. Anni smiled briefly and played with herself absently, then she relaxed and began.

"I had done a few handjobs back then, of course, but had never seen a boy masturbate. Now, as I come home at noon, Ben is sitting in front of the TV watching some soft porn. You know, where you're only allowed to show boobs or your ass cheeks, but no real fucking. So, I stop for a moment and look too, there Ben takes out his cock with a wicked grin and masturbates. I look my eyes out, a real, big man's cock without foreskin, but a big, thick glans and he rubs himself grinning maliciously for minutes and squirts on his pants. I of course ran immediately up in my room and must make it to me instantly because it was so exciting. He did that every day now and I stupid goose watched and watched. Once he interrupted and let me sit next to him on the couch. He grabbed my hand and put it on his cock. I was scared at first but I masturbated him while he watched his porn, this time a real porn. He knew that I hadn't seen a porn movie yet and he noticed that I was staring at the screen and getting horny and really horny. He always put on a porn movie since then to see me get horny. This went on for at least two months, every day. He grabbed me under my skirt with his clumsy fingers. I wasn't wearing any underpants so he could easily get to my clit. He was as clumsy as a wooden post, though. He got me to 75%, but never further. When I couldn't wait, or when the porn movie had aroused me, I masturbated quickly myself. He grinned insolently and then his cock was stiff again for the second masturbating.

One day he was not sitting there, probably he was pissing. I went straight to my room, lay naked on the bed and masturbated. The orgasm was very close when he stomped up the stairs. He entered and grinned wryly, but I continued to masturbate, it wasn't new to him after all. At the same moment that my orgasm began, he laid on top of me and thrust right into the middle of my beginning orgasm. I felt no pain, I orgasmed for what seemed like an eternity while he fucked me and it was beautiful to be fucked in orgasm, to be honest. I calmed down again and he eventually squirted into me, falling beside me like a felled tree. There was silence for five minutes, then he

grabbed my hand and I had to masturbate him until his cock was stiff again. He fucked me again, but without orgasming I didn't get horny at all. He fucked me much, much longer than he had fucked Trixi before. I have seen their fucking already a hundred times and there it was much shorter and afterwards Trixi had to masturbate for a very long time, which was for itself a pretty horny thing. Ben fucked until he was done and squirted into me again. He trudged wordlessly down the stairs. That's what it was like, that's really what it was like." Anni's fingers rested on her clit motionless and she looked at me with a shame-filled expression. "I wonder every day if I provoked it, if I should have behaved differently, if I wasn't to blame for the rape myself." Tears beaded down her cheeks. I sat down on the bed near her and gently embraced her. I stared at her clit and spoke softly to her for probably an hour. She had stopped crying immediately, of course, listened to me attentively and was soon able to smile again. Her finger was happily playing with her clit and she hugged me tightly as she rubbed herself very quickly and the orgasm came. Never before she had masturbated embracing me. I let go of her and sat back down in my chair. We discussed and debated until dinner. She was cheerful and resolved, she had no more plaguing doubts. She now understood well, that the rape was a horrible crime committed by Ben alone and no matter what, she had not the slightest guilt to worry about.

At night I told Trixi that Anni had talked about the rape by Ben for the first time. Trixi wanted to know everything in great detail because Anni had not yet opened up to her. Trixi was disappointed because Ben seduced her daughter instead of looking for a job. "Such a low-life bitch," she commented, that for months Ben let the little girl masturbate him and had made her horny with hardcore porn movies. She cursed loudly that during his break before the second masturbation he showed Anni the porn and greedily watched the little girl masturbate herself. Trixi was terribly angry with Ben. I had to tell the rape process twice and then she nodded understandingly. That he deflowered her in the middle of her orgasm, maybe had something good too, the little girl was floating in ninth heaven and felt pleasure, not pain. Trixi thought silently. "You know, when you deflowered me, I was full of fear and felt the pain quite clearly, although, after all, I

did it willingly and maturely. But you were so tender and gentle that I learned to love fucking."

I was sure that my stories, but especially Anni's questions were helping and doing good for herself to overcome her demons. One day she wanted to know what I thought when she invited a girlfriend for a sleepover. I must have looked at her stupidly, because she complemented, "and for sex, of course." I nodded in agreement, that was a good idea and would be a step up from cutting herself off, I said. She looked at me big. "A girl, I said," and I replied that first, opening up was important for her, and second, like all girls, she needed to figure out if she preferred girls or boys, that was normal and important. She pressed around for a while, her hand resting motionless in her pants. Whether I or Trixi might want to watch, she squeezed out. I was surprised and looked questioningly. It would give her a feeling of security if she knew us behind the door. Aha, I thought, and promised to discuss it with Trixi. Anyway, she would leave the door ajar, she said in conclusion, and changed the subject to Ilse and lesbian lovemaking. Her fingers were playing again.

Trixi quickly understood. She went up every night when Anni had a girl with her. I only when I was in the house. I saw nothing new, but the bodies of the young girls were a feast for the eyes. Anni, now almost 16, only invited much younger girls, 14, 15 and 16 year olds. She was also the one who set the tone, who set the pace. She fucked the little girls clit-to-clit, first gently and tenderly, later firmly and mercilessly to orgasm. I was excited by this love game and I sneaked down with Trixi to fuck her like a berserk and we both went off like rockets. We smoked in bed for a long time and talked in whispers about the development.

On the right occasion, I brought it up with Anni and said when Trixi or both of us had watched her. She was truly grateful that we could give her some assurance with this, and not for a moment did she let show shyness, shame, or embarrassment. I suggested that she keeps inviting and fucking girls until she felt the desire to fuck a boy. The desire would come on its own or it would never come, she didn't need to push herself. Anni looked at me with wide eyes. "If I wanted to fuck one, I'd love to fuck you, Karl!" "Stop!" I shouted, "Stop!

That'll never happen," I said more crudely than I meant to, "I'm your father, damn it!" I calmed down instantly and set her apart that I could almost physically feel it, the incest taboo. I liked looking at her, I liked watching her, but never did it make me horny in the same way as an other girl. No, by God I'm not the type to fuck my own daughter! She looked at me with huge eyes and I saw her thoughts tumbling. It wasn't a question of laws or whether people were gossiping about us, I continued, but the deep-seated discomfort I felt. She nodded as if understanding, to my astonishment. "I feel it a little too," she admitted softly, "I must have provoked you rather stupidly, forgive me!" All was well again.

She took off her Hot-Pants and underpants to my astonishment and sat down fully naked again. I looked at her in amazement. "They just bother me," she explained, "and I don't have to be ashamed or embarrassed in front of you anymore, do I?" I said nothing, and it was better that way. She put her feet on the ground and lay back, her knees apart, she would lay in that way in the future. I inspected her in arms length. She had a full mound of Venus and a thin dark fluff of hairs that would develop into a mohawk mane over the years like Trixi's was. Her labia were impeccable and between them I could see the clit, the same as Trixi. Sometimes I could see her tiny little pussyhole, when she dipped a finger in to moisten it. She played during our discussions and when she started masturbating I fell silent and watched muted. She made in the afternoon only little and light orgasms, only her knees trembled a little bit. She had told me, that she masturbated every night once before falling asleep, rarely a second time. Mostly then a second time, when her phantasies swirled around, Trixi fucking with Ben and afterwards masturbating. These phantasies of Trixis masturbating made her insanely horny, she confessed. She lowered her gaze and added in a whisper that when she masturbated at night, she could intensify and prolong the orgasm by fucking herself with the handle of her hairbrush. She's been doing that since she was 8. She saw that I smiled with kindness and interest and continued with encouragement, "Trixi taught me fucking myself with the handle when I was 8 and from then on I fucked myself every night with the handle. Of course my girlfriends I did fuck too with it. Most of them didn't have hymens anymore — they had lost it with the father, a brother or a relative — but only a few got an or-

gasm. Still, we had a great fun in fucking each other with the hairbrush handle." She pointed her chin at the shelf and I now saw the hairbrush. It had a handle that was quite thick in the middle. Anni saw the look on my face. "The hole in my hymen had grown so big by now that it went in easily, my first lover!" We both laughed and I muttered that I really needed to see that. She nodded and picked up the hairbrush. She masturbated quite quickly and before her orgasm rose, she put the handle into her vagina. Just before the orgasm she let go of her clit, grabbed the brush with both hands and fucked herself, very fast and hard. Now her orgasm broke loose, a very stormy orgasm let violently tremble her legs and she fucked herself with closed eyes further, further and further. I was highly aroused, this self-fucking was mind blowing! She stopped, opened her eyes and looked at me with a shame filled look, in which a deep pain was. Tears beaded down her cheeks. "I don't even have to watch my hymen now," she whispered sadly, "not anymore."

To distract her I wanted to know everything about the girls who stayed with her overnight, that was one of her favorite topics. Thank God Anni spread her previously cramped legs and played with her pussy smiling. She kept smiling and it just bubbled out of her. One masturbated in front of each other, one masturbated each other and one fucked each other with the handle of the hairbrush. Almost all the girls knew how to fuck clit-to-clit and the others she taught it. She sometimes took the dominant part, sometimes she let herself be fucked passively. She liked both and was not clear which she liked better. Now as for the hymen, she had curiously questioned everyone and almost all of them claimed that they were very much looking forward to the deflowering and it happened at their own request, some very trickily seduced the father or the brother. Only three or four had been forced or raped and they had a great horror of fucking a boy or a man again. Another had a much too small hole in her hymen and the handle did not fit in. All the others, there will have been about 35, no longer had a hymen, who was still a virgin at 16, was considered a coward, to say the least. Anni told a lot about the deflowerings, it was the 15 and 16 year olds who pushed the deflowering at all costs. Brothers or cousins were the easiest to seduce. But some had only their own father in the household, so it was quite normal to be deflowered by him. In most cases only in secrecy, because the mothers

were not allowed to know anything. Most fucked again and again quite secretly with the father or the brother, but some fucked instead with the big, adored schoolmates. Anni laughed as she told of one in particular. The 15-year-old had crawled into the marital bed with her parents one Sunday morning, cheeky as hell. The mother was really angry because on Sunday morning it was her turn to fuck with Daddy! The naughty girl uncovered the father and pressed her naked body against his. She started masturbating herself until he woke up. She continued masturbating and whispered in his ear that she really wanted to be deflowered and fucked by him, now! He was out of his mind with fear of his wife, but the girl would not be denied until he gave in with a moan of resignation. The mother watched the event with horror, Daddy deflowered the girl with a very bad conscience and then fucked her really wild. The mother slapped her hands in front of her mouth as he squirted into the girl. The naughty child was very pleased and would not be scared away, she stayed in the marital bed and waited. The parents finally cuddled, kissed and caressed and with great shame they fucked twice as usual on Sunday, although the daughter was watching. But the mother did not dare to masturbate after fucking as usual and was in a bad mood accordingly. Supposedly, Anni said, she just lay down with the parents since then when she wanted to be fucked, but she didn't believe her girlfriend.

Annis look brightened when she saw the bulge in my pants. She unzipped my pants and pulled out my stiff journeyman. She interrupted my lament almost gruffly. "This isn't sex, this is a service I do always at school!" She masturbated me skillfully with her little fist and let my semen splash on her pussy. Despite my vehement protests, she licked my glans clean with her tongue. "But don't put it in your mouth!" I clamored, but she didn't listen. Her lips enclosed my glans softly and fine and she licked it clean. She held my cock in her hand and beamed all over her face. "Is that one beautiful! It looks like a beautiful, ripe peach!" I said rather weakly that such a 'service' would not do at all, but she just laughed at me. From now on, she masturbated me stubbornly and regularly every day and someday more than once, laughing away all my half-hearted concerns. She was bringing the glans right in front of her vaginal entrance and letting the semen squirt in. Closer and closer she pulled the glans daily and I growled angrily. She caught on immediately and pulled the

glans just far enough to insert it a bit into the vaginal entrance and let it all squirt in. But she was stubborn. The glans had to go really deep and all the way into her vaginal entrance until the glans was completely inside her pussy. Anni understood very well that this was a transgression of my red line. But I couldn't talk her out of it, she stubbornly really wanted it that way and didn't let me stop her. Then she masturbated the cock quite determinedly and she had to feel for sure each of the violent movements of her rubbing in her cunt until I squirted, it all had to squirt inside to the last drop. Her satisfied expression turned into a very shy smile when she looked at me after I had cum. She sometimes played during me masturbating with the other hand on her clit, until she trembled slightly. She was incredibly stubborn in what she was doing and would not be dissuaded. She did it so often every afternoon, so often I got a hard-on. I was no longer angry and accepted it, it was a damn fine thing, my dear! Trixi kept bringing over lemonade and watching us. She left again with a big grin after Anni had pulled my cock out of her pussyhole and licked it clean. Only once did Trixi make a comment in the evening. "She has become quite slutty at school! Licking clean after squirting inside, who does that!?" and that was all. I also gradually lost my reservations and eventually thought it was normal. Honestly? I loved it!

I never saw the hairbrush again. "I have shown you my hidden secret once," Anni said with finality, "but I want to keep it as my secret."

At night I told Trixi about Anni's failed attempt to get fucked by three boys in the swimming pool. Trixi was very concerned, because that was not a good turn for her little one. I interjected that I was not comfortable with Anni doing it just because of her social status, but she will definitely repeat the experiment. Trixi changed the subject. I told her that Anni had shown me her secret of fucking-herself with the handle of the hairbrush. Trixi wondered if watching Anni did not make me horny. I grinned, no, not in the same way when the girls did with Ilse or the whores on the night shift. Not like that, but more reserved somehow. Trixi grinned at me from the side. "Of course I'll get a hard-on," I said, "then I'll put one hand in my pants pocket and let it squirt into my underpants." No, Anni certainly doesn't get it, I'm watching out well.

Anni and I continued our conversation and I got used to the fact that from now on she always lay fully naked on the bed and unabashedly stroked her pussy or rubbed the clit, quite often very purposefully until orgasm. She was no longer shy of me and trusted me, not to abuse her. Every time I got a hard-on while watching her in action, I had to sit across from her, she put the glans deep in her vaginal entrance and masturbated me until I squirted. In a corner of my brain, it seemed to me that her strategy was to approach the male gender again. The fact that she seemed to love masturbating my cock and licking my glans was perhaps confirmation of my theory. I spoke to Trixi at night, who had difficulty following my thought. “It’s a direct provocation, isn’t it!?” Trixi said, “to strip naked and play with yourself, who does that? Getting naked, rubbing your cock and having it squirt right inside and then licking your cock clean, that’s pretty slutty, don’t you think?” I only partially agreed with her. But Anni was in a difficult phase, she fucked little girls at night and was not clear about being a lesbian. It was a cautious approach for her, an approach to “the male” with someone for whom she was taboo. Trixi wasn’t convinced, but she thought there was something to it.

I reached under Anni’s ass cheeks the other day and lifted her all the way to the edge of the bed, spreading her ass cheeks so that her pussy lay completely open in front of me. I wanted to pull my hands away again, but she whispered that I should leave them there, that would be so fine! I nodded and lifted her a little so that her cunt opened like a ripe fruit. Her fingers roamed back and forth as if at random, leaving the clit unnoticed or circling it. She pushed the small, protective hood back over the clit, which was less than an inch long and pink. The longer she teased the clit, the stiffer it became and later it turned dark red. I watched her finger, which she dipped at the beginning into the vagina to moisten it and then rubbed the clit. Gently at first, but then I saw how the clit bravely resisted her finger, straightening after each pressure, keeping it’s little head high. Gradually the fingers rubbed the clit more purposefully, up and down especially, in between she put her finger briefly into the vagina to moisten it. She rubbed slowly, very gently and lightly. Only by her breathing could I tell that orgasm was approaching as she continued to rub her clit. She closed her eyes with relish and let the orgasm come. I lifted her ass higher so that the fruit opened all the way and

then I felt the slight trembling of her ass cheeks, because she was only giving herself light, unspectacular little orgasms those afternoons. I waited until she had calmed down completely and let her slide back onto the bed. She beamed at me. “That was wonderful!” she whispered conspiratorially, smiling radiantly at me. From then on, our afternoons always began this way.

One evening, after I had masturbated Trixi to a beautiful and satisfying orgasm after fucking her and we were still sitting in bed smoking, Trixi brought up the subject. “I’ve seen you two, you’re as much of a voyeur as I am, you’re just sticking your nose in her pussy!” she said friendly laughing, “so you obviously enjoy watching her masturbate!” I nodded, what could I say in response? Trixi smoked silently, but not for long. “She was just a kid, 7 or 8 years old. I watched her put pencils in her vagina and the girls who stayed over, and the girls grinned as they poked each other. I was afraid she might hurt her hymen and approached her directly. I explained that she had to take care of her hymen and that of her friends. She listened attentively and I explained it to her in detail. Pencils are too sharp, she can hurt herself with them! I had bought a small hairbrush and gave it to her. The brush had a small, bulbous handle and I told her the handle was not pointed and not as dangerous as a pencil. She understood and nodded eagerly, so much news at once! I told her to try the handle of the brush right away. I helped her start by carefully inserting the handle through the rather large hole in her hymen. “It feels very nice,” she whispered astonished. I told her to try it right away. With her head flushed, she fucked herself with the rounded handle. I said she could stick it in deeper and definitely fuck herself faster and harder with the handle. She caught on quickly, her breathing became shallow, her heart beat wildly. Her hand raced back and forth, she tensed and stopped. “Was that right, Mom?” she asked breathlessly and I affirmed, yes of course, so you can do it to yourself every night or to your girlfriends if you like. From now on she masturbated every night with the hairbrush handle. I kept meaning to show her the clitoral orgasm, but I always put it off. She quickly learned to give herself a vaginal orgasm every night with the brush handle and the subsequent, larger brush handles. She tried it on her friends too, but very few of them got vaginal orgasms, but they all had a blast.” Trixi paused. “Can you imagine that? My little girl ly-

ing spread wide in the crib and fucking herself with increasing skill with the handle to a nice vaginal orgasm, just naturally! I've rarely had a vaginal orgasm in my entire life and the little one does it to herself every night! She's growing up with it like I have with clit rubbing!" I kept silent, that was right for the moment, and Trixi kept talking. "Then at 14 or 15 she had learned to masturbate the clit properly and used the brush after the fingerrubbing only in orgasm, she still fucked herself with the handle until - - - until the disaster every night to intensify or prolong her orgasm." Trixi fell silent, the memory of Anni's rape still plaguing her. I said after a while that I would take good care of Anni, she would not be wronged again. Trixi hugged me gratefully. "Yes, take good care of her, she is so young and so very vulnerable!"

So weeks went by. Anni kept talking about fucking the guys, of course theoretically. She didn't want to fake infatuation like other girls, she just wanted sex and no fake feelings. I encouraged her, because boys her age racked their brains on how to "get" a girl. But if she made things clear from the start, the boys would know where they stood. Those who needed the romantic stuff would fall away, but there were others. She would know one hundred percent when she eventually fell in love. She looked at me with wide eyes. "And — you wouldn't mind?" I could feel her thinking about it. "But you always have to use a condom!" I said kindly, "a child should be brought into the world with care and planned, not as carelessly as Trixi and I did!" She giggled. "That's exactly the same thing Trixi told me months ago and put two packs of condoms in my nightstand." I couldn't laugh at that. Trixi and I knew what we were talking about. I told her if she wanted to, to leave the door open a crack, "security and all..." She smiled all sweet and shy, "thanks, okay!"

Weeks later she invited a boy to spend the night. Trixi was terribly excited and called me several times that day that I absolutely had to be there. Anni and quiet Freddy disappeared soon after dinner. Trixi and I huddled in front of the door crack. Anni was visibly struggling to cuddle with him naked on the bed, to kiss, to touch his cock. It wasn't working, I felt it. She had put the condom handy, but she still didn't dare and whispered with Freddy for a long time. She gave him a handjob and later a nice blowjob. She swallowed the semen quite

pleasurably and I whispered in Trixis ear that I didn't know that. Freddy fell asleep and Anni seemed to be dozing. We were about to sneak down when Anni began to masturbate. We watched spellbound, after the orgasm she turned to the side. Now we crept down.

I discussed with Anni the next day quite long about the experiment with Freddy — and that is her favorite, that I tell her honestly everything and do not preach as Trixi sometimes does — she took off her pants as always right away and played with herself while we talked. She spread her legs in between and masturbated for two minutes with her eyes closed, then she continues to listen and she masturbates half a dozen times on afternoons like this. I have of course told Trixi that, and only rarely she comes up to spy a bit, but she disturbs neither Anni nor me. "I'm a goddamm voyeur!" Trixi laughed.

The next few evenings, Trixi and I were glued to the crack of the door. Anni slipped the condom over the boy's cock and let herself be fucked. She came so easily and so gently to orgasm, even with those who did not fuck very well. For the next three weeks she brought lad after lad to fuck every night. She learned surprisingly quickly and got her pleasure with almost all of them. There were only two guys who needed more than one condom and who fucked Anni's brains out. This fucking was great even while watching and Trixi had to pull herself together not to storm into Anni's room and get fucked so great too by the boy. We talked about her fucking every afternoon and I encouraged her where I could. It was good that she liked to fuck so much and could overcome the rape and all the demons in such a short time. She nodded seriously, "it helped me a lot how Trixi and you took care of me!"

Anni turned directly to me, spread her legs and masturbated not an arm's length from me. She paused and looked at me with a darkly glowing gaze. "You know, my favorite thing to do, is let someone masturbate me. It's just been girls so far, but…" she didn't finish the sentence and lay back, relaxed and expectant. I had some practice in it after all, in 15 years with Ilse and her girls I learned quite a bit, and also Trixi, who always masturbated only gently and softly to orgasm while fucking, always let me masturbate her gently, tenderly, firmly or wildly after fucking.

I bent over and Anni sighed deeply as I touched her clit and pressed the flesh down all around it so that the clit came out well. Anni pressed her arm to her mouth and I heard from her breathing, from her gasping, when the orgasm was approaching. Just before the orgasm she sat up and hugged me, then she let the orgasm come and pressed her lips on my neck. She jerked and quivered and calmed down. Her eyes fell on my bulging pants. Before I could say anything else, she knelt down, unzipped my pants and stuffed my hard-journeyman into her mouth. I had rarely had a blowjob before and what Anni did to me with her tongue and fist was divine! After just a few seconds, she made me cum deep in her mouth and continued to rub my cock until it stopped spurting. She swallowed the semen, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, and looked at me with a beaming expression. “Learned that in school!” she grinned cheekily-happily and sat down on the bed.

While I stowed my journeyman terribly ashamed away, I mumbled incoherent nonsense. Father, incest, daughter, etc. And of course, “You can’t, not at all!” We both mumbled our thing, neither listening to the other. I kept my mouth shut, the blowjob had deeply shamed me, but also impressed me. Anni stuck her tongue out at me, put her hand on my knee and said finally and conclusively, “Fiddle-dee-dee!” We grinned at each other and then both laughed.

For the next 10 days it went the same way every time, she let me masturbate her and gave me a blowjob despite my feeble protests. Her tongue technique blew me away every time, I’ve never had such a great blowjob! Undeterred and stubbornly, she did it again every afternoon. We continued our afternoon long discussions and she lay spread out in front of me at arm’s length playing with her pussy and clit. When she closed her eyes and masturbated properly, I kept silent until she was done. It never lasted long and they were just light, small orgasms and only her knees trembled a little bit.

And then, the unbelievable. On the eleventh day, I expected the same thing as the days before. But Anni surprised me, took me by surprise. Instead of kneeling down for the blowjob, she took out my cock as usual and sat surprisingly on it in one swift movement, my cock sliding effortlessly into her pussyhole. She paid no attention to

my surprised outcry or my half-hearted attempts at defense. She grabbed me by the shoulders and rode off, staring at me with bared teeth, riding me wild as if driven by furies. I stared at her face, which was bouncing with strain up and down in front of my face. How quickly and how easily she came to orgasm! She jerked several times and just kept riding! I had to close my eyes to the inevitable: I squirted and squirted and squirted! She let go of me and sat straddled on the bed. Her face expressed everything: triumph, satisfaction, immense pride.

I pulled my pants up and clamored. Yes, I clamored with shame for only half-heartedly resisting. My clamor slid off her like raindrops on a windowpane. Father, daughter, incest? She grinned impudently "Never mind!". She winced, however, when I continued that it was actually rape. Tears beaded down her cheeks. I stopped my blathering. She was really shaken, how could she, of all people, rape someone? I gave her a smooth hug, calming her. We talked about it very intensely and I reassured her, technically it was rape. But who wants to look at these things technically or legally? It was assaultive, it was not consensual, and that was the important thing.

Anni suddenly understood. But doing it without a condom? She ducked her head as if under a lash. "I won't forget next time!" and I intervened like a fury, "there won't be a next time!" She stammered that she didn't have her period yet, there was nothing to worry about. — A long silence ended the topic. We talked about her experiences with the fellows and the cramp eased. She liked talking about fucking and was no longer afraid: if she had to choose, she would prefer the guys. But she also liked fucking with girls. I nodded in agreement. "That's called 'bisexual', many people act bisexual at least some time in their lives."

And of course there was a next time, the very next day. She let me masturbate her with pleasure, took out my cock and slipped a condom over it. "Like this?" she asked, and sat down on my cock in a flash, not waiting for an answer. Just like yesterday, she rode me fast and hard, baring her teeth as she rode to orgasm. She clawed her fingers into my shoulders and let the orgasm come. Moments later she continued to ride for what seemed like an eternity and her orgasm

took us both by surprise. It was her third orgasm altogether and she had had enough. “Can’t squirt?” she asked in a whisper and I shook my head sadly. Her face suddenly brightened, she knelt in front of me, slipped off the condom and gave me a wonderful blowjob. Only seconds later I squirted in her mouth.

At night Trixi brought it up. To put my glans deep in her cunt and let me masturbate and squirt into her, that all went towards incest, didn’t it? I kept silent and convulsively thought about telling everything now. But Trixi did not wait for my answer, of course. “I saw it from the beginning today, I was standing right next to you. She pulled down your pants with a broad grin and sat down directly opposite you. She grabbed your cock and stuck the glans so deep in her fuckhole that it was completely inside. She looked at me briefly and smiled. Then I guess she masturbated your cock for quite a while and didn’t stop until you squirted it all inside. I could see the triumph in her satisfied smile, but she stopped looking at me and enclosed the glans with her lips and licked it clean. — Did I forget something? No, I suppose and I mean, this is going to lead directly to incest one day.” Trixi paused thoughtfully. “I’d leave it up to her if she wanted to go any further. I wouldn’t mind then, it would be her wish, her will, her feelings. And you’re not the type to do violence to her against her will, are you?” I had to answer right now, I nodded and mumbled, of course I would never do anything to Anni. For Trixi the legal side of incest was completely indifferent, Trixi continued the thread, in her youth most girls fucked with their fathers or brothers. Only nobody talked about incest. She knew from Anni that it was today exactly the same in her circle of girlfriends. She just didn’t want violence or an injustice done to her little girl. Otherwise, it did not bother her that Anni and I were inevitably drifting towards incest. I was relieved on the one hand, annoyed on the other, how would Trixi know that for sure? I resisted vehemently and didn’t let on. That Anni stuffed my cock into her hole to masturbate me and let me squirt in, I just couldn’t talk her out of it. She had crossed my red line with a cheeky devilish grin, that was true. But that I was out for incest, I vehemently denied. I was weak and let her get away with everything, that was true, I said contritely. Trixi said she didn’t have a father, or she would have fucked him one hundred percent. “I was allowed to sleep at my mother’s on Sunday and she never made a secret of the fact

that she masturbated every night, that's how I learned it from an early age on. And later, when I was about 12 or 13, I was allowed to stay in her bed and of course watch it when she got fucked by the one-night-stand on Sunday mornings. She always encouraged me to get really close and look at the fucking up close and feel it with my hands. She forced the lovers to a second or third round so that I learned something. She let me feel and explore their cocks extensively, she showed me even then how to do a handjob and let me practice it. — She was a great, enlightened and loving woman who instilled in me a good relationship with my body and sexuality." Trixi became very quiet because her mother had died miserably of cancer when she was 18. I waited a while and then mumbled, that I would never hurt Anni and if she made me to have incest with her, it wouldn't be because I pressed for it. I was grateful that she was so easy about incest and wouldn't make a drama, I said to Trixi, who looked at me with a catlike look from her green eyes. — Goddamn, how much did she really know?

To get away from the subject, I told Trixi that Anni had meanwhile managed to get herself secretly fucked by the guys in the swimming pool. The social pressure was so great that she just had to do it. I had told Anni that it was already clear to me that she wanted to be on the top rung of the ladder, but she should listen to herself, to her feelings, her sensations and her body. That was important from my point of view. Trixi wanted all the details, of course. Anni usually lets one boy fuck her, but mostly several, up to four in a row. She hugs her girlfriend intimately and holds on to her. The girlfriend masturbates her all the time, so she gets several orgasms during being fucked. The guys are only allowed to fuck her from behind and Anni spoke enthusiastically about now feeling the fucking and the squirting quite clearly. The guys held her by the hips and fucked her as hard as they could and were allowed to squirt into her at the end, but many pulled their dicks out and squirted in the water. I told Trixi everything I knew and she beamed all over. "She got through it! She got through it!" said Trixi over and over again, smiling happily.

For well over a month Anni and I did it every day secretly, she usually had enough after one orgasm while riding me, sometimes after two orgasms. Finally she gave me always a blowjob, it was the

same every time, because I could not squirt into her pussy. I let the reins drag, actually we should stop doing that, that's what I thought every day.

One evening Trixi was angry. She wasn't talking to me, she wasn't fucking me. I racked my brain, it was never like that before. In the morning the same. Doggedly silent breakfast. Before she left the house, I asked her. She stopped with the keys in her hand and slowly turned around. "I saw it, you squirted in her throat!" She looked at me reproachfully and my mind raced. How much had she seen? What exactly? I fell silent in dismay, visibly struggling for words. Chance saved me. Trixi smiled. She had to go, two long hauls. But she would take time off afterwards and come to lunch, we can talk then, good? I breathed a sigh of relief and confirmed, I would take something from the Italian and we could talk then. "Salami-Pizza!" said Trixi and left quickly.

I had decided on the forward strategy by noon, I'm going to tell Trixi everything and honestly, after all I was already determined to marry her and lying to my wife, no, I'm not even starting on that. We ate our pizzas and I first sounded her out, how much she had seen. She had only seen Anni kneeling in front of me, masturbating my cock with her fist in her mouth and making me squirt deep inside her throat. I was relieved that she had only seen a Blowjob and started to tell everything, but she cut me off. "I don't even want to know everything, darling, I'll be here in the afternoon to talk to Anni. In the evening a new guy is coming to see her, will you be there then?" I was on duty in the afternoon from 4pm and wouldn't be home until after midnight, I said, "or should I pretend to be sick?" Trixi waved it off, "No problem, I can watch Anni by myself." It was so that we staggered our services, we needed the money. I served a small espresso Italian style. Trixi asked if I wanted to continue this blowjobs with Anni? She again didn't let me get a word in edgewise and sipped her espresso. "I don't think it will hurt her, on the contrary, what do you think?"

I knew her long enough, here she didn't expect an answer. "She probably started it, you've never been much of a mouth-squirter, and that she does a lot of blowjobs at school, she told me herself."

I watched Trixi, that was just the way she was. It was her own way of doing things. She took care of the case by herself and didn't expect that I answered. "And you sure liked it, don't you?" That, I knew, demanded a binary answer, a yes/no. I nodded, yes!

Trixi was a practical thinker. "I've never had been squirted in my mouth, you know that. But I can have Anni show me and learn it, if you really like squirting in my mouth that much. I guess it won't be that hard to learn, what do you think?"

Also here she expected an answer, I already knew that. I shook my head, the mouth-squirting was really not so important for me. Of course she can learn it, you just have to overcome the psychological inhibition or rather the natural disgust when you swallow the semen. She nodded with utmost satisfaction. "That's how we do it! Anni shall teach me, and we'll do it then, if you want or when I have my period."

Without transition, she asked if I was up for it now? "Anni is still at school and a quickie is made quickly." I didn't care if Anni was at home, I decided myself when I wanted to fuck. Now was a good time, I said. We went to the bedroom and fucked after a day of stupid break. I still had time enough and masturbated her wildly until she was exhausted. We hugged and she whispered how stupid and jealous she had reacted, but she loved me very much and that's where the stupid jealousy comes quite easily. I kissed her deeply and gratefully, she was a good woman and she could navigate around all the cliffs for both of us without me having to do too much rowing.

I slipped into bed very carefully after midnight, but Trixi woke up and still wanted to fuck. While I masturbated her as always after fucking, she chattered away. She had talked to Anni and indeed it had come from her, the mouth-squirting. Anni called the boy to come in pairs with a friend. My daughter is as ingenious in these matters as I am, Trixi said, of course we needed a second boy if I wanted to learn the blowjob. "It was so awesome, darling, we got into bed with two guys, I practiced the blowjob with swallowing down on both of them, I could do it from the start!" Trixi giggled with a grin. "Of course the boys were allowed to fuck both of us as often as they wanted. But Anni always put on a condom, that was for sure! When

the boys could take no more, they went home. Anni asked if she should show me fucking clit-to-clit, but I waved it off, I was dead tired."

I asked if she had been fucked well and she looked at me puzzled, "you are not jealous, are you? You, Karl?" I shook my head and masturbated her again. She closed her eyes in pleasure and continued, she had already completely forgotten what a 16 year old's slender cock felt like. The boys fucked as well as they could, but just not yet as well as a grown man. Anni let herself be fucked by only one and quite soon had enough, she had let herself be fucked by both until they could no longer.

Trixi hugged me after her second orgasm, I had masturbated her wild and harder this time and she had a very strong orgasm. Before we fell asleep she mumbled how grateful she was that I had instigated her to the horny evening with two sugary sweet bimbo boys. She would return the favor, she would surely find something horny. She fell silent and fell asleep. I didn't instigate anything, but I was glad that Anni either hadn't told anything or Trixi didn't resent our incest or, and this was most likely, that Trixi hadn't listened to her confession at all. I juggled the possibilities until I was dreaming.

Anni laughed heartily when I addressed Trixi's account. It wasn't quite like that after all, and Anni gave me her version. Trixi had given both guys a blowjob at the beginning, she had listened well to the theory and could do it right away. She swallowed the semen after a tiny hesitation. She couldn't keep her fingers to herself afterwards and groped and stroked them both until they were stiff again. Anni fucked from the beginning with her boyfriend, whom she had invited first. Condom, of course. She fucked him twice and secretly masturbated behind his back during his recovery break and masturbated secretly the whole time behind his back while they watched Trixi and the other boy fuck together. The boys were a bit intimidated because maybe they had never seen a woman masturbate before, and Trixi masturbated without stopping for 4 hours. Anni saw that Trixi masturbated only lightly and gently and orgasmed only lightly and gently. She only trembled a little when she orgasmed, that was all. But she fucked them both alternately for 4 hours without long breaks.

Anni didn't see her fucking for the first time, but for the first time so demanding that the guys could hardly catch their breath. I laughed, I have seen Trixi fuck like a fury in the old days.

I picked up Gina from the Hotel Excelsior early in the morning, she was one of my favorite whores and I made an effort to bring her home at least once a week at the end of my nightshift. She was in her early 20s, pretty as a model and stalked towards my cab with unsteady steps, carrying a dozen shopping bags in her hands. I brought her and the bags up to her apartment, she poured herself a double and disappeared into the bathroom. I fucked all the hooker girls with condoms without exception for safety, and Gina was the only one who put the condom in her mouth and slipped it over my cock with her lips. I had to smile every time, even in her buzz she managed the feat of art perfectly. After the wonderful fucking — most young whores can fuck wonderfully — we sat in bed and smoked. Gina handed me a small package, a gift, she said. It was a very nice Swiss wristwatch, I thanked dazedly. She smiled mischievously and said she just had to nudge her Mick ever so slightly, her favorite chauffeur needed a new wristwatch. Mick was her main customer, widowed, childless and really loaded. She was still considering whether to accept his marriage proposal. He was only capable of handjobs or blowjobs and that scared her a little. Gina dug out her vibrator and masturbated with pleasure, because she never got an orgasm while fucking. The vibrator could only be operated by hand and she fucked herself with it very passionately for a long time, the battery was empty. For the x-th time I took it upon myself to get her a new battery. Gina came to the finale, she threw the vibrator on the sheet and I put my face near her cunt as usual. Her clit was barely a quarter the size of Trixi or Anni, it always remained hidden in the flesh. Her fingers raced over the invisible clit until she tensed in a hot orgasm. "I never masturbate when I'm with a client, it's really private, it's not for sale!" Gina hugged me sideways. " I think, you like watching me masturbating, don't you?" and I nodded, I was really enjoying watching Gina masturbate.

Anni came home at noon in a very good mood. Soon I went to her room, she was already waiting for me naked on the bed. She would have to tell me something absolutely new, and I sat down on the

chair next to the bed. “I dared to stand next to the other girls today,” she began, beaming with joy and mindlessly playing with her pussy. I had to concentrate first, Wednesday, swimming pool, aha. “So far I have only dared to fuck with a single boy secretly in a remote area, as you know. Today I stood next to these girls who were getting fucked by a whole bunch of guys at the edge of the pool. Like the others, I hugged my girlfriend and we gave each other hot French kisses for an hour. I took my bikini pants all the way off so they wouldn’t bother me. I stuck my ass out to the back and let the guys fuck me one by one. I love french kissing with my girlfriend, it always sends pleasant shivers down my spine to my clit! She masturbated me for an hour and I had beautiful little orgasms while one after the other fucked me from behind. My girlfriend has perfectly mastered the technique of masturbating me only lightly and gently to a small shivering orgasm and then continuing right away. It’s really insanely horny to be fucked while orgasming at the same time, I felt the rapid thrusting of my rabbits really intensely, as well as the jerky squirting in. It was sooo nice!” We laughed at the fact that she had said rabbits, but she found it telling because most of them barely fucked a minute until they squirted in. She told me for two hours about the beautiful fucking and the intense french kissing with her girlfriend. Finally, when the general fucking was already over and she was rubbing her body against the girlfriend’s body and they continued to french kiss wonderfully, and her girlfriend fucked her with two fingers stretched, the girlfriend spied an aloof adored one. After much toing and froing, Anni managed to send the girlfriend off to him. She came back after a minute smiling, he would come! Now it was Anni who stood with her back to the edge of the pool and the girlfriend held onto her and stretched her ass towards the unapproachable. She had a one-piece on and Anni pushed the bottom end aside so he could penetrate her girlfriend from behind. The girlfriend closed her eyes and buried her face against Anni’s neck. The fucking took little more than a minute and the fellow was long gone by the time Anni had finished masturbating the girlfriend to a violent orgasm. It was the first time she let herself be fucked in the pool, normally she only fucked at home with her little brother without exception. The girlfriend beamed all over her face, she would never manage to win the aloof boy as a friend, but now she had at least let him fuck her, she laughed happily.

Trixi noticed in the evening, of course, that I was soon exhausted. I told her everything about Gina and showed Trixi the new wristwatch. The masturbating of Gina I had to describe probably for the hundredth time, Trixi could not hear it often enough. With many women the clit is so small that the untrained male eye can't see it, my super smart wife said. Then I told about Anni's public fuck in the swimming pool and the first fuck of her girlfriend, who has always fucked with her little brother only. How many had fucked Anni, even Anni didn't know, but there were at least 12, she had said. I told Trixi with lowered eyes that Anni had masturbated me for two hours in the afternoon. I saw Trixi's skeptical look, of course, and had to explain. Anni had moved very close to me, pulled down my pants and stuffed my glans into her fuck hole to the fullest, she always did that now. She masturbated my cock and when I had to squirt, she stuffed my cock all the way in and let me squirt deep inside her. I tried to pull my cock back out but she kept it half in, for the next two hours. She talked and talked and made me furiously horny with her fuck stories. She kept masturbating my cock immediately when it got hard. And to squirt, she pushed it again in really deep, leaving only enough room for her fingers to rub me to squirt in. "You were right, it goes on unstoppable towards an incest," I said miserably. Trixi hugged me and tousled my hair lovingly. "Don't worry so much, sweetheart, just let it happen. She will fuck you one day, even nowadays many girls fuck their father when they are young. You know that I wouldn't mind if it came from her." She was silent and I waited. Then I said that I had been taught the incest taboo from an early age. Although I knew quite well that it occurred in reality. I kept silent, my throat tightening. Trixi gently stroked my hair. "I know," she said softly, "your little sister fucked your father for years and your mother wanted to punish him and take revenge. She forced you to fuck with her all the years of your youth until we met." I pulled myself together. "And through it all, both upheld the incest taboo like a law of nature; both my sister and I suffered from this contradiction for years." I felt the old wounds, but I was willing to let them scar over. I thought long and hard about telling Trixi everything now, but I let it go. "Thank you for trusting me and for having a clear opinion about this," and I hugged her, my future wife. "Whether it happens today or tomorrow, I can't say. But I'm glad you're standing firmly behind me!" So, that was enough.

We sat next to each other on the bed and smoked our joints. We had never really talked about it and I sensed that Trixi wanted to talk now. “I wasn’t even 13,” I began, “when she first took me to her bed and of course I didn’t know why. Until then I had only masturbated to get rid of the sexual pressure, and now suddenly I was allowed to fuck her as often as I wanted, at noon, in the afternoon, in the evening and at night. I walked around with my chest swelling with pride and yet I wasn’t allowed to give anything away. I dragged her by the hand into my pad for the gentlemen’s evening. She allowed herself to be stripped naked without resistance and the musketeers looked on with really wide eyes. She was never pretty, she was small and prone to getting fat. Her breasts hung down like heavy balloons and well over her cleft there was a thick black bush. The cleft itself, the labia, were obscenely naked, there was not a single hair. She spread her labia apart with her hands and showed her clit, which was small, stiff and dark red. Her fingers played with the stiff, ornery clit as she stood in front of us. I didn’t know then, of course, that she was aroused and horny in her anticipation of the fucking. You could see all the way deep into her fuck hole, all the way up to her kidneys, as Karl the Little grinned. It was the virgin ride for the Musketeers, we were allowed to fuck her as often as we could. The musketeers were quiet as mice when I fucked her, everyone was aware of the enormity of the forbidden. For years she let us all fuck her at the gentlemen’s evening, she was fucking very passively and never let on if she got aroused or not while being fucked. She never masturbated in front of the musketeers, she only did that when we fucked just the two of us. She never had an orgasm when she was fucked, but she would spread her legs like butterfly wings and let me watch her intense masturbation with a sardonic grin, that guaranteed her, she would get fucked a second time. I soon had the feeling of being her sex slave and that she also wanted to punish the father who fucked my little sister. But I didn’t escape her for a long time.”

Trixi lit the next joints. I inhaled with relish and continued talking. “You barged into our gentlemen’s evening a couple of times and stayed until the end, despite your disdain.” Trixi added, “it was the first time I saw a group fucking, it was insanely awesome to watch and repulsive at the same time. I’ll never forget the haughty and triumphant look she gave me when you fucked her!” We remained

silent for a few moments, the images coming back up. “When you gave me the choice, I didn’t have to think long, I loved you with all my heart and forbade my mother to come again to the gentlemen’s evening ever. I even skipped the gentlemen’s nights for a while, that’s how seriously I took my promise to you. I have never been in her bed since. But she stubbornly didn’t accept it, of course. She would sneak into my room every night and I had to fuck her once or twice, when she let me watch her masturbation after the first fuck, before she left. She was the only one who let me watch her masturbate then, you did not and hid it from me, cowardly lying that you never did it — until many months later. We fucked daily and didn’t stop until I was 18, finished school and got an own dorm room.” Trixi snuggled up to me. “I remember how much it hurt me to see you fucking her. I didn’t go again to the gentlemen’s night until you promised me not to fuck her again, even at gentlemen’s night. I was a mess at the time and didn’t talk to my mom until weeks later. She advised me to right my ship even though it hurt a lot, although she understood much better than I did why you fucked her. At that time, I also clinged on for a long time to fuck with my girlfriends in the afternoons. I was insanely keen and happy to let them masturbate me to crazyness or fuck clit-to-clit with them, long after you took my virginity, long after I started to fuck your musketeers. I never told you because I was terribly ashamed, because I cheated on you every afternoon with my girlfriends!” We were silent for a long time, for much of this we had kept secret from each other.

I smoked a third, last joint and I felt my soul floating over a quiet glassy lake. Trixi murmured, she wondered how my sister is doing? I had talked to her on the phone a few weeks ago, I lied smoothly, and could report. “She still goes to the father’s home once or twice a week and fucks him. Her nice and gentle, but unworldly husband was unemployed as ever, hunched over his Latin and Greek books. He knew it, but it didn’t bother him that she was fucking the father. He liked fucking her, but he performed badly — in, out, thank you Madame! He is a severe autist and has no idea about women and sex. He looks up from his texts wondering, not understanding anything when she masturbates in bed. He has no idea why she masturbates at all daily and so often. He doesn’t know the concept of fucking or masturbating and she had to make him understand after the wedding that hus-

band and wife had to fuck at night." I still liked him quite a lot, he was very gently and affectionate with my little sister. "A real wooden post, a real simpleton, the good guy!" Trixi laughed. I felt sorry for my little sister, she was always terribly afraid of getting pregnant and she already had an abortion. But the father didn't care, he wanted to fuck Saturday night and Sunday morning till noon as often as he could. He took it for granted that my sister meanwhile stayed over at his place several nights a week and fucked him humbly and slavishly. Trixis' eyes blurred, the joint making her look soft and gentle. "Have you ever fucked her?" she asked in a low whisper, and I laughed out loud. "What a question!" She looked at me drunkenly. "Be honest!" I pulled myself together. "But of course I did, ever since the father deflowered her after 12 and for a very long time until I moved out of home, and by then I knew you already for a year. Most nights she'd crawl into my bed long after I'd come back from Mother's bedroom and she from Father's. She cuddled up to me, caressing my cock and sometimes she cried because she was very ashamed of being so dependently addicted to father's fucking. We fucked quietly, softly and passionately almost every night and sometimes very sadly, but we loved each other very, very deeply! She fucked with me from age 12 on, in a very shy way and we were both about to learn how to fuck. But we learnt both day by day and in the end she could fuck well like the hookers in town. We fucked quite daily until she was 17 or 18. I never saw her masturbate, although she masturbated after fucking every night in the dark next to me, often for very long. She always liked to put her legs spread on me and I had to fuck her with a finger in her fuckhole, so I got to feel her masturbating and orgasming up close. She never let me turn on the light, she could only masturbate in the dark, she claimed." I assured Trixi that I have never fucked with my sister since. I don't know why I hid it from Trixi, but I will tell her one day everything.

When I had a free afternoon, I visited her to fuck. Since she was happily married, she gave me intimate french kisses and masturbated in our fuck breaks completely unselfconscious and let me watch willingly. She fucked still far from as good as my young noble whores, but I loved her with all my heart, my little sister. I was allowed to squirt inside, of course, she said every time before fucking, but I shouldn't impregnate her. We usually fucked twice with a

break, because she wanted to masturbate very quickly and firmly to orgasm after fucking, because she never got an orgasm there and was only strongly aroused after. We fucked slowly and unspectacularly and long before I came to squirt, she whispered dirty things in my ear. “Ohh, that feels good! I feel you, feel your strong cock thrusting in my fuckhole! And squirt, squirt whenever you like, squirt me full of your juice!” I don’t know where she got that from, maybe from her father. She hugged me tightly as I squirted. “Just squirt, my darling, just squirt inside as you like! But please, please, please, don’t make me a baby!” she whispered anxiously in my ear. Her dear husband then looked up from his books and murmured half aloud, I may not make her a baby, as she was scared to death of it. Only rarely did he look up to watch us fuck, although he was only an arm’s length away.

The days flew by, Anni and I watched out well that Trixi did not catch us in the afternoon. I had already totally forgotten the “horny counter gift” after a week. We went to bed soon after dinner and Trixi beamed at me like a gold florin. “I still have to thank you, remember?” I affirmed, though. Well. I was soon to be 35, age and the forgetting strikes early, I thought. Trixi slid naked out of bed and went to the stairs, calling Anni down. Anni came, a bath towel around her hips. She came in, dropped the bath towel and lay down between us. Never before had she been in the big bed with us. Trixi gently and softly pushed Anni towards me. “My thanks, my gift!”

The two little devils had arranged this together, it was immediately obvious to me. Trixi pushed her until Anni was in my arms. “You don’t need a condom, she hasn’t had her period yet!” Trixi whispered. I needed no further invitation and when I touched Anni’s pussy with my hand, she smiled finely and whispered that she had done the foreplay just before, twice.

Trixi held me close and gave me the warm feeling of her consent, then she directed my cock into Anni’s fuckhole. Anni beamed all over her face as we fucked for the first time like man and wife in the missionary position. She had learned to fuck along very actively and to excite herself quickly to orgasm, unlike Trixi she did not masturbate while fucking, but held me tightly hugged and pressed her lips on the side of my neck. Her strained face became all soft and radiant in or-

gasming and she fucked right on to make me squirt. Trixi stroked my buttocks and said I could really squirt in, no danger! I squirted and squirted and squirted until I had squirted it all in — finally I had overcome my inhibition to squirt in Anni's pussy. Anni and Trixi took turns kissing me and proudly caressing me as if I had just won a marathon. A short recovery break was enough for me, Trixi made my cock stiff again with her fist and put it into Anni's hole with a wide grin. I fucked Anni twice that first night, and then when I turned to Trixi, she shook her head in surprise. "Cardiologist's congress! I've already had four of them plowing my field pretty good today." Trixi smiled and her green eyes brightened. "Two thousand, in one day!" Even Anni had to smile. Trixi was practical and kept an eye on her money. So I had the last reserve left for Anni, who was already dog-tired, she lay back very softly and gently and let me passively fuck her. All three of us were really done.

Anni sleeps with us two or three times a week and there was only a short interruption when she fell in love with Achim a year later. He sleeps only one night in our house, Anni had kept a few good stallions in the hindquarters and fucks with each like a fury her soul out from the body. I like to fuck her, mostly every afternoon, and then in the evening with Trixi. I am the only one with whom she fucks without a condom, because she still has no period at 17.

I have stayed over at Ilse's house only once a month for the past few years, and each time I have enjoyed the sex with her and a stranger beyond belief. We've talked about divorce and I'm keeping my condo and she gets the unrestricted right to live there for free. When everything has gone through, I will propose to Trixi and adopt Anni.

After the divorce, Trixi and I immediately got married and I adopted Anni. Trixi and I were of one mind, the marital fidelity was not even on paper. She wanted to have the freedom to fuck with her passengers whenever she wanted, also the financial aspect was important for her. I still visit Ilse once a month on my afternoon off, fucking with her and her lustful girl warms my body and soul. She always has young and very young girls there and I never ask Ilse if she is already of age.

Anni lies with us daily in the evening. Trixi calls her down every time, when she gets too exhausted during the day. Even when Anni has a visitor, Trixi trudges up the stairs totally naked and enters the room. If the visitor is already asleep, she wakes Anni up so she can lie down with me. It often happened that Trixi lay down to the visitor and let herself be exhausted again when Anni said to her that the guy could do it well, as Anni told me broadly grinning when we fucked.

She studies with good success at the university, Achim has long been lost in history and since she is 23 and has her period, we fuck only with condoms. She doesn't waste time being in love, she takes a one-night-stand a few times a month home, that's enough for her, she says. Every time her lover is any good, she shoos Trixi upstairs to get a good fucking. She comes down to fuck me or watches them fucking when I'm not there. Anni knows how much Trixi likes to be fucked hard and that Trixi and I have a consensual arrangement.

I go to Ilse less and less, I don't like to be caught with a minor. I may have already fucked with all the whores in town, for me that's variety enough. I never see them as whores, to be honest, for me they are fuckable, willing and horny girls. Since they work in the hotel business, they are usually not ugly and younger than me. And when I drive night shift, I know that Anni and Trixi ride with a good stallion. But I really enjoy fucking with Trixi and Anni in the evening until exhaustion. We are, I have already said, a very special family.

I will participate in the cab business with a total of 4 cars. In ten years I don't want to drive a cab anymore.

# Maria

by Jack Faber © 2023

Maria leaned back. Piero was at work all week, he always came home Friday night or Saturday morning. She gently stroked her belly, you couldn't see very much yet, she was only 3 months pregnant. She stroked her hand lower, her inner thighs were more sensitive than ever. She had her pubic hair epilated on the left and right side of a landing strip, it was supposed to be a surprise for Piero. The skin was still a bit reddened, but the skin of the labia and the clit was tender and fine and wanted to be caressed. Urgently.

Maria had dozed a little afterwards, but the doorbell had startled her. She threw her dress around and held it together with one hand, there was no time for buttoning. She went to the door, it was Giuseppe, whom she knew only from school. She let him enter. He was very shy and inhibited, that's how she remembered him. He didn't want a coffee, just a lemonade. He stared at the bare skin she couldn't quite hide. He was getting to the point. The old custom. Maria had to think for a moment. The old custom. Yes, now she remembered. Pregnant women are for everyone. He couldn't be serious!

Yet, yes, he said, it has always been the case that pregnant women were there for everyone, that was the old custom. Mary sat down next to him, she was going to give him a hand job, she whispered. But he shook his head. He insisted on the old custom, it was his right. How would he have even known she was pregnant? Giuseppe scratched his head. There's a site on the Internet, you can find them all there. Maria was very puzzled, but she accepted it, she could look later. Giuseppe fussed, he had already idolized her in school, but she had never noticed him. Maria reached across the table for a cigarette. Of course her dress fell apart, but she ignored it. She wondered if she'll make him a handjob after all.... ? He reached out his hand, touched her inner thigh and caressed it.

Maria didn't give up so easily. But she was at a loss, the arguments were no longer enough. Giuseppe had taken a tearful tone and told how he had done everything, back in school, to catch a glimpse of her breasts or between her legs, how night after night while masturbating he had seen those tiny moments in his mind's eye. Tears streaming down Giuseppe's cheeks, Maria took his head to her bosom and comforted the poor man. She dropped her shoulders. She nodded resolutely and looked at Giuseppe. "Right here, on the kitchen table?" she asked, not waiting for his answer. She lay down on the kitchen table, letting the dress hang down to her left and right. She put her legs up and let her knees fall apart.

Giuseppe stood in front of the table, he touched her breasts, her belly, her pussy full of devotion and longing. "Come on, do it now," Maria murmured. He dropped his pants to his ankles. She looked at his cock, it was not particularly large, the glans had pushed through the foreskin and was resplendent in dark red. He penetrated slowly, closing his eyes to concentrate fully on the sensation. She was a little disappointed, his cock was much smaller than Piero's. She had come to Piero as a virgin, she had never fucked anyone but him. But now Giuseppe was here, he was only her second man. She slowly began to masturbate, because she also masturbated when Piero fucked her. She had been masturbating since she was a child and masturbated herself to sleep every night.

Giuseppe squirted way too early, way too soon. She held him back, telling him to keep his cock inside her until she was done. It took a long time for her to orgasm, Giuseppe's soft cock was pushed out as she orgasmed. He was completely irritated, he had never seen a woman orgasm before. He instinctively felt that it was good and right for her. He dressed and kissed Maria, who had stood up, on the mouth. She turned her head away, not wanting to kiss with him, she murmured. "Thank you, Maria, it was beautiful! I won't never forget it!" At the door he turned again. "I'll come back tomorrow," and left.

He came every day, in the afternoon. She had put a mat on the kitchen table, as well as some pads so she wouldn't get bruises. They didn't talk much, he just came to fuck. She let it pass without any emotion, only enjoying the own orgasm as usual. Friday she said that

Piero was coming, Giuseppe left quickly after the fucking. She received Piero stormily, after dinner they immediately went to bed fucking. Then, when they were sitting next to each other in bed smoking, she brought up the old custom. Piero remembered and fell out of all clouds. He immediately called Carlo, and it took his best friend a few bars before he understood everything. “Maria and Giuseppe? Don’t make me laugh,” said Carlo, “the garden gnome has never had one! Maria and Giuseppe! It’s unbelievable!” Piero hung up, Carlo was no help. But he had indeed confirmed that this custom existed, it dated back to the time when the Turkish pirates besieged the Venetians here. Yes, Carlo had said, he himself had fucked Giulia, his friend Pietro’s sister, every day during her pregnancy, and even Pietro couldn’t do anything about it except sit by stupidly and “watch over her.” Pietro sat on a stool opposite Giulia’s bed. He had never seen her naked before, now she was lying naked on the bed with her knees apart. Pietro looked very deep into his sister’s pussy and watched the cocks penetrating Giulia’s pussy one by one and fucking her very fast. The room gradually emptied, everyone had fucked Giulia and left. Giulia put herself under the shower and Pietro, horny and naughty, followed her, never before had he dared. He hugged her like a lover and whispered in her ear that he wanted to fuck her after the shower. She was annoyed at first, but realized how serious he was. She lay down in bed and waited patiently. Pietro lay down with her, touching her body for the first time as an adult. He was older than her, but he was by no means smart. He had fucked many girls and women before and now set about fucking Giulia. She knew how stupid he was, but she was very amazed at how well he could fuck. Of all the boys and young men he was the champion, she got every time a huge orgasm. In the first nights he fucked her so many times that she had to stop him, exhausted. She let him fuck her every night until she gave birth. She didn’t want to marry in any case and let him sleep in her bed as her husband. When Lina was 7 years old, he got married and afterwards he only rarely came to fuck Giulia. It did not suit him at all that she sold herself for money and there were regular arguments about it.

A Custom is a custom. Giulia was an insanely popular girl in his circle of friends, and Piero only didn’t participate longer because he was so in love with Maria. But Piero had also fucked Giulia every day

during her pregnancy. She had always kept her eyes down and had shamefully and shyly let one after another fuck her while the room was full of waiting, rutting boys. Giulia, Carlo said, clicking his tongue, that's a brilliant one! Piero had hung up, because with Carlo's fucking he had only participated until he met Maria.

Piero was lost in dark brooding. Maria immediately called Giuseppe and told him it was enough, he should not come anymore. Maria understood Piero very well, Giuseppe had broken into their marriage and taken her. She didn't want Piero to suffer, she comforted him and assured him that she was only his. She fucked him as often as he could and let him go again Monday morning. Of course Giuseppe came again, of course she let him fuck, but she told him to forget it. And in no case come again without calling first, she would not open for him.

But now Carlo was in the game. And Carlo could not be counted among the secretive. He called Maria and came. She had nothing to say to him. His friendship with Piero was not at risk, he said; Piero, too, would have to respect the old custom. Maria let her dress slide openly apart, Carlo would fuck her in a moment anyway. So it was. Maria insisted on doing it on the kitchen table and not desecrate their marriage bed. Anyway, Carlo fucked much better than Giuseppe, she masturbated and had wonderful orgasms until he finished cuming. Carlo said goodbye after a grappa and came back the other day, shortly after Giuseppe. Finzi, Carlo's friend, also came later, Maria had fucked enough after 3 men, masturbated all afternoon and didn't answer the phone. Maria had told everyone how unwise it would be to tell Piero anything. One careless word and Piero would freak out. Sure, they said.

The next day all three came again, and after dinner Marcello, a good friend of Carlo's, still came. The four-legged giant had an amazingly small cock, but he fucked Maria three times nonstop, which was remarkable. She was exhausted from all the masturbating and called Giulia. They hadn't seen each other in ages and were soon chatting in a confidential tone. "It doesn't stop after birth," Giulia said, "it's a virus, you'll never get rid of it!" That gave Maria a good scare. "But no one said you had to do it for free!" She, Giulia, take 200 every

time, that was a fair price and whoever didn't want to pay didn't have to come. Maria thanked for the good tip and gossiped with Giulia for another hour. Then it was already time to go to sleep. Maria initially thought she had already masturbated enough and had enough orgasms today, but then came the old familiar feeling in her pussy, which she knew so well since childhood. She rubbed the clit just very gently and softly, the pleasure rose and she did it as always. Starting over several times and stopping before the orgasm, again and again, until she couldn't hold it back any longer and triggered the orgasm violently. Piero had always enjoyed watching her, but had usually fallen asleep in midtime.

Then the gentlemen were amazed, it was no longer free, but cost 200. Giuseppe came once more, but he was very disappointed that she sold herself for money. Finzi no more at all, it cost as much as in the city! Maria remained firm, 200! Carlo came only once a week, he could no more sneak money past his wife. Only towards Marcello Maria gave in, she invited him to fuck at half price. If he had no money, she still liked to let him fuck her and she had nothing to regret when he came very often. He fucked the best of all, and Maria realized that there was something to the saying; length does not matter.

Piero came late Friday night and she pulled him into bed right away. He could see from her face that she had had a few men. She would never lie to him and told him everything. She only hid the fact that she had a crush on the good Marcello. She explained to him that she was only putting the money aside for her child, she didn't want a penny of the shameful money. Consoling the inconsolable Piero was a challenge, he was offended in his manly honor and failed to fuck for the first time. One word gave the other, and suddenly Maria wanted to know from Piero if and with which pregnant women he had gone to fuck for pleasure, the poor man had to list every woman and report every detail. He had red ears and confessed everything, and Maria told him plainly that her adventures were nothing in comparison. Piero knew how right she was. But now he was the cuckold. Maria swore to him that she wouldn't let them fuck her anymore, and she swore to herself that she wouldn't tell him anything. Period.

There were now also men from the surrounding area, from the old fishing villages. They had to pay the same as in the city, but they didn't have to travel as far and they got a fresh, young 19 year old and not a used up road swallow. Maria had to manage her time well, doing everything in the morning, from noon on the men came every hour until late evening or even longer. Usually she fucked 5 or 6 men in one day, sometimes 8 or more. She showered her pussy after each man and put lotion on her pussy. And she noted each one in her calendar.

Piero was inconsolable. Maria professed not to have fucked anyone, but when he looked into Carlo's eyes at the evening beer in the pub, he knew. He despised his friend, who lied to him shamelessly. How could he do it to him, to fuck his wife! He stayed away from the beer, he bought the booze and drank alone at home. The sex with Maria didn't go so well, he couldn't get it up. Maria walked around naked at home, but it didn't help much, his eyes were greedy, but his cock didn't cooperate. Piero sank into dull brooding, he went to the construction site already Sunday evening. He couldn't stand it anymore, constantly failing and that she was lying to him, even less.

Maria was very hardworking, 8 men every day, not a day less. She had settled well on the kitchen table, dutifully washed her pussy and creamed herself with lotion. She was friendly to the men, they were in a way customers who came back. Some she knew quite well and knew who liked to do it from behind. And she cultivated the friendship with Giulia. She was not only a pleasant conversationalist, but also a very experienced advisor. Giulia was 7 or 8 years ahead of her, and that was a great advantage for the 19-year-old. She knew advice on how to avoid stretch marks on the belly and the hips, where to buy bigger bras cheaply. And, of course, she listened carefully about Marias marriage to Piero. She thought it was quite important that Piero did not sink underground; he often stayed out nights, got senselessly drunk, and woke up at noon next to a nameless saddleback. Maria feared the end of her marriage.

Giulia knew advice. She would lure him to herself, it was much better to know where he was and what he was up to. Of course it wasn't completely altruistic, Piero had been on Giulia's menu for a

long time. He had fucked her a lot 8 years ago when she was pregnant, and she hadn't forgotten him. Maria knew all this, but she trusted Giulia completely. The older woman knew what she was doing.

Piero let himself drift with the wind, losing Maria in such a miserable way completely broke him. Giulia had no trouble luring him into her web. He closed his eyes, it was a very different Giulia he was fucking now. No longer the shy 17 year old girl who demurely lowered her eyes when a man penetrated her pussy. No, a confident young woman who demanded money from her lovers and could live a luxurious life with her daughter. He did not move in with her, but he slept with her every night. He had lost the job, they couldn't use a drunk. He slept with Giulia as her husband, and in the afternoon he took care of her daughter Lina. He drank only in the evenings, but Giulia had judged him correctly, he was not an alcoholic. She kept reporting to Maria regularly how things were going.

Piero, of course, no longer had any idea what he had learned at school. Nevertheless, he sat with Lina every afternoon and studied with the 8-year-old. The child was extremely smart and inquisitive. She did her written homework first and then her oral homework. When she was done with that, too, she researched on the Internet about things that interested her. Piero sat next to her, studying with her. When she wasn't clear on an assignment, she would put one foot up on the edge of the chair and tug excitedly at her pussy. He watched it out of the corner of his eye, but said nothing.

Lina said, "Don't look!" and he obeyed. She pulled her panties aside and rubbed her clit. After two minutes she had finished and called out, "You can look again!" and he looked again. She had accepted him as a friend and replied with her face flushed, "I've seen it done at Mom's and I do it exactly the same way at night. I rub it a dozen times and stop again. Then, when it's enough, I masturbate to orgasm and sleep. I believe that it is right that way." Piero nodded sadly; Maria did it that way too, every night. The conversation had relaxed Lina, now she let him look when she masturbated while studying or doing internet research. He shook his head, no, he didn't want her to masturbate, that wasn't proper. Lina shrugged her shoul-

ders, okay. Then don't. Lina masturbated every afternoon, often twice, and the little exhibitionist let him watch completely uninhibited. Lina now took off her underpants every time, spread her legs like butterfly wings and masturbated really unabashedly in front of Piero's nose. "You're not a virgin anymore," he exclaimed in horror, "at seven years old!" Lina paused in her masturbation. "I've been 13 two months ago, and of course I'm not a virgin! Uncle Finzi comes every Saturday at noon, after all, when Mom is out shopping. He fucks me really fast and runs away again after some minutes. The fucking makes me a little bit hot, but I always have to masturbate afterwards!" Piero didn't reply anything, because Finzi was a child fucker, at least that was a rumor. And that a 13-year-old girl let herself be fucked in such an unspectacular way, Piero found wretched. Would Lina also have a child out of wedlock at 17 like Giulia?

Maria had been busy fucking and cashing in, the disgrace money had already grown to over 75,000. Now it was time to stop, there were only days left until the birth. The old midwife did very busy, but the real work was done by the young one. She had had a good training and the birth went quite smoothly. Maria gave birth to Angelina at 8 o'clock in the evening, a healthy, beautiful child. Piero was the first to join them. It took only a split second for them to know that they loved each other. Maria hugged Piero very tightly. They would move away, to another city. He would give up drinking and work, and she would give up other men, be a faithful wife and mother, and never fuck another man again. They promised that each other and stuck to it. They became loving, faithful spouses and Angelina grew up to be a gorgeous girl.

Only many years later, when Maria was 35, she fell in love with a 14-year-old. She had told Piero and he let her, she just should not make herself unhappy. She fell for his childish charm, his childish body and, above all, of course, his childish cock. She had never had such a young cock in her hand, it was slim and long and squirted, that it was a joy when she gently pulled the foreskin back and forth over the glans. She gave him time and waited patiently to fuck him, there was no hurry. She let him squirt many a times in her hand, later on endlessly in her mouth, drinking his seed like honeyed mead, for Franco loved it, when she licked him with her tongue and

lips. Soft as an angel, she cuddled with Franco, had explained to him beforehand exactly how the fucking goes and what was important in it. She let him feel her G-Spot, that was the trigger. That was important.

Franco's cock was dripping with excitement and he squirted immediately when he first entered her pussy. She kept him inside her, caressing his back and ass cheeks until he was stiff again. It lasted only a very short time, he had a good condition. They fucked nonstop for three days and three nights, leaving the bed only to pee. They saw each other almost every day after that, but if Maria had admitted it to herself, it was over after that three days. She clung to Franco, but after 2 months he broke free. She cried for a day, then got over it.

She had a few more affairs, but she never let anyone get under her skin that deeply again.

# Giulia's Fight

by Jack Faber © 2023

The old doctor confirmed to Palomina that she was pregnant. "You have a very nice pussy," the lesbian doctor said, "and a very nice, pointed clit!" Palomina was uncomfortable with the old woman tampering with her jewels, but it had to be done. "And, do you practice diligently, do you often make it with the clit?" Palomina blushed slightly and then admitted that she did it sometimes, once a week perhaps. No, she had always hidden it from her husband, it was very private after all! The old doctor asked her if she was aware of the old custom? Palomina only knew roughly what it was about, and the old woman enlightened her. Riccardo was not going to like that at all, the way he was ticking. He was eager for her to marry as a virgin and was mighty proud that she was. The old woman said that it was a nice custom, but she should make sure that the guys washed their dicks clean, because there was a risk of infection and it could lead to a miscarriage. Palomina thanked her and left, the old woman grabbed the phone and called Carlo.

The next day Carlo rang her doorbell. Palomina offered a coffee and listened to him with increasing horror. It was perfectly clear to her that she could do nothing against the custom. Crying silently, she went into the living room and dropped her clothes, trembling. She lay down on the couch and hid her weeping face in her hands. "Don't do it, Carlo, please don't do it!" she begged, but the juices in her aroused pussy were already dripping treacherously. Carlo did, of course. He liked being the first, he liked it when the chaste and faithful newlyweds cried, he liked very much fucking someone else's wife. Palomina couldn't complain, Carlo fucked her well and waited to cum until her orgasm had subsided. "See you soon," he said and left. She nodded and took it upon herself not to say anything to Riccardo. Then she continued to cry.

Giulia's parents raged. Barely 17, no husband far and wide and already pregnant! Giulia had told nothing about the Belgian or Frenchman, it were stormy nights with the tourist. She didn't even know his

full name or an address. But she had let herself be deflowered and had given herself completely to him. She did not argue with her parents, she packed her things and took a rented apartment. The parents sent Pietro after her. Surely the stupid girl could not be without a male protector! Pietro was extremely stupid and simple-minded, and he obeyed without contradiction. He slept on the couch and Giulia in the big marital bed.

Carlo came, he was always the first. Pietro knew the old custom, he had often gone with Carlo and his gang to fuck young pregnant women, most recently Palomina, who, weeping inconsolably, surrendered to the lads and patiently like sheep let them all fuck her. Palomina was so good to fuck that Pietro fucked her twice in any case, on some days even three times. So now Carlo had come for fucking Giulia. Pietro said he had to watch her and would sit quietly on a chair. Okay, said Carlo.

Pietro had never seen Giulia naked, he didn't really know anything about her. Did she masturbate? Was she fucking? Yes, probably so, she was pregnant after all. Of course he didn't know who had impregnated her. But no matter, he now sat at the foot of her bed and propped himself up on the board. Giulia lay naked in front of him, her pussy just an arm's length away. He looked at the pussy with professional interest, it was a beautiful pussy. She had pulled her labia apart with one hand and the fingers of the other hand were gently playing with her clit. She had a very nice, big clit and it got hard very quickly from the caressing. Giulia lowered her eyes virginally as Carlo mounted her. Pietro knew Carlo's cock of course, now he was making his way. Giulia's vagina adjusted to his cock, the black fuzz of hair over her cleft bristled, the tiny hairs stood up.

Pietro followed the fucking with great interest, Giulia was one of those girls who masturbated while fucking. Pietro noticed that Carlo waited to squirt and continued fucking. Giulia's orgasm came short and hard, now Carlo could finally squirt. Groaning, the boyfriend rose and Giulia went into the bathroom. Pietro opened the door, Gino, Tadzio and the child-fucker Finzi came in. They let the unpleasant Finzi be first, he didn't last 2 minutes and disappeared like a weasel. Carlo stood in the doorway while Tadzio and Gino fucked

Giulia one after the other. They were both very dedicated and politely waited to squirt until Giulia was done masturbating. Then the 3 friends went out together into the night.

Giulia stood under the shower. Pietro licked his lips in excitement, then resolutely joined her in the shower. She was obviously irritated, but he hugged her under the shower and whispered in her ear that he would fuck her later. “No, you won’t!” brusquely Giulia fought him off, “Brother!” He had only been waiting for that. “The old custom does not forbid the brother,” he said confidently, “all may, it says! And I’ve gotten so insanely horny from watching, look!” Giulia began to waver. Maybe he was right? In any case, he had a really huge hard-on. She argued back and forth some more, but he could feel she was going to give in. She lay down in bed, and he followed her.

Giulia was still quite inexperienced in fucking, but she admitted to herself that Pietro fucked best of all. She stopped masturbating in the middle of fucking, she got the orgasm while fucking, and damn it, how! She was now inflamed and cuddled up to Pietro. What did he like the most? she asked and he answered that it was her masturbating that got him the most fired up. She had expected something else, Carlo’s fucking or Tadzio’s, those were very good. But her masturbating? She asked to be sure he wasn’t fucking with her, but he kept at it. “Do you like to see it again?” she asked and he nodded enthusiastically. She started to masturbate and pulled his head by the hair in front of her pussy. Indeed, he loved it, she could see that quite clearly from his cock coming to life. If he may fuck her even before orgasm, the big boy asked and she nodded. He mounted her immediately and fucked away, she let her orgasm come in the fucking. Was that a glorious thing!

Giulia didn’t need a man, she had Pietro who fucked her wonderfully and powerful night after night. He sat at the foot of the bed every time someone came to fuck her. She was especially happy about Piero, he was also very good at fucking and he came reliably every day. When her belly was already quite big, he fucked her from behind, waited with the squirting until Giulia had finished masturbating and only then squirted. Piero was the only one who behaved so politely, the others didn’t care if she had already finished masturbat-

ing. Shortly before she had her child, he fell madly in love and didn't come to fuck anymore.

No sooner had she given birth to Angelina than her parents came again. Lina this, Lina that. Giulia kept the distance, they had ostracized her, now let the devil take them! She and Pietro were parents enough for Lina, grandparents were not wanted. Especially since her mother wanted to interfere in the upbringing, but Giulia prevented it. Brother Pietro was an excellent man, he was diligent at work and very diligent at fucking. Giulia liked her brother very much, she felt safe with him sitting at the foot of the bed when she was being fucked by a lover. She always arranged it so that he could look very deep into her little fuckhole before and after fucking and masturbated for his sake in a very provocative, obscene and frivolous way to make him really horny like an ape. She took money from everyone, free was only the air to breathe. The money allowed her to live a luxurious life.

Pietro married the butcher's daughter, a big fat onanist who only had masturbating on her mind. Pietro only came to fuck once a week now, he was very unhappy with the marriage, but he had been keen to get the butchery. Giovanna, his wife, masturbated all day, her labia and poor clit were constantly reddened. But Giovanna only made herself have one orgasm a day before going to sleep after they fucked. Anyway, Pietro was amazed every time how violently she masturbated before falling asleep and how she let herself be torn by the orgasm. She didn't like fucking at all, although he insisted of course, she didn't want children either and she preferred it when he went to the pregnant women with the other guys to fuck them. Pietro was very annoyed that he had to force her to fuck every night and now he brought three or four friends home every time. He woke Giovanna up and had her fucked, one by one. Giovanna howled at this humiliation, but she had to let his friends fuck her until the last. They often fucked her for long hours because they had not had enough. Giulia for her part was happy every time her brother called up to fuck her, she freed herself for him. Unfortunately, he often didn't come for weeks.

Her friend Maria and Piero were having real marital problems. Giulia promised to help and immediately caught Piero. He was com-

pletely devastated and drank too much, he had also lost his job. She proceeded vigorously, to drink he got only after dinner. He was not an alcoholic, she recognized that immediately, he simply could not tolerate alcohol. After two weeks he was content with two grappas after dinner. She had made it clear to him that he fucked much better when he wasn't drunk, that tipped the scales. And she wanted him like she had 10 years ago. She listened patiently when he talked about Maria, he was still madly in love with her and he told her everything frankly, how often they fucked, how and how often Maria masturbated herself and that she liked it best when he masturbated her before she was asleep. Giulia supported him, reinforced his belief that they would get back together as soon as the other men stopped fucking the pregnant Maria. Giulia was firmly convinced of that. And she was glad that he studied every day with Lina, who had since become one of the best in the school.

Lina masturbated from the first day on Piero's lap and masturbated again right away. He looked at her labia and clit, he spread her vaginal opening with his fingers and looked deep into her little fuckhole. She let him look shamelessly, the sly one. He looked at her very closely. Lina was no longer childlike, he would probably have estimated her at 15 or 16. The reddish-blond hair hung down to her hips, the precocious green eyes had seen a lot. "I used to watch mom quite often when she let a man fuck her, but eventually it got boring. But when you fuck her, she seems so devout — Lina searched for a word — then she's completely beside herself!" Lina's breasts were only growing, the whole physique rounded and womanly. The light blond hair fuzz announced the pubic hair and the hairs stood up perkily when she was aroused. She was insanely fond of letting him masturbate her, he had learned that from Maria, who always let him masturbate her one more time before she tiredly fell asleep. "You have to rub the clit," she said when he masturbated her the first day. Piero smiled, "lean all the way back, unclench, and imagine you're lying in a soft down bed. I know how to do it!" He bit his lips, he had always said that to Maria about the down bed. Lina insanely liked to let him masturbate her, he had learned that from Maria, who always let him masturbate her once more before she tiredly fell asleep. Lina enjoyed his masturbating, he cleverly stayed away from her big clit and masturbated the clit only just before the orgasm, during and afterwards

further, she had never managed that herself. The whole first week she let him masturbate her two or three times in the afternoon, yakking nonstop about fucking, fucking with him, until he got all woozy. And she cleverly waited a day. She lay naked on his lap again and spread her labia with her fingers. “Come fuck me, Uncle Piero!” He looked inquiringly into her eyes to see if she meant it, then carried her to the couch. He undressed and lay down with her. “You really want it?” he asked again, and she nodded, “I’ve wanted it for a long time!”

She looked at his cock, “oh my, it’s never going in,” she said in a whiny tone, “uncle Finzi just has a much smaller one!” Piero knew Finzi’s dick, it had stopped developing somewhere around 12. “We’ll be very careful, he’s sure to go in,” he said. He slowly and carefully penetrated her vagina, the vagina widened and adjusted. However, he could not penetrate deeply, she was still a child. His cock didn’t even go in halfway, then he felt resistance. He fucked her slowly and deliberately, she became very aroused, but she did not have an orgasm. “You’ll have to help it long with masturbating if it doesn’t come that way,” he said and she nodded. She masturbated really fast and got her orgasm, then he squirted, squirted all in. He had been fucking her for almost three quarters of an hour and he liked it a lot. She laughed brightly as he squirted and murmured that she could feel the squirting in, she never had that with Finzi. They lay side by side for a while longer, then he got up, “we haven’t learned anything yet today!”

This is how it went on for the next few months, he fucked Lina every day in the afternoon, some days twice and fucked Giulia at night. Of course Giulia brought it up because she knew that Lina masturbated while studying. He said, yeah sure, but it didn’t bother him. Lina usually stripped naked, he reported, she lay down on his lap, spread her legs and masturbated in front of him. It was okay for him, he said, she has a huge clit and Giulia laughed, “she has a huge Frenchman-clit!” and that gave proper conversation. “Finzi, the bastard, fucks my little girl every Saturday,” Giulia said to Piero’s amazement, “the neighbor saw it herself, through the window.” Piero said Lina had already told him, “but Finzi can’t fuck well, even your 10-year-old daughter knows that. He fucks for a minute or two at most,

then he disappears immediately, not caring about her orgasm. She has to do that herself afterwards." Giulia said she would kick Finzi in the balls, but hard and forcefully! Piero asked if he should do it, but Giulia waved it off, saying she would do it herself. "I'd rather you would fuck her, and not that wretched thug!" exclaimed Giulia. Piero nodded understandingly, he will be very happy to do it, he said. He didn't mention with a word that he fucked Lina already every day since the first week, the sneaky boy! Maybe Lina would want to fuck him when Finzi was out of the race, but he would certainly not actively seduce her, he could not. But was it for her as a mother...? Giulia waved off again. "I have never restricted Lina, never patronized her. Since she can masturbate, she does it, and that's okay. If she wants to fuck at the age of 10, then so be it, but not with a child-fucker like Finzi. When she gets her period, I'll tell her all about contraception so she can decide for herself when to have a baby. She is already quite precocious, her Frenchman-breasts are already budding visibly. Maybe she will get her period as early as 14 or 15, I pay a lot of attention to that." Piero was quite dejected. He had been ashamed in front of Giulia when he admitted that Lina lay naked on his lap to masturbate and that he sometimes masturbated Lina as well. Not with a word had he told Giulia that he had been fucking her daughter every day for weeks, somedays twice, from the first week on. But Giulia hadn't even batted an eyelash, for her it was okay, if he fucked her daughter. Piero fucked that night with Giulia all intimate and dreamy and had Lina's pussy and clit in front of his eyes.

Giulia had actually and literally kicked Finzi in the balls and threatened him violently if he approached Lina again. Lina was disappointed that Finzi didn't come again, so Piero could explain to her that Giulia had sent the douchebag to the desert. She shouldn't fuck Finzi, but fuck him if she absolutely had to, Giulia had said. Lina bit her fingernails. "With you? Doesn't she know?" she asked, her eyes wide, and he nodded in affirmation.

Giulia eventually let it slip that she knew. She very rarely bothered them in the afternoon, that's when the men came to fuck her. But sometimes she came over and left right away, she nodded kindly and let them continue fucking. Sometimes she would stand motionless and just watch the fucking with glittering eyes. Piero quickly got used

to fucking Lina once or twice in the afternoon, because he liked it very much. He was more cheerful than he had been in a long time, always thinking about Maria and hoping she would eventually get tired of fucking so many men and none as honestly as she did with him. It was clear to him how much he loved her with all his heart and only because of that he didn't enjoy the fact that she let herself be fucked by so many nameless people. Sometimes, when he was fucking intensely with Lina or Giulia, his brain would play tricks on him, then he would only see Maria and stammer her name. He could not know, of course, that Giulia was faithfully reporting all of it to Maria.

Lina was curious and wanted to know what it was like, fucking from behind? She had picked it up at school and was confused. Is that where you fuck into her asshole? Piero smiled. "Actually some do, but not me, I don't like it at all." But if she meant fucking from behind, of course he did that, just not in the asshole, but properly. Lina thought about it, he could tell by the look on her face. He had her kneel down on all fours and penetrated her vagina from behind. "Got it," Lina said and tried to get up, but he said you don't do things by halves. He fucked her from behind and now almost all his cock went into her pussy! Lina orgasmed for the first time while fucking. She was amazed. "That was something!" she exclaimed, "an orgasm without masturbating!" Piero smiled, saying that everyone is different. Some like this, others like that. He sat down next to her on the floor and lit a cigarette. She took it from his hand. "I smoke at school," she explained. But now she needed a cigarette, because the orgasm of fucking was something very fine! So it happened that he almost always fucked her from behind and she almost always had an orgasm.

Giulia rushed him, he had to go to the midwives very quickly, "your Maria is having the baby!" He ran, tears streaming down his face. He then had to wait three hours in the anteroom, smoking one after the other. Then he was allowed to see her. He knew in the first second that they loved each other, madly loved each other. She beamed at him and threw back the covers. Angelina. He had seen babies before, but this sleeping child was their own. He looked at her closely; she had obviously taken after Maria. He kissed Maria for the hundredth time.

“It’s over,” she said with a beaming smile, “we’ll buy a house, I even know which one already. With the disgrace-money we can pay for it almost entirely, you give up drinking and find a new job, dammit! I’ve fucked enough men now, I’ll never fuck anyone but you again, word of honor! Agreed?” Piero couldn’t get a word out. He nodded and kept nodding. “We’ll be there for Angelina and we’ll make love like before!” Maria had grown up so much overnight, so smart. Piero was happier than he had been in months.

He stayed with Giulia for a few more days, their fucking was a long goodbye and his deep gratitude. Giulia let Lina sleep with them in the big marital bed, he fucked both of them in turn and Giulia was amazed when Lina got one orgasm after another while fucking from behind. Lina’s face danced back and forth over her body, in orgasm she bared her face on Giulia’s bosom, gasping and trembling. They stayed in bed for days, leaving school and fuckers out, they were fucking nonstop. During his breaks for recreation, Lina masturbated in front of their eyes, because she had a strong tendency to exhibitionism. He fucked them both as often as he could. He kissed, hugged and cuddled with both of them, for it was goodbye forever.

He headed off to pick up his wife and daughter.

# Carlo's Raids

by Jack Faber © 2023

Palomina went to the old doctor every morning. She was in perfect health; there was nothing to examine. The doctor hummed with satisfaction, Palomina had a very nice clit and she rubbed the young girl slowly and with pleasure to orgasm. When no other patient was waiting, she continued rubbing with a wide grin, making Palomina moan and groan and gasp her way to the next orgasm. Palomina had enough after two orgasms and went home completely relaxed.

Late in the afternoon Carlo came to fuck with Gino and Tadzio as usual. Palomina was looking forward in advance, but when they came, she played the crying newlywed who was robbed of her innocence by the wild guys. This was the role she herself liked best and she only had to think of her poor Riccardo, whom she deceived and lied to every day, and the tears would flow. If she would admit it to herself, the three poaching barons all fucked better than Riccardo, who worked until late in the evening and came home tired. He didn't have much strength left but to stick his cock in and squirt in, which sometimes went all by itself. If not, she rubbed his cock, which stuck in her pussy, very gently with her fingers, as he had shown her. He was always too tired to fuck, he much preferred to be rubbed with her fingers. She had no idea of Riccardo's past life. As a child he had always played with his building blocks in the marriage bed when the mother's girlfriends came to lick each other's cunt and clit. It interested him later because he got to fuck the girlfriend from behind and watch over her shoulder as she licked the mother's clit to orgasm. He was allowed to fuck them all and when there was no girlfriend, the mother let him fuck her, from the front like a man. The mother had taught him to lick the clit in the right way. If he licked the girl who licked the mother to orgasm at the same time, she patiently let him fuck her from behind and let him squirt all over inside even when she could get pregnant. The father they did not miss them both, he worked in Sweden and plowed the Swedish furrows at night. Only when Riccardo grew up did he realize that the mother was a lesbian, but it made no difference to him if he fucked a lesbian, they had a

hole just like the non-lesbians. Palomina was still a virgin when they got married, he fucked her every night for the first month and taught her to masturbate him with her hand. He found that it was most pleasurable when he just stuck his cock in and let it squirt on its own. Palomina quickly learned to really masturbate his cock when he put it in. She always had to smile when she thought that she had impregnated herself in this way all by herself. She had no idea about fucking and masturbating at that time, even that she learned only from the old doctor. The three musketeers were the first men with whom she fucked really and regularly, and her husband didn't even need to know that. He was so satisfied with her, rubbing his cock and making it squirt into her pussy, that was all he wanted. Sunday morning they fucked properly, he licked her clit after fucking quite masterfully and she loved that very much, it made her all fuzzy and she was really exhausted after those strong orgasms. Palomina stroked his head gently, he had done more than enough, she had already had the real fucking that afternoon. She would masturbate a little before going to sleep, in the way the doctor had shown her and the doctor would do it to her again tomorrow.

Carlo had talked to the doctor on the phone, she said Maria, Piero's wife, had let her being masturbated patiently without a word, but she wasn't a bit of a lesbian like Palomina, who didn't know it herself, but came back every morning to get an orgasm or two. Otherwise, there was not much to report, young Laura had become pregnant. Of course Carlo went with Gino and Tadzio to see Laura. The 17 year old was not at a loss for words, but was frightened at first. But she caught herself again, they should better refrain from fucking, her Mauro can't take a joke there! Nevertheless, she let herself be raped by the three with a beaming smile. She didn't get an orgasm, but she had not fucked many a men, so she was very curious, how the three performed. She laughed and demanded a second and third round, which only Tadzio could manage, the strong youngster. She kissed them and said farewell and shouted after them that they should not come again! And indeed, Mauro came into the bar and dragged Carlo out by the collar. He beat up Carlo on the street and went right back inside and grabbed Gino, whom he also beat up on the street. Tadzio voluntarily went out with him and was lucky, Mauro was already tired and let him go after a few juicy slaps. "And tomorrow I'll put my

brass knuckles in my pocket, and then I'll beat the living breaths out of you all!" They now avoided Laura like the plague, Mauro with brass knuckles, no thanks!

Carlo kept passing Ursula's room, sometimes stopping and watching her masturbating. She had the little light burning, next to it the statuette of Our Lady illuminated from the inside. She didn't have her legs up for masturbation, just stretched them out to the side. Ursula was a damn pretty thing, but she had a religious fad. Some said she was crazy. Crazy or not, one day he silently appeared beside her bed and waited until Ursula had finished masturbating. She opened her eyes and stammered, "Heavenly Lord! Oh, Heavenly One!" Carlo shifted in a flash. "Yes, my dear Ursula, it's me, Carolus." "The Angel Carolus?" asked Ursula raptly, and he nodded, "the Archangel Carolus!" She knelt down and kissed his hands. "Oh, be welcome, my archangel!" Carlo let her kneel and kiss hands, but eventually enough was enough. "I've come to fuck you!"

Ursula was delighted, her cheeks glowing. "I was just waiting for you, my heavenly Lord, saving my virginity for you! Oh, how excited I am to fuck you as my first man! I know it will hurt the first time, but for your sake I will endure anything, my Lord, my beloved!" In a flash Ursula was on the bed, lying on her back and unfolding her knees. Carlo dropped his pants and mounted her.

Oh, how he cursed quite unheavenly, as Ursula's hymen seemed to be made of elephant leather! Only when she grabbed his ass cheeks and pushed him inside her with a wild jerk, it was done. The Archangel fucked St. Ursula for almost half an hour until she reared up in orgasm and he could finally squirt inside. He stayed with her for three more hours, fucking her as often as he could. He promised to come again tomorrow. He came for a good 10 days, fucking her two or three times and promising to come again. But he didn't come again on the eleventh day, he was actually very bored with her constant lousy praying. A good month later the doctor called him, holy Ursula was pregnant and was babbling something about an archangel fucking her. Carlo, Gino and Tadzio went on their way.

The archangel Carolus first had to make clear to holy Ursula with saintly blather that the holy Ginus and the holy Tadzius had to unload themselves immediately and she had to fuck with them, absolutely, for the sake of heaven, Amen! Ursula was very confused at the beginning when all the three of them lay down with her. But she understood right away that she had to cuddle, kiss and porky with two of them, while the third one fucked her sideways or from behind, one after the other. Yes, she found pleasure in the piggish games, as the angels behaved quite humanly porky. Of course they were also allowed to put their cocks in her mouth, she sucked and licked so devotedly that she even forgot to pray. One after the other cock was put in her cunt, one after the other rammed and squirted. It was almost midnight when the three angels left, but they promised to come back. They did, because Ursula had learned to fuck magnificently and was already sucking the next cock while being fucked. No one else in the town did that.

For months the three angels went to St. Ursula, her mania for rattling off quite a few Hail Marys before fucking no longer bothered anyone. She could fuck wonderfully and suck cock at the same time like no other woman did. Gino and Tadzio, who were much younger than Carlo, did not have to economize with their semen and often squirted into Ursula's mouth. She swallowed the semen and said that this was "holy Manna, already Moses and his men had fed the women with Manna in the desert, that's why cocksucking and semen swallowing is so widespread in Israel. Maybe there's a little Hebrew blood in my veins, too?" They never learned where Ursula got this shitty wisdoms.

They came across the cornfield to Gelsomina's window. They whispered quietly, for her father-in-law sat outside the door, shotgun at the ready. He had to defend the honor of his daughter-in-law, his son was at work all week and only came home on Saturday. Gelsomina had long been madly fond of fucking, and when her father-in-law crawled into her bed on Sunday mornings, she was happy to let the dear old widower fuck her, after all, it stayed in the family. Now she let the three musketeers silently in through the window, they fucked for a few hours until all three had enough. Unfortunately this only worked for a few weeks, later on the father-in-law was lying naked on

Gelsomina's bed, looking at the naked daughter-in-law. Gelsomina sat by the window in the sunshine, legs spread in the sunshine and passionately caressing her baby bump, her pussy and then the clit too, very gently. Then she was masturbating every time, her feet spread apart on the window sill and her pussy in the sunshine. She knew, the old man liked to watch her caressing herself and masturbating, so she laid in the sunshine and let him watch all of it, the dozen times she masturbated in plain sunshine. The old man watched her with greedy looks and letting his cock gradually get stiff. He just had to wait a little bit, then Gelsomina took care of his poor dick, in the afternoon and in the night, she fucked him really devotedly.

Carlo and his friends again visited Ursula and Palomina, who, unlike Maria or Giulia, did not ask for money to fuck. Josefa was the wife of the only farmer in the village, she was already approaching 30 and was expecting her first child. She was already quite fat and was well acquainted with the old customs. She led the three of them to the barn, where she let herself be fucked wordlessly between pigs and cows. She propped herself up on a board, bent forward and let herself be fucked from behind. She never smiled, never spoke a word and simply let the old custom happen. Carlo often did not know which eyes looked more stupid and indifferent, Josefa or the cows. So, Josefa was not a main winner, rather a loser. But something good followed.

The pastor's wife was pregnant, the doctor said. The pastor was traveling all week in the surrounding countryside, staying overnight with old widows, which was sometimes even true. Of course he didn't tell his wife a word that he fucked them all, there couldn't be any too old for that! That he, of course, preferred to stick to the young women, he wisely concealed. Anyway, his wife Jenna, in her mid-20s, was pregnant and turned Carlo down. First, she knew how beautiful and desirable she was, and secondly, the old custom was something really pagan, that repelled the demure Christian. But when had Carlo not gotten what he wanted? Gino and Tadzio held the pretty Jenna tightly, she resisted of course and kicked with her feet. Carlo carefully undressed her so as not to tear her clothes. She had wet herself

and Carlo wiped her clean with her underpants. Then the two of them lay down on the bed and held the pastor's wife ironclad.

She cried heartbreakingly, because she had given up all the whoring and all the pack-fucking when she got the pastor. She cried and cried as Carlo fucked her really fine and long. They didn't have to hold her down anymore, she held Carlo embraced and quickly orgasmed and didn't stop orgasming at all. After Carlo had squirted, she lay there with trembling legs and her toes twitched for a long time until the orgasm had completely subsided. It was now Gino's turn. She hugged him like a dear and welcome husband, she got an orgasm towards the end and after that she kept orgasming until Gino had squirted and pulled out. She nodded encouragingly to Tadzio, after all she had fucked hundreds of guys his age in her previous life. With Tadzio, her orgasm came so quickly that she had to cover her face with her forearm, and the orgasms repeatedly came until he withdrew. Her flanks and legs continued to tremble for a long time, her toes twitching involuntarily. She raised her arm and smiled at them. "That was really divine!" The three of them were not at all used to a woman praising them and stepped from one leg to the other. And they came back as often as they could arrange it. Jenna was definitely a treat, she licked the cocks as well as Ursula and of course swallowed the semen. All her skill, fantastic positions, and thunderous, long orgasms that had been buried in the unimaginative pastor's life, now evolved again. Jenna loved her three lovers, she was again the pagan girl who never missed an orgasm.

Jenna laughed quietly to herself when the pastor came home and ranted about how old, ugly and unfuckable this or that widow was, which was only rarely true. He admitted, when she asked, that he was fucking this or that widow, out of Christian love and pityness and because he couldn't masturbate in the widow's bed. He did, honestly, he did. He waited when the old woman masturbated and stuck his cock inside her orgasming cunt, squirting all in. He really didn't care, how old she was and if she wanted be fucked or preferred the masturbation. Jenna kissed his fingertips and said, he was a good Pastor, caring for the poor widows, who had no other man to fuck. She would caress her round little belly and just tell him that she masturbated much more now than she used to, more than a dozen times

a day and the same at night. She was his devoted wife, whom he loved more than anything. That was even true.

Carlo had debated with Piero, Carlo believed rock solid that Lina was already 16, he had eyes in his head after all, didn't he? Piero said nothing to this, he just wanted to say goodbye to his friends, he moved away with Maria and Angelina. Only in an almost unintentional side sentence he mentioned how greatly young Lina was already fucking.

He saw the glint in Carlo's eyes and knew he had done Lina a good service.

Carlo was one day at noon in front of the school. She recognized him immediately and greeted Uncle Carlo. He was a little more diplomatic than usual and did not immediately go like a bull at a gate. She turned and turned in circles because he complimented so beautifully on her figure, on the budding breasts whose nipples stood out firmly under the T-Shirt. Probably, he let his guess be heard, probably she really was such a cannon in bed, as Piero had said. She rejoiced, "did he really say that?" and later she said that she had enjoyed fucking with Piero very much, but he had unfortunately moved away. Carlo was a master at keeping her on topic. Unfortunately, he couldn't come to Giulia's apartment when she wanted to fuck with him. She would have to come to his place, where she could fuck him if she wanted to. Doesn't she want to? Lina thought about it, maybe for a quarter of a second, and said that would be fine, she would come right away. Carlo did not hesitate either and so they went to his apartment.

Carlo's mouth watered as Lina undressed. A pretty and horny 15 or 16 year old, with all the trimmings. Her beautifully curved mound of Venus with the delicate blonde fuzz drove him half crazy. He couldn't wait to fuck this babe. She said completely naively that Piero's big cock only went in halfway, her vagina was still very short. Carlo penetrated carefully, even he couldn't put his cock all the way in, but what the hell! He fucked her way too fast and squirted even though Lina was still masturbating. He pulled his cock out and watched her masturbate. They smoked and fucked again and again.

Then Carlo was completely exhausted. He explained to her that he usually went to fuck together with his best friends, he listed which girls or women they had fucked together lately. One after the other, of course. Lina asked with a cheeky grin, where are they now, that Gino and that Tadzio? Carlo called them immediately and after a few minutes they were here.

Lina wanted to fuck first with Gino and then with Tadzio. Gino had a shorter but broader cock than young Tadzio. So Gino got ready and Tadzio's cock also grew as he watched the two of them fucking. And then it was finally his turn. They fucked one after another, Lina really got her money's worth before she quickly ran home. She had less time to study now because she went to Carlo's almost every day after school ended. She found it piggish and insanely horny to cuddle, kiss and piggle with three nice naked men at the same time and get fucked by the third one. It was wonderfully filthy and beautiful. When she found out how Piero had recommended her, she cried with happiness. Uncle Piero, you're a good man!

A year later she got her period and Giulia told her everything she knew about contraception. It was only long after that she learned about Lina and her Trio.

# Who Is Afraid Of The Black Man

by Jack Faber © 2023

Ze, whose real name was Zeid Obakunde, had come to the United Kingdom by adventurous means. He was in his mid-20s, slim and tall, and was a handsome man. Only his skin color did not suit many Europeans, but he had two aces up his sleeve. He spoke fluent English and was very good with computers. He had worked as a computer specialist in his home country for a few years, but had earned far too little. He had come to earn a lot. He had gotten two good pieces of advice from a good friend right at the beginning. First, to wait patiently for the residence- and work permit, in this point the British understood no joke, one was punished and expelled quickly.

Second — here the friend scratched his head in embarrassment — "pretend to be gay. Wait," said the friend, "wait! You'll have to think about two things before you decide against that. First, being persecuted as a homosexual in Africa is a good reason to flee, to earn more is a bad one." Friend Mo grinned, "Europeans suffer from homophobia and human rights. That can be exploited. The second is easy to explain." Ze hated it when his friend made long pauses, first, and second, that he found a first and a second in everything.

"Second," the friend resumed the thread, "with our skin color we quickly meet with rejection. It has to do with 1. race and 2. xenophobia, which is quite clear to both of us. You might meet girls, but you'll hardly get a British girl into bed, black man. But many women make friends with us gays, they are not a threat. They will even take you to bed, they are not afraid of a gay man. He won't touch her." Ze shifted in his chair, feeling uncomfortable. "I didn't know you were gay, Mohamed," he finally said. Mo laughed brightly. "Here in England, yes! And why, I just explained to you!" Now Ze had to laugh, too. Mo knew every trick in the book and used to be a lawyer, but he had messed with the wrong people and was now safe here. He would have

to find another profession, Mo had said, “I can wear the lawyer and take my hat in England. When I get a foothold here, I’ll bring my wife and three kids over.”

Mo had been here for 3 weeks and took Ze to the real pubs. They went to various parties together as two gay guys. Mo winked, when Ze went to get his backpack to spend the night with Jenny. A day or two, he’d told Jenny, and she’d agreed. They trotted side by side through the nighttime city. Jenny was younger than Ze and worked in a flower store. She had only a one-room apartment, one room for living, sleeping and cooking, toilet and mini-shower in the kitchen. But she had a nice balcony where she smoked and drank coffee.

She set up a place for him to sleep next to the bed, he packed the red wine from his backpack and they drank on the balcony. Jenny showered before going to bed, and Ze got his fill. She slipped on a negligee, and good night! Ze knew he would have to wait a little. He wrapped himself in the thin blanket and slept.

When he awoke, Jenny was sitting next to him. He had uncovered himself and she was staring with glittering eyes at his morning wood. He covered himself and she asked if he needed it badly, should she do it to him? He actually wanted to sleep on, the sun hadn’t risen yet and he nodded absentmindedly. Her hand crept under the covers. Ze sighed, somehow it was going wrong. At least, that wasn’t his plan.

Jenny did it very skillfully, she obviously had a lot of practice with handjobs. She really strained, her negligee slipped and he looked at her shaved pussy. The hair had already grown back a bit and he remembered that for the evening. She wiped the semen off with a paper handkerchief. “A very nice cock,” Jenny said, getting up to make coffee. He was in the way, of course, and Jenny told him to lie on her bed while she fixed breakfast.

He had gone shopping, cooked dinner, rice with peas and ground beef mixed in. He wasn’t a particularly good cook, but he had bought 2 bottles of cheap red wine. Jenny came as announced only at 8 o’clock, she still quickly looked at the news on the cell phone. She didn’t have a TV. He had cooked large portions, she ate with relish

and they sat down on the balcony with the red wine. She thought it was great that he had cooked and cleaned up the apartment. They chatted splendidly, even the second red wine ran out. He cleverly brought up the subject of shaving her pubic area and offered to shave her before showering, he was a master at that. She could only brusquely refuse or accept it. He shaved her pubic before showering. She thought it was stupid, the bed on the floor. They would both have room next to each other if they moved together. Ze nodded, that was a good idea and so they lay down on the bed next to each other.

Jenny fell asleep almost immediately, he had to let her lie on his arm and she pressed her back and ass cheeks against him. With both blankets they were nice and warm too. He placed his cock in her ass crease, not bothering there. He found that her synthetic fiber negligee was quite itchy, but he had to deal with that.

He woke up in the middle of the night. Jenny was lying on top of him, half hugging him and sleeping soundly. He couldn't sleep like that and carefully turned her back to her original position, she bent her top leg and slept soundly on. He placed his hard-on back in her ass crease, but now his glans was touching her freshly shaved pussy. He was very, very careful in his penetration. She made a few sounds, but immediately went back to sleep. He couldn't fuck her, she would wake up immediately. Infinitely careful, he slid his cock in and out, in and out, slowly. And only a little, only halfway. He always paused when she stirred, but when he put a hand on her ass cheek, she calmed instantly. He squirted without moving and let it trickle into Jenny's vagina. He pulled back and fell asleep.

Ze woke early to find Jenny had moved and uncovered herself. Her hand stole to his morning wood. He was awake in an instant. She smiled and said, "Shh, shh! Keep dozing while I do you!" He closed his eyes and enjoyed the handjob. She did it perfectly and wiped the semen off with Kleenex. Then she made coffee. Before she left, she put 20 pounds on the table, "for shopping."

He stayed until the weekend, repeating the secretive squirting in at night, and every morning she gave him a handjob. He asked her on the last night if he could fuck her to please her. She lapsed into dull

brooding. She felt blindsided, it was happening too fast for her. She said, “shower first, and then we’ll lie down. So maybe, maybe not.” He insisted on shaving her pubic area again, and Jenny agreed.

They lay as they did every night, his cock in the crease of her ass. He groped to her clit. She was very surprised, but she allowed it. Gladly, because she was totally sexually starved, he noticed immediately. He masturbated her so finely that she almost jumped out of her skin. She was very ashamed later, because she had gone out of herself so completely oblivious during the orgasm. He kissed her on the shoulder. She whispered that she had never fucked a gay man before and felt insecure. He asked her to put that thought aside, he would fuck her wonderfully, he promised!

He laid her on her back and penetrated her cunthole. She felt his cock reach to the end of her vagina and sighed deeply. His pace was slow to start, she felt the horniness coming up and he increased his pace. They fucked for over an hour, she got a strong violent orgasm in the middle of it. He kept going powerfully and she whispered that he was allowed to squirt, she was sure. Ze didn’t squirt for another hour. They both gasped, he went to the fridge and brought two glasses of orange juice. Then they continued fucking at midnight, he fucked her again for a very long time and she had another very strong orgasm. She bit his shoulder because she was not allowed to scream loudly. After this orgasm she masturbated her clit very gently and softly, not to orgasm but to enjoy her pleasure. She kissed him on the mouth as he cum. They slept until morning. Upon awakening, they fucked again, then he grabbed his backpack and went again, to Mo. He then had to tell him everything in great detail. Mo laughed when Ze described how he carefully squirted into the vagina of the sleeping Jenny every night without fucking her.

Ze stayed with Mo one night, they went to a party again and both found a girl. Ze went with Mae. She had two rooms, an eat-in kitchen and a bedroom with a big double bed. Mae was much dirtier than the reserved Jenny, she didn’t push around it, there was enough room for both of them in the double bed. Mae was pretty drunk and said she was going right to sleep. Ze nodded, okay. He undressed Mae because she couldn’t make it on her own. She was grateful and was still

cuddling while undressing. She pulled him into bed and he quickly undressed.

Mae spread her legs wide apart and giggled, “I need it in a minute, sorry!” and she immediately and shamelessly began to masturbate. He sat by her feet and watched her masturbate. In the middle of it, she saw his stiff cock, paused and gurgled, “do you like to jerk off too?” He shook his head, no, he didn’t want to jerk off. Mae asked, what? He groped his fingers on her clit and fuck hole, “I want that!”

Mae sobered up for a moment. “Do you want to fuck me?” she asked confused, “so, do you fuck women too?” He nodded and mumbled, “but only if they want it.” Mae was completely drunk again and slurred, “I really like getting fucked while jerking off myself at the same time.” She continued masturbating further and didn’t flinch as Ze penetrated. He was actually fucking alone, as she concentrated only on her masturbating and her orgasm. She had to pull herself together very hard to orgasm no matter if and when he squirted. She continued masturbating without a pause and when he tried to pull his cock out, she shook her head. “Leave it,” Mae slurred, “leave it inside!” He obeyed and she continued to masturbate well past midnight. He fucked her in between when his cock stiffened and squirted when he was ready. He left his cock inside and fucked her with the semi-soft as well. Only after a long time she had enough and fell asleep in the middle of masturbating. He also went to sleep.

He woke up because the whole bed was shaking. He realized that it was a waterbed, which forwarded and amplified every of her movements. Mae was already masturbating again and poking herself in the vagina with a dildo, making the whole bed shake. It was a large dildo, made of a semi-soft material, that she was thrusting into her vagina like crazy. He knelt down with his morning wood in front of Mae, but she shook her head, “not yet, not yet!” He waited and she thrust herself really fast and hard.

“Now, now!” she screamed all at once, tossing the dildo aside as he thrust in. He picked up her fast pace and fucked like out of his mind. Mae, a small, rather roundish person with large, buff breasts, clung tightly to him and cried out briefly as her orgasm erupted. He

wouldn't have been able to tell later if she had a 5 minute orgasm or if she had orgasm after orgasm for 5 minutes, fascinating either way. He had to squirt in the middle of her orgasm and stopped after he finished squirting. Her whole body jerked violently a few more times, then it was over.

Mae worked in the home office mornings and afternoons, she had lunch and dinner delivered. He would lie on the bed and watch TV or read the newspapers. After lunch and dinner, she would lay with him and get out the dildo. That was her favorite thing to do and Ze complied. She masturbated three times every day, morning, noon and night. He fucked her vigorously after she fucked herself to orgasm with the dildo. Sometimes she masturbated again after fucking and Ze held her in his arms or fondled her breasts. He stayed with her for 4 weeks, then went back to Mo. He showed Mo the videos he had made of Mae. Mo told him about the women who had let him fuck them.

A few days later, they went at it again. Letitia clawed Mo, June took Ze home. June was in her mid-40s, her boyfriend had recently left her and her 16-year-old daughter Julia. June looked much younger, she had kept her body fit and was very athletic. She ran her route every morning before breakfast and showered while the tea steeped. Julia was pretty and very shy, not even daring to look Ze in the eye at first. June worked in the home office almost every day and went to the office only once or twice a week. June's son had moved to another city for college and Ze got his room. June let two days pass before getting involved with him. She worked at her computer screen dressed casually but demurely. Julia, on the other hand, was very unhappy that there was only distance learning and wore only panties and bra all day. She usually left the connecting door between the two children's rooms half open. Ze had a great pleasure to see her beautiful body now and then.

June mostly just cooked ready-made meals and sat with Ze after dinner. She let him tell her all about his African homeland and he enjoyed doing it, although he was not homesick. After two lonely nights, she lured him into her bedroom. She was very shy and ashamed that she needed it so badly. She had become very used to

screwing her boyfriend every night. Since she didn't masturbate, she needed an orgasm again. Julia masturbated every night for a very long time, Ze could see and hear her through the half-open door. Like June, Julia had a dim light on. Now he was lying with June, who had orgasmed very easily while being fucked and was snuggling up to him. She kept talking about her boyfriend, who not only brought her to orgasm, but also seemed to be a very fine person. They had gotten into a tiff when he let June's best friend fuck him at a party. He had moved in with the girlfriend in a rage after the argument.

Ze lay with June every night, but after fucking her he went back to his room. Julia was usually still awake then, pecking in front of the screen. She always went to bed very late, masturbating for a good hour before falling asleep. Ze watched her masturbating with amusement, she was apparently unaware that he could watch her. Mostly she masturbated under the covers, but she often uncovered herself when she got to the final spurt.

One day June's boyfriend was back. Now the boyfriend lay with June and Ze stayed alone in the nursery. Julia had watched him and her mother fucking and could figure that the dear black man must be lonely and sexually starved now. She was neither blind nor stupid and quite fiercely in love with Ze. Every night she fantasized about him when she masturbated. One night she couldn't take it anymore and sneaked off to him, like she used to sneak to her big brother, to masturbate him or to masturbate together with him.

She could no longer stand fantasizing while masturbating. She silently crept up to him, lifted the blanket and wordlessly lay down with him. Of course he was completely surprised, but he wouldn't turn down a naked 16 year old girl. He kept his hands to himself and waited silently. She pressed her naked body against him, the minutes passed. Then she caressed him, his arms, his shoulders, his torso. Though it was pitch black in the room, she closed her eyes as she slid her hand lower and touched his cock. "May I?" she whispered almost inaudibly. He nodded, and she understood. Very slowly, she began to masturbate him.

She had practice at it, he noticed immediately. “Where did you learn to do that?” whispered Ze, and she didn’t answer for a while. “With my brother, Ken.” He nodded, “ahh, I see. How did it come about?” Again it took her a while, but then she haltingly told him that as children they had often laid with each other and stripped naked. They took turns playing with his cock and her pussy until they discovered squirting. She’d been doing it to him every night since. “So, and your pussy?” he asked quietly. Ken had seen a girlfriend do it and had been doing it to her every time since after she made him squirt. Julia focused on the rubbing and he pretended to be curious. “Ken’s not around anymore, so what now?” Her silence lasted a long time. “I do it myself now, every night, thinking of Ken — or you.” Ze nodded and murmured, “I’d like to make it for you.” She fell silent and quickly made him squirt. She rubbed the semen on his belly and hugged him with both arms. The minutes ticked by.

He gently groped for her. She didn’t open right away, he probed and searched. She held her thighs pressed together and whispered, “I’m still a virgin!” Ze nodded, she was only 16 and in England. “But girls in England are allowed to do it at 16 and over,” he whispered hoarsely and Julia nodded. His fingers slid demanding and he said he would be considerate of her virginity. Now she opened her thighs a little. He groped for her clit and teased it finely. She opened her thighs wider and wider, because she noticed that he knew how to do the clit. She opened her pussy all the way as he masturbated her really fine. It lasted a few minutes, then she clutched his head tightly and jerked in orgasm. He continued to stroke her clit very gently and lightly until she was breathing again quite calmly. “I want to fuck you so bad,” he whispered into her hair, but she shook her head. “No, don’t!” whispered Julia. They held each other tightly, then she broke away from his embrace. She slipped silently back into her room, and Ze could see and hear that she was still masturbating for a long time.

Every night she came to him, she masturbated him and let him masturbate her. He whispered each time how much he wanted to fuck her, how much he longed for her, but she shook her head.

June’s boyfriend was out of town for a week. June came naked into his room and lay with him. He let himself be fucked and knew

that Julia was watching through the half-open door. After June left, Julia came to him and let him masturbate her. He didn't want it now, June had already totally exhausted him, he said. Julia cried disappointed with anger at her mother on his shoulder, and after he had masturbated her, she went and masturbated desperately well until after midnight. He watched her defiantly silent, no longer whispering that he would like to fuck her.

The boyfriend came back after a week. Julia had him to herself again. She sat down on his thighs and masturbated him while sitting. She wiped off the semen and lay on top of him. She stayed on top of him for minutes, sighing as she lay down next to him to be masturbated. She cried and sobbed the whole time and went again. He heard nothing, she did not masturbate tonight. The next evening she sat on his thighs again and rubbed his cock far too lightly and absentmindedly. She bent over and put her face on his cheek. Did he still want to fuck her so eagerly? she asked almost inaudibly. "I want it now, too," she said into the silence. She lay down next to him, snuggling up to him. "Are you going to hurt me?" she asked in a whisper, and he nodded, "It hurts a little the first time," he said. They fell silent.

"Take your time," he said, "it's okay if you give me a handjob tonight. That's all it takes right now." Julia nodded and whispered, "Ken and I had tried and tried, but we ended up not doing it for real. It would be too soon, he said. But I always let him fuck all the way in the front part of my pussy afterwards, so he didn't tear the hymen. We then fucked once or twice every night because it was so good for both of us. Ken said that it was almost the same as fucking a girl for real." She sighed and after a while she masturbated him and let him masturbate her. She went again and masturbated then for a very long time.

A few days later she was ready. She left the small light on in her room so it wasn't completely dark. Lithely, she pressed herself against him. "Come, do it with me, I don't want to be a virgin anymore!" He gave her a long time, lay between her legs and accustomed her to this feeling. "A man is between your thighs. Feel it, it's all new to you." She smiled, "Ken lay on me like that every night," and Ze had

to smile now too. Ze urged her to guide his cock with her hand. She reached out and pressed his glans into her vaginal entrance, then closed her eyes. Ze gave her a long french kiss and penetrated quickly. She jerked briefly and bit on his tongue. He paused deep inside her and looked at her inquiringly. “Are you okay?” he asked, and she nodded, “Yes!” He began to fuck, slowly at first and then picked up his pace. She was getting very aroused, but she wasn’t having an orgasm. Ze squirted deep in her vagina, squirting it all in, and lay down beside her, breathing heavily. “Come on, do it to yourself!” he panted. She masturbated for only a few seconds, then had her orgasm. He hugged her. “Thank you, that was wonderful!” he sighed. She stayed with him until well after midnight, masturbating, one time after another, interrupting only to fuck. They fucked two more times, then she went to her room to sleep.

She would sneak up to him every night, and they would fuck two or three times when she interrupted to masturbate. She always slept in her room, though. They had overlooked the fact that June’s boyfriend was traveling again. Suddenly June came naked and silent into his room while they were fucking. She stood motionless until they were done. His cock was still in Julia’s fuckhole after he had cum and squirted inside when he noticed June. She left silently, throwing herself on the bed and cried sobbing.

He let Julia go to her room and went naked to June’s bedroom. He lay down beside her and held her tightly until she stopped crying. She said in a matter voice that he had to leave immediately, leave her apartment. He argued that Julia was already old enough, but she remained stubborn. He fingered her pussy until she was quiet. He began to masturbate her. He had never done that before and she protested that that was fie and she had never done it before. He paid no attention to her babbling and stubbornly continued to masturbate her. She was silent as the horniness rose up in her pussy and gasped desperately as she jerked in orgasm. She knew that one. He had gotten hard and immediately fucked her as she started orgasming. He masturbated her all over again, she protested again softly and he didn’t care. She fell silent and spread her legs wide, it was so fine! He fucked her a second time in the middle of her orgasm, wild and furious. She kept her mouth shut as he masturbated her again. Her look

was desperate, not horny. She had been masturbated for the first time and had let it happen with a sore heart. Masturbating was phooey and disgusting, really. But she had gotten such beautiful orgasms that it threw her into complete confusion. She struggled with the conflicting feelings, on the one hand it was disgusting, on the other hand she had had wonderful orgasms. He stopped masturbating her just before her orgasm and fucked her one last time, wildly and mercilessly making her orgasm and continuing to fuck her until his cock went limp. “I’m leaving!” he said and left, packing his backpack and walking away.

Mo wasn’t home, Ze sat down on the steps and didn’t call Mo until the town woke up. Mo came immediately and let him in. Ze reported how he had messed up. Mo stayed with his girlfriend at night, and Ze regained his composure. A week later, he went to another party and let Jane pick him up. Jane said she was gay too and he was welcome to stay over at her and her friend’s apartment for a few days, no problem! He went along without a word. Sam, Samantha, was Jane’s girlfriend, both were short and chubby, Jane was in her early 30s and flat as a board. Sam was maybe 25, equally plump, but she had big breasts. Ze was immensely curious, he had never been around lesbians before. Jane’s apartment consisted of a very large bedsit and a tiny kitchen with a tiny shower and a toilet. Jane determined that he could sleep across the foot of the bed, so there was room for all three of them.

Sam was very embarrassed to strip naked like Jane and Ze. A dark-orange light burned behind the television all night. The two women held each other and cuddled endlessly. Jane quietly asked him if it was okay with him, and he nodded, of course. He even lay on his side at first, turning his back to them so they wouldn’t feel disturbed. He remained ironclad like that, just listening at first.

The two women uncovered themselves and he heard them whispering and masturbating. He watched unobtrusively, they masturbated each other at the same time at first, then each masturbated separately herself. One by one they came to orgasm, Jane was the first to finish. She stroked and teased Sam, who had a very strong

and violent orgasm. She twitched forever as Jane rubbed her clit again and again. Minutes later she was done.

Jane saw Ze's erection and sat with him. "You poor boy, I'm going to do it to you!" and without waiting for his response she began to masturbate him. He looked at her pussy up close and felt her cunt with his fingers. "Do you fuck with men too? Because I fuck women too and your pussy looks very appetizing," he said. She grinned wryly and continued to rub him. "Of course I fuck with men, I wouldn't miss it!" Ze sat up abruptly and hugged her. "Come on, let's fuck!" he growled, laying her on her back. "You're a quick one for me," Jane giggled and lay down ready to fuck. He looked briefly at Sam, who was watching the whole thing with disgust. Then he penetrated Jane's cunthole.

Jane was not the prettier of the two, but she fucked excellently. She knew that coordinated pace was all that mattered, and they quickly found the pace they shared. Arousal rose up in both of them and Jane briefly rubbed her clit and triggered the orgasm with her finger. Ze increased his pace and squirted shortly after, he hadn't fucked in a week and had saved up quite a bit of semen. Jane laughed happily as he squirted and grinned until he had finished. She lay back down with Sam and they cuddled. He lay down behind Jane's ass, placed his cock in her ass crease and dozed off, with half an eye still noting that Jane was masturbating Sam, then he fell asleep.

He was the first to wake up. His morning wood was stuck in Jane's ass crease. Infinitely cautious, he slid his cock into Jane's pussyhole, but she awoke. Grinning, she let him penetrate, sticking her ass all the way out and widening her ass cheeks so he could get into her pussyhole well from behind. Sam woke up now too, because the two of them rammed quite uninhibitedly. It was Saturday morning and they could stay in bed. Sam moved off as Jane reached between her legs and triggered the orgasm. Jane never had an orgasm while fucking. It was natural for her to relax the excitement that had built up while fucking with an orgasm that she triggered with her finger. Jane was very showy and masturbated obliviously, even if someone was watching. Sam moved even further away as Ze turned Jane onto her back and continued fucking her, he had some catching up to do. Sam

put on a pair of panties and started fixing breakfast. It was the first time she had experienced Jane letting a man fuck her. She had never fucked herself and had only done a hand job a couple of times very reluctantly, but she found it disgusting. Breakfast finished, Jane triggered her third orgasm with a finger, and Ze squirted roaring. Man, did that feel good! He went to take a piss and sat down at the table.

Jane had to tune Sam up again, they all went back to bed and Jane fucked Sam clit-to-clit. Ze's eyes almost fell out, so horny was it how she fucked Sam to madness.

They lay on the bed pumped out. Ze asked Sam if she wanted to get fucked, but Sam shook her head, she never fucked a man. Ze touched her pussy and masturbated her. She let him, yeah, she opened her thighs wide and came gasping and moaning to her strong and violent orgasm. Just as he had seen Jane do, he rubbed her clit again and again in orgasm, making her twitch until she had had enough. Ze fucked Jane again and again and masturbated Sam masterfully. It was a good arrangement for all three of them.

Jane, who was really enjoying fucking Ze, kept pushing Sam to get fucked. She didn't give up and after a week literally forced Sam to do it. Sam was very insecure and shy, half a dozen times she lay wide open in front of Ze, brought his cock into her vaginal entrance and recoiled again. Ze remained patient, definitely not wanting to take her by force. But Jane was extremely determined. She lay down on her back with Sam on top of her. She masturbated Sam from behind and after the orgasm she said firmly, "Now, fuck her!" Sam directed Ze's cock into her vaginal entrance and Jane held her ironclad. There was no turning back now.

Slowly and considerately Ze penetrated, Sam's hymen tore ever so slightly that she felt no pain. She turned her head to the side so no one would see her cry. Ze held onto Jane's shoulders and fucked Sam for what seemed like an eternity. Sam amazingly got a strong and violent orgasm and then several more small ones. She beamed all over her face when he cum after the last orgasm. She snuggled into Jane's arms and it just gushed out of her. She would never have believed that fucking was so great!

Ze stayed with the two of them. He fucked them both as often as he could and watched them as Jane fucked Sam to ecstasy with her clit-to-clit-fucking. Sam's clit was too small, so she couldn't really fuck Jane, although she tried again and again. They were having a great time, living off Jane's money and not worrying about tomorrow.

Until one day Sam told them that she was pregnant. Jane was furious and threatened to scratch Ze's eyes out and threatened to kick him out. The storm died down, they continued fucking as before and watched Sam's belly grow. Ze fucked Sam every night and took very good care of her round belly. Jane licked Sam's clit before fucking her. Sam liked the licking very much, but she rarely licked Jane, she didn't like doing that at all. Ze was tormenting the authorities, he was going to be a father and needed a job. The authorities, of course, wanted to know exactly how he could be a father as a homosexual. It was a difficult time.

Sam gave birth to a baby daughter. It was snow white. Ze couldn't be the father at all, that was perfectly clear to him, Jane and Sam. Jane was dying to know who Sam had been screwing around with, and Sam honestly and naively admitted: everyone!

Ze stayed with Jane for a few more days until Sam and the baby came.

Then he went into hiding.

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# The Dog Whip

by Jack Faber © 2023

Rainer worked day and night on his America-project, he hadn't fucked Lena in a year and slept in the study when she had a one night stand here and there. She had gone for a week to the neighbor who had a student from Africa visiting. He had a huge crooked black cock, but she found that he fucked just as well as others with smaller cocks. She still let him fuck her brains out every morning for a week. She was completely sexually starved after that year, although she masturbated night after night.

Jack had knocked softly and was standing naked under the bedroom door. She was slowly waking up. He had never lain with her since he wasn't a baby. He had very rarely seen her naked in the bathroom, she was completely sexually reticent and had raised him very strictly in that regard. He saw his friends masturbating, but he dared not touch himself, she was so strict. *He was allowed to touch "nasty Leila" though, because she let every classmate do that and because she was just nasty, a dirty one. She always walked around school without panties and showed her cunt to everyone with pride. She was butt ugly and flat as a board, yet she took off her blouse and presented her non-existent breasts and her big nipples. He had to touch them and was quick-witted enough to feign admiring words. He couldn't even look closely with excitement as she lifted her little skirt and showed him her pussy. She patiently and kindly explained the different parts of her pussy and showed him the clit. That was there for, when a girl needed it very badly. She sighed deeply and said she needed "it" right now, badly. When he didn't respond, she took his finger and rubbed her clit with his finger. He was completely overwhelmed with what she was doing, as she rubbed and rubbed the clit endlessly. Then she shuddered and pressed her own finger on the clit. She let the finger vibrate and looked at him proudly and haughtily, then caressed the clit a few times. "Ahh, that was good!" she exclaimed softly, "I really needed it*

*badly!" He was almost ashamed to death as Leila unwrapped his stiff, wet cock and stroked it with relish. "Now you, now your turn to squirt inside!" He had never cum before inside, but now she pulled him on top of her and used her hand to guide his cock into her cunthole. He was completely bewildered by the hot sensation coursing through his cock and squirted instantly. But she apparently ignored it and demanded that he thrust, in and out, "you know how it goes! Don't you?" He nodded, even though he had no idea, he had never fucked before after all and had only watched Franco and little gay Johnny do it, and now she demanded him to thrust. He thrust a few times and squirted right inside after a short while. She let him go very disappointed.* This was only noon today and he had Leila's pussy in front of him all evening. He cursed inwardly, because of shame and sin he had looked only briefly and had the pussy actually not really seen. He tried to remember Leila's pussy again and squeezed his cock very hard, so that it only got stiffer.

Now he stood naked under the door. The father had left weeks ago and would stay in the States for almost a full year. She had fallen asleep after her masturbation and now looked at him sleepily to ask, what it was now?

"It's urging me hard," he stammered, touching his cock, "it's pushing and urging and wanting!" He didn't know what he was actually saying. She flipped the blanket halfway back and grumbled good-naturedly, "come under the blanket, then!"

Jack looked curiously at her half exposed vulva under the nightgown, under her dark bush the slit was quite clearly visible. He had never seen her pussy so clearly before, but somehow this one was much more exciting than Leila's pussy. Her labia had shifted slightly and he guessed that "it" was hiding behind them. He stared at her cunt for minutes and turned off the aisle light. He slipped into bed with her in a flash. She reflexively grabbed his cock and sighed deeply.

"Oh my dear," she said into the silence, "oh my dear! He's bursting stiff! And — can you even squirt and fuck yet?" He nodded eagerly

and sputtered away, telling her about Leila. She listened to him, sighed and put one leg up. The leg folded to the side as he told how Leila took his finger. He lay half behind her and stretched his cock forward from below. His cock touched her pussy and she directed his cock into her fuckhole, deep inside. She hesitantly let go of his cock and he pushed forward, slowly penetrating Lena's fuckhole. He was still recounting how Leila masturbated with his finger and rubbed and caressed her clit, when she had an orgasm. Lena sensed her arousal when she imagined the young girl's masturbation. Lena folded her leg all the way to the side to facilitate his penetration. Her fingertips touched his cock and her clit. Slowly in and out, he said to himself, recounting lenghtily how Leila had done it herself with his finger. His fingertips touched Lena's fingertips, which were rubbing the clit gently. He jerked back, his fingers had no business there. He slid in and out slowly and reverently, telling how Leila pulled him on top of her and guided his cock inside with her hand. And that Leila had ignored the first squirt. The mother closed her eyes, rubbing gently and relaxing, he thrust and thrust and told how Leila had told him to thrust. He moved back and forth in Lena's cunthole, dreamily she waited anxiously for the end of the tale. He said pressedly how he had thrust inside Leila for a very long time and she nodded, for she could empathize with Leila as he thrust. "Yes, Yes Ahh!" Lena moaned softly as she orgasmed and slowly stopped rubbing her clit. She enjoyed very much after the orgasm to caress her clit and enjoyed that he fucked so fine and deeply — but after a while she felt him squirt inside. She immediately ripped out his cock, rubbed it hard and the last jets splashed onto her palm. "Hey, don't do that, that's a big mortal sin!" she screamed. He asked, that with Leila? She shook her head in horror, no, the Leila thing was okay, but this, now, "this is a damn mortal sin!" She thought for a moment. "You mustn't squirt into me, don't squirt into me! That's a bad, a mortal sin!" She held his cock tightly, which was stiff to bursting again. "But..." he began, but she interrupted, "Oh, he still has to fuck, you're not done yet, darling" she mumbled wearily, "all right!" and she stuffed his cock back into her cunthole. "No more squirting inside!" she admonished him, and he nodded. He kept fucking and fucking and she hung on to her dreams while caressing her clit intensely. He snapped her out of her reverie and gasped, "Now squirting!" and squirted with a solid jet inside. Immediately she yanked his cock out, rubbed it hard

and let it squirt all over her pussy. With a determined jerk, she turned on her side and turned her back, her bare asscheeks to him. He was disappointed that she had let go of his cock and hugged her ass longingly. She was so different from Leila, who had let him cum inside without any comment. She felt his cock thrusting here and there. She reached back and grabbed his cock. “Give it a rest!” she said sternly, “and don’t wriggle around like that, it’s pure un-chastity!” There, she thought, that said it all. “Here you may rub and squirt,” she muttered wearily. She gradually let go of his cock, which came to rest between her asscheeks.

Jack lay very still, one hand resting on her asscheek. He stroked her gently, she had such nicely rounded asscheeks! He pressed his cock into the crease of her ass. His hand followed. “Now then!” she pressed out fiercely, “don’t you dare do it with your fist, that’s a sin, a great sin! I certainly don’t want you to do it with your hand!” His hand froze in mid-motion. “Yes, Mom!” he whispered softly, “I won’t do it with my hand! I promise!” She nodded imperceptibly and stroked his cock. Her fingers slid his cock deep into the crease of her ass. There, she thought, that says it all. “Here you go rubbing and squirting,” she murmured tiredly, stuffing his cock deep inside her ass crease and continued to rub his cock hard for quite a while. He held his breath, she almost made him squirt. But then she stopped and gradually released his cock, which came to rest between her ass cheeks.

Was she asleep? Her hand rested firmly on his cock and he stirred. His cock slid up and down her ass crease, her hand pressing his cock into it from above. On purpose? He slid and slid up and down until the beautiful feeling rose. He felt it squirt into her hollow hand, then he closed his eyes. He was completely spent. She whispered almost inaudibly, “you piglet, you little piglet!”

Jack came into her bedroom every night. She would flip back the covers and let him under. He always penetrated her pussy from be-hind and from below and she steered his cock into her cunthole with her fingers. She always admonished him that he was not allowed to squirt inside. She kept her fingers on his cock first until he started to fuck. Then she put her fingers on her clit and teased it, she sank into

reverie and masturbated her clit. Slowly at first, then faster and faster. She was already on the home stretch when he squirted in, but she never noticed that because she was no longer aware of her surroundings. He kept fucking her slowly for the second time and she shuddered ever so slightly in orgasm. He knew he had to warn her before he squirted in and fucked faster and faster. She put her fingers on his cock and mostly felt with her fingertips when the squirting came. He called out softly, “Now!” and she pulled his cock out. She rubbed it really hard and let it squirt on her pussy or her palm. She kept rubbing until she had let every drop squirting out. If his cock was still stiff, he was allowed to fuck her another time. She stroked his mane of hair afterwards and gave him a kiss on the forehead. It was very nice for both of them. After 6 weeks she got her period with the usual delay and she told him he was only allowed to fuck her asscrease or her asshole. That was a bitter blow, because she didn’t want to let him cum inside anymore.

She let him slide up and down her ass crease every night, she was rubbing his cock in that tunnel and letting him squirt onto her palm. Only once did she mention it directly, “I’m glad you’re doing it this way and not with your fist, because that would be disgusting and a great sin!” He kept silent, what could he say in response? For another 14 days she allowed him to penetrate her fuckhole and let him fuck there just up to squirting, rubbing his cock hard in her ass crease and making him squirting into her palm. Each time she whispered that he was a little piglet, but he really didn’t care as long as he was allowed to fuck and to squirt. She had suppressed her sexual arousal every night, but now it just wouldn’t do, she needed it now immediately. She waited until he was deeply asleep, only then did she reach for her clit.

*Her mother was very strict. Until the age of about 10, the little daughter slept in the marital bed. She watched as the father beat the mother with the dog whip until she let herself be raped. The girl crawled between her thighs to watch the fucking up close. The mother waited until he was deeply asleep and then masturbated. The girl thus learned to masturbate and orgasm. Now she also masturbated, orgasm after orgasm and the parents laughed and gig-*

*gled when she orgasmed. She thought it was great to produce herself proudly in front of the parents and let them watch her masturbate. Her mother said halfheartedly that it was phooey, but she ignored that because the mother masturbated every night. At 10, she got her own bed in the nursery and now a stern wind was blowing. The mother strictly forbade her to masturbate.*

*When she caught her little daughter masturbating again, she grabbed her by the hair and dragged her to the marital bed. She picked up the little dog whip and pressed the end of the handle on the little girl's clit. She rubbed the clit relentlessly hard with the end piece and didn't care that the little girl was writhing in pain and lust. She stopped only when the girl was already coming to orgasm. She now used the flat end of the dog whip to lash the labia, pussy and clit of the little girl until the orgasm fully erupted and ebbed, then she chased her out. She now caught the little girl masturbating every night, dragged her to the marital bed and flogged her to orgasm. Every night.*

Lena detached herself from Jack and reached to the nightstand, there lay the pen with the thick knob on the end. She pressed it very hard on the clit, very hard from left to right, again and again, as the mother had done. She felt the approach of orgasm and yanked the belt off the chair, then whipped her pussy to orgasm and only after that she breathed a sigh of relief, that was good, that fucking did it! — *The mother prayed a lot, almost always. The father always got googly eyes when she flogged the daughter to orgasm. He stared at the scenery and at the little girl's pussy, his desire like his stiff cock growing day by day. He could no longer hold back after touching the little girl's pussy during her orgasm and raped his wife in front of their daughter. The mother had not wanted to fuck ever and really scuffled with him because she did not want to be fucked anymore. One evening — the mother had interrupted the drinking again and again briefly to pray aloud and to curse — after the whipping the mother rushed the father with all her power to mount the daughter. He deflowered her wildly, he fucked her wildly and*

*squirted inside wildly. The drunken mother patted him kindly on the butt, "well done, old boy, well done!" and was glad not to have to fuck him again. He was perfectly content to watch the whipping and fuck the girl afterwards. The daughter let her father fuck her for years until she walked away and started a new life. She never saw her father and mother again.*

Jack awoke in the morning and watched her face until she woke up. She closed her eyes right then and there. "Do you always do it this wild?" asked Jack. She remained silent. He had overheard everything, this was a disaster. Or maybe not, now she didn't have to hide it from him. She smiled, that was okay. He lay down behind her asscheeks again and spread them with his hands. She always let him penetrate her pussyhole first and fuck until he almost cum, then she pulled him out. Then he slid up and down her ass crease, and when his cock pounded against her asshole, he saw her broad smile. He had seen Franco assfuck a few times, now he saw her asshole invitingly in front of him. *Franco had always assfucked little gay Johnny wildly, who was so submissive. Johnny stretched his legs to the sky, clasped the backs of his knees with his hands and spread them wide apart. Franco always fucked him really fast and Jack stared at Johnny's cock, which didn't get really hard and from which the semen oozed out white and viscous. At one point Franco grabbed Johnny's cock and rubbed out all the semen. Franco ordered Jack to masturbate gay Johnny. Jack liked it insanely to do it and usually made little Johnny cum twice.* He spit on his fingers and rubbed it in her asshole. "What are you doing, what are you doing?" she asked confused, instantly knowing what he wanted. She relaxed her ass muscles, she always did that before ass fucking his father Rainer.

Jack entered her asshole very gently. She gripped her ass cheeks with both hands and widened them. He thrust for long and squirted. It was incredibly satisfying. And it continued to be satisfying. She let him fuck her asshole every night. Every few days she needed it too, she needed the pencil and the belt. He kept himself turned away and didn't watch her, that seemed better for her without her having to say anything.

She'd better lie on her stomach, he said, that would be better at ass-fucking. "Don't say such dirty words as ass-fucking," she rebuked him, "you don't say that!" But now she lay down on her stomach and stretched her ass cheeks willingly toward him. He looked covetously at the labia and the little hole before penetrating the asshole. Lost in thought, he caressed the labia and the little pussyhole beforehand, more intensely each day. "I want to fuck you, really fuck you!" but she immediately turned her head around and scolded, "that would be a mortal sin, the Good Lord would never forgive that!" But he remained stubborn. He said it every time before he penetrated the asshole; she helped him penetrate each time. He already felt very grown up, he fucked her in the asshole every night and one day he would fuck her in her cunthole, he said. She objected each time angrily.

After the assfucking one day he pulled out his cock and immediately stuck it in her cunthole. Like a fury she whirled around and let him plop out. "Are you insane?" she screamed at him and he ducked. But the next day he did it again and let her yell at him. This went on until the end of the week. He noticed that she was resisting less and less. It took longer and longer for her to whirl around. Another week later he pulled his cock out before squirting, stuck it in her cunthole and squirted deep inside. She was rigid with shock. "You did that on purpose," she said crying tearfully. "You mustn't do that, it's a mortal sin!" He ducked his head and muttered, "I wonder if you could be deader than dead with the second mortal sin?" She stared at him, stunned, wondering if he wasn't taking mortal sin seriously? He shook his head, "No, I don't." She spoke to him, she only talked about the seriousness of the mortal sin, she didn't mention the injecting anymore. She felt how hollow her own words sounded.

He was bold and did not waste a day. The next night he didn't squirt in her asshole either, but again in her cunthole. She pushed him back so that his residue squirted over her ass cheeks. She started talking about mortal sin again and he said that squirting over her asscheeks couldn't be a mortal sin! She was confused, of course it was not a mortal sin! But the squirting inside, before! That wasn't worth mentioning, he said, not worth mentioning! She was completely distraught, why didn't he understand?

She was armed the other day, she would turn around as soon as he was ready. No sooner said than done. She whirled around, but he was prepared when she turned around. He really just wanted to fuck her in her asshole, he said grinning, but she would have to stretch her legs upwards. She was caught and nodded helplessly, stretched her legs to the sky and spread them with both hands. He penetrated her asshole and fucked her. She was very aroused and whipped with her fingers on her pussy, on her clit. She whipped herself to orgasm and made him cum in her ass. They were both enjoying this, she murmured, this wasn't such a big mortal sin. He never understood her evaluation of the different deadly sins. But her whipping orgasms got him going until, weeks later, he couldn't take it anymore. He penetrated from the front for the first time in a long time, holding her iron-clad by the hips as he squirted into her little cunthole, squirting it all in. She felt defenseless and cried silently. Jack stroked her face and wiped the tears from her cheeks. "You don't want it to happen again?" he asked softly, and she nodded. "I can't promise you that," he said quietly. She nodded in horror.

The next evening she lowered her head, she was lost, she had allowed the mortal sin. Her resistance was broken. She turned her head away in shame and cried, but she no longer resisted him fucking her from the front. But she cried each time before she allowed herself to be fucked shamefully. He fucked her with pleasure and squirted into her cunthole with great satisfaction. She masturbated afterwards with her finger, without pencil and belt, letting him watch. Then she cuddled up to him and told him everything.

*Of the mother who whipped her to orgasm. Of the father who fucked her for years and spared the mother. Of the hundreds of lovers she let fuck her until she fell in love with Rainer. Who liked to whip her to orgasm and give her beautiful orgasms. That's what she liked about him, that he liked to whip her and didn't question it. To him she was faithful, except for a few little slips that he put away with a grin. Before he flew overseas, he told her that she could take any lover until he got back. That it was now Jack of all people, he would not approve of, but that was the way it was.*

Before fucking, she cried heartbreakingly and willingly opened her thighs, but when he fucked her, she stopped crying after a while. She once whispered that his cock was big as his father's and that he had learned to fuck quite excellently. He said nothing, but it made him proud. One day she brought a dog whip and taught him to whip her to orgasm. He was initially far too inhibited to strike hard, but she showed him how to do it. The whip had a flattened end, with this flat part he had to hit her clit, not too hard, but rhythmically. He learned it quickly and now he whipped her to orgasm, which made him very horny before fucking her.

From then on she no longer cried.

Lena let him fuck her asshole when she had her period, she quite liked that and Rainer usually did it. At first Jack fucked her ass from behind, later she lay down on her back, lifted her legs up in the air and spread them wide apart with her elbows. He stared greedily at her pussy and into her little hole as he fucked her ass. She had already decided to let him fuck her at the next opportunity, she wanted it. His cock was already as big as Rainer's now, and he could already fuck well too.

She would not have been able to say later why she was playing a theater to Jack. Probably it was a memory of her father, to whom she also had to play a theater. Anyway, she would wail about the mortal sin of him getting lost in her cunthole and cry heartbreakingly. He strayed more often and she wailed after he squirted in. She could even cry wonderfully genuinely and play the shameful one, which only cheered good Jack on. She acted really bent and broken when he stopped fucking her in the ass. He clung to her heels and spread them wide open to fuck her hole. She really liked him spreading her feet so far behind her head that it really hurt. She enjoyed the pain and it made her cry and sob and she enjoyed being fucked a lot.

She didn't like being fucked in the missionary position very much. She preferred to stretch her legs up in the air, press the backs of her knees apart with her elbows, and raise her head to see her pussy getting fucked. She could see the cock plunging in and her clit twitching with each thrust. It was a really nice feeling, the horniness creeping

higher and higher, but she almost never got an orgasm while being fucked. When he had finished squirting and did not continue fucking, she stayed in the position and touched the clit with a finger. It took only a very firm and quick rubbing and the orgasm came immediately. Only when it was over did he pull his cock out and she lowered her legs. That was always beautiful!

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Victoria had married her rapist when she got pregnant. She didn't love him, not one bit. He had to rape her every time he wanted to fuck. She hated the child that was growing inside her. She had imagined life very differently.

At 40, she was still a virgin, and still the bigoted bigot that she had been since her strict childhood. She had had her interest in lads and sex beaten out of her. She was then the chaste and God-fearing daughter her parents had wanted her to be. The only thing that could not be beaten out of her was her daily masturbation, although her mother beat the living daylights out of her every time she caught her masturbating. She grew older and masturbated only secretly. Every night, all her life.

Her rapist was happy to have finally found a woman he could rape every time. She never let him fuck her willingly, and her hard resistance was all he really needed. That she masturbated every night, he never found out.

She was a strict mother and would hit the little daughter if she touched herself. That was yuck! But little Lena had learned to masturbate by watching her mother do it and she did it in the marital bed with the parents laughing. Lena must have been about 10 when Vicky caught her really masturbating. She slapped Lena on the fingers, phooey, you don't do that! Lena defiantly kept silent and waited until Victoria had left, then she continued masturbating each time. Again and again Victoria caught her masturbating, one day she became furious and dragged Lena by the hair into the master bedroom. Her husband stared at the naked girl. Victoria ordered him to hold the little girl. Then she reached for the dog whip.

Actually, the daughter should be punished. But it turned out that Lena enjoyed the pain, enjoyed it sexually. Victoria stared at Lena's clit, which twitched with each stroke. Vicky was so fascinated by it that she didn't stop. Lena squirmed in her father's firm grip, obviously having an orgasm. Vicky paused. The child squirmed and jerked in orgasm, her husband stared at her cunt with greedy eyes, and she chased Lena away, back into the nursery. She wearily fought her husband off, she had no desire to fuck or to be raped. All the more furiously he raped her.

Victoria had started a vicious cycle that soon grew over her head. Lena was now masturbating so provocatively that she couldn't help but whip her. Lena loved the pain that inevitably led to orgasm. And her husband enjoyed it so much that he had to rape his wife afterwards. Victoria, who had kept the raping somehow in check until now, now had to suffer it daily.

The alcohol didn't help, but it made it more bearable. The parents were now regularly drunk when they first fell over Lena and then over each other. The years flew by, Lena no longer went straight to the nursery after the whipping, but watched the parents falling over each other, scratching and biting and fucking. She knew the beautiful pain it would cause her to be fucked by them. She pounced on them one day, losing every vestige of respect, biting and scratching as they did. Vicky looked at her with a blurry expression. The loathsome child interferes?! "Fuck her!" she yelled at her husband, "fuck her!"

He was completely off balance. What was Lena doing here!? He grabbed the girl and Vicky screamed for him to fuck the girl, damn it! Lena recoiled at the last moment and stared at her father in horror. "Fuck her, fuck her!" roared Vicky as if out of her mind, but it was Lena's horrified look that sparked his devilish lust. He gripped Lena even tighter, his knees forcing her thighs apart. In a flashback, he recognized the Vicky he had deflowered and raped years ago. With a savage jerk he penetrated Vicky's, no, Lena's vagina, tore her hymen and fucked her mercilessly.

Lena had never felt such beautiful pain as she did now. As if in a fog, she lost herself and consciousness for a moment. The orgasm

jerked her back to the present and she clutched him in her happiness and pain. He continued to fuck for what seemed like an eternity until he cum deep in her cunt. He immediately let go of her and pushed her aside, his lust and greed were satisfied. Lena cowered and whimpered in happiness and pain. Vicky patted his ass cheeks with the flat of her hand. “Well done, old boy! Well done!” He nodded, that has been really good.

This opened Pandora’s box. Vicky now sicced him on Lena every night, who let him fuck her with tears in her eyes. Vicky no longer had to let him fuck her, and that was liberating. She masturbated when he was asleep, and that was all she wanted. He fucked Lena every night, she calculatingly played the poor, frightened virgin because she instinctively recognized his dark depths. The price was three abortions by her 18th birthday, but she didn’t think about it later.

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Lena fucked the first lad before she was 15. She unconsciously rebelled against her parents’ abuse, because Vicky still whipped her to orgasm before her father raped her. She needed the whipping and being raped every day, but she broke out daily and fucked her brains out with the boys. She fucked everyone who wanted it, and they all wanted it. She graduated from school by the skin of her teeth and went to waitressing. One day she fell madly in love.

Rainer was very permissive when it came to sexual matters. He didn’t bat an eye when she confessed to him how much she loved pain, how much she needed the whip. He learned it quickly and had no problem with it, on the contrary, it made a hidden sadistic chord vibrate. He learned to beat her clit with the flat part of the whip very lightly and rhythmically, bringing her to orgasm wonderfully. She had a son, Jack, who became a splendid lad. She had a few stormy one night stands, which Rainer put away with an understanding smile. After all, it was just something physical, not a threat to the marriage. She was grateful for it and would have indulged him in a fling, but he didn’t need it at the time. Jack was already a senior in

high school when Rainer flew to the States, meant for a few weeks, but it turned into a year.

Lena didn't want to go to the States for a few months, she wanted to stay home with Jack. He was getting to the age where he would discover his sexuality, and she didn't want to leave him there. She had brought him up very strictly in sexual matters, and she had forbidden him to masturbate very strictly from a very young age. She had no idea why she raised Jack so strictly in sexual matters, but she did. She had always covered herself chastely and had never let him see her naked until now. She had only shown herself naked to him now in the bathroom because she wanted to educate him sexually and had shown and explained everything to him. But she also said that it was quite normal and right when he squirted by himself at night, she could see that from the sheet. He must never masturbate with his fist, that was fie. He did not know the word, so she rubbed his cock for a few seconds and stopped very quickly when his semen began to drip. She held his cock tightly and it took forever for all the semen to drip out. "Is that masturbating?" he asked and she shook her head. "No, masturbating is when you rub your cock with a fist until it really squirts." A long silence followed. "You're not allowed to do it yourself, that's totally yuck!" She clutched his stiff cock. He nodded, that was fie, sure. "But how does masturbation go now?" he asked persistently. She took her time with an answer, thinking long and hard. "I can show you, only you can't do it yourself, but I can show you once." He nodded. She said she would rub his cock now and rubbed it lightly and gently with her fist. He gasped. "I think I need to squirt again!" he groaned, pressed. Now she rubbed him up and down very hard a few times. He squirted immediately, his seed really shooting out in thick jets, and she continued rubbing firmly until he had finished spurting. He gasped, breathing heavily, and looked at her, beaming. "That's the masturbation," she said. She loved him very much, her little man, and said, "there, that was fine, wasn't it?" and pushed him back. He clutched his stiff cock with a beggars look. "Do you like again?" she asked, and he nodded mutely. "All right, but just for once, exceptionally. I do you now," she said, looking at the small, red glans as she rubbed his cock anew with her fist. She had sometimes watched in school when a lad masturbated, she had found it fascinating then. Now she held her hand in front of

the glans to catch the semen. She rubbed for a very long time and he gasped, “Here it comes!” She caught the semen and let it finish spurting, then let go of his cock, which slowly collapsed. He was shaking all over and she nodded, “that’s masturbating, but you’re not allowed to do it yourself!” Why was she so strict with him? She took him by the shoulders and looked him seriously in the eyes. “Some silly fellows did it to squirt, but it’s better and healthier to let it squirt by itself.” She wondered if he would promise her that. Jack looked at his naked mother and swore by all the saints. “But don’t do it yourself, always come to me and ask, maybe I’ll do it again for you!” He nodded and actually came every day four or five times and let her masturbate him, but he got bored after a few weeks.

Every night he conjured up the blurry image of the naked mother, that made his cock quite stiff and he held it very tightly in his fist. When her naked hole appeared in front of him, indistinct and mysterious, blurred and pale disappearing, that made him squirt after a short time, he didn’t have to rub for long at all. So he could partially keep his word.

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But probably it had happened quite differently, only she did not want to admit it:

*Lena didn’t want to go to the States for a few months, she wanted to stay home with Jack. He was getting to the age where he would discover his sexuality, and she didn’t want to leave him there. She had raised him very strictly in sexual matters, she had strictly forbidden him to masturbate from a very young age. She had no idea why she raised Jack so strictly in sexual matters. She had always covered herself chastely and never let them see her naked until now.*

*Now she had shown herself naked to him in the bathroom, to explain him everything. She explained to him all the parts of her vulva, she let him put his index finger in her vagina and she explained to him how to fuck, how to squirt in. She showed him the clit. She stroked it a few times and said that women did that with the clit because it was very good for them. He had asked everything*

*and she had answered everything. She had explained to him that it was quite normal and right if it squirted by itself during the night, she could see that on the sheet. But he must never masturbate with his hand. He did not know the word, so she rubbed his cock for minutes and stopped very quickly when his semen began to drip. She held his cock tightly and had to rub for what seemed like an eternity until all the semen had oozed out. "That was the masturbation," she said. He looked at her, beaming. "Stick it in like daddy, stick it in like daddy!" he said croakily, because his cock, like Rainer's, was still stiff. She vaguely remembered letting Rainer fuck her earlier, even though the little boy was in bed with them, but that Jack could remember it now? "I've seen the daddy stick it in and fuck you! I want that too! And really cum inside!" the little boy exclaimed. She had only a moment to think, for he had stepped up close, standing in front of her and his cock was pushing into her flesh.*

*"You like to stick it in like daddy?" she asked cooing, feeling the heat of shame and temptation rise like the biblical serpent. "Come here then, little man!" She grabbed the little guy and allowed him to insert his little cock into her fuckhole and he immediately began to fuck. A few moments later he squirted and looked up at her, proudly beaming. His stiff cock was still inside. "Again!" he ordered himself and fucked away, fast as a clockwork. She put both hands on his ass cheeks and pushed him in as he squirted. He was still stiff, the little guy! He caught his breath for a while until it calmed down. Then he fucked again like clockwork, but now it was hard and he got out of step. He strained and fucked slowly and laboriously. She pulled out the flaccid cock. She took his cock in her fist, made him quickly stiff and gave him a superb handjob. He squirted high and gasped for air. His cock collapsed on itself. "That's enough, isn't it?" she asked, and he nodded wearily. She realized how wrong the whole thing was. She loved him very much, her little man, and said, "my little darling, that was fine, wasn't it?" and pushed him back.*

*The other day he pulled her by the hand into the bathroom and dropped his clothes. He clutched his cock and waited impatiently for her to strip naked. He maneuvered her to the edge of the bathtub where she sat down. He looked at her determinedly and said, "Again, with sticking in!" She stroked his hair, "all right, but this is*

*the last time!" He was stubbornly silent, staring at the cunthole. "Want to fuck again, like daddy!" She sighed and unfolded her thighs invitingly. He stepped forward, holding onto her hips and thrusting his cock into her fuckhole. "That's so fine in there," he beamed and fucked away. She did not correct him that he should start slow. He was squirting after only a few moments. Like yesterday, he let his cock stick in her and fucked her again. She stroked his hair, he was so focused and bit his tongue, which he stuck out a little to the side. She stroked his cheeks, he squirted with effort and high concentration. Now he had to take a longer break, but his cock was still really stiff. He fucked again, but he struggled. She pulled out the flaccid. Again she took his cock in her fist and gave him an excellent handjob. It was barely squirting even though he was really straining. Then he dropped his head, ashamed cause of his failure. He looked at her questioningly. "Was it right like that?" he asked, and "Tomorrow?" But she kept at it, today was the last time, tomorrow no more. "Don't put it in anymore, now was the last time." He nodded, though he didn't understand why.*

*He stood in the bathroom again the next day and cheekily pulled off her underpants. "But no more stuffing inside, I told you that yesterday," she muttered, "really no stuffing in my cunt!" He nodded sadly, for he did not understand her unexpected about-face, but there was a flash in his eyes. After the second time, yesterday, she wouldn't let him fuck her anymore, he realized, without really being offended.*

*She sat down on the edge of the bathtub and let her thighs spread apart. He stared open-mouthed at her pussyhole and gripped his cock even tighter with his fist. Now she nodded encouragingly at him, "you know how to do it, don't you?" and he nodded proudly, "of course I do, look here, like this!" He stared unblinkingly at the pussyhole and rubbed his cock. The little guy was very skilled at this, having done it hundreds of times before, and rubbed his cock faster and faster. She hadn't seen masturbation for a long time and had no doubts, he wasn't doing it for the first time. It took him several minutes and she stared at his glans slowly approaching her little hole. The glans touched her vaginal entrance and he immediately squirted. She pushed him in by his ass cheeks and let him fin-*

*ish squirting inside. But as soon as he finished squirting, she pushed him back. She scolded herself for not staying consistent.*

*He was already rubbing on. How she loved to watch him! He bit his tongue again and rubbed, faster and faster. She put her hand in front of her pussy, not letting him penetrate anymore. He squirted into her hand and onto the vaginal entrance, but she kept at it. He was disappointed and the cock in his fist shrank. That was enough for today. "Do you do it often?" she asked softly, and he nodded rather dejectedly. Then they walked out.*

*On the following days she sat naked on the edge of the bathtub and watched him masturbate, usually twice in a row. Somehow she was fascinated by his childlike eagerness and skill. She held her open hand in front of her pussy and let him squirt into it. He stared unblinkingly at her cunthole, which excited the little fellow immensely, so that sometimes he would masturbate and cum a third time. She smiled and said softly that he should not masturbate so often, it was harmful.*

*It annoyed him that she admonished every time after he squirted that masturbating would be bad for him in the long run. Where did she get that stupid idea? She affirmed it again and again. He was shaking all over and wanted to masturbate again. Why was she so hard on him? She took him by the shoulders and looked him seriously in the eyes. "Some stupid fellows do it all the time to cum, but it's better and healthier to let it squirt by itself. Or at least not too often!" She wondered if he would promise her that. Jack looked at his naked mother and swore by all the saints.*

*She watched him masturbate every day. The bigger he got, the bigger his cock became. She now let him squirt more often into her pussyhole when he had finished masturbating, he enjoyed it very much to squirt inside at the end. Then at some point she had lost the desire to watch him masturbate. She never found out why she ended it so abruptly.*

*Years later, Rainer flew to the States.*

No sooner had Rainer flown to the States than Jack was standing in the bedroom doorway. He could not fall asleep, his stiff cock pressed and pushed so. She let him join her in bed and considered giving him a hand job. Blushing breathless she remembered that she had let him fuck her after the sex talk, twice. She blushed up to her nipples, she had watched him masturbate for weeks and sometimes let him squirt inside to finish. She was confused and decided to wait. She caressed his cock a while and asked, although she knew the answer of course, if he could even squirt yet? Fucking? "Yes!" exclaimed Jack enthusiastically, saying he had been seduced into fucking by a certain Leila today. Lena pulled him close and stroked his cock, which she placed on her pussy. She let her thighs fall apart in a fit of dull horniness. "Tell me everything," she said sleepily, and continued to caress his cock lightly. It just bubbled out of him as he was allowed to fondle Leila's flat breasts and she lifted her skirt to show him her pussy and explain everything. Lena closed her eyes and let go of his cock as Leila pleasured herself with his finger. Lena, of course, felt Jack's cock gently digging into her vagina, but she let it, — fuck, why not? He kept talking, letting his cock slide in and out, — fuck, why not? Lena moaned softly as her orgasm gradually rose, making her tremble softly. Jack gasped heavily and came to the end of his telling, he had squirted into Leila and was now squirting into Lena's cunt. Immediately she was alarmed and yanked his cock out, he squirted all over her palm. She scolded him properly and of course noticed that his cock was still quite stiff. Rainer's cock also remained stiff after the first squirt. She ostentatiously turned her back on him and stuck his cock firmly in her ass crease, he had to keep grinding there, she ordered. He squirted into her hand and she smiled softly, "you little piglet, you!"

He crept up to Lena every night. She had lain down wide-legged and he lay across her, clutching her leg as he thrust his cock forward. She acquiesced and steered his cock inconspicuously as he very gently inserted his cock into her cunt from underneath. Fucking in and out a bit, that was okay with her. She pretended not to notice, but when he sped up, she pulled his cock out, turned her ass to face him, and placed his cock firmly in the crease of her ass. She hissed that he was allowed to fuck there and squirt into her hollow hand, that

would be fine. “You little piglet, you!” — She still wasn’t sure if she should let him fuck her.

Sometimes he was quite restrained and didn’t fuck quickly. It was just this slowness that made her horniness slither into her pussy seductive like the snake in paradise. She couldn’t resist the seductive snake for long, her finger sliding gently over her clit. She didn’t need the whipping to reach orgasm like that. If she was already on the home stretch, she did not notice anything of the environment, did not notice his rapid thrusting or his hasty injecting. Her orgasm came much later, when his cock was already fucking soft and steadily again. Subconsciously, she guessed that he had squirted in, but neither of them addressed it. It didn’t really matter.

For the first 14 days, she had always fearfully pulled out his cock. The 19-year-old had a nice, big cock that she liked to cradle in her hand. She pulled the foreskin all the way back, looking at the red glans covetously. She had great practice in handjobs, now she grabbed the cock really tight and rubbed it with plain pleasure. She could tell by his breathing how his arousal was rising. She let him squirt on her pussy, that was quite okay so. At some point, after another 14 days, she let him fuck in her asshole, for weeks. He sometimes fucked her in the the cunthole and after some time she didn’t care that he squirted inside. She couldn’t have told if it was because she masturbated every time he fucked her. He lifted his head to watch her finger masturbating, it seemed to turn him on. She was always racing on target when she felt his squirting inside. But she kept masturbating and masturbating until her body shook in orgasm. When she masturbated with her finger, the orgasm was never as strong as when she was flogged to orgasm. When she came to orgasm with the finger, her body twitched only slightly and her limbs trembled for a few moments. Soon she relaxed, caressing her clit very lightly and gently before continuing to masturbate all over again. She always masturbated until his cock went limp. After the first timid 14 days and weeks she was happy to let him keep fucking and squirt inside as often as he wanted. She had always really liked being fucked while masturbating or masturbating while being fucked if it didn’t bother her lover — but she never masturbated with a one night stand.

She never again scolded Jack or not allowing him to squirt inside. It didn't really matter.

She had to masturbate whipping smart at some point, of course, and she did it when he had fallen asleep, but he had caught on anyway. Fuck it, Lena thought, I won't have to hide it from him anymore. He turned his back on her and looked down at the floor when she whipped herself to orgasm. He obviously felt that she preferred it that way now. Later on he learned to whip her to orgasm.

She really had to cry dead sad when she thought about the future. She wondered what Rainer thought about it? Would she have to do without Jack? Could she fuck both of them, Jack in the afternoon and Rainer at night? Or both of them alternately?

She slept fitfully; it was a difficult question. In her heart she knew, that Rainer wouldn't return.

# Lena's Struggle

by Jack Faber © 2023

Lena lay sprawled on the bed, rubbing her clit anew slowly and with delighted relish. She was lost in her reverie. Rainer had been avoiding her bed for a year and had flown to the States months ago. Since Jack's birth, she has been unable to have children anymore and that may have been one of the triggers for his sexual dilemma. He slept on the couch in the study and she dragged on the one night stand guy into her bedroom, Rainer didn't care. Since that time she got used to leaving the bedroom door open and also the bedside lamp burning overnight. She knew very well that Rainer was secretly watching her and her lovers fucking. She also noticed, of course, that he was watching her masturbate. The semen stains on his sheet spoke a clear language. Every time she noticed, that he started to masturbate, she went naked to him in the study and fucked him immediately. But he was always upset when she caught him in a moment of weakness and fucked him. It did not solve the problem at all. She had gone down to the neighbor's apartment every morning for 10 days and let his guest fuck her brains out. The African had a big, crooked black cock that filled her pussyhole completely. She let herself be fucked almost to unconsciousness with his giant cock every morning, and the old, ugly neighbor sat grinning next to her, rubbing his ugly, unappetizing cock. He never found women and he had no one to fuck, so it was a godsend for him when young Lena, who was not yet 28, came down to him to be fucked by his guest. He did not miss this opportunity to fuck her when she was completely exhausted and defenseless. He sat curled up next to her like an evil leprechaun, greedily rubbing his cock. He stuck his tongue half out and chewed on it as the African came to the finale and squirted into her. When the African had finished squirting, the leprechaun also stuck his cock into the exhausted girl and let it squirt in with a wicked, gloating laugh. She felt terribly ashamed when he fucked her with a sardonic grin and squirted in, but she couldn't stop it. Afterwards, sometimes the neighbor would ambush her in the corridor and forced her to follow him to his apartment to fuck. She found it very disgusting, but she fucked him anyway. He was already quite old and fucked only

with great difficulty, but he wanted to fuck her every two months at least. Rainer had flown away and left her alone with Jack. With Rainer gone, so was the whipping to orgasm gone, so she masturbated every night with her finger only.

Jack had knocked and was standing naked under the door. He held his cock tightly, his eyes begging miserably. She flipped back the covers, allowing him to join her. He stopped and stared at her pussy for minutes. She had continued to play with her clit, lost in thought, but when she noticed his gaze, she stopped instantly. The memory came to her with force and the blush covered her face down to her breasts.

*When Jack was little, about 11 or 12 years old, she had once shown herself to him naked in the bathroom and explained sex and everything in detail. She had shown him the clit in particular, saying that it was there so that women could pleasure themselves with it if they wanted to. She showed him her masturbation, when the boy insistently demanded it, but she stopped without orgasm. Men rubbed their dicks with their fists to cum, but that wasn't healthy. He should let it squirt by itself at night, she said, and that was normal and healthy. The little boy had been allowed to stick his index finger into her pussyhole when she explained him the fucking and squirting. He was allowed to fingerfuck her and she laughed brightly. He paused thoughtfully. A thought flashed in his eyes, then he crowed that he wanted to stick his cock in like Dad, who had been allowed to stick it in and fuck her. He had seen it as a child. Strange, that he could remember it after so many years. She had reluctantly given in after a long hesitation and dispute and the little boy fucked her standing up, twice in a row. He stood between her thighs and held onto her hips. He stared at her breasts, her nipples dancing in front of his face. He thrust for an amazingly long time and squirted, his fingers clawing into her asscheeks as he cum. He was taken aback and waited a few seconds before continuing to fuck. He stared down at his cock driving in and out of her pussyhole. He had to fuck much longer now, but he squirted bravely and held still. He looked up at her and she nodded encouragingly, "come, again!" she*

*said smiling. But he didn't manage the third time, she took his cock in her hand and gave him a quick and wonderful handjob. Rainer laughed when she told him, but he didn't like it at all. She was lying to Rainer, she would not let the boy fuck her again. Rainer agreed, because this kind of physical instruction really went too far for him. The next day Jack wanted to fuck again, she very reluctantly gave in and said this was the last time, for sure. Again he stood between her thighs, pulled back the foreskin and spread her little hole with two fingers before penetrating. This astonished her, because he copied Rainer in detail. The boy fucked slowly and squirted, after a short pause he continued fucking, very much the little Rainer. He had to fuck her for a very long time until he squirted in rearing up. She smiled encouragingly at him to keep going. Again he started a third time, and again she had to finish it with a firm handjob. For the next two years she only let Jack fuck her when he begged very persistently. Mostly she just gave him handjobs, three or four times in the afternoon. Or she would watch him masturbate, which he did more and more often in front of her. But after two years, he was in a gang at school where the girls gave the boys handjob after handjob. Jack secretly filmed the girls when they masturbated in front of the gang or when a girl was gang fucked, one by one. He showed the videos to Lena, who found that very arousing. Jack didn't participate in the gangfuck, because he was too cowardly to fuck in front of the others and because gangfucking a girl didn't seem to be fair to him, he stated, but she didn't believe that.*

Now he stood naked under the door and begged. She threw back the blanket and he lay down with her. She let the blanket slide carelessly to the floor. She reflexively grabbed his cock and instantly felt a hot wave race through her pussy. "Your cock has gotten pretty big, though," she murmured. She hadn't seen his cock in years and was surprised. He was very excited and burstingly horny. He squeezed in her hand and she put the cock on her pussy. Holding him very tightly, she considered for a moment relaxing him with a handjob. "You really want it, I can feel it!" she exclaimed softly, immediately dismissing the handjob. He sighed deeply as she moved his cock back and forth on her pussy. "So," she asked lurkingly, "can you fuck at all

yet?" she asked and he nodded. "I secretly fucked a girl from the gang today," he whispered hoarsely. "First girl ever." Lena pulled the foreskin all the way back and pressed the glans onto her pussy. "Ahh, I see," Lena said, "and now you want to fuck me, don't you?" Jack continued to sigh, shying away from saying it so directly. "So, secretly fucked, huh?" It wasn't irony, it was curiosity. The urgent warmth in her pussy made her think three steps further, she squeezed the glans even tighter. Something in her mind whispered to her not to do a senseless handjob after all, as his glans dripped a little bit and she dabbed the glans rhythmically on her clit. Maybe, she thought, maybe this was how he would squirt. She had no way of knowing that he had already squirted while watching her dreamily masturbation. She dabbed the glans a little bit into her cunthole and she knew quite clearly that she wanted him to fuck her. Jack told about a certain Leila he had had to fuck. "Isn't she afraid of getting pregnant?" Lena asked and he didn't answer, he hadn't thought about that. "Leila is one who lets the whole gang fuck her," he said croakily, "she lets one after another fuck her. She always takes off all her clothes, she has no shame there. They fuck one right after the other, five or six guys. Leila masturbated during the whole fucking and usually long after the last one had squirted in. She did it grinning because she's a real slut and I don't think she's afraid of getting pregnant." He said he had already shown her Leila's group fucking and masturbating as a movie, had she forgotten? Lena grabbed his cock while he was telling and rubbed it hard on her pussy. "Tell me it in detail," she said, closing her eyes dreamily. She saw it clearly in front of her, *how Leila took his finger and masturbated with it*. Her finger touched her clit, it wanted it now too. "You used to let me fuck you years ago," he said in a begging tone. Lena let go of his cock and he thrust forward instantly. Smiling, she steered his cock and folded her leg to the side, allowing him to penetrate deeper. Lena rubbed her clit gently and imagined what he was telling. *He had cum immediately when Leila let him penetrate.*

Jack fucked slowly and anxiously, would she let him continue, would she tolerate it? Lena let him tell again how *Leila masturbated herself with his finger*. Lena listened for minutes, now rubbing her clit fast. She moaned softly as the orgasm came, her legs trembling

ever so slightly for moments. He continued thrusting powerfully, reporting *how he had to thrust in Leila's*. Lena continued to dream on and he reported haltingly *that he had squirted into Leila, jet by jet*. Jack felt it rising up inside him and he thrust faster and harder. Lena felt his firm thrusting and continued to stroke her clit, so fine it was. A moment later a certain restlessness spread through him, he felt the explosion and squirted the first jet hard inside. Suddenly she flinched, Jack was squirting, hell, he was squirting right in! Suddenly a kind of panic seized her. Surely he wasn't supposed to squirt in, or hadn't she told him?

She yanked his cock out with a soft cry. His cock kept squirting and she rubbed him hard. He squirted and squirted, slowly it stopped. She scolded him, he was not allowed to squirt inside! He nodded contritely, he had suspected it, but he didn't care. She considered for a moment why she didn't want to let him squirt in. She wanted to keep control, have the upper hand and not submit to him as a submissive weak female. She was still holding his cock, it was still stiff. Lena looked at him from the side and smiled knowingly. "You still have to keep going, keep fucking, don't you?" Without waiting for an answer, she stuffed his cock back into her pussyhole. "Okay," she said decidedly, "you can keep going, just don't cum inside!" He was confused for only a split second, then his face brightened and he continued fucking all over again. She caressed her clit and continued to dream on. *The flogging with the dog whip had stopped as Rainer's sexuality froze*. It was a complete surprise, but she told herself it would come again, that it would come again for sure. It didn't come again, and he urged her to find a guy to fuck. She did, as she was so upset and angry with his cold reaction. She was getting one or more guys every week. She completely forgot how nice it was with Rainer. She let the guys fuck her, but usually she remained highly aroused only, when she sent the guy home. She only satisfied herself with her finger every night, no whipping anymore.

Jack was thrusting much faster now, panting "Now!" he gasped with a suffering look on his face. Lena did not understand what he actually wanted to say and continued to rub her hot clit. But after a while she cried out, because he squirted with all his might inside. She yanked out his cock and grabbed it, rubbing it really hard until he

finished squirting. She didn't blame him, but she turned her ass to him and stuffed his cock into her ass crease. She continued to rub his cock there, muttering that's where he could rub, grind and squirt at will. She continued to rub his cock and he squirted into her palm once again. She grinned wryly, "you little piglet, you!"

The next days she always let him fuck in her pussyhole for a short time, for minutes only, and grabbed his cock well before squirting. In the end she taught him to fuck her in the asshole. He seemed to like it, at least he preferred it to a handjob. He did it for a few weeks, she lay on her back, stretched her legs high in the air and spread them with her elbows. He stared at her open pussyhole and muttered that he was going to fuck her one day like a man. She objected and shook her head, never! He fucked her asshole wildly and squirted in, then he stuck his cock in her pussyhole. She protested aloud, but he let his cock inside. Now she masturbated, with her legs high up, rubbing and whipping her clit with her fingers to orgasm and enjoyed beaming his aroused watching. It went well for a few days.

But he no longer squirted while ass-fucking. He put his cock in her cunthole and held her by the hips ironclad, her legs were stretched high in the air, which she held with her elbows. So he fucked her hard and squirted inside. He pulled it out and she cried, she cried bitterly and disappointed. He had done it on purpose, she lamented sobbing.

But he did it every time now. She cried heartbreakingly each time, because she didn't want to lose control, but he was winning. She let him fuck her with her legs stretched high up in the air and she flogged her clit with her fingers to orgasm. She got such a quick orgasm and let him squirt inside, smiling. She enjoyed it this way night for night.

She sometime later questioned Jack how it was now with the group fucking of the gang? He scratched his head and only hesitantly came out with the truth. He fucked all the girls in the meantime like the others, if the girl wanted to be fucked. He was really enjoying it by now, he admitted grinning. But some girls were forced and cried because she wanted to fuck with one guy only, but did not want to be

fucked by all. He didn't go along with that, he felt sorry for the girl and despised the hulking, brutal gangbangers who forced the girl to do it. He had still filmed the group fucking and Lena masturbated wildly and full of horniness while she watched the footage. She had never been fucked by more than one before and the idea alone made her furiously horny.

She had been talking to Rainer on the phone for an hour every month, and he was horrified that she was fucking Jack. He demanded to divorce. But the matter was much more complicated. Rainer had bought a part of the company with his patents and was making a lot of money. He had seduced and deflowered the 15-year-old daughter of a business partner. The affair threatened to blow up, and the only way he could save himself, his reputation and his money was to marry her. So he planned to get engaged. Lena hung abruptly up and howled into her pillow until midnight. Jack learned piecemeal how the things stood. He lay down with her, hugged and comforted her. He didn't think for a moment about fucking.

Of course, she agreed to the divorce; she had lost Rainer already some time ago. Jack was a sensitive boy and held her tightly in his arms night after night. Sex had no place now in that time.

But it didn't last a week. She lay on her side and reached back, touching his cock. She felt how bursting stiff his cock was. She smiled, not wanting to see him suffer just because she was suffering miserably. He lay half behind her, as he had in the beginning of their relationship, holding her breasts very gently from behind, as he always did. His cock was pressed into the crease of her ass. She whispered, "come on, let's fuck!" She steered his cock into her pussyhole and he immediately began to fuck, squirting after only a few moments. "You sure needed it badly," she grinned. He had his cock stiff and continued fucking slowly. Her fingers touched the clit as if by accident, but she knew it wasn't accidental. She let herself float in her reveries and masturbated. He lifted his head to see her finger masturbating the clit and kept fucking. It reassured her that he cared and that she was making him horny with it. She let her legs shiver in the gentle orgasm and kept going, orgasm after orgasm, until he had enough and stopped. So they overcame the bad news.

They kept this way of fucking in the next years. He liked to lie half behind her, holding her breasts from behind and she directed his cock with her fingertips. He lifted his head to see her finger masturbating. He had secretly watched her masturbate every night in the months after Rainer had left, but he hadn't dared to knock on her door in these first months. The door of the bedroom was always open and the bed light on, so he could hunker down in the dark and watch her quite clearly. He watched her a hundred times as she spread her legs and caressed her labia for a long time, then parted them with her fingers and he could now see her cunthole. Her little clit seemed stiff and hard as she rubbed it relentlessly. She usually had only a slight orgasm that made her legs shiver for seconds only, then she gently caressed the clit and masturbated all over again. She usually masturbated until she dozed off and fell asleep. It was insanely exciting and arousing for him to watch her masturbate.

Earlier he had not spied on her so often, because he was afraid of being caught by his father. But sometimes the father was not home, and there he took his post in the dark spot and watched her and the lover fucking. She always brought men with big cocks. Jack held his breath when the man penetrated her pussyhole with his fantastic cock. Jealousy ate at his mind. He had gotten to fuck her many years ago as a young boy, a few times, but he barely remembered the details. Back then he had such a small cock, that his hasty fucking didn't arouse her at all. Now, however, when the man penetrated and fucked her long enough and really hard, she went into sexual ecstasy and sometimes even had an orgasm, but very rarely. Otherwise her ecstasy was not so strong, but every lover could excite her sexually more or less. Jack advanced as close as he could when the lover squirted inside, that was always the most exciting moment. Then, when the man pulled his cock out, Jack would stare into her wide open cunthole, with the semen oozing out. She threw on a robe and walked her lover to the door. Then she lay back on the bed and masturbated immediately. She was sometimes still so sexually aroused from the fucking, that she had to masturbate only very briefly to reach the first orgasm. He would always stay on watch until she got tired, dozed off and fell asleep. He would then sometimes silently sneak up to her and stare at her pussy for minutes. His thoughts

would flash over, when he dared to touch her pussy with his fingertips. She then moved a little bit and he slipped out silently.

It wasn't until he had fucked Leila in the janitor's tool chamber that he stopped in the open doorway, watching and waiting until his mother had dreamily finished masturbating. He watched her body shivering lightly in orgasm for a minute, firmly and gently pressing her finger on the clit. She sighed deeply and caressed her clit, maybe to start again masturbating. But he didn't want to wait anymore. He squeezed and rubbed his cock desperately to gain courage, then only knocked on her door. He said what it was about and stared with begging eyes at her wet shimmering slit, her reddened labia, and at her clit, which her fingers were touching again, lost in thoughts.

"Come in, lie with me!" she sighed sleepily.

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# The Twins Love

by Jack Faber © 2023

Ria had quit her job as a kindergarten teacher and moved in with Karl when she got pregnant. She would take care of his children because he had gone to Africa for working on a barrage dam system for months and wouldn't be on home leave briefly only in a few months. But they would talk on the phone every day at lunchtime and he would send a lot of money that he earned. Karl's wife had left when the twins were about 12. She divorced him, followed her mountaineer around the world, and visited her children no more than once a year. The twins, Jasmin and Raimund, could not have been more different. Jazz, as she was called, was a bright and friendly girl and was preparing to graduate from high school, but she was now pregnant at 18. Ray, on the other hand, was not as mentally fit as she was and attended a special school.

Ray tricked Ria already on the first day, because he was smart enough to take advantage playing the helpless. She had to accompany him to the bathroom and had to hold his cock while he peed. She was very surprised at the young man's big cock, holding the heavy piece in her hand and carefully aiming the wide beam into the basin until he had finished. "You have to shake it off really hard," he commanded then and Ria obeyed. She shook him really hard until no more drops fell. She looked at the big cock curiously and close up. She looked at him, but he just grinned proudly and encouraged her. She pulled the foreskin all the way back and looked at the good thing. It was really extraordinary. Large, heavy and bursting stiff, a cock thick and firm as a tree trunk, the glans large and swollen red. She nodded hesitantly when he told her to do him. "You have to grind it, really grinding it hard!" said Ray. "You mean I should masturbate you, rub your cock? You want that I make you squirt?" she asked, as the word grind seemed to be unusual, though of course she knew exactly what he wanted. He nodded affirmatively, "yes, I need to cum twice, twice squirting!" Ria grabbed his cock from underneath, energetically pulled the foreskin back and forth. "Been there, done that," she said lightly, as she had done many handjobs before and it wasn't

really anything special. She rubbed his cock and observed the glans. That was the best way for her to tell how far along he was. She rubbed his cock, stretching the foreskin very tightly forward and backward. She watched his face and the glans very carefully. “Isn’t it good?” she asked, and he nodded. “It feels good!” he whispered, his face expressing how good it felt. “Should I do something different?” she asked, but he shook his head. She made every effort to rub him as best she could, she had to grab his cock firmly with her fist and rub it really hard. She had to rub it for some minutes until the glans twitched. “Go ahead,” she said affirmatively, “go ahead and squirt!” Ray put his head on the back of his neck and panted loudly. She increased the pace for two minutes and he panted heavily. The first jet splashed over her wrist, then the squirting abruptly stopped. She was very surprised and squeezed the cock examiningly in her hand. The tension in the glans seemed to ease for a moment, but the cock itself remained hard and firm. She pulled the foreskin all the way back, she turned the glans back and forth, squeezed it tightly and looked into the little hole in wonder. But only a few drops came as she squeezed the glans tightly and she said, “it’s amazing, but it stopped squirting!” She rubbed the cock lightly, as she was a little perplexed. He wasn’t done yet, he croaked impatiently, and she laughed. “I see, I see!” she laughed, clasping his cock tightly in her fist and beginning to rub him anew. “It’s about to squirt for real,” he muttered, “it always squirts really fine, when you grind it hard!”

At that moment Jazz came over and laughed loudly, Ria felt caught and immediately let go of the cock. “He was just trying to impress you with his big cock,” Jazz laughed, slapping Ray friendly on the back of the head. Now all three of them were laughing at the hoax. Ria laughingly said that the boy had a surprisingly big one! Jazz nodded, getting serious, “Yes, he has a big one, the funny boy! A giant piece! And he loves it when you make him squirt!” Ria said she had just let him squirt once, the lad, but he had stopped squirting way too soon, he had only squirted a single jet and then suddenly stopped squirting. “Does he always do that?” Jazz looked shyly at Ria, wondering if she could tell it her, but then she nodded, “he always does it, and I suspect he doesn’t do it on purpose. I only know that he only really squirts the second time, but then he really squirts fully, squirts everything out like the other guys.” Jazz thought for a

moment before continuing with a shy sideways glance at Ria. “I’ve been masturbating him for years now and it’s been like this from the beginning.” Jazz stared at the floor and bit her lips in embarrassment, had she revealed too much of the secrets? Ria said nothing in reply, for she felt how ashamed Jazz was at the moment. She put a hand on Jazz’s forearm in a gesture of comfort. “I understand how much it seems to be bothering you. I don’t know if I would have done it to my brother if I had a brother. But I think you did the right thing. Boys have to squirt a lot more often than we girls do. As a young girl I often fantasized about having a brother and giving him a handjob. But mostly when I masturbated I sank into reveries of letting him fuck me, even though I had never fucked at that time. I imagined fucking to be incredibly horny and my brother was the prince who fucked me until I got my little girlish orgasm. I envied my girlfriends who had a brother and got to watch them at masturbating or masturbated them with the fist, so I learned to give a handjob. I was always quizzing them and interrogating them like a tough detective. I was very surprised, because some were already fucking for real with the brother. One girlfriend even showed me a video, her cunt in close-up, her youngest brother fucking her with the tiny cock and squirting inside.” Jazz breathed a sigh of relief and smiled at Ria, she would have loved to have a big sister like her.

“I’m not done yet!” Ray crowed impatiently, his cock was no longer really stiff. Jazz and Ria looked at each other indecisively. Ria took a step back and made room for Jazz. Jazz stepped up beside him and grabbed his cock. “Do it by hand?” it sounded rather questioning, and Ray shook his head decisively, “No, squirt inside!” he demanded. Jazz looked at Ria with a long look, as if to tell her to get out. Ria ostentatiously remained standing. She wasn’t going to miss this, whatever it was. Jazz was visibly disappointed and very embarrassed, but she pulled the dress over her head and let it slide to the floor. Ria looked at the naked girl for a moment. She was pretty, her small breasts slightly filled above her large belly. She had to be 4 or 5 months pregnant, it flashed through Ria’s mind. Her slit and labia were slightly reddened, there was a small light blond bush above the slit. She must have cut it off on both sides, thought Ria, who shaved her pussy twice a week, as the stubble was very unpleasant when she touched herself masturbating. Jazz rubbed the cock, which after two

minutes was proudly stiff again. Jazz stepped in front of Ray, turned her back to him and propped herself up in front with both hands. She bent over and stuck her ass out wide. Ria bent over to see everything very closely. She suddenly blushed at the thought: they were siblings! Ray penetrated Jazz very carefully and slowly from behind. The pussy widened and clutched the thick cock very hard and very tightly. He paused for a moment when he had penetrated her all the way in and spread her ass cheeks with both hands. He began to thrust. Ria bent down after a few minutes. The thin skin, which formed the vaginal entrance of Jazz's was pulled in and out by the cock rhythmically, when he thrust in and when he pulled out. Ria knew this, the thin skin pulled and tugged at the clit, which of course she couldn't see now. But she knew that this pulling and tugging of the clit by the skin sometimes led to orgasm. Ray groaned and squirted in a single jet. Jazz sighed disappointedly "Ahhh!" and lowered her head. "I thought you were going to squirt fully by now, I actually expected it." Ray was silent and grumbled that he just has to do it again. "You already squirted into Ria's hand," Jazz said stubbornly, raising her head, "that's why I thought you would squirt in fully. But anyway, come on, keep fucking," she sighed deeply and made some fucking motions. "Come on, keep going," she urged, and Ray woke up from his torpor. He kept fucking her, holding her by the hips and thrusting hard. Except for Jazz's gasping, no sound was heard. Ray gradually fucked faster, Jazz lowered her head down and began to tremble. Ray had fucked her now for nearly 10 minutes, Jazz trembled all over and wheezed heavily. Ray gradually fucked faster and Jazz trembled and shivered, shaking all over her body, she jerked her head up and pushed out the air loudly. She pressed her face against the wall where her fingers had clawed. Her face contorted into a grimace, and now she jerked two or three times in orgasm and her legs continued to shake. Ray continued to fuck and after a while he was squirting, thrusting deep and squirting, squirting deep inside several times. He paused for a while, then pulled his cock out. Jazz lowered her head when the trembling of her legs had stopped. She spun around but did not look at Ria. Her face was deep red with shame and she couldn't look Ria in the eyes. Ray's cock was hanging down now and Ria had seen cocks like this before, it was a so called meat cock that you could fuck even when it wasn't stiff. Jazz straightened up and pulled her dress over. She was terribly ashamed and could not look Ria in the

eye. “Have you had a good orgasm?” asked Ria and it was more of a statement than a question. Jazz finally nodded and said, with other cocks she rarely has an orgasm. Ria asked, how about the brother fucking and squirting inside? Jazz felt again ashamed, didn’t look at Ria and said with a suffering look on her face, “Yeah, since I’m pregnant I just let him fuck and squirt inside. It doesn’t matter, or does it?” Ria nodded thoughtfully, thinking her part. She smiled at night while masturbating, when she heard the two of them fucking like mad in their sleeping room.

No sooner had Karl departed than Jazz was working on Ria. She really wanted to move in with her sweetheart, and Ria didn’t really mind, because she was already pregnant after all, and she wanted to get ready for family life. Ria was quickly convinced and phoned Karl back and forth, because he was a bit annoyed that Jazz had not asked him personally. Finally he agreed and Jazz moved in with Gert, her customs inspector.

Ria was dozing after masturbating, dreaming of the good times with Karl. Then the bedroom door opened, Ray quietly scurried in and lay with her.

“Ohh, did I interrupt your grinding?” he asked, noticing her finger on her clit.

“No,” Ria said, “you didn’t interrupt me doing anything.” She covered them both, and she had no desire to respond to his suggestion. “Can’t you fall asleep?” she asked.

“No,” he replied, “I’ve never slept alone, only ever with Jazz.” He thought for a moment. “Jazz used to let me grind every night twice,” he finally said, “grind twice. May I?”

Ria didn’t know then exactly what he meant by grinding. She nodded, “go ahead, as usual.” But she instantly protested as Ray quickly lay on top of her and thrust his cock into her pussy with lightning speed.

“Hey! What are you doing, get off me, right now!” She clutched his cock, although it was magnificent and quite stiff and pulled it out. She lay on her side and turned her back and ass toward him. She grabbed his cock again. She made a few motions with her hand, indicating the handjob. “Do you like it like this? Do you want me to make you a handjob or would you rather do it yourself?” She now had a definite idea how to interpret the grinding.

“Okay, I’ll do it myself,” he said croakily, stabbing her ass crease with his cock, then rubbing with his hand. His cock kept getting lost in her pussyhole, she kept pulling it out decisively. Still, he kept thrusting into her pussy again and again and she pulled him out again after a few thrusts. Ria was horrified on the one hand that he kept fucking her shortly in between, but on the other hand there was a voice inside her that laughed at her, that she was in fact enjoying his fucking. She blushed with shame, because it was true, at least partially. The funny struggle went on, he pushed in and she pulled out. Ray groaned and gasped and pushed hard in. She realized far too late that he was squirting, that he had squirted. He had squirted only once, only once inside. She pulled his cock out with a deep sigh and finally put her hand protectively over her pussy. Getting lost, ha! She wasn’t going to let that happen. “Not done yet, have to do it again!” gasped Ray and she told him not to fuck her in her pussyhole. “I need it one more time,” Ray whispered, grabbing her ass cheeks with both hands. “I always need the grinding twice before I go sleep,” he added. Ria was uncomfortable that he was now pressing his cock directly in her asshole while masturbating, but she said nothing. She had done many handjobs before and knew what was going on behind her back. For minutes Ray rubbed his cock. “In the asshole?” he asked, but she didn’t answer. His glans actually penetrated her asshole, deeper and deeper! She knew this too, but again she did not protest. He now grabbed her ass cheeks and fucked her asshole with determination. She sighed with surprise, for he fucked quickly and skillfully. Could she fight it off now, interrupt him? She was still thinking, as he fucked steadily in her asshole.

Ria was stirred up inside, because for her the ass fucking also belonged to the sexual activities. She was therefore completely off her

rocker, no sooner was her stepson alone with her, than he wanted sex. She was completely caught off guard, her thoughts rolled over.

She remained silent, eyes wide. She was frozen, why did she let him fuck her in her asshole without resistance? He pulled his cock out, caressing finely her ass cheeks. She was somehow horrified when the horniness was creeping into her pussy like a swath of mist. What was next? she thought, for she no longer had her hand protectively on her pussy. She feared he would fuck her and wanted it at the same time, that he would stray into her cunthole again. She would let it happen, her inner voice said, laughing gleefully at her. She was trembling.

She really needed to think, to gather her thoughts. She turned on her back and put her fingers on her pussy, “Oh, do you like to grind yourself now?” Ray completely misinterpreted the situation and knelt between her legs. Why not, Ria thought, because her clit had already decided. She kept her eyes closed. Very lightly and gently she began to masturbate. He probably looked for a few minutes, slowly rubbing his cock. “I’ll push it in, I’m sure it will be pleasing you!” His cock was only half stiff, but he managed to stuck it in and watched her face, watched her masturbating. It was really very fine to feel his huge cock sliding inside. He made very light fucking motions and she just enjoyed it. Maybe five minutes later she came to the finale, Ray’s cock had long since stiffened again and in the roar of her orgasm she felt as if from a distance that he had squirted inside once, just once. She relaxed and looked up, pulling his cock out with a long sigh even though it was still really stiff. Ray was beaming all over his face.

Ray grabbed her ass cheeks and slowly penetrated her pussy hole again. She screamed loudly once and made senseless sounds, but she lifted her ass so he could thrust in better. She stopped screaming because it was pointless and she admitted to herself that she was enjoying his fucking. He fucked slowly and devoutly, caressing her ass cheeks and fucking on and on for probably 10 minutes. She almost orgasmed and put a finger on her clit. She had masturbated before and now her orgasm came in seconds. Her body trembled, then all at once he pushed his cock deep into her pussy, into her cunthole and squirted rhythmically inside. Jet for jet he squirted into her pussy-

hole and grunted like a wild boar. Then it was over, after a while he pulled his cock out and she lowered her leg again. It was a good fuck, she admitted to herself. He lowered himself onto the sheet behind her. He caressed her ass cheeks softly and whispered almost inaudibly, “Thank you!”

She was the one who had desired to be fucked, he only did what she was longing for. She caressed his head, his hair. “Can you go to sleep now?” she asked softly, and he nodded wearily. She turned to him, hugged his head and hummed a lullaby. He fell asleep.

Ria lay half on her stomach, had her upper leg bent tightly and her hand pushed in at the cunt. She slept only superficially and rubbed her clit dreamily and slowly like every morning before waking up. She was used to dreaming something horny in the morning and waking up with soft clitcaressing, only very rarely did she masturbate really. But now she woke up alarmed and scared, because Ray had grabbed her ass cheeks and with a single jerk had entered her pussy from behind, the blanket had slipped to the floor. She was about to protest out loud, but it felt so fucking good! She hadn’t fucked for days, only masturbated in solitude. Now she was awake and clear in mind. His morning wood filled her pussy completely and she felt the horniness stiffen her clit. She couldn’t remember ever having had such a big, huge cock inside her. Her horniness increased rapidly, and when her finger touched her clit, the orgasm came immediately as she had already masturbated in her dreams before he woke her up brutally. Her body twitched and shivered for a moment, but he fucked way too fast and squirted after only a short while. Again he squirted only a single jet, she felt it very well. She reached back for his cock, which was still inside her. She pulled him out, he was no longer so stiff and tense as before. He grumbled that he had to fuck again for a second time and that she had to make him stiff now. Ria was annoyed for a moment, because she didn’t like to be ordered around. Her displeasure faded as he begged in a thin voice, so she rubbed him hard for a while, until he was firm again. She directed him back into her pussyhole from behind and raised her leg even higher. He fucked wildly for a while, then he squirted deeply, thrusting his cock deep inside to squirt, squirting in jet by jet. She was only a little bit aroused, it was much too short to reach an orgasm. Ria

was disappointed but calmed down, telling herself, that she already had an orgasm beforehand, so she said nothing mean and turned friendly to him. He quickly ran out to pee and lay back down with Ria. Today was Friday, so he didn't have class, and they stayed in bed.

She propped her chin on the palm of her hand and said, he had to tell her everything, from the beginning, how it had started with him, how it had started with the grinding and the fucking. Just everything.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully, "I promised Jazz not to talk to anyone about it," he said uncertainly. Ria said she was going to be his stepmother soon after all, who he was allowed to tell everything to, and besides, she wanted to understand why he had just fucked her.

He thought hard. "Dad told Jazz and me that you were pregnant and we were going to have a sibling. And that's okay for me to squirt in, since you're already pregnant?" She couldn't say anything to that, because it was true in detail, but he obviously hadn't grasped the general concept of human relationships.

"Tell me everything from the beginning, how did it start, what have you done and experienced with grinding?" said Ria emphatically, "you may really tell me everything."

"Everything?" he asked uncertainly.

"Yes, everything. Don't leave anything out, tell everything, because I want to understand why you just fucked me. I have a right to hear everything." Ray wasn't smart enough to refuse.

He gave a halting, sighing, rather jumbled account. She had to put the pieces of the puzzle together for herself.

Before the mother left them, he stuck his head under Jazz's covers and watched her wag her finger between her legs. When the mother had left with the stupid mountaineer, they both cried in sadness. He was allowed to snuggle up to Jazz to cry. They held each other, cried and sobbed. Before, he was never allowed to join her in bed, his mother had strictly forbidden it and she watched over it like a vul-

ture. They had never seen each other naked and now they comforted each other and cuddled naked together, curiously exploring their genitals, they had never done that before. They didn't think about crying anymore, Jazz examined Ray's cock expertly, because she had already seen and rubbed a lot by that time. Ray's cock was still slim and little at 12, it only grew into a monster from 15. She showed him how he could grind himself with his hand and squirt, Jazz knew about that very well, from school. She made him squirt, to his amazement, for the first time. Then she showed him her jewels, the slit between her labia that hid the little hole. She let him look inside, of course, and explained all about the hymen, which wasn't torn until the first fuck. Ray was allowed to put his index finger in through the small hole in the hymen and feel the vagina. Finally, she showed him the clit and told him that it was exactly what she rubbed to orgasm every morning. She made no suggestion that she knew about his spying. She showed him immediately how she masturbates and he was allowed to watch up close. She explained to him that the girls could only orgasm, but not squirt. In the next times, when Jazz would be grinding her clit between her legs, she let him watch. She now told him, giggling, whenever she had given another fellow a hand job.

Jazz had also let the lads grinding her in school, right in the fuckhole like the adults. She taught him to grind her in her fuckhole. Ria asked if Jazz wasn't afraid of getting pregnant? He shook his head, she didn't have her period then and only later she had to watch out. When she had her period, he had to grind in her asshole or pull out his cock to squirt. She pulled it out most of the time, except when she was grinding herself, then she sometimes overlooked and missed it and scolded him. But when she had gotten pregnant by her customs inspector, Ray was allowed to squirt inside again. She had explained that to him in great detail, that you were allowed to squirt into a pregnant woman.

Ria saw that his cock had become a little bit stiff again during his telling. She sat up and stroked the cock, which was half stiff and heavy in her hand. The glans was shrunken and covered by the foreskin. He sighed deeply as she pulled the foreskin back and forth. It was fascinating to watch the glans fill with blood again and gradually enlarge. Smiling, she continued. "First you have to learn to call

things by their proper names," she said to Ray, who was lying on his back, comfortably enjoying her teasing with the foreskin. "You don't say fuck hole, that's mean and vulgar. You say cunt, pussy or vagina, that's decent. When you wank with your hand, it's called masturbating, girls and lads both masturbate with their hands. And when a lad and a girl do it with each other for real like adults do, you don't say grinding, you say screwing, bumping or fucking. Get it?" She repeated the words several times and so did he.

"So, let's start from the beginning," Ria said, "you stuck your head under Jazz's covers and secretly watched her masturbate?" Ray nodded, that was correct. The beds abutted, her foot end blending seamlessly into his head end. He was lying with his head by her feet, after all, so he could lift the covers unnoticed. Sometimes he hardly saw anything because it was so dark under the covers, but usually he saw her finger very clearly as she masturbated her pussy. She never noticed his spying, Ray said.

"And when you cuddled up after crying, she let you watch her masturbate?"

"Yes," he said, "we didn't fuck then, not until much later. We cuddled for the first time naked on her bed and inspected our genitals. She showed me everything and the clit too, that she needed for masturbation, which she had learned from her girlfriends. She was always very proud of her masturbating and I was sometimes allowed to dive down and see it up close. She wouldn't let me do it, though, because I was too clumsy. She laughed, when I kneeled up and squeezed and tored my cock, then not knowing how to do it. She pulled the covers aside, showed her naked body and spread her labia with her fingers. I then squirted immediately. She laughed and gave me the first handjob, teaching me how to do it."

After a pause, Ray continued. "Jazz masturbated the lads by hand and did me every night. I had to learn it too and it was easy, but I always preferred it when she masturbated me. She masturbated me every night and of course we tried fucking. But it did not work because she had her hymen and I was only allowed to fuck her with the glans only. After squirting in once, she always gave me a handjob and let

me squirt in a high arc until nothing more came out. I fucked only with the glans and we had real fun doing it. She pushed me with my ass cheeks a little further inside her every day. She looked every time with a pocket mirror her cunt, because the hole in her hymen was getting bigger day by day. One day she pushed me in really hard and she smiled, her hymen was no longer in the way. So we started to fuck for real like the adults. It wasn't until months later that she was ready to fuck with other guys."

"Jazz then started fucking with the boys at school like the adults and she fucked with me every night too." Ray was all proud because he had managed such a complicated sentence. Ria nodded appreciatively and slowly pulled his foreskin back and forth. "We fucked twice every night because I needed it twice, and then Jazz masturbated because she needed it once again." Ria asked if Jazz often missed it because she was absorbed in masturbating? He thought for a long time. "Actually, I mostly squirted inside her, for sure, she only managed to pull it out a couple of times. She usually masturbated while we fucked and missed often the moment to pull out my cock to squirt outside. That's when it always squirted in, even though she tried to stop it." Ria couldn't shake off the feeling that Ray had impregnated Jazz. He continued. "And on weekends, I usually fucked Mrs. Weber!" Ria listened up.

"Who is this Mrs. Weber, and why did you fuck her?" she asked curiously. Her fingers played with his foreskin.

"Mrs. Weber lives two floors below us, and when Dad and Jazz were away for the weekend, I stayed over at her place. She's very old and her husband died a long time ago. She doesn't have anyone to fuck anymore and she has to masturbate lonely unfortunately, she said so herself to me." Ray looked uncertainly at Ria, wondering if she understood him. Ria nodded, "go on!"

"I asked her very gently if she would like to fuck me instead of masturbate? She went right for it and she apologized because she was so old already. But I told her it didn't matter, I was just so used to fucking twice before going to sleep and therefore it didn't matter to me how wrinkled and old her pussy was. She apologized for the

fact that her pussy hole was so tight and narrow that I could only put my cock in with great difficulty and she had to help firmly at the first time. After apologizing she smiled and laughed brightly and said, how fine it felt to have a big cock now after the long lonely masturbating. We then fucked much more often than twice and she still masturbated because she was so used to it. We sometimes fucked Saturday all day and into the night. Because she wanted it again and again when she had rubbed my cock stiff. Often I had to leave my cock in her fuckhole, because then she masturbated forever and let me fuck her with my cock at the same time, although it was only half stiff. But she wanted it that way, been fucked when masturbating. I enjoyed it very much and it didn't bother me at all, that she was already so old. But I had to promise not to tell, but Jazz knew it as it was and teased me a bit. But she thought that it doesn't really matter how old you are. If she felt like it, then I should do it with her and fuck the old woman really good. She questioned me in detail and I told everything in detail. Jazz said it was so sweet of me to fuck the old woman really good as often as she wanted and that it was okay with her." Ray closed his eyes because it was so nice, the way Ria was caressing his foreskin.

It was time to take control back again. Ria swung herself astride Ray's thighs. She wedged his cock between her labia and grabbed his cock. She looked into his eyes for a long time and began to masturbate him. She felt with every fiber of her pussy as she shook his cock with each rubbing movement. She came to the end, she felt the throbbing of his cock and felt the semen shoot through his urethra in a single jet. She let it squirt onto his belly.

He wasn't done yet, she could see. She held his half stiff cock and asked if he needed it again. He nodded with eagerness and she rubbed him the same way again. She pressed her labia together and felt the masturbation all the way to her clit. She pressed her pussy very hard on his cock as she made him squirt again after a long rubbing. He groaned and moaned as he squirted in firm, rich jets. So, now she was back in control, she wasn't the frightened female he could fuck at will. She was the boss, that much was certain.

Ria made coffee and cocoa and they had breakfast, then she learned math with him, he was weak at that. After dinner, she cleaned up, showered and got into bed. Moments later Ray was lying next to her.

“Don’t you masturbate?” he asked curiously.

“Yes, of course I do, always before I sleep.” She thought about it for a moment. “Ever since I was a kid,” she added.

He thought for a long time. “Can I fuck you again today?” he asked, for he had listened to her well in the morning that it was polite and decent to ask first.

Ria smiled kindly, “all right, and how would you like to fuck? In the asshole or in the pussy?”

He answered immediately. “In the pussy, twice please!” She stroked his hair.

“You’re a very sweet boy, I’ll let you fuck me twice and squirt inside twice, because I’m already pregnant.” He smiled proudly, he had been right.

“Once from behind, once from the front,” Ria murmured, lying on her side and stretching her ass towards him. He fucked her from behind, quickly squirting only once in her pussy. He waited a while and turned her on her back. She hugged him with both arms. Then he fucked her from the front for a good ten minutes and she almost got an orgasm and triggered her little orgasms with her finger. He squirted in rich jets and this time he squirted very, very hard and intense. It was a good fuck, she said, caressing his hair. He was very tired and dozed off when she started masturbating again. He was already sound asleep when she frantically rubbed the clit in the final spurt and her body reared, twitched and jerked in orgasm.

It was a nice and quiet time. They fucked at noon when he came home from school and again in the evening before going to sleep. Although her belly was not yet very big, she preferred to be fucked from behind or in a side position. That way her belly was always well pro-

tected and she could masturbate at the same time while being fucked, because she masturbated much more often than usual during her pregnancy. Ria taught Ray a few tricks to cleverly solve some math problems. He struggled, but when he understood, she was pleased. She had made up her mind to take Ray as far as he could go. It could only be done with her private lessons, she knew that. But he must be ready to succeed in outside life one day.

Four weeks later, Jazz was at the door. She had argued with her Gert and left after a fight. At night, Ria went to the nursery and heard the two of them fucking like mad. She smiled and left again.

Ria listened to what Jazz had to report. It was silly stuff, nothing serious. When Jazz had gotten everything off her chest, Ria told her to think about three things. First, all these problems were neither serious nor catastrophic. Second, we women have an up- and down ride of emotions during pregnancy, tears and laughters were only millimeters apart. Our hormones go crazy and cloud our judgment. And third, you solve problems together with the husband and can not run away, run home. That does not have to mean giving in. But adults solve problems and do not run away. Most of the time, both of them had to approach each other and give in a little bit. Jazz was upset at first and jumped up, but where was she going to run off to? Ria said, “Sit down, let’s talk about it!” Jazz sat down and they talked about everything. Ria was 10 years older than Jazz and just had more life experience.

During the phone calls with Karl, she reported Ray’s learning progress, of course, but she didn’t say a word about the sexual developments. She couldn’t tell him, couldn’t have explained it, although the gradual development was clear to her. She hoped to explain it to him someday in a face-to-face conversation.

Jazz and Ray fucked to exhaustion every night, Ria could hear them fuck wildly every night. Jazz was sexually extremely aroused and masturbated every night even as her skin became inflamed. Ria rubbed sore ointment on her pussy and clit, although Jazz was terribly ashamed about it. “I’ve never touched a womans cunt before,” Ria said as she rubbed the ointment on Jazz’s cunt for the first time. Jazz

lay sprawled out on Ria's bed, she was a very pretty girl, Ria thought as she looked at the nude girl. Jazz was lolling comfortably and moaning lustfully as Ria rubbed her clit with the ointment. "Don't stop, keep going, please!" she breathed with her eyes shamefully closed. Ria was at a loss, "I've never done it to anyone else, not to a girl" she stuttered, but Jazz repeated, "Please!" Ria hesitated for a long time, but she gave in and masturbated Jazz. She avoided touching the inflamed areas and rubbed the clit carefully, only with her fingertips. Jazz held her round belly with both hands as her body twitched and shook in orgasm. Ria continued to rub the clit, as she always did herself, and Jazz's orgasm took no end. Gradually the orgasm ebbed. Every morning when Ray was at school, Jazz had the ointment rubbed on her, even though the inflammation had gone down, and let Ria masturbate her. She said she had never had orgasms that lasted for so long.

Once, sitting alone in the kitchen with Jazz, Ria asked rather directly who the child's father was, Ray or Gert? She said she knew that Jazz had been fucking Ray for years, day after day, maybe on her fertile days too? Jazz began to cry, she didn't know for sure. "I only ever let them all fuck me with condoms when I wasn't sure," she cried, "only when Gert promised to marry me did we fuck without condoms." She cried heartbreakingly and sobbed, "but Ray ... .!" She continued to cry and said, sobbing, "I always calculated the days exactly, the boys had to use condoms and Ray I taught to assfuck with me, it was no problem at all. Before and after the days I pulled his cock out to squirt outside, that usually worked. Only a couple of times was I so engrossed in my masturbating while fucking, that I didn't pull it out in time. Maybe it happened there, maybe not, I don't know. Maybe it was Gert, because we were very much in love and really very libidinous. He had promised me the marriage, and so it may already have happened when we fell over each other like maniacs. It hit me like a bolt of lightning when I was suddenly pregnant. I didn't want to admit it, but at that time I only fucked with Gert without a condom, he wanted it too." She wiped her tears with a handkerchief and blew her nose. Gert had acknowledged paternity and she left it at that. She sobbed again, because maybe it was Ray after all. Ria nodded, because that was what she suspected, but they didn't talk about it anymore.

Ria asked Jazz how it all came about. Jazz told that before the mother had left Ray always spied under her covers when she masturbated early in the morning. It was kind of horny when he watched and it stayed that way for a long time. She had learned to do handjobs in school. Now she would slip over to Ray after masturbating, grab his cock and make him squirt. She liked his big cock and rubbing it made her really horny! He learned it quickly, but he didn't like masturbating himself at all. He much preferred to let Jazz rub him and groped her pussy meanwhile. She let the boys fuck her, since the peer pressure was getting stronger and she didn't want to stay behind, and she was popular again. Of course she tried to fuck Ray in all positions, he learned quite quickly and she usually got an orgasm when he fucked her well. They fucked as often as they could and it went well for 2 years, because she didn't have her period until then. She fucked everyone and only let herself be fucked without a condom when she had done the math and was sure. She had fallen in love with Gert in a disco, he was so serious, clever and was a real customs inspector. With him, too, she calculated the days and only let him squirt in on safe days. Then the gynecologist said she was pregnant. Gert was very happy and promised to marry her as soon as she graduated. Jazz sighed, she had argued with him about nothing at all and had run away. She had been stupid, really, fucking stupid!

Gert, the customs inspector, showed up at the door one evening with a bouquet of flowers. Ria and Ray left the two of them in the living room to discuss and fixed dinner. Ria made up a guest bed on the living room couch because it was getting very late. She was sure Karl wouldn't agree to let Gert spend the night with her, she told Jazz. At night she heard the loud fucking in the children's room and was surprised in the morning when she saw Ray lying on the living room couch. Ray and Gert had secretly switched places. After breakfast Jazz went with Gert, they had made up. Ray went back into her bedroom and lay naked on the bed. He had been fucking his mind out all week with Jazz, now he was eagerly waiting for Ria.

She went to him smiling, she knew exactly how badly he needed it now.

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Jazz came to Ria almost daily over the next few weeks, placing her twins left and right on her breasts, where they sucked and slept while Ria masturbated the wide spread young mother. Ria had no doubt now that the twins were Ray's. She smiled kindly and understandingly when Jazz wanted it again. Jazz spread her labia with her fingers and Ria masturbated her gently and carefully with her fingertips. She made Jazz tremble and shiver for a very long time during the second orgasm, Jazz liked that very much.

Jazz was very disciplined and sought to get rid of her excess weight, and she already looked very good. She missed Ray, and not only at night. She discussed a lot with Gert about taking Ray in. Gert was not so stubborn and understood that she simply missed her brother. Where he struggled a bit was sex, because he could read between the lines that Jazz missed that too. She had been fucking Ray every day for four years and the loving sex like Gert was doing was not as physically fulfilling, that he understood. Jazz, who loved Gert from the bottom of her heart, was unhappy without her twin. She was on the pill, which reassured him a lot. In the end, he agreed, because Jazz never questioned their love.

When Ria's time came, Ray moved in with Jazz. Now they were reunited and she visibly blossomed. Jazz was wise enough to give Gert time and did not push him at all. Gert knew, of course, about their sex and he was not a prudish idiot. He knew, how much Jazz liked to fuck Ray and he had talked it out with Jazz, so he could let him. It wasn't easy for him to get over the hurdles and it was quite some time before he really accepted Ray fucking his wife. He watched the two of them and had to admit to himself that it really did Jazz good. She let Ray fuck her the first night, and Gert jumped the final hurdle with his heart racing as he watched Ray fuck Jazz for the first time. He watched Jazz blossom as she fucked Ray, running up the ladder of arousal and having a very powerful and fulminating orgasm. He tearfully hugged his wife and kissed her a thousand times. From then on he was free of the petty bourgeois baggage. He didn't mind that they now lay in the marriage bed as a threesome and they both fucked with Jazz. It was agreed that he always came first and Ray after him. Sometimes there were five of them, when Jazz had to put the twins to her breasts while her husbands fucked her one after the

other. Gert sometimes held Jazz in his arms when she was being fucked by Ray, because that reinforced their togetherness. And Ray, he was fully aware, was 10 years younger than him and was very strong in the loins. Ray fit in very well with the young family and was an important support for Jazz.

Ria gave birth to a beautiful baby girl, Elizabeth, and Karl arrived tanned two days later. He had taken two months off work and it was a joy to see him with Elisabeth. She was a real daddy's girl.

Ria actually wanted to tell him all about Ray because she didn't want to keep it a secret from her husband. But no opportunity arose and finally she left it at that.

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# The Queen's Escape

by Jack Faber © 2024

Axel von Fersen, the Swedish diplomat and jack-of-all-trades, had perfectly prepared the escape of the royal family. Everything went like clockwork. He had ridden ahead to Varennes and noticed to his horror that a company of insurgents had been ordered to this bottleneck, awaiting the fleeing king. Axel tried to lay a false trail via the La Brie post horses station, but his opponent did not fall for it.

The stolen stagecoach was stopped. The king raised his voice, saying that he was not the citizen Louis Capet, but the king! His Majesty must turn back, said the leader respectfully. The stagecoach turned around, Axel's and Marie Antoinette's eyes met. They both knew that they would see each other for the last time. The queen brought her hand to her mouth, Axel bowed deeply in the saddle, his hat respectfully in his hand. The coach drove off.

The king and queen sat in the first row, Charlotte and Louis in the second. The couple continued their confidential conversation quietly, both knew that they were prisoners, and it was perhaps the last opportunity to speak openly to each other. The king wanted to know what was true about the pamphlets of the Countess de la Motte, was his wife a shameless whore, as the Countess claimed? The queen laughed bitterly. "I nurtured this false snake in my bosom, Sire, and now it bites wildly just to get free from the Bastille. Not a single word of her accusation is true, my dear husband, I have always been a faithful wife to you!" She remained silent, unsure whether she should tell him. The king wanted to know for the third time why Lord von Fersen risked his life to save him and his family? The queen repeated that the Swedish king Gustav III was the only one on the entire continent who had openly taken the side of the French royal family and described the revolutionaries as rabble and enemies of order.

Marie Antoinette pulled herself together. "Sire, Lord Axel von Fersen is my only lover, I swear it! The only one I would die for as he would die for me!" There was a very long pause. "So he was your

lover, Madame?" King Louis asked quietly. Marie Antoinette nodded confirming. "The only one, Sire, no one else has ever touched me, only you and him. I confess, I have loved him for over a year, we love each other and we have no intention of bringing shame on you, Sire!" The king caressed her hand confidentially. "I always wanted to be a good husband, Marie, always! To give you no reason to love anyone else. But I understand that your love for him is a deep interpersonal bond!" They were silent for a very long time, then Marie Antoinette told her husband everything, leaving nothing out and sugarcoating nothing. That the countess was there as a chaperone in the first few weeks when Axel fucked her in an armchair. That she then retreated to the bedroom with Axel so that she could fuck naked and without a chaperone. In the end, she said that it had bothered and embittered her that he, her husband, had not been faithful, that he had brought plump, big-breasted peasant girls into his bed every day. This had hurt her for years. She had understood very well that he had a much stronger sex drive than she did, but seeing him in the arms of peasant girls, seeing him fuck those lusty pussies, was very painful and drove her into the arms of a lover. But Lord von Fersen was not just a lover, but a steadfast, good friend who filled her life with light and happiness.

The king was very contrite because it was true that he preferred peasant girls to fuck. The desire to fuck the well-shaped, chubby girls came from his earliest days, when he could not fuck because of his phimosis. He lay naked next to the peasant girls, he caressed their plump hips and full, plump breasts for ages and watched them masturbate. It was not long before he could masturbate the girls himself. He did it with great excitement, it was very horny to watch the girls change their faces. Because of his phimosis, he only fucked rarely at that time, because he had to trust the girl who rubbed afterwards the semen out with her fingers from his foreskin. Later, after he had fucked all of the skinny ladies of the court rather joylessly, he rediscovered the peasant girls. How happy he was, who loved the full curves! He confessed to Marie Antoinette that he would find her less physically desirable if she did not have such beautiful, full breasts and beautifully curved womanly hips. The thin, skinny ladies of the court had not interested him for years. Marie Antoinette listened to

him, because the couple spoke about these piquant matters for the last time.

Brother and sister sat on the back seat; they had been brought up separately and met like strangers. Louis shifted back and forth on the seat. “Neville always did it with her hand when I was as excited as I am now,” whispered the little seducer, “the parents up front don’t notice what we’re doing back here!” Charlotte had no idea about sex other than her own masturbation and didn’t know what he was talking about. “When we couldn’t fuck, Mademoiselle de Neville did it with her hand,” he continued to whisper, fiddling with his trousers. He took Charlotte’s hand and put it on his cock, which he had pulled out. Charlotte swallowed hard, she had never seen a cock before, even though she was already 14. Now her brother, two years younger than her, put his cock in her hand, it was rock hard and wet. “What do I have to do?” she whispered fearfully, not looking at the cock. He whispered that she had to hold the cock and when it squirted, catch it with her handkerchief and wipe it off. Charlotte nodded with a stony face. He moved his cock back and forth in her hand and squirted. Her fingers tried to explore the contours of the cock. She jumped a little when he spurted. She caught the semen with the handkerchief. “You have to rub it out, all the rest!” he whispered. She obeyed, she ran her fingers back and forth along his cock and squeezed the semen into her handkerchief. She stared straight ahead and didn’t dare to look at the cock. She wiped the rest away.

“I learned that from Neville!” he whispered softly as he lifted up her skirt and her petticoats. Charlotte was horrified because she was now helplessly exposed naked and he was masturbating her clit! Outrageous! But he did it right, he did it very well. She herself was very practiced at masturbating and did it as often as she had the chance. Her fear vanished and her excitement grew until Louis triggered her orgasm. He grinned from ear to ear as she straightened her petticoats and skirt. Her face was bright red, hopefully Mom and Dad hadn’t noticed! Louis acted as if nothing had happened.

Louis’ cock had become rock hard again. Again it swished back and forth in Charlotte’s hand and squirted, she wiped the semen away and rubbed the rest out of the cock with her fingers. She was

completely confused because she could imagine the cock in detail as it was swishing back and forth, she had noticed the squirting with her fingertips very clearly. They didn't say a word, everything happened secretly and silently. His hand went under her skirts, thank God he didn't expose her naked like the first time. She closed her eyes and let him masturbate her. Her brother was really good at it, she felt safe and spread her legs so that it was easier for him to rub her clit. She only closed her eyes when the orgasm was approaching. She only twitched briefly as the orgasm rolled through her body. Then there was only silence again. Shortly before Paris he had to squirt for a third time, she let him swish and squirt in her hand. She carefully rubbed the semen out of his cock, which she now looked at curiously, and her fingers curiously explored his cock. There was still enough time for him to reach under her skirts and bring her to a third orgasm. She straightened her skirts, because they were already in the suburbs.

They were taken to the Pavillon du Temple, a barracks built 400 years ago by the Knights Templar. It was a heavily guarded fortress, and the royal family was housed in two rooms in the center. They waited three months, but nothing happened. Axel von Fersen, the master spy, managed to sneak into the Temple unseen six times, calling Marie's name quietly. They exchanged letters in silence, even whispering was too risky. On the seventh time, he was nearly caught in action and withdrew at the last second.

The citizen Louis Capet was taken to the trial, no one ever called him "Majesty" again. Danton and Marat had already decided on his death, only the narrow-minded bureaucrat Robespierre wanted a long, exhausting trial. King Louis XVI was not allowed to speak again, nor was the citizen Capet. The only person he spoke to was his Lord. He murmured what good he had done and what he had not done so well. He regretted with all his heart that he had fucked the peasant girls and thus driven his wife into the arms of Axel von Fersen. He hardly knew the man, but Marie Antoinette had spoken a lot about him, so he had a good impression. He thought of his wife and children during the ridiculous trial. He was very worried about their future, but he hoped that when he, the king, was removed and

killed, they would leave the queen and the children alone. That was the only thought that kept him going.

He did not bat an eyelid as he was carted to the Place de la Concorde in a horse-drawn cart. He did not bat an eyelid as he knelt down and the executioner cut open his collar to expose his neck. He murmured his prayers as the guillotine whizzed down into the depths. Marie Antoinette fainted when her maids, who were allowed to bring her fresh clothes once a week, told her about her husband's beheading. The next day they were transferred from the Temple to the Bastille, to a cell with two miserable bunks.

The guards in the Bastille were rough and not gentle. They raped the queen in front of the children, two or three times a week. Axel had found a way to correspond with her. They wrote what was important to them in coded messages. She never mentioned the rapes. Nor that her son had become unduly intrusive.

Louis masturbated openly when Marie Antoinette was being raped by the guards. "I was always allowed to fuck Mademoiselle Neville!" he said, whining and deceitful. He became more direct every day, he wanted to fuck her or Charlotte. Charlotte was horrified, virginity was sacred to her and what did he think he was doing, wanting to fuck Mama!? She scolded Louis, who was constantly rubbing his cock and squirted on the floor, she had gotten used to that by now. But the fact that he wanted to fuck Mama was an outrageous disgrace! Louis ducked when Charlotte yelled at him. But he demanded to fuck Mama, no less. Marie Antoinette gave in. She sat down with her legs apart and pushed her skirt and petticoats up over her knees. Louis had to stand between her thighs and was allowed to fuck her standing up and squirt inside her. Marie Antoinette loved her children very much, but at those moments she despised Louis deeply.

She and her daughter became very close during those 9 months. Charlotte was always horrified when Mama was fucked, whether by the guards or by Louis, the petty criminal. Marie Antoinette and Charlotte spoke after each court day, when the widow Capet was interrogated and mocked. She maintained that the accusations about her loose lifestyle were untrue and false, everything else, having been

queen and living like a queen, she could not and would not deny. Her death sentence had been decided from the start, they just wanted to give the appearance of legitimacy, that was all. She did not bat an eyelid when she was sentenced to death. She was allowed to say goodbye to her children, then she was taken to the Place de la Concorde in a horse-drawn cart. She climbed up to the guillotine in silence, her collar was cut open and her neck exposed, then she was beheaded by the guillotine. The crowd was immediately silent, because everyone knew that something really terrible had happened.

Louis was sent to a shoemaker, the couple were supposed to raise him to be a good 'citizen'. But the boy left no doubt that he was the Dauphin, a prince, and they were his serfs. The shoemaker collapsed, he could not cope with the domineering behavior. The boy insisted on fucking the shoemaker's wife, his serf. She was completely shocked and screamed "I am an honorable and faithful wife!" and fled into the arms of her husband. He could not help her either. "Be at his will and do what he wants, he is the Dauphin, the next king! He only demands what is his right!" The shoemaker bowed his head, he was not a rebel, he was a simple man who had grown up in the royal regime. He undressed his wife, who was shy and frightened. Louis fucked her mercilessly, what did he care about her tears! He was the master, he had the power and his right. Without caring about the poor woman's tears and misery, he fucked her several times a day. He squirted inside her mercilessly, even though she whimpered that she didn't want to get pregnant, but he didn't care. The shoemaker had to undress her and hand her over to him. To torture him, the prince did not let him go, he had to watch his faithful and dear wife being fucked by the monster. But evil could not hold out forever. The fucking came out. The shoemakers were accused of treason against the revolution and guillotined. Louis was returned to the Bastille, where he died of pneumonia two months later.

The king's half-sister, Madame Elisabeth, loosened up a lot of gold pieces to take care of Marie Charlotte, the king's 14 years old daughter. This was all the easier because the rebels negotiated and haggled with the Austrian emperor for her. Two years later she was allowed to travel to Vienna, until then Charlotte was given a tutor, Lord Frank Butterill from London.

Axel von Fersen received orders from his friend, King Gustav III, to travel to Denmark. There he found a long letter from the king, telling him to stay in Denmark voluntarily and wait for further orders; he did not want Axel to be involved in the French Revolution. Axel obeyed and locked himself in when he heard of Marie Antoinette's death. King Gustav wrote to him how glad he was that his friend was safe from the guillotine. In France everything was in turmoil, revolution followed revolution. Marat was gone, Danton was gone and Robespierre was also killed, but Axel lived. Tempers in Sweden had calmed down, Axel was allowed to return home with full honors. The dying king made him supreme general and gave him rich gifts. The new king Gustav IV only stayed on the throne for 12 days; his new tax angered the mob. He was stoned by the mob on the way to the Radshuset. He was followed by Gustav V, a prudent and clever king who quickly got the mob under control. Axel withdrew from public life and wrote his diaries. He did not skimp on sexual details, every word he wrote reminded him of his great love, Marie Antoinette. After his death, his heirs censored his texts, initially cutting out lines of saucy content, then overwriting the saucy lines with garlands, that covered everything up like twisted barbed wire made of ink covering the original writing. Luckily for us, modern computer technology made the garlands disappear, so that we have over 70 sexual reports about him fucking Marie Antoinette, but also about the strange behavior of her husband, the king, who fucked one buxom peasant girl after another in his cabinet. 20 years after the revolution, at the beginning of the new century, Axel followed the king's wishes and led a uniformed guard of honor through the city. Whatever it was that riled up the mob this time, the procession was attacked by the mob and some, including Axel von Fersen, were killed.

Madame Elisabeth, the sister of Louis XVI, put Charlotte up in her palace. She hired the best tutor to educate her, although she of course knew about Lord Frank Butterill's reputation. But she would rather have an English nobleman fuck her niece than a stinking rebel, she is said to have said. Frank had already taught hundreds of young girls from good families and immediately had a good rapport with Charlotte. She had become an obsessive masturbator since her imprisonment in the Temple and the Bastille, which did not bother

Frank, he simply ignored it. Charlotte constantly masturbated under her skirt, and to orgasm she lay on her back and exposed her naked pussy to rub herself to orgasm. Frank hardly watched her masturbate, but when she rubbed herself openly naked to orgasm, he watched closely. Of course he had seen it a thousand times, but it was always very exciting.

"I want to fuck you, Charlotte!" he said one day. She thought he was joking and making fun of her masturbation addiction. But he remained serious, he was by no means laughing at her. Masturbating was nice, but fucking was even nicer. Charlotte lowered her eyes and mumbled that she had never done it before and had never seen it either.

She had remained a virgin and had never let her brother, the poor guy, talk her into it, because while he was in captivity he always wanted to fuck her. He stood in front of her masturbating and stared under her skirt at her pussy. He squirted upon her inner thighs, the horny guy, because he forced her to show him her pussy when he masturbated. She had spoken to Mom about it and she had suggested letting him masturbate between her inner thighs or, better still, fuck her between her thighs so that he could only squirt on her pussy from the outside without endangering her virginity. So Charlotte let him fuck and squirt between her thighs. But she always had to be extremely careful because he pushed his cock closer and closer to her pussy and parted her labia as he fucked her there, until he squirted in her vaginal vestibule. But she preferred that to him fucking Mom, and she let him fuck her between her pressed inner thighs and pussy lips several times each day. This way she could usually keep him from fucking Mom. Charlotte's voice became even quieter as she told of the carriage ride from Varennes to Paris, the only time she had held a man's cock in her hand, but she didn't dare to look at it, she had been brought up to be so shy. And, she said after a moment's hesitation, it was the first and only time that someone was allowed to touch her pussy, her brother Louis. "Just touch?" asked Frank, smiling, and she looked at him with a wounded look. "No, he secretly brought me to orgasm, in the back, in the carriage. Several times. Without my parents noticing." She had blushed and wanted to run away. Frank smiled kindly and said that was fine, because when you

were fucking you got close, really close. She had to know that and had to want it. They were both silent for a long time, then she said, “Master Frank, did you really say, really mean that? To fuck me like a grown woman, to make me a real woman in the first place?” Frank looked her straight in the eyes. “Yes, of course I was serious. I want to deflower you and fuck you if you want to.” She lowered her gaze. “Deflower?” she asked shyly. Frank then explained to her exactly and in detail what deflowering and fucking would be like. They didn’t have to worry about contraception yet because she hadn’t had her period yet.

Charlotte sat thoughtfully on the chaise longue. These were completely new things, but since he had confirmed that he was serious, her mind had been made up. She looked straight into his eyes. “Yes, I want it, Master Frank. Make me a woman, I will be the happiest woman in the world and I will be forever indebted to you!” She looked questioningly into his eyes. He nodded and said that they would do it right now, immediately! She pulled her dress over her head and sat naked. Frank also undressed and sat next to her. “Come, grab my cock, get to know it!” he said simply and she touched and looked at his cock. He explained everything to her, then laid her on her back, pulled her knees up and spread them apart.

She was very slim, almost skinny and already had beautiful, apple-sized breasts. Only a delicate, blonde fluffy down grew on her pubic hill, which made her pussy look childlike. Just to his taste. She rubbed her clit as ordered until she was breathing very shallowly from excitement. Frank tried to penetrate, but her hymen offered resistance like leather. He looked at it briefly and took a paper knife from the desk. He cut the leathery hymen in a cross shape, then he could penetrate. “You are a woman now, a real woman, Charlotte,” he said tenderly, “and from now on we can fuck as often as we want!” Frank hugged the trembling girl very gently and calmed her down before he fucked her. “You can help with your finger if you don’t have an orgasm,” he said and she nodded. But it wasn’t necessary at all, because she had an orgasm very easily and a second one, then he squirted inside.

Madame Elisabeth nodded constantly when she saw the two of them fucking in the study. That was good, Charlotte was 15, other girls were already mothers at that age. And Lord Frank was a man of honour if Charlotte wanted to marry him. But she rejected the idea, in her opinion the Lord was an ancient man, he just looked very young. He was not looking to get married, definitely not. His book about China, which she hoarded like a treasure, had been written 100 years ago, his real age was a secret that she never mentioned. He looked 30, he fucked fiery like a 30-year-old, so he was 30. Basta!

Charlotte could not and did not want to give up masturbating, it really was her addiction. But she loved fucking and learned everything there was to learn from Frank. They fucked every day, usually more than once, and she enjoyed these beautiful orgasms, which were so different from the orgasms she got from masturbating. She studied very hard, she even wanted to learn a little Mandarin, why not? She quickly had learned English, German, Italian and Swedish like a world champion. After two intensive years, just before she turned 17, she was allowed to travel to Vienna. Frank didn't feel like it, he had no good memories of the Austrian Empire, so he didn't accompany her.

But he observed her life like he did that of all the girls he had met and loved over the centuries.

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# Ellis Hot Summer

by Jack Faber © 2023

Elli had hesitated for a long time before agreeing. A distant relative, a 4th cousin who lived in the province, asked her to take in her two sons for the summer. The 19-year-old twins, Andi and Bert, wanted to study at the university in the capital and already had a place in the students dormitory starting Oct. 1. As agreed, they brought a pull-out couch, which they set up in the living room. Everyone was sweating in the merciless June heat, Elli had prepared a cold snack for dinner. The windows and doors were all open and they were glad for any cooling breeze.

Elli sat on the kitchen bench and watched the twins shower. The shower had been installed in the eat-in kitchen a long time ago and was open to the eat-in kitchen. The twins were well-built boys, slim and trim with athletic bodies. Elli looked at their cocks carefully; they had been circumcised at the insistent request of their aged great-grandfather, who had survived 5 concentration camps as a Jew. Elli vaguely remembered the heated arguments in the province, in which she did not interfere. The twins had beautiful, strong-looking cocks that were smooth and straight and had beautiful, red and tapered glanses. She was sure that they had fucked quite a few village beauties. She would ask them about it someday, maybe.

She handed them both a towel and said there was another dessert and ice-cold lemonade on the kitchen table. Elli had inherited three aunts and could afford a little luxury. The two of them sat down at the table and she put herself in the shower. She was now 68 and very slim, almost skinny. Her once beautiful and full breasts were now empty sacks that hung down sadly. Her pubic hair had fallen out almost completely, making her labia and cunt appear larger and more dominant. She had had no problem with nudity all her life, she had posed nude countless times for photographers, painters and sculptors and had always enjoyed being filmed in a very exhibitionist way having sex, masturbating and fucking. The exhibitionism meant

nothing pathological for her, but it corresponded to her nature and she simply enjoyed it. So she didn't think for a moment as the boys watched her curiously. Finally, as she did every evening, she squatted over the shower head, the strong water jet directed at her pussy. This stimulated her in addition to the gentle rubbing of her clit. She enjoyed this every evening to get in the mood for the final masturbation in bed. She rubbed her clit very gently in the strong jet of water for a few minutes, until her legs began to tremble with excitement. That done, she quickly dried herself and put on a short negligee, the only suitable piece she still owned, because usually she stayed naked in the summer, living alone. She sighed, because she could no longer maintain the beautiful sexual excitement that she usually took from the shower to bed. She sat down with the two naked boys and they chatted for over an hour more. She looked at the cocks with a certain amount of comfort, as it was easy for her to imagine fucking these beautiful and large cocks. They were smooth and slender and not yet as brutally chunky as some men's cocks. The guys kept the erection going, sometimes casually stroking the cocks and the slender, tapered glans. She found them very sympathetic; they had come to the capital with wide open, curious eyes. Then they all went to bed.

She watched through the open door as her two boys went to bed and then waited a very long time before she began to masturbate as she did every night. Her bedroom was bathed in a bright twilight from the street lights, and it was still brutally hot. She lay down, bent her legs left and right and stroked her clit only very gently until she was aroused and horny after a few minutes. Now she pulled the foreskin all the way back over the clit and pushed down the surrounding flesh so that the tip of the clit, the sensitive bud, stuck out a few millimeters. Elli closed her eyes to fantasize and spread saliva on the bud. She started very slowly, as always, and increased only after minutes, when she was deep in her reveries. Her mother was in the hospital with a bad abdominal episode and she woke up at night. The father moaned and groaned pathetically and she ran alarmed into his bedroom. He was rubbing his cock and stopped immediately when she rushed in. "It's not working," he complained moaning and she breathed a sigh of relief, it was nothing alarming. She snuggled up to him and grasped his cock comfortingly. "It's not working!" he wailed. She learned that he hardly ever masturbated. In the last few months,

when his mother couldn't fuck anymore because of the pains, she had always done it to him with her mouth. "I never liked that, it's disgusting," Elli said, shuddering, "Fucking is much nicer!" Now she had to tell her father everything, that she had been fucking boys and men for more than a year. Mostly boys, sometimes grown men, sure! No handjobs, no blowjobs, she much preferred real fucking. He was very surprised because he hadn't known, but she was almost 16 and that was nothing out of the ordinary, she said. And she seduced her father because it was right for both of them now. He wrenched his eyes open as Elli sat astride his cock and inserted it very deeply. "We can't do that!" he wailed, closing his eyes, "we're all going to hell!" She laughed roundly at him and began to ride him. She was very surprised, for his cock was much smaller than she remembered. She put a hand on his lips, she didn't want to hear any more about hell or the poor mother who they betrayed now. He only resisted at first, was racked with a guilty conscience and didn't let stop him from pulling out his cock to squirt at the end. She finished it, rubbing him with her fist and letting him squirt on her pussy or belly. They fucked every night and they had the mother's permission. The father had confessed everything in detail to the mother, crying and shaken by sobs. She calmed him down and then talked to Elli in private. The mother had also not known that her 16-year-old was no longer a virgin and had already been fucked dozens of times. Elli told her everything without reservation and also that she had felt so sorry for her poor father. The mother was actually grateful to her and didn't mind Elli continuing to fuck the father. She was still recovering from the abdominal surgery and would not be able to fuck for the next few weeks or months. Elli's heart dropped and she promised the mother that she would continue to fuck the father faithfully. The mother lay quietly next to them and stroked them lovingly. When the mother was able to fuck again after a few months, Elli stopped going to her father. The beautiful memory now flooded her with lust, she came to the final spurt. Elli rubbed the clit very purposefully and firmly to orgasm, her pelvis twitched two or three times and her legs trembled. She let the orgasm slowly subside and when the trembling stopped, she opened her eyes. One of them was sitting right next to her on the bed, his hand on his stiff cock. She instinctively closed her legs and looked at him. There was a long silence. She could remember darkly

that he had sat down next to her at some point, but she had only caught it unconsciously.

"Aunt Elli," he began in a low voice, "I'm sorry, but I woke up and saw everything. Wouldn't you rather fuck me? I've fucked already many times and I'm pretty good at it." He had to wait a long time for her answer, because she was really taken aback. She had withdrawn completely from her surroundings and lived on her own, she hadn't fucked in at least 5 years. She shook her head decisively, "No, no way! I'm far too old and ugly after all, I haven't fucked in ages and I'm content to make myself the orgasm." So, she had said it all, that had to be clear to him.

Andi — or was it Bert? — did not let himself be turned away so easily. He clutched his cock and said, "I would really like to fuck you now," he whispered and his hand wandered up her inner thighs and stayed on her cunt, "I haven't fucked in days and would have an unbridled lust now. And you're not ugly at all, auntie, I've fucked plenty of older women in our village, really ancient ones too. When you really need it, age really doesn't matter." Elli shook her head decisively, "No! I'm way too old to fuck and I haven't needed it in at least 15 years." That was an outrageous exaggeration, but she didn't want to fuck a fellow that young, by God! He didn't give up. "I looked at you in the shower when you were rubbing yourself, and I don't think your cunt is old or ugly." His fingers explored her cunt curiously. "And, what did you find with all your old women?" she provoked him. "All the old women have very tight vaginas, like the very young girls." He thought as she said, "just, and some old women don't like to fuck because of that, like me. I have such a tight cunt, I can't even fit a pencil in it!" Unexpectedly, he crawled on top of her, the firm cock pressing into her vaginal entrance. Instinctively, she tensed her vaginal muscles. "I have to try," he stammered, trying to penetrate, but he didn't get a millimeter. He chafed in her vaginal entrance for some minutes to no avail, and Elli considered letting him continue fucking and squirting in her vaginal entrance, but she instantly dismissed the idea. She indignantly pushed him back. "Hey, what are you thinking? Rape me, violently and brutally penetrate me!?" she exclaimed, boxing him lightly against the chest.

He was contrite and muttered, he didn't want to rape her of course, he just wanted to fuck her. But apparently his cock was too big and wouldn't go in. She growled, "I told you, I haven't fucked in ages, in 20 years! I'm way too tight!" She had calmed down and smiled, "Do you quite need it now, do you really need to squirt now?" He nodded, almost desperately. She stared at his hand and his cock. "Just have to do it yourself with your fist," she added. He shook his head slowly, "I haven't done that for years, I don't like it at all." She didn't think about it for a moment and asked, "but your girlfriends, they do it to you with their fists sometimes when they don't want to fuck or can't fuck right now?" She was uncomfortable with his hand touching her cunt again and pushed it away vigorously. She lifted the head cushion and sat halfway up. He nodded thoughtfully, "Yes, sometimes they do. Would you do it to me?" She thought for a long time. Why not, really? She nodded, "Okay," and reached for his cock. He put his head back on his neck and closed his eyes as she masturbated him.

A few minutes later, his brother came into the room, immediately grasping the situation and grinning wryly. "Why don't you fuck her?" he asked, still grinning. She had stopped at the same moment. "She doesn't like fucking, she hasn't fucked in 15 years and she doesn't need it, masturbating is enough for her. She's way too tight, he won't go in, I've tried it!" The brother nodded and sat down next to his twin. "But I want to squirt later, too, Aunt Elli!" he said cheerfully. She made no reply, she kept rubbing his brother and after a few minutes was already in the final spurt. Moments later, the first one squirted all over her hand and she continued rubbing him, slowing down, until he had finished squirting. Masturbating him had first confused and then sexually aroused her, now the brothers switched places. She now masturbated the second one and the other groped for her pussy and found the clit immediately. Her own arousal rose immediately, because the lad knew how to do it. She felt for her clit with the 'wrong' hand. "Damn, now I need it myself," she commented, gasping, and rubbed the clit as he did, but it wasn't the right hand and she had to stop. She recollected herself and masturbated the cock, he squirted after a short while and now she masturbated herself in a final spurt. The orgasm made her wince briefly, her legs trembled slightly. They all three grinned, then the two went to sleep.

In the half-dawn of falling asleep, her life slowly passed her by. *She had grown up completely normal and middle-class, she had learned to masturbate from her girlfriends at 9 and was instantly addicted to it. At 11 she learned to give handjobs to the boys and at 14 she posed for the first time to a photographer for erotic nude photos. The nude modeling made her insanely horny and she seduced the poor gay photographer. He deflowered and fucked her several times in a row by all the rules of the art. She liked the fucking very much. At 16, she voluntarily fucked her father for a few months until her mother was well again. She now fucked everyone who did not resist. At 19, she married head over heels to a wild, crude sculptor and the marriage was a disaster. Her husband turned out to be a psychopath, beating and punching her because he suspected her of cheating. She went to the emergency room several times and also went to the police, but she did not get a serious hearing. He stabbed her one day with a kitchen knife, she went to the hospital and he to prison for 5 years, she divorced him immediately. She had used this time to the fullest and fucked hundreds of men, was available as a nude model for little money and for more money she fucked and masturbated in front of the camera. She loved to pose in front of the camera and found nothing wrong with masturbating and fucking in front of the camera. She was not one of the reserved, chaste models and fucked directors, cameramen and the whole crew without restraint. She made good money doing it and met Robert, who not only wanted to film her but also marry her. He was a wonderful partner, they got engaged and she got pregnant. They were going to get married before the birth. But they were notified of her ex-husband's release with a wrong date. He came out a month early, he researched her, questioned unsuspecting neighbors and boiled with rage. She was pregnant!!! engaged!!! and about to get married!!! He couldn't take it. He attacked her in her own apartment, stabbed her a dozen times, and left the woman believed to be dead, lying in her blood. With her last strength she phoned for help. She was operated on, the child was dead, and the doctors said she could have no more children. Robert sat by her bedside and she broke off the engagement. She didn't want to marry as she couldn't*

*have a family, and in her grief, despair and anger she pushed him back. She regretted this mistake all her life, Robert left her dead sad and quickly married someone else. Her ex was sentenced to life in prison, which meant he would get out after 15 years. But he was a troublemaker and a thug even in prison. When he brutally raped and injured the ever-popular nurse, he lost the last of his sympathizers. He was found hanged in his cell one morning, they wrote suicide on the death certificate and did not investigate the case further. Three of her aunts died shortly after each other, leaving her enough money so that she didn't need modeling and fucking in front of the camera so much and could live in modest luxury. But she needed the exhibiting, the nude shots, the masturbating and the fucking in front of the camera. The lesbianism now really came into fashion, she tried hard and did everything. Cuddling and kissing with the girls was immense fun for her as well as masturbating or being masturbated by the cute girls. She also licked the girls and let them lick her, but she found it as disgusting and abhorrent as the blowjobs or the anal fucking. More and more often she refused or was refused, she was no longer so young and the scars on her belly had to be covered elaborately every time. Unhesitatingly she plunged into unbridled sex life and fucked even more men than ever before, hundreds. She preferred to fuck in front of the cameras of amateurs, who let her do it her way and did not interfere with her. In her mid-fifties, she noticed that her vagina was constantly shrinking. The gynecologist thought it was age-related and couldn't help. She had to give up men with big dicks more and more often or fuck with pain, but fucking with the small-dicked ones was a single disaster. She gave up fucking completely 11 years ago, withdrew more and more and was satisfied with daily masturbation. She read newspapers and books, solved crossword puzzles and watched a little TV. She had collected all the movies in which she fucked and masturbated and watched them over and over again. Once a week she went shopping and then to the coffee house. She drank the coffee sometimes alone, but mostly with acquaintances or complete strangers, that was interaction enough for her.*

Elli spent the day in the usual routine, the boys were out on the town all day. Dinner, showers and long chats before bedtime, that was the norm. The boys waited patiently beside her bed until she finished masturbating and opened her eyes again. She was not at all surprised, let them take a seat next to her and masturbated one after the other. Of course, she tried to masturbate both of them at the same time, but it didn't work. Mostly one — Andi or Bert? — played with her clit and she masturbated again herself in the end when she was aroused.

Mostly, however, the one she had not yet masturbated made her so horny with his finger play on her clit, that she gasped after the first one had cum, she needed it right now. She spread her legs while masturbating and the boy knelt between her legs. He masturbated quickly and squirted on her fingers, on her clit and on her pussy. She continued to masturbate unimpressed in the slippery sauce until the orgasm came. This went on for about a week, and everyone was satisfied.

Then the first one didn't want to have it with her fist anymore and cheekily laid on top of her. Elli pressed her legs together and put a hand on her pussy. However, he wanted to fuck at any price and churned up and down. She clamped his cock between her inner thighs and there he fucked. She kept her hand pressed firmly on her pussy and did not let him penetrate. The boy fucked, wedged between her inner thighs and his glans pounded against her hand and her cunt. He squirted on her hand, on her labia and on her cunt. The second one did the same now, diving deep into the slippery sauce and fucking quickly between her inner thighs. She got really horny again at the pounding, but she wouldn't take her hand away and let him cum on her cunt.

This went on for several days, she gradually dared to take her hand to masturbate. The fucking glans drummed against her fingers, clit and cunt. But he could not penetrate and only splashed her on the outside. She loosened her legs to masturbate better and the glans pounded on her vaginal entrance where he cummed and 10 minutes later his brother. She made herself orgasm with both of them and then was quite tired, really finished.

This also went on for several days, she let the guys fuck and cum in her vaginal entrance, one after the other. She no longer kept her hand protectively on her pussy, she opened her legs wide and let the guys fuck and cum in her vaginal entrance. She masturbated every time and then was always exhausted. Every day the boys penetrated a little further, she spread her legs wide apart and let them fuck and squirt in her vaginal entrance, now one or the other could penetrate with the tip of the glans. Her vagina was completely tense, he did not come a millimeter deeper, but she felt it very clearly when he squirted in warm jets inside. It was a memory of beautiful times gone by. Days of pounding against the vaginal entrance, penetrating with the tip of the glans when they squirted. She tried to loosen the cramped vagina, but it just didn't work. The second one always had an advantage because her vagina was wet from the previous squirting and he could penetrate a millimeter further in the slippery sauce. Every day the boys penetrated a little further, and one day, when her cunt was dripping with juice and slippery, the second penetrated fully, hard and deep. She felt a brief pain and cried out softly, but when he had fully penetrated, he stopped, startled and confused. She of course had stopped masturbating immediately, so startled was she. He had really penetrated!

"Pooh," he said to his brother, "but she is tight! A madness!" and he wanted to know, "like Rita, the little Gangmiller?" But the pioneer shook his head, "No, like the Burger's old Emma, that's how tight she is!" Into the long silence, the pioneer asked softly, "Elli, may I?" She nodded, though embarrassed for some reason put her forearm over her eyes and willingly opened her thighs. He began to fuck and had to fuck for a very long time, then he squirted with firm thrusts his jets. He waited until his cock softened and pulled it out. Elli felt the pain in her vagina, but it was not as bad as years ago. She had felt the horniness slowly rising as she was fucked, but she didn't orgasm. His brother took his place. "Elli, I want too!" She nodded smiling tiredly, that was to be expected. He very carefully and slowly penetrated his brother's slippery juice, it went in, but only with difficulty. He rolled his eyes. "She's even tighter than old Emma!" he exclaimed, then started fucking. It took him much longer than his brother and he didn't squirt as much as at the first time either. Elli let the horniness of fucking come back up and began to masturbate during his fucking.

Then the two sat to the left and right of Elli and watched until she finished masturbating.

"So, what's the deal with this Emma?" asked Elli with a smile, "what was the deal with her?" The two told her that of course they had fucked everyone over 60 and over 70 in the whole area, since most of the young girls were taken or newly married. They had also, of course, fucked everyone under 60 who wanted to join in, but there weren't many. There were, on the other hand, many old and ancient ones who were ready to fuck immediately and gladly. Surprisingly, it was just the most bigoted bigot women who fought the most to get all the boys. They agreed with their buddies that old Emma had the tightest vagina, even tighter than the little Gangmiller, Rita, who many had previously considered the tightest.

Elli laughed and said, "so there is a competition among you fellows as to which one has the tightest cunt?" The two nodded a little embarrassed, then Andi said, — Andi or Bert? —, "Well, we judge the girls without meaning anything bad. For example, which girl does the best handjob, the best blowjob, the best fuck, the longest fuck, which one masturbated the most times in a row? And so on, we don't write it down and forget most of it the next day. There's nothing nasty about it." Elli nodded, because that way she could understand.

When Elli asked if they also did it with their sisters, the two looked at each other. Then Andi said that it was the mother with whom they learned to fuck. She had taught them all about sex when they were allowed to be with her in the big marital bed one Sunday morning like every Sunday morning and cuddle with her naked. It was like this every Sunday morning when their father had gone out for his Early Morning Pint. She showed them everything, she smilingly demonstrated the female masturbation to them and when the two didn't stop begging, they were allowed to fuck her properly one after the other. Mostly on Sunday morning, when the father was at the Early Morning Pint, for a good year and a half. But after one and a half year later the father caught them one day in flagrante delicto and beat them firmly up. Only then did the 14-year-olds storm the girls' bedroom and fucked the sisters, and later all their cousins. At first the sisters acted as if they were terribly indignant, but they had long

since been deflowered and secretly enjoyed it. And the cousins didn't need a special invitation, because when the word got out about the sisters, they enthusiastically stayed overnight at the sisters'. Being related as such was not interesting, but the possibilities that arose, well. Bert lowered his eyes, "it was really great with the pregnant women. Most of the pregnant women didn't want to be fucked by our gang, only some. But they had fucked the best," Bert concluded.

Elli told a bit about her love life and how her vagina had changed and tightened a lot, 15 years ago. That's why she had given up fucking altogether, that's why she was only into masturbating. Andi (or Bert) asked if it would be okay with her if they both fucked her in future, it was much more fun than the other way. Elli smiled and said, "we'll try it again tomorrow, see if it works again?" They went to sleep.

Andi and Bert went to a pharmacy the very next day and got some lubricant. And yes, it worked! They fucked Elli, one after the other, and she actually liked it too, although she was careful not to praise them too much. The lubricant was good and Elli had no more pain while fucking. She spent her days in the usual routine, cuddling with the boys in the evening before they fucked her.

It was a nice summer for all three of them.

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# A maid's fate

by Jack Faber © 2023

Rosemarie came to the Villa Hallwax, a stately home on a hill in Grinzing, as a maid when she was 15. The old Baron von Hallwax had bought the villa of the Jewish previous owner for little money, after all, the Hallwax-factory was important for the Nazis during the war. The old widower was a man of pleasure and allowed himself this luxury. He lived alone, except for the staff, his son meanwhile ran the company and the grandson studied in England and France.

The old gentleman had chosen the young beauty from the countryside because he wanted her around. Somehow the pretty, bloody young girl rejuvenated him. He waited a week, let her serve him coffee early in the morning, and decided to leave her in the care of the old cook. But at the end of the first week he laid the completely frightened girl with her upper body over his desk, flipped up her skirt and pulled down her underpants. He raped her, he deflowered her, and he fucked her. When he was done, he pressed a few bills into the girl's hand and told her to buy some new and pretty underwear.

Rosa ran into her room and threw herself on the bed crying. She actually had little idea about sex at all, it just hurt a little and she calmed down. The cook listened to her and said that now it was time to be smart and take advantage of the situation. "So cheer up and play along," said Brigitte the cook, as they went to the suburbs to buy sexy underwear. The cook knew this very well, because for a long time she had taken care of the old man's sexual balance. Rosa was horrified at how expensive the goods were, but the old man's money was plenty.

Rosa had really very little idea about sex. She had already discovered masturbating as a child and had given her little brother some handjobs when he could squirt. But the little guy wanted to fuck for real, so she gave in to him and inserted his little boy cock through the hole in her hymen. They had to watch the hymen like hell because the strict mother kept checking. So he was allowed to fuck and cum

very carefully, the hole got a little bigger, but she was officially still a virgin. So she came to the old Baron Hallwax.

Rosa served the coffee every morning at the same time, but the old gentleman could only fuck her once a month, he was already approaching eighty. However, his son, also approaching sixty, wanted to fuck the red-haired beauty every morning. She served the widower his morning coffee and lay down with her upper body on the desk. He fucked her the same way every morning. She got used to it and then went to take a shower and to the kitchen. She was very teachable and was already an excellent cook by the end of the war. Every month the younger Hallwax gave her an envelope, “for good service,” and she saved as much as she could. The old man had bought her a particularly nice outfit, which she had to wear to his salon once a month. It used to be called a gentlemen’s evening, but now, having become wealthy and fine, they spoke of the salon. Once a month Baron Hallwax entertained his customers, a good 20 to 25 officers in uniform. The Hotel Zum Erzherzog provided the feast, and industrious hands prepared the banquet in the marble hall. Rosa’s only job was to serve drinks and cigars to the gentlemen before and after the banquet.

The old man had briefed her quite accurately, she was not a hooker, damn it, but a pretty 16 year old girl, who at the very most was allowed to flash her sinfully expensive underwear, but nothing more, for God’s sake! Kissing, cuddling or dating, that in no case! She was not a hooker, damn it, but only a pretty eye-catcher to distract and please the officers. Rosa nodded when he explained all this to her and then had Brigitte, the old cook, translate it for her. She blushed red as a beet when Brigitte explained the word hooker. She turned even redder when Brigitte explained and demonstrated how she should flash the panties. “Show it all off?” asked Rosa with a pale face and Brigitte nodded. That was the purpose of the exercise, she was to show as much naked flesh as possible, the butt and the pussy, unabashedly and unobtrusively. Brigitte took a pair of scissors and snipped at the panties until they were just a thin cloth from the asshole to above the cleft. If Rosa now bent over or let herself be pulled onto the lap by one of the gentlemen and kicked with her legs in the air, then the ass as well as the cunt flashed up lovingly. The Baron

was totally thrilled, because all eyes were now on his eye-catcher and not on the boring documents. Rosa learned quite quickly to show off as often and as much as possible and after a few salons she was really good at flashing her jewels, praised the old man.

His father was buried with all pomp, even the mighty and powerful mayor sent a delegation. The son had insisted that “Baron von” be chiseled on the tombstone, although since the end of the Habsburg empire there were no more titles of nobility and of course no more Barons, but he himself continued to let himself be called Baron. As the new old man he now had no more consideration for his old master. He listened carefully to, which officer wanted to have a private audience with Fräulein Rosemarie. Depending on it, he sent the presumptuous insolent to the devil or he talked Rosa into receiving the important gentleman in the library, where there was a large, comfortable chaise-longue. Rosa knew it was well rewarded and fucked as many important people as she could. She often discussed with Brigitte whether she had become a hooker, but Brigitte just laughed at her. “What do you have to offer, what does life have to offer you? A pretty face and a pretty ass! So, make the most of it! Remember, one day you’ll be too old, so put that money aside for the old days!” Rosa nodded to Brigitte’s philosophy, every single word was true. It was war and everyone had to see to it, that they got a piece of the pie. Baron Hallwax made sure that he sold his stuff to the Wehrmacht, and Rosa made sure that she always got a well-filled envelope. She was not particularly businesslike, but she made it clear to the Baron that she expected more rhe next time.

The war was coming to an end. The former Baron of Hallwax tore the golden party badge from his lapel and angrily shoved it into the desk drawer. And — swooosh! — he was no longer a Nazi! The English, French and Americans needed his goods just as badly, for they too had howitzers, mortars and other toys for which the Hallwax Works supplied. The saloon was down for only a month, then the officers came in other uniforms and spoke only foreign languages. Rosa served as before, silently smiling, flashing her jewels. She spoke only with her eyes; she had had her makeup done beautifully by Brigitte, and she glowed with pride when one or the other of the officers gave her a euphonious verbiage. The old man coughed and coughed be-

cause he understood the foreign languages and his chest swelled with pride. Rosa willingly gave herself to the gentlemen from all over the world for money in the library; she didn't need to understand foreign language to fuck them. Whether German Wehrmacht, French or American liberators — without underpants they were in principle all the same. The Hotel Zum Erzherzog provided the banquet in exemplary quality. Even if one had lost the war, that was no reason to slack off. The Hallwax Works only got bigger and bigger, the more weapons were needed for peace. Rosa also blossomed, for she was truly in love.

Shlomo Yakubovich had survived the war in England and was now employed as a mechanic-chauffeur at Hallwax. He was the seventh employee in the villa, along with the cook, two cleaners, two gardeners and Rosa. He lived above the garage, where he was in charge of the two cars. Rosa was immediately in love with him. He smiled sullenly; she, as a pureblood, should not get involved with a Jew. Rosa didn't understand his humor and nagged back, that she was not a purebred, her great-grandfather was from Scotland, you could clearly tell by her red hair and green eyes. Shlomo hugged her laughing, then nothing would stand in the way! She visited him every day after lunch, they spent the two free hours in his bed.

Rosa loved everything about Shlomo, he was a skilled mechanic and an excellent chauffeur. And he had a big, beautiful cock, really big compared to the old man's little cock. He was circumcised and she admired the glans that never hid under a foreskin. He had a good meaty cock, with which he could continue fucking her for a long time after he had cum, until her orgasm. She much preferred those orgasms to the ones she gave herself before falling asleep.

Shlomo had a hard time accepting that his Rosa had to let the old master fuck her every morning, that she also had to let his customers fuck her sometimes in the library for her master's favor, but that was the deal. They kept talking about leaving the Hallwax house and starting over somewhere together, but their combined savings weren't enough at the back of their minds. Shlomo was very educated and he approached her about her period, even in the early days. Rosa didn't know what it was all about at first. She was 22 and didn't have

a period yet, Shlomo sent her to the gynecologist, but he didn't know anything either. You will not have children, Shlomo said sadly after reading the doctor's letter, we will have to adopt some. Rosa nodded, that was fine with her, she was very happy to have a family of her own.

Shlomo stayed with Hallwax for two years and one day he disappeared without a trace. Rosa cried heartbreakingly, but the guy was gone, with one of the cars. Although the crashed car was found a week later in a ravine in Tyrol, blood trails led into the woods and then got lost. Only after two or three weeks Rosa learned more details from Brigitte. It sounded like a bad detective story. The old master had gotten into a fight with Shlomo, over a woman, they had scuffled and the old man had threatened Shlomo with a revolver. Shlomo had knocked the old man to the ground and had sped away in a car with the revolver. Rosa remembered, she had asked the old man then, how he got the bruises on his face, but he had not answered.

Yes, she had asked the old Hallwax directly if it was true, but he had denied everything, "stupid chick's talk!" Rosa mourned Shlomo all her life and never fell in love again.

It all went on as usual, she let the old man fuck her whenever he could, but it became less and less. The son, Siegfried, had returned from England with his wife and child and occupied the vacant west wing. Siegfried assisted his father in the factory and gradually grew into the business. However, like his father, he was a real bon vivant, taking over the salons and living it up. His wife was more often in London, Paris and Monaco than at home in Vienna. Little René was at boarding school for most of the year, he was eager to learn and scored points with Siegfried with his good grades.

Rosa was 35 when old Hallwax was buried. He had just fucked her and had cum one last time, then he had simply dropped dead. She stood in the back row with the other domestics, but she didn't cry. He might have had her Shlomo on his conscience, she never forgave him for that, not in all these years.

Siegfried Hallwax continued his father's work. The Hallwax Works flourished and the new boss was from the trade, which impressed his employees. He spoke fluent English and French, which impressed the European clientele. The salons continued as before, they even became a tad more boisterous. And Siegfried didn't want to waste his precious time in bars and brothels; he took over Rosa from his father. She was only in her mid-30s, still pretty and not averse to fucking. She agreed immediately, she had faithfully taken care of the physical well-being of her masters. And of course she was quite keen on him, Rosa said with her most seductive eye flash. Yes, she would gladly let him fuck her, if he wanted, every day. But he was not such a barbarian as the old men who fucked standing, while Rosa bent over the desk.

He led her by the hand into his bedroom; he had a bottle of champagne in the ice cooler beside the marital bed and soft, ingratiating music playing. He undressed without a word and lay down on the bed expectantly. Rosa quickly undressed and lay with him. He quietly asked if they needed to use contraception and she shook her head. No, she didn't have a period and wouldn't have children. She liked his quiet, friendly manner and his claim to a bit of sophistication. She stroked her hand unselfconsciously over his cock, which was quite a bit larger than his father's and grandfather's as well. She asked how she should keep it with his wife, since they were cheating on her right now? He smiled, she should not think about it anymore, his wife is actually for sure lying on the beach of Nice or Monte Carlo and lets herself be pampered by a masseur. If she valued physical fidelity, she would be here and not there. That made sense to Rosa, there was a lot of truth in it. She looked at his cock more closely, it was not circumcised like Shlomo, but still pleasing to look at. She had heard that many women said that cocks were ugly, but not her, she had only seen nice ones so far.

She let Siegfried fuck her, and he too was as good in bed as Shlomo, he too usually brought her to orgasm. She had only had an orgasm while fucking Shlomo, before that only during her daily masturbation at night. The old man had never managed it and she believed that he didn't care at all either. Siegfried also cared that they kissed and cuddled. She had only done this with Shlomo before, but

she felt it was important and right. The cuddling, kissing and caressing really belonged, she learned that quickly. She felt like a woman with Siegfried and not just an object as she had with his father and grandfather. She had always felt that it was all wrong with the old masters, but she could not have put it into words. It was a beautiful new experience, even though she knew full well that it was all about his physical satisfaction. She lay with Siegfried for the next 20 years.

Something had changed, however, and she really didn't like it. The salons no longer had the banquet at their center. It was about the big booze-up afterwards, one drank to booming music, smoked and swallowed all sorts of things. Rosa drank very little alcohol and only sipped from her glass; she didn't smoke or swallow anything. Siegfried, however, was beside himself; he swept her into the middle of the hall and danced with her. She was confused because she had never danced before, but she went along with everything. It pleased her that he was so happy and exuberant. She danced with him from salon to salon, it was actually quite nice. But one day he was so hyper that after dancing he threw her on the chaise-longue and fucked her in front of everyone. This was terribly embarrassing to her because, although most didn't care, some were watching them fuck. She left immediately after he had cum.

She waited for him in his marital bed, but fell asleep. Only in the morning she served him a strong coffee and then dared to confront him. He was stubborn and intransigent. "When it gets to you," blah, blah, blah. She didn't want to hear it. She explained to him that it was embarrassing and uncomfortable for her, she felt pathetic and soiled. He didn't listen. After all, there was nothing wrong with it, it wasn't that bad. It went back and forth for half an hour, but they didn't find each other. Looking somber, he asked her if she would let a stranger fuck her at the salon if it was important to him or the company? She immediately shook her head, but then thought and said if it was really important, then. Siegfried nodded, "that's good!" and that was the end of the subject.

Promptly, he had her fuck his best friend at the next salon. He was important, he reminded the hesitant girl. Again, there were only a few who watched them fuck, but it was no longer so embarrassing. So

it gradually got to the point where she was getting fucked at every salon. If in the beginning there was only one, soon there were three or six who fucked her coram publico. Siegfried praised her and the monthly envelope became much thicker. He smiled secretly, she was as much a whore as all women. One was just more expensive than the other. But whores they all were.

Siegfried turned 60, Rosa 57. He gave a big party with all his friends. The day after, he told Rosa that she had to prepare for her well-deserved retirement. Therefore, he had hired a young assistant whom she would have to teach everything from cooking to the salon. Rosa nodded and was a little crestfallen, but on the other hand she understood. Siegfried's son René was studying at university and was now living at home again. Siegfried bothered her less and less often in his bedroom, of course, it was not he who had aged, but she. Sure.

The new girl's name was Mi Lei Sung, her parents had immigrated from China and the older children were able to help them out in the restaurant, but the younger ones were placed in various workplaces. Mi Lei was already almost 19, but looked like a 13-year-old. Rosa immediately realized that she was the change of pace Siegfried envisioned for his bedroom. But he lulled her suspicions, called Rosa into his bedroom once or twice, and she calmed down.

The little Asian girl, who wanted to be called Mimi because she was so used to it, was basically lazy as hell. She learned while cooking only for the day, the next day she had forgotten everything again. What she was good at, however, was fawning over Siegfried or René when she served coffee and other things in her skimpy little skirt. No question, she was after one or both of them. And sure enough, after six weeks Siegfried came into Mimi's room at night and Rosa, who was sleeping in the room next door, woke up to Mimi's soft cries of pleasure. Mimi meowed like a kitten while fucking, she could be heard for miles. Rosa got really tight palpitations, maybe from indignation that she had been dumped or maybe because she had gotten horny listening to her. Mimi meowed loudly every night now, and Rosa was somehow glad he hadn't brought Mimi into his bedroom. Days went by.

One night there was a knock at her door, it was René. He just came in, hissed a greeting and lay down with Rosa, snotty. He noticed that she was naked under the covers and took off his T-shirt and underpants. It was not completely dark in the room and Rosa noticed his grin. He looked at her and laughed softly. “That Mimi sure got my old man around fast,” he murmured. “If I’m counting right, this is the second time he’s fucking her tonight.” Rosa nodded and said softly, “he usually fucks her twice.” She paused for a long moment. “I hope he doesn’t overdo it, like your grandfather!” René had no idea about this and she had to tell him everything. At first she just told how he had collapsed dead after fucking her, but René kept drilling until she had told him everything all the way back to her deflowering at 15 by his great-grandfather. After the long silence in the next room, Mimi was heard meowing very quickly and choppily. “Now she’s masturbating,” René whispered, “she let me watch her a few times, that’s how I know.” After a small cry, the meowing died away and Siegfried’s deep voice was heard briefly.

René continued to discuss his parents with Rosa for a long time. The father thought the mother was a slut, but he himself had fucked the little slut in the last days. He was depressedly silent and had his arms wrapped around Rosa’s neck. She gave a jerk and told him that until now, for almost 20 years, she had been the slut for his father. He propped himself up on his arms. “Not true!” But Rosa nodded and said it was the full truth. He said he was sorry, but she fought back. “He always treated me like a gentleman, he was always decent to me!” She bit her lips; she didn’t have to tell him the humiliations at the salon. He lay down a little more quietly. “I am glad he treated you like a gentleman, for you are quite lovely and a sweetheart!” Rosa blushed in the dark. A thought rose in her mind.

“Can I ask you something?” she initiated, “just because I’m curious. Do you have a girlfriend to fuck?” René let go of her neck and was silent for a long time, then shook his head in denial. She put a hand on his chest. “Forgive me if I’m too curious, but have you ever really fucked before?” His body immediately stiffened. Again he shook his head and she felt tears running down his cheeks. She hugged him, for the first time, and immediately felt his stiff cock. “It’s okay René, it’s okay! One day you will…” He interrupted her un-

certainly, “Do you really think so?” She stroked his cheeks and nodded. “Of course I do, I have no doubt.” He had to get it off his chest. “There were no girls at boarding school, and I wasn’t one of the gang that sometimes broke out at night and went to the brothel,” and Rosa interjected, “you certainly didn’t miss anything important!” He looked at her big. “Mimi used to come into my room and wanted to fuck so badly, but I didn’t know how to do it. Then she just masturbated and laughed at me later. She came to me at least 10 times, to masturbate and laugh at me.” Rosa knew that René was somewhat autistic and had a hard time interacting with people, so she felt great compassion for him. “One day you’ll meet a girl who will show you everything, and it won’t be hard.” He was electrified. “You’ll show me one day?” Now Rosa froze. “Why, I’m well over sixty,” she exaggerated, “I’m an old, ugly woman, much too old for you!” She groped her way to his cock and embraced it. “My cunt has already shrunk and become very tight, much too tight for such a big cock as you have!” She squeezed his cock affirmatively. “And at boarding school, you only did it yourself?” He nodded and answered immediately, “Sometimes I did it at the same time as others, sometimes one rubbed the other. But not very often. And the ass fucking I never did, that seemed too gross.”

Rosa was still holding his cock. “You have to squirt now, don’t you?” she stated. “You can make yourself do it if you want, I don’t mind.” She paused and waited, but he said nothing. “You want me to make it for you?” she asked, and all at once he nodded his head. “Okay, I’ll be glad to do it to you!” she whispered and grabbed his cock with her fist. He put his arm on her shoulder as she sat up and masturbated him. He buried his face between her breasts. It took quite a long time and she was starting to get a cramp in her arm, but then he squirted, spurting high into the air several times and she didn’t let go of his cock until he had finished spurting. She let him rest for a long time and said softly, “I have to sleep now!” He woke up from dozing. “Can I come back tomorrow?” he asked uncertainly and she giggled. “As soon as Mimi starts yowling, you can come!” He gave a short laugh and left.

He was punctually on the spot as soon as Mimi and Siegfried had started fucking. He had taken a flashlight with him and dived down

to explore Rosa's cunt in great detail. He did not reappear until Mimi's mewing while masturbating was heard for the second time. René grinned all over his face as Mimi finished with a little cry. He really questioned Rosa, he wanted to know everything about fucking. She said nothing of her little brother, but told of his great-grandfather and grandfather and the officers she had fucked in the library. She shook her head with a smile, No, she hadn't been sent to the hustle, she had been able to choose if she wanted to fuck the officer. After all, the grandfathers only wanted it because it benefited them business-wise. She assured the boy that she wanted it herself, because it was the only way she could fuck many men, very many. And she was pretty and young and wanted to fuck all the time, she really loved it very much.

Rosa had held René's cock in her hand during the conversation and now he was ready again. She masturbated him and made him squirt high in the air. He came every night now, he hugged Rosa and they listened intently to Mimi until she was done fucking and masturbating. René kept her hugged, lying half on top of her and pressing his cock between her inner thighs. Rosa offered to let him fuck her every day, but he wasn't ready yet. She masturbated him and let him cum on her thighs and pussy.

Rosa had accompanied Mimi to the abortion clinic and brought her back home in a cab. Mimi was very dejected, but the Lord had insisted, he did not want a bastard. For two weeks he summoned Rosa to his bedroom and lamented his suffering. He nodded with satisfaction when Rosa reported that she had persuaded Mimi to take the pill. The abortion had hit Mimi pretty hard, but he was back in Mimi's bed after two weeks. The game started all over again, René was back with her, lying on top of her, and she was stroking his stiff cock, steering it closer to her pussy day by day.

One day René was ready. He was very excited when Rosa directed his cock into her vaginal entrance. She didn't need to explain much to him, he knew at least in theory how the fucking went. Rosa had held her breath because he had a very thick cock, the same length as Siegfried, but much thicker. They both fought like doggedly because he didn't go in easily. She felt a brief pain when he finally went in

with great difficulty. He still hesitated a bit, but then he thrust dutifully and squirted way too soon. He slumped to the side after squirting. Now it was Rosa who embraced him and kissed his tears away from his cheeks. They talked quietly, she explained to him that the man had to hold back the squirting until the woman had had her orgasm. It is more difficult for some than others, but the majority could do it. If a man couldn't do that, he became uninteresting to the woman. René nodded, that was easy to understand, and he promised to try. It took him several days before he could hold off long enough for Rosa to orgasm. He came every night now, he lay on top of Rosa and they both listened aroused to Mimi's sounds of pleasure before they fucked.

René was a good boy and he always used a lubricant, he learned to penetrate her only slowly and give her vagina time to dilate and adjust. He came to fuck almost every night and Rosa was a good listener, she had no idea what college was like of course, but she was pretty knowledgeable about interpersonal relationships, something René really needed her opinion on.

Siegfried was apparently in the know, and once remarked to Rosa that he highly valued her good influence on René. Rosa turned red as a beet, although he made no salacious remark. He knew how hard René had it with people and appreciated that she cared for his son, he said so quietly and hugged her. Although he no longer invited her into his bedroom at night, she usually lay with him in the morning hours or before noon, but they did not fuck every time. After all, Siegfried was already 60 and gave all his loins strength to fuck Mimi at night. Rosa mostly just listened to him and caressed his body, he talked about everyday problems, but he always asked her how René was doing. He was very pleased with René's grades, but he worried if the boy could one day take over the Works, the Company. Rosa knew that René didn't study the same as Siegfried had, but maybe he could take courses that concerned business management. Siegfried thought for days and interviewed the university before talking to René about it. Although Siegfried no longer fucked Rosa every day, she regularly got her envelope at the end of the month.

Sometimes Siegfried was traveling and that's when René was very fond of going to Mimi's to fuck, Rosa didn't object and encouraged him a lot. He secretly made recordings of it and showed them to Rosa. She was electrified, because she practically never saw others fuck. She watched the footage hundreds of times, it was very arousing. Mimi apparently had no trouble inserting René's thick cock and she visibly enjoyed letting the boy fuck her. She always wanted to be fucked twice with a break and always masturbated after the second fuck. He fucked her powerfully through and she never taunted him again.

It was probably one and a half year later when the house bell jingled. The gardener threw on the jacket of his fantasy uniform and opened. He called out loudly, "Rosa! A Visitor for Fräulein Rosemarie!" Rosa brushed her hands against the kitchen apron before removing it, a visitor? She hadn't attended the salon in years, and who else would visit her? She walked curiously to the door with her heart pounding excitedly and stepped out.

It was Shlomo.

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# On Waves And Billows

by Jack Faber © 2023

For hundreds of years, a considerable portion of humanity lived on the oceans. As recently as the 21st century, it was thought that the world population would not grow beyond the 9-billion-mark. Growth leveled off somewhat, but still, 300 years later, there were now nearly 11 billion people. The oceans were populated with huge floating platforms consisting of thousands of loosely connected parts. One got the necessary energy from sun- and wind power, wave power stations had not got beyond the different project stages. Platform 451, where Una lived, had an edge length of 10 kilometers and was one of the most modern ones. There were about 4 million people living on the platform. The platform was anchored in the doldrums, powerful breakwaters protected it from the rare storms. The houses, which were densely packed together without gaps, were three to five stories high and a dozen formed an apartment block, and about a quarter of the total area was used for agriculture. One was almost completely self-sufficient, only a few goods were delivered from the mainland.

Una had a good job as part of the air traffic control, the 3 three hour shifts a day demanded the utmost concentration of course, but it was an interesting work. Most of the time she ensured smooth local flight operations over the platform, regularly she was assigned to air traffic control between the platforms or long distance traffic to the continents. Only long distance traffic still had a few combustion engine aircraft; the local gliders and helicopters were all electrically powered. Many of the residents had privately owned small electric flying machines of any design, and a pilot's license was required for these as well. Most private pilots obeyed the law and flew under the control of air traffic control, there were of course black sheep and daring youths who flew around without permission or control. Surprisingly, there were few accidents, as a crash usually involved more than just a cool dip, most simply drowned.

Una had grown up in Greater-Paris on the mainland, had done all the schools and general pilot training. She originally wanted to become a civilian, commercial or military pilot, but she had a chronic problem with her teeth and was no longer shortlisted. She completed the three-year training for air traffic control and moved to Platform 451 because she could not afford the expensive life in Paris. On the platform, she immediately got a well-paying job and a spacious apartment of almost 48 square meters, actually an officer's apartment near the air base.

Una's childhood was carefree, learning not only the local dialect, which used to be French, but also Interlingua, the official English language of large parts of the world, which was a hodgepodge of American, English and other Anglophone languages. Una had a sexually average adolescence, masturbating since early childhood like all the other girls, and it really became an addiction. She saw her biological parents barely twice a year and had no close relationship with them. She lived like most children in state institutions, every year she got a new roommate. Before she was 14, she was said to be a lesbian. But she didn't care, she was in bed with the other and they sweated when they masturbated or the other masturbated her. She had learned to lick the clit from one of her girlfriends and loved it very much. She was a good student and hardly thought about sex during the day. The sex was only in the evening and at night, she was very libidinous and did not let any night pass unused. At 14 she let a friend deflower her and learned to fuck very quickly. She loved fucking very much, only sometimes it was difficult to get together with the guys. One did not waste time on falling in love or building relationships. One arranged to have sex with a boy, because "today's youth" was just like that. Romance had died out in large parts, no one missed it. It was all the norm at the time, and at 17 she had to choose between getting married, going to work, or going to college. She wanted to be a pilot.

She loved her new apartment. It consisted of two rooms, a small kitchen and a sanitary cabin with shower and toilet. One room was her bedroom, the other the living- and working area, because she only went to the flight control center for one shift on three days a week, the other shifts she worked from the apartment, that's what ev-

eryone did. The monitor she worked on took up the whole wall and she could see 5 or 10 partial images at a time. The small kitchen was sufficient as she only made her own breakfast, the two main meals were supplied by the Fly&Eat, she just needed to heat it up. The Fly&Eat belonged to the Aeroboard and catered to a good 20,000 men. There was a lot of emphasis on good, healthy food, since the crews received expensive training and any illness hit the company hard. Health was a top priority. One was also required to follow a sports program every morning before breakfast. Una rode her electric scooter to the port every morning, swam for 30 minutes, and ran once around the entire harbor, a two kilometers round trip. She always found time for a chat with the Mariners or with Sailors from outside, i.e. other platforms or the continent. In these short chats, the courtship had to succeed, so that she had a guy to fuck in the next evenings. They saw exactly what they could expect, her swimsuit cleverly showed everything that one tried to hide in earlier times. Depending on the mood, she rode home in a happy or a bad mood on the pedal scooter, changing her foot every 100 meters to pedal. She usually used the electric drive of the pedal scooter only when she went for a ride.

She was only 26 and naturally pretty, she had nice small breasts and a very slim, womanly body. She did shave her pubic hair every day before showering, but usually there was no sex for two weeks or more, no fuckboy, no lover. Masturbating was in the program every night, but she found variety in telesex. The communicator, which used to be just a smartphone, offered her everything she needed. It recorded the data of her early morning exercise and sent it to the employer, it recorded all vital signs and alerted Una when necessary. He likewise gave her information about her fertile days and the exact time of ovulation. She could use the communicator to compile her meal plan or grocery shopping; you no longer went to stores or small businesses, everything was delivered to the house. The communicators between the supplier and the recipient independently and automatically agreed on the dates that suited both parties. And Una, like most, was among those who obtained sex through the communicator.

Una had only three devices she used for sex. An electronic penis, a stimulator and a love cloth. She used the penis when she wanted to have sex with a distant man (most of the time it really was one). It came very close to actual fucking and even surpassed it in one respect. The man could maintain his virtual erection for as long as he wanted during phone fucking. Contraception was not necessary and there was no risk of infection. And neither the distance nor a possible age problem offered a barrier. Una had already had telesex with old men or underage boys (and probably girls too). No teenager was too stupid not to pretend to be an adult. Many teenagers loved to pretend to be the opposite sex because they found it exciting. Una was sure that she had had telesex with many dressed-up girls of all ages. Occasionally she also had lesbian telesex, but very rarely. Of course, it always happened that one chose the wrong person to have telesex with, but one could always press the off-button.

The second device was the stimulator, it came in a hundred varieties, for men and for women. Una's stimulator was basically a simple clit-stimulator that she could control herself or have someone else control. It was sometimes really horny what lesbians or other women could do with it.

And there was the love cloth. It came in sinful expensive full-body-versions and smaller ones. Una had a small model, about 25 centimeters on the edge. It was used to transmit manual stimulation, stroking and touching in a way that was true to feeling. It was an important adjunct used in a wide variety of activities. The combination of two or all three devices made telesex a very intimate, exciting experience.

Una loved the personal contact while fucking though, that was better than any telesex. But she hardly had more than one or two lovers a month, she had already fucked all sympathetic work colleagues, neighbors and the workers in the port city and was happy about every Sailor from overseas.

She often sat in front of the monitor for hours discussing, arguing or exchanging ideas with people from all over the world. And yes, she also flirted when she felt the tingle. There were even three men from

other platforms who had come all this way to fuck Una. But none had the quality of character she expected. She longed very much for a lasting, loving partnership, but so far none had been even remotely acceptable. She could use the purely physical lovemaking, but she was not fooled by hormones or her imagination. She had read hundreds of books and articles on the subject, watched discussions and lectures, and had even exchanged long and thoughtful emails with some of the various experts. She knew how difficult dating was and was far too educated and intelligent to fool around.

Una lived on the third floor of a house and had the advantage of being on the flat roof on sunny days. Although it rained quite often there were many sunny days where she could lie down to tan. Up there on the roof, everyone was naked, and there was nothing unusual about two getting together to make love and fuck. Una was one of the few young women on her apartment block and was in high demand for fucking. Fucking on the roof, in the beautiful sunshine, was the only situation where she let herself be fucked in public space and felt an exhibitionist shiver when other women stared over in envy or when her onlookers got an erection. It wasn't strangers, it was the neighbors. In rainy weather, she usually sat by the only window, at the kitchen table, looking out at the sea or the rain pelting down on the shore road and the wide strip of grass, bushes and trees. She was fascinated by the waves crashing against the platform during the rare storms and the spray splashing in ever-changing shapes several feet high. The rainy weather was always a good time to gossip with friends and girlfriends. She had resolved to read at least one book every week and watch at least one movie on the Internet. She knew how important education was for her.

Una had met a nice Sailor, who was sailing an electric trimaran, while doing early morning sports in the harbor town, and had invited him to dinner. The boy was perhaps ten years older than her and was traveling all alone from platform to platform, heading for the Caribbean. She flew home lovey-dovey and ordered the evening's groceries from the road. She had to work concentrated shifts, but in the evening she set the table for two and whistled a pop song, she was in such a good mood. A glance at the communicator showed that it was still 10.9 days until the next ovulation, so free ride! She was annoyed

because she couldn't teach the device to display the time in a more understandable way. 264.4 hours was the only possible alternative, but it was even more stupid. She had already sent a suggestion, but one never knew if it was even read and if a programmer ever tackled it. The bell rang, the Sailor came.

Armand, he introduced himself, came from Marseille in France and he was a decidedly cheerful and likeable guy. How good it did Una to be able to speak French with him in the language of her youth. He ate proficiently and they emptied two bottles of red wine until, with an artificial yawn, Una signaled to go to the bedroom.

Armand obviously had some catching up to do and fucked her twice, holding his own very well and waiting patiently for Una to fuck herself to orgasm before he squirted. They smoked during the break and afterwards, as Armand was a heavy smoker, but Una rarely smoked. He told how he had prepared for his adventure. Apartment sold and off he went! Until a few miles from the platform the batteries ran out. He lay in the slippery sea for 12 hours, had spread out all the solar panels, and waited impatiently in the sweltering heat until he had enough power again. Two technicians were working on his ship, they had already ordered the defective parts from the mainland and they were waiting for it to be flown in. He was very annoyed that the mishap had happened and showed him the vulnerability of his ship. He laughed, seeing that he was still a real city boy who could not yet fix everything himself. She cuddled up to him covetously, but Armand was drawn to the port city. Wind had come up and he was getting restless, he could not leave the ship unguarded. She ordered him a glider and he left, but promised to return tomorrow evening.

The days flew by, the evenings with Armand were wonderful and so was the fucking, of course. They promised each other to keep in touch, although he would hardly ever come back, his destination was still the Caribbean. They kept in touch for years to come, they talked about the Visiphone almost every week and had telesex on a case by case basis, but in truth he didn't like it very much.

Una had met new neighbors, Peter and Gwendolyn, who were from London. They had a daughter, Anna, and a son, Paul. Anna was

Gwendolyn's daughter and Paul was Peter's son. Anna was a very good student, bright and clever. Paul was dumb as a brick, lazy and stubborn, and they were both about the same age. Peter and Gwendolyn were both engineers and built platforms. Una, of course, had talked Peter into fucking her on one occasion and he went along with it with a very guilty conscience. Una later regretted her covetousness, for Peter was a real failure at fucking. The only positive thing about their brief fling was that Una learned of Gwendolyn's lesbian tendencies. Immediately she seduced Gwendolyn, who was really a grenade in bed, and the two fucked at regular intervals.

Gwendolyn taught Una something new, fucking clit-to-clit. Una was thrilled and almost passed out with pleasure when Gwendolyn fucked her mercilessly to orgasm. She fucked Gwendolyn too, of course, but she had a much smaller clit than Gwendolyn and unfortunately could not fuck her just as well. Peter knew about their sexual relationship and kept silent about it, because he knew very well himself that he had nothing to offer Una. Gwendolyn and Peter had a problem, they had a job on an other platform, but they had to put the children somewhere for the 6 weeks. Una hesitated for a long time, but finally she agreed.

Anna and Paul, quarreling like cats and dogs, surrendered growling to their fate. They promised to be good and not disturb Una during her shift. Una had threatened to put them in the state home immediately if they disturbed her at work. The threat worked; the siblings had only known each other for a few months, but they got along. Una could really work, and when she was done, she went into the bedroom where they could watch movies. But they were both naked on the bed, Paul had just rolled off Anna and Anna was sprawled on the bed, her pussy smeared with semen. "No, we didn't fuck, Aunt Una," Anna replied through her tears, "he's much too cowardly to fuck, he's afraid of Mom who would beat him up!" Una took a close look at Paul's cock, he had a really strong man's cock, the guy with the birdbrain. Una got a washcloth and cleaned Anna's pussy. "Well, then what did the both of you do?" she asked the girl. Anna answered that he only fucked in her vaginal entrance and squirted there, to spare her hymen. They had been fucking like this for months, she was not allowed to watch him masturbate, but he

watched her every time she masturbated. She had shown him the vaginal entrance fucking when he didn't want to deflower her and fuck her for real. But she definitely wanted to fuck! She would have allowed him to deflower her and fuck her, but the coward didn't dare. Una fixed dinner, the two of them sat naked nestled close to each other in front of the monitor, watching an ancient horror movie on the Internet and shrieking with pleasure. Watching the movie together was one of the situations where Anna was allowed to play with Paul's cock and make him stiff. She rarely managed to make him squirt, and today she didn't manage it again. Paul kept rewinding during the sex scenes, explicitly showing sex was allowed if it was less than 5% of the movie, else it was porn. Paul had the sex scenes played in slow motion, the clumsy vampire fucking the leading lady or the werewolf fucking the same poor girl. The actresses of that time unabashedly fucked in front of the camera and this one even did the scenes with the werewolf herself, the fucking performed by trained dogs. Una briefly looked at the monitor, but she actually did not like the dog fucking and turned off the monitor. So dinner, and now off to bed!

Una was lying naked under the sheet as usual, Paul had made a place for himself on the floor next to the bed. Proud, because he was a man and not a wimp! Anna came out of the shower cabin and hesitated for a moment, then put aside the pajamas and slid naked to Una under the sheet. "Lights out!" commanded Una, and Anna wrapped her arms around Una's neck. Whispering, she asked Una about her sexuality. Una answered her curious questions with a smile and caressed Anna's body. Anna half lay on Una and pressed her body against her as they continued to whisper. She slid a hand between their bodies and masturbated. Una smiled and put her face on Anna's beautiful, full breasts. She caressed and fondled the glorious breasts, her fingers seeking the nipples, pressing and twirling them until they were stiff. She caressed the breasts and teased the hard nipples until Anna had finished masturbating. She gently stroked the girl's hair until she calmed down. Anna replied to her question that she had been masturbating every night since she could remember. Una nodded in agreement, that was quite all right. Before her mother had met Peter, she had been allowed to lie with Gwendolyn, press herself against her and masturbate. Paul had heard their whispering

and now lay down next to Una as well. He noticed that they were both naked and threw his pajamas on the floor. Una said with a laugh, “Auntie à la sandwich!” Anna grinned and explained to Paul what was meant.

Anna reached over Una and grabbed Paul’s cock. He let her play with his cock for a few minutes until it was completely stiff. Only then did he protest, “your hand is much too weak and powerless, so I won’t let you do it!” Anna withdrew her hand in a huff. Paul sought Una’s hand and placed it on his cock. “He never lets me watch him do it,” Anna whispered aloud, “he’s so unfair! Me he watches of course, me he half fucks too, but when he does it himself he sends me ‘out! As if I’ve never seen it before!” Una kept an iron silence, the two of them had to fight it out between themselves. Paul’s hand trailed Una’s hand up and down his cock. Una murmured, “do you want me to make you squirt or what!?” Paul nodded and nodded, “Yes, please, do me!” Una sighed deeply, for she did not want to argue, and masturbated the boy, and Anna clasped his sack with her hand. When he came to squirt, she whispered to Una, “please, let me!” and she took over and rubbed his cock eagerly until he finished squirting.

They lay very still for a few minutes, then Una lightly poked Paul in the side. “So, have you fucked before?” Paul lied brazenly, “yes, many times, with Mary and Emma, in London!” Anna immediately protested half aloud, “and with me, you little piglet!” Una knew instinctively that the fellow was lying, but she felt like it now. Lust to fuck. “Well, come on then, you hero, come lay on Aunt Una!” That’s how Paul got his first time. She helped him with her hand to put his cock into her vagina, but she didn’t have to show him the thrusting. Anna had put her hand on her pussy, curious to the fucking. Paul fucked very long and amazingly well, at least better than his father. He knew instinctively that he had to trigger Una’s orgasm with firm thrusting. Anna pulled her hand back in fright as Una orgasmed violently. Paul continued to fuck Una for ages, even though she was already very tired after the orgasm. He squirted, he squirted quite a bit and Una dozed for a few minutes.

Paul lay down on top of her again after a while, his cock was hard as a board again. Una woke up from her dozing again, the lad really

fucked her excellently and she got a smaller orgasm again. Anna had not pulled her hand away this time, her fingers were on Una's clit and she was curiously following the whole thing. Paul kept fucking and Anna's fingers touched her clit, gently and tenderly. She only withdrew her fingers when Paul was panting like a steam engine before he started to squirt. Una was already tipping away when he squirted and dozed off immediately afterwards. They slept close together until early morning.

When she came back from early morning exercise the next morning, Paul was already lying between Anna's thighs and fucking upon her cunt. Una stopped under the door and watched the two, then she knelt down next to the bed to see everything up very closely. "I'd like to squirt in," Paul whispered, and Anna protested, "not today, too dangerous!" Anna, who already had a very womanly body, yanked and tugged at her breasts, she had her legs spread wide and Paul was fucking her wide open cunt. He wasn't actually stuck inside, but he was fucking up and down between her labia, along her slit like a weaver's shuttle in a loom. Tirelessly, his cock swept up and down, bumping and scraping along Anna's clit each time. The clit was erect and looked quite stiff. This made Anna furiously horny and she kept gasping, "here it comes, I'm about to come!" but the orgasm did and did not come. Fucked up and down for a good ten minutes and stopping in climax, he straightened up and grabbed his cock. They waited breathlessly and a bright, short jet spurted over Anna's clit and her cunt, he clenched his cock with his fingers, immediately stopping the spurting. Anna had started rubbing her semen-smeared clit at the same moment he had squirted, she couldn't take it anymore, she had to finish it. She masturbated quite hard, for she had become insanely horny and was staring at him with wide, glassy eyes. "No, don't squirt inside!" she whimpered several times, not stopping her rapid masturbation. He directed his glans into her slit and Una pressed down one of the labia to see it up closely. She saw the hymen, it had quite a big hole. He infinitely carefully pressed the tip of the glans on the hole in the hymen and penetrated a few millimeters, half of his glans inside. His fingers loosened and he now squirted in once through the hole without fucking further. "Don't squirt inside!" wailed Anna. He didn't move a millimeter, not wanting to hurt her hymen. Una looked at his cock as if entranced, she saw him contract and squirt in a sec-

ond time, a full jet. As if from far away she heard Anna's desperate calling and now she had to intervene! She grabbed Paul's cock and yanked it out. She tore at it hard and let the stunned guy squirt upon Annas cunt. She kept yanking hard on his cock and making him squirt again and again. She rubbed him until he stopped squirting and vigorously rubbed the last drops out of his cock, then he rolled to the side. Una straightened up, she had never seen this way of fucking before. A few moments later Anna orgasmed, she jerked wildly, but immediately calmed down and closed her legs. "The stupid guy always squirts in through the hole," Anna said plaintively, "but at least he pays attention to my hymen!" Una wondered about the boy's loin strength, he fucked Anna two or three times a day and fucked her, Una, once or twice a night.

When Una was done working, she would often lie down with the two of them and watch them fuck. Anna did not orgasm during this kind of fucking. Una put her fingers on Anna's clit, which was a lot bigger and thicker than her own. Anna nodded in approval and Una rubbed her clit to orgasm at the exact moment he started to squirt. Una grabbed his cock afterwards and rubbed the last drops out of him.

It had been two weeks and the three of them spent a lot of time in bed during the day. Una strictly kept her working hours and closed the door to the bedroom. Beer is beer, and booze is booze, she kept that very well apart. She was the cool, focused voice on the microphone directing air traffic. There had been only one incident in those weeks, an unreported airman had crashed and survived badly injured, his homemade glider had crashed into the front of a house. There was an investigation, of course, but since the fool had not reported to air traffic control, Una was not to blame. She chewed on it for quite a long time anyway, how could anyone be so stupid!

At night she really enjoyed being fucked to orgasm by Paul. She shook her head in denial, she didn't want to be masturbated by Anna while he was fucking her. During the day she would lie down with them when her shift was over and if Anna wanted her to, she would masturbate her while Paul was fucking the girl.

One day it happened. Paul's glans was stuck in Anna's hole and he just squirted inside, but Una had masturbated Anna to orgasm way too fast and Anna jerked so hard that Paul pierced her hymen and penetrated very deep. He immediately stopped fucking, his cock spurting uncontrollably all at once. Una instantly yanked his cock out and rubbed it like she always did, yanking really hard and making him squirt, over and over. When he was done, she rubbed the last drops out of his cock with her fingers. He tore his eyes open in despair, a sacrilege had happened, he had committed a sacrilege! He stuttered senseless apologies and Anna put her forearm over her eyes, no one should see her tears, but they were tears of relief in the end. Una kept silent and stroked Paul's hair, he had done nothing wrong, she reassured the sobbing boy. Una fixed a snack and they ate in silence. "You must always watch Anna's fertile days now," she told Paul, "we don't want her to get pregnant! Check her com every time to see when she's expecting to ovulate! And you can't fuck her during that time, no way!" Una glanced at Anna, but she knew, no question.

Una lay down during the day as often as possible to the two, because now Paul fucked Anna no longer restrained, but with full steam. Unfortunately, Anna did not get an orgasm now either, she had to do it herself with her fingers. But she was beaming, she was beaming all over her face. Now she had finally become a real woman! The two of them stopped picking on each other like cats and dogs from one day to the next. They had grown up. At night Paul fucked Una first, then Anna. It was a goddamn good time!

Peter and Gwendolyn came back, tired and worn out from 20-hour-shifts. Peter slept for three days straight, Gwendolyn came on the second day and lay with Una. Infinitely cautious, Una inched forward, exploring her attitude toward fucking of not blood-related siblings. Gwendolyn wasn't as open to the subject as Una herself, but she wasn't at all obdurate either. After the hourlong conversation, Una let the cat out of the bag; after all, Anna was her daughter. Gwendolyn was as white as a sheet. "I've noticed lately, of course, that Anna has been pretty horny for fucking when I've watched her masturbate," Gwendolyn said, angrily wiping tears from her cheek, "and I've been talking to Peter about it for hours, on and off. Actually, I wanted him to deflower Anna, and he agreed in the end,

though with a lot of bellyaching. Peter had never deflowered a girl before and was really really scared of it. I had to describe it to him a hundred times and explain exactly how it had to be done. Of course I knew that Peter was not the best at fucking, but I love him with all my heart and wanted to give him and Anna the best that was available to me. Now I can take this heavy burden off his shoulders." The two women were silent for a long time, Una finished the red wine and asked Gwendolyn if she wanted another. She nodded absentmindedly and muttered to herself. "They're both smart enough that Anna won't get pregnant," Una said, putting an arm around Gwendolyn's shoulders. "I think it's wrong to separate them," she said quietly, knowing full well that Gwendolyn was thinking hard about it. "It's new and exciting for both of them, they're just eating each other up. But I don't think they'll stay together forever and ever. They'll get to know others and it will gradually fall asleep." Una waited a moment. "Paul can fuck wonderfully, clearly better than Peter. Peter is a great disappointment at fucking, dear Gwen!" The women looked at each other; they had never talked about it. But Gwendolyn had always suspected it and now nodded with a scornful look. "Paul is really excellent at fucking, he is naturally gifted and has strong loins. He always waited to squirt and dutifully kept fucking until I had my orgasm. Not many men do that." Gwendolyn nodded again, she had fucked with many and knew how right Una was. "I've always had an orgasm when he fucked me and I've rarely experienced that before" Una said and continued slowly, "I imagine Paul could do you well too if you wanted him to, he's not your biological son after all." Gwendolyn looked up startled and shook her head, but Una could tell it was starting to work in her mind. "Paul is naturally made for fucking, he understood right away what he had to do and what was important in fucking," Una said, looking at Gwendolyn, who was very thoughtful. "It might even be good for you and Peter, if you can relieve your sexual tension better that way." Una remained silent, not wanting to appear patronizing to Gwendolyn. After a long pause, Gwendolyn looked directly at her. "I think you are right about everything. I'll talk to the kids and to Peter." But the desire to fuck now had gone out of her.

Una spent her day off on the flat roof, it was windless and not a single cloud in the sky. She was already reading the second book of

the week and felt like a million bucks. She looked up, the obviously moronic boy had crouched down opposite her, staring into her cunthole and very slowly rubbing his little boy cock. She remembered, she had only seen little cocks like that in her school days. He rubbed very, very slowly and grinned happily as Una let her thighs slide all the way apart. Her labia slid apart, giving him a direct view of her pussyhole. She smiled when she saw his greedy look. She let him stare and then asked if she could touch him? He crawled very close and she grabbed his cock. He stared at her pussy and kind of mumbled disappointedly that it was much smaller than Mommy's. His cock was a slick, narrow boy's cock with a small glans, but bigger in size, and she pulled the foreskin over the glans a couple of times. "You want me to do it for you, make you squirt?" she asked temptingly, but he immediately withdrew his cock. "Do it myself," he mumbled and slipped away. She had watched him many times before, he didn't really squirt, but his semen oozed out of his cock in thin streaks, then he would stop for a moment and continue after a while. He would apparently sneak around on the flat roof all day, crouching down in front of the girls or women to look inside their pussies and rubbing his cock very slowly, letting the semen ooze out drop by drop throughout the day. A few women — the older or uglier ones — good-naturedly let him come closer, that's when he masturbated really hard and squirted on their ass cheeks or cunts. Some let his glans dance and squirt on their labia while masturbating, or let the glans penetrate a bit while squirting. Una always looked very closely, but she didn't see any that let the imbecile penetrate her cunthole really deep. The very young girls opened their legs wide and shrieked and hooted when he squirted on their pussies or pressed his glans on their little cuntholes and squirting. Una had watched him disappear behind the large solar panels several times and when she curiously followed him, she saw him. Surrounded by a small crowd of underage girls, he was fucking one girl after another. The girls were still fucking very awkwardly and much too briefly, but they allowed themselves to be fucked by the imbecile adolescent, grinning and giggling quietly. He also grinned all over his face and plunged his little boy cock into their pussies. Una was soon gone then, she wasn't really a voyeur, just curious.

Robert had joined her. They had fucked on the flat roof a couple of times about a year ago, he was a likeable guy and she had enjoyed letting him fuck her, although he didn't last nearly long enough and squirted far too quickly. She hadn't seen him in a long time and he told her he had been on the mainland for the last year finishing his degree. He was now a meteorologist and had applied to air traffic control, perhaps they would soon become colleagues. He had hardly changed, his nice big tail bobbing as he nervously opened and closed his knees rapidly.

They had been talking for a good quarter of an hour and she asked him, smiling, if he needed to squirt so badly? It was perfectly normal at this time to address fucking quite directly. He was smiling now too, "the girls on the mainland, in college, are putting the emphasis back on romantic preparation, they're not as relaxed as we are out here." He lay down next to Una on her mat and pressed his cock between her inner thighs. "Yeah, I really need it bad, I've only been back for two days and that's a fucking long time!" He turned Una on her side with her back to him and penetrated her from behind. She laughed brightly and said, "I remember, your favorite position!" She reached back and stroked his ass cheeks while he thrust quickly as always and squirted after a few minutes. She lay back on her back and let Robert caress her.

"Say, do you know that guy?" she asked Robert, pointing her chin at the dimwitted boy who had crouched down just two feet from them, watching them fuck and rubbing his jack cock absentmindedly. "Oh yes, that's Jacob, he lives somewhere on level 2. He's completely harmless, he doesn't hurt anyone," Robert replied. Una said after a while, "he's been rubbing his dick all day now, I wonder if he ever wants to fuck?" She had actually just spoken her thoughts aloud, but Robert took it as her desire. He called out softly, "Jacob, come here! You may fuck with Una, squirt in! Just come over here! Squirt in!"

Jacob seemed to know Robert and trust him. He crawled closer on all fours and eyed suspiciously, for the larger girls and adult women usually chased the lad away. "Squirt?" he asked in Robert's direction, "Squirt in, will I?" and Robert confirmed nodding, "yes, squirt in! Una likes it now!" Now Jacob looked questioningly at Una. "Rob

squirted in, Jacob too?" Una knew she couldn't help it and nodded kindly, "Jacob too!" and held out her arms to him invitingly. He crouched between her thighs and licked his lips. He didn't lay his whole body on top of her as he inserted his cock, he propped himself up with his arms and only his abdomen touched her. He began to fuck her at a slow pace. Una felt transported to her youth, she had fucked such small smooth boy cocks then too and smiled. Jacob did his thing quite well in principle, but he didn't squirt as orgasmically as other men, instead his semen trickled in in tiny droplets with each thrust.

He fucked indefinitely, longer than half an hour, and looked at Robert with a grin. "Jacob is only allowed to squirt in mommy, not in other women on our roof. They're mean." Neither Robert nor Una responded, Jakob unaware of keeping the secret. Una finished by fucking him very quickly and violently from below. Jacob's eyes snapped open like a spooking horse as he squirted really hard during her onslaught. She pushed him back after he had cum. "Jacob, you squirted in real fine! Real fine!" Jacob rose and slowly walked away. Una now explained to Robert that she had actually meant it differently and he smiled sheepishly. "I probably should have asked there if you meant it that way," he squeezed out, but Una reassured him. "If I hadn't wanted to let him do it, I would have said something," she said lightly, "other than that, it was nice to get fucked for a really long time." Robert didn't understand the hidden implication, they chatted for another hour about this and that, then he left.

When Jacob came near again, she just gave him a handjob. She said quite nicely that she didn't want the fucking, no more squirting in. He stayed away from then on, amazingly. By now she was reading mostly three books a week, she didn't particularly care for getting fucked on the flat roof. The men saw that she was absorbed in reading on her com and didn't bother her. It was getting to be autumn, although the temperatures remained high, there was just more rain and a few storms, autumn that is.

The air traffic controllers welcomed her with big hellos and cheers as she went on duty on her birthday. She was hugged and kissed by all, by some even intimately, as she had already fucked them all.

There was tea, orange juice and cake for all, her workplace was festively decorated. The air traffic controllers had chipped in and given her an electronic penis, the most expensive model. She slapped her hands together with genuine joy, it was a very nice gift.

Una had tears in her eyes, this was her family!

• • •

# Minnehaha

by Jack Faber © 2023

My young friend *Emil Droonberg* wrote down our long fireside chats and my life story in his novel *Minnehaha* and we spent many hours together here in Boston going over the manuscript. And no, he couldn't tell me everything, it was too private, too spicy. I released his manuscript. Now, years later, I am 97 years old and dictating my necessary additions to my last confidante, who was providing for my physical well-being. She would not publish it until long after my death.

I had emigrated to Boston from Germany; the young republic could well use a young doctor. My wife Bertha, from the wealthy Böhm family of Vienna, gave birth to our first son, Wilhelm, in 1887. Wilhelm seemed like a good name for us, a reminder of the good Kaiser to our German emigrants in Boston, and to our English-speaking friends, Bill was coming along just fine. I was only building my practice when two events threw me off course.

Bertha, who loved me dearly and with feminine drive before William was born, now refused completely marital Sex. She had discovered her lesbian inclination and lived it out unashamedly. She brought another mistress into our marriage bed daily and forced me to fuck her friends, since I was still young and well in juice. Bertha laughed at me quite meanly when I gave in to my urge and mounted her friend. I was very sorry, the girls were not my own wife and I just could not control myself. It could have gone on like this, I gave in and fucked each of them. With Bertha's explicit consent, I fucked each girl mercilessly, even those who didn't want to be fucked by any man, and deflowered many of the girls, not caring about their whining or their tears. I didn't care how Bertha recruited all the young girls. She obviously had a preference for young girls, whether it was important to herself or whether she did it for my sake, I never found out. Only two or three evenings a week it was a mature woman of 30 to 35 years, whose licking, whose merciless licking to orgasm Bertha

sometimes needed badly. They let me fuck them with the greatest pleasure, none of them protested. On the contrary, they cheered me on obscenely like harbor whores. Some days she would have a lover by early afternoon and have me called out of the office to her bedroom, every night she would be in our marital bed with a girl or young woman. I loved none of them, I waited with rising horniness for Bertha's signal. She would take the girl's face in her hand or grab her by the hair, she would bring the girl's lips and tongue to her clit and get licked. I never saw if she licked a girl in turn. She silenced her when the girl protested against fucking and Bertha looked horny at my upcoming greedy desire. Bertha deliberately maneuvered the girl to kneel in front of her and lick her clit intensely, which made me very horny to watch. All the more it made me horny that the girl stretched her ass and half-open pussy invitingly towards me. I looked at the most beautiful ass cheeks in the universe, at the most beautiful and the most seductive pussies that Mother Nature has ever produced. I took another long look at Bertha's face, which blossomed when the girl licked her, blossomed as in our best hours of love. I impulsively penetrated the girl from behind, in many cases tearing the hymen and fucked the licking girl. I looked at Bertha's face, which gradually changed horny, then distorted into a grimace in orgasm and pressed the girl even harder on her pussy to be licked further in the subsiding orgasm. Afterwards she looked at me triumphantly and cheered me up, I fucked the girl like out of my mind. When I straightened up to squirt, our eyes met. She twisted her face into a sardonic grin while I squirted into the piece of shit. Bertha was always pleased when I fucked a girl against her will, when I deflowered her, and when I squirted it all inside after a long fucking. There must have been hundreds that I fucked and deflowered. But Bertha's calculation worked out, she could count on my sexual greed being greater than my decency. That I despised her and especially myself abysmally, did not prevent us both in our shameful doing.

Then Wilhelm, at one and a half years old, died of sudden infant death. That's when I lost my mind completely. My life without Wilhelm, with a cold wife and to fuck the ridiculous round of anonymous girls no longer made sense. I closed the practice and went to Canada. In the vast forests I sought to find peace. I became a trapper, a fur trapper. I had spent my youth in a large hunting estate and had

learned hunting from scratch. I found my place in a cave at River Qu'Apelle not far from the Indian reservation and settled in for the winter. I made only superficial friends with the Sioux, who were refugees themselves. I lay down with the Indian widows, who were excellent to fuck for a dollar and whom I could forget about the other day.

How I rescued the Indian girl Minnehaha in a blizzard and healed her broken ankle, Emil described very well. But he shied away from telling it all. I did not touch the beautiful young girl for the first 10 days of her recovery; I kept a respectful distance. I had divided the cave in half with hanging a blanket and listened to the young girl masturbate every night. She told me why she had run off the reservation into the Blizzard. She had left the convent in Lebret because her father, the great chief, was dying. She, along with her mother and younger sister, cared for him until his peaceful death. He had decreed before the assembled people that the man whom Minnehaha took as her husband would be the next chief. He knew of what noble character Minnehaha was and trusted her judgment. Minnehaha, however, wanted to become a spiritual sister and not marry at all. She detested the men of her tribe and so there was no new chief for half a year. Her mother besought her to take Charly, with Indian name 'Rain-in-the-face' as his famous father has been. He was the son of the father who, along with Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull, had wiped out the arrogant General Custer at Little Big Horn to a single man. The chief had killed the general's brother, Tom Custer, singlehandedly, but he was captured and was now in prison, where Sitting Bull would free him one day in the future. Minnehahas mother received many gifts from Charly, who brought a keg of whiskey to the reservation every few weeks, first getting the men drunk and then having them loudly celebrate him as the future chief. Charly was already married and beat his wife and their children up when he was drunk. Where he got the whiskey, he never revealed, but it could not be legal. He was an unsympathetic person and perhaps a criminal. The sale of whiskey to Indians was strictly forbidden and punished so severely, that no white man dared to break the law. Minnehaha had run away when he physically harassed her and finally wanted to become chief by rape, she ran blindly away and was caught by the blizzard.

She recovered well, on the morning of the 10th day she came to my lounger and sat down. I woke up when she reached under my fur blanket and grabbed my morning wood. I was speechless and she whispered she wanted to thank me, she had received more from me than from any white man. She dropped her dress and crawled naked to me under the fur before I could even say peep. And why the hell should I say peep when a beautiful 17 year old Indian girl lay down in bed with me?

No, I didn't give a peep. It had been 3 weeks since I had fucked an Indian girl in the reservation, and Indian girls could fuck wonderfully, at least I knew it from the grown up ones. We stroked each other for ages and Minnehaha whispered that she wanted to give herself to me, as her first husband. I was left breathless, but it was soon clear to me, she had been in the convent for years, and there were no men there. I asked her several times if she really wanted it, but she laughed softly, to the Sioux virginity meant nothing.

I laid her on her back and gave her a long French kiss while I tried to penetrate. But the hymen was very reluctant and she smiled, that was definitely from masturbating so much. But with combined forces we managed to overcome her hymen and we fucked wonderfully. She had seen it many times before, how the Indian women fucked and she imitated them perfectly. We fucked again and again throughout the day, I just sometimes put a log on the fire and made us a snack. We fucked like young lovers and got closer every day, maybe we even loved each other. I went twice on my rounds to my traps, hardly had I returned, she pulled me smiling to the lounger. She had been with me for 3 months now, spring was coming and I had to leave again, this was the best time to set up my traps. But when I got home, a nasty surprise was waiting for me.

I heard men's voices coming out of my cave, in between soft cries of Minnehaha. I let my captured furry animals slide behind a bush, crept cautiously closer and wanted to surprise the gentlemen with a revolver shot, but my revolver clicked silently. Again and again. I put the useless thing away, but attacking several strangers armed only with a hunting knife was pointless. I silently climbed up to the thick tree that was above the 'chimney' of the cave and silently worked my

way down the roots. At the end there was a sharp bend and I had to drill a hole in the ground with my hunting knife, then I could see into the cave. Minnehaha was lying naked and tied up on the lounger, a young and muscular Indian was raping her. He would certainly have heard me had he not been engrossed in his nefarious activity. I considered jumping down, but it was a good 20 feet and I would have broken all my bones. I stayed in my lookout all day and all night, the two criminals raping Minnehaha dozens of times. I cried unrestrainedly and cursed the criminals who raped my beloved. The white man I had seen several times, it was John Craig, a farmer with a wooden leg, about whom people rumored that he was dishonestly enriching himself. The Indian I had never seen, but suspected he was Charly. I mourned with Minnehaha, who turned her weeping face aside when one of the men tried to kiss her. It was a pathetic and horrific crime against which I was powerless.

The crooks slept for two hours at dawn, but it did not seem advisable to me to ambush them. At least the Indian would awaken at the noise and give me a hot reception. Nevertheless, I was determined to try it by day. But it did not come to that. The two criminals were getting ready and I heard Craig shouting to Minnehaha that they would return before dark. I waited until they were far enough and climbed up as fast as I could, running around the hill into the cave. With four cuts I freed Minnehaha, threw on her leggings and jacket, and urged haste. We did not waste a moment, I gathered my things into the backpack and a knapsack, took the rifle and the full cartridge pouch and ran. I wanted to take her to Lebret, to the convent, but she called me back. “We are safe only in the reservation, in my village,” she shouted and ran along the river. We ran like the trapper rangers of Canada, twenty minutes of fast running, five minutes of fast walking. We arrived at the village two hours later.

The deafening yelp of the dogs betrayed our coming. We walked directly toward Minnehaha’s teepee, there she introduced me to her little sister Minnewanna, a pretty young thing who shook my hand after our white men’s manner, but did not dare to look me in the eye. A little later came her mother ‘White Feather’, a friendly person of about 35, slim and tall like her two daughters. Her jacket barely hid her large and full breasts and I immediately remembered what Min-

nehaha had told about her. She was blessed with mother's milk and suckled many babies in the village. Minnehaha despised her because she occasionally let the child fathers fuck her. I immediately noticed that White Feather had even more pronounced European features than Minnehaha and Minnewanna. She was the daughter of a Norwegian trapper and a Sioux. Her birth name was 'Deer of Ice,' but she was neither a deer nor of ice. She was a distinct beauty and her reputation for being very libidinous reached the just widowed big chief who immediately claimed the 16 year old beauty for his own. The man who had made Deer of Ice a woman and made a small fortune from exploiting her sexuality also laid claim to Deer of Ice and challenged the great chief to a duel. The chief was not yet too old for a knife fight. Although everyone would have put their money on the challenger, the old chief won. He dodged the attacks immensely skillfully and sent the pimp to the ground with a single punch of his knife-armed fist. Contrary to custom, he did not cut the unconscious man's throat, but spat contemptuously on the ground, dishonoring him. Only a feather of his headdress had been cut off by his opponent, he picked up the feather and handed it to Deer of ice. He shouted aloud, that from now on she was called White Feather and was his rightful wife. She bore him two daughters, Minnehaha and Minnewanna, who had inherited her sexual drive as well as her slender, regal stature and beautiful face features.

I was received very kindly and I picked up my knowledge of the Sioux language to follow Minnehaha's report to White Feather and Minnewanna. She told everything but nothing about the rape, Charly or Craig. Later she explained to me that rape was considered a very great shame. Most Sioux women would rather commit suicide than live with the shame.

Minnehaha, whose name meant 'Laughing Water', and Minnewanna, whose name meant 'Murmuring Water', both slept like White Feather on one side of the teepee; on the other side was the galley. Minnehaha had already told me the customs, and when we had fucked at night, Minnewanna crept up to our lounger. She whispered briefly to Minnehaha and crawled naked under the covers with us. She had, as Minnehaha had told me, already had a few lovers and the young girl swung upon me. She was really more experienced than

her big sister, who had never ridden me before. But when our pleasures became intense, I put the little girl on her back and fucked her Trapper-style. To my great astonishment, she got an orgasm and I could now squirt properly. She went again without a sound. Minnehaha embraced me tightly, I belonged to her alone, she whispered in my ear.

How surprised I was, however, when the next night it was not Minnewanna who waited for our fucking to end and crawled under the covers to us. Minnehaha whispered, that she wasn't allowed to see that, it would bring bad luck, then she turned her back to me. White Feather mounted me like her youngest the night before, she also fucked masterfully and willingly let herself lie on her back. She didn't get an orgasm, but after I had squirted she held me tight and didn't release my cock until she finished masturbating. It was a very intimate experience and I wondered about Minnehaha's tears, which she explained to me in whispers when her mother had returned to her lounger. No woman in the village had the right to dispute me with her, her mother only. I did not think long about the meaning of this insane custom and hugged her tightly. Although her mother fucked very well, I would never trade her or the sister for Minnehaha, I said loud enough for all three women to hear. I could feel Minnehaha's tears of joy on my cheek. I stayed with the Sioux, to anticipate, for almost 3 years, fucking the mother and her daughters alike.

When I wasn't out getting furs for myself and meat for the village, I was mostly sitting with Minnehaha on her favorite tree and we had plenty to talk about. She said she was pregnant and I was very happy. She knew about Bertha and Wilhelm, of course, and that I could not marry her according to the law. She remained serious and sad, she was not sure who the father was. Charly, Craig, or me? I felt the tender kiss of the cosmos in my heart and, filled with love, said I would accept her child as Minnehaha's child and ask no questions. To be blunt, I spoke like an idiot.

Minnehaha had made her choice and married Red Eagle's father, 'Thundering Rock' pro forma as his third wife, for she considered Thundering Rock the most capable Sioux who was a suitable chief. She returned from the wedding night quite taciturn, the old man was

surprisingly strong in the loins and did not mind fucking young Minnehaha all night. But such was the custom.

Minnewanna had married herself to 'Red Eagle'. He was the youngest son of Thundering Rock and theoretically Minnehaha's stepson, he had learned to read and write from his father and had a good chance of becoming a chief himself one day. He was a tall warrior, with his height of six feet a fearsome warrior. Minnewanna was already pregnant when Red Eagle joined the Lakota to fight the Huron two months later. He fell in battle, encircled by a dozen Hurons. He killed five Hurons before he fell. Minnewanna wept for her husband, but the village was proud of its warrior hero. The Lakota brought the body, which was buried with full honors. Minnewanna was now allowed to return to her mother's teepee.

White Feather chased me out of the teepee when Minnehaha's time came. She didn't give a hoot that I was a doctor. She had already delivered dozens of children as a midwife, and men are not allowed to be present at a birth. I was banished to a young widow's teepee and suffered inward agony for three days while the widow wrested unexpected joys from me and herself. White Feather and Minnewanna had done a good job, Minnehaha had a very long but little painful birth. I ran after the little messenger girl, into our teepee. I hugged and embraced Minnehaha, I was overjoyed! White feather let me see the wrapped child. A white child, red-haired, stared at me with the grimace of John Craig. I ran out of the tent, chased the village dogs like a madman and kicked them until I was exhausted. I then committed the only sin of my life. The as yet unnamed child was deathly ill and I did nothing to save him or at least try. I sat on a log in the village square for 48 hours without consciousness and threw pebbles at the dogs, the chickens and the children. Then Minnehaha came and led me by the hand into our teepee. I was speechless, the little bastard was dead and they needed me at the funeral. I was at least nominally his father and had the duty of lifting the little corpse up a tree. I did everything in mental confusion and didn't come to my senses until after the ceremony. I sat with Minnehaha on her favorite tree for many hours and we comforted each other. She understood that the grimace of her abuser had deeply affected me, but I remem-

bered, it was also Minnehaha's child. I understood this only after a long time.

When Minnewanna's time came, White Feather banished me back to the young widow to attend to the birth with Minnehaha. I was not ungrateful when the widow 'Snow on the Grass' completely neglected the household and did not let me out of her lounger for two days and two nights. She had put a little girl of 6 years old in charge of our care, in return the child was allowed to watch us fucking up close as often as she wanted. I did not mind, although this was one of the customs I disapproved of. The girl could not be her daughter, since I knew that a daughter was not allowed to look at her own mother been fucked. Snow on the Grass was a typical Sioux, about 30 years old, widowed and childless, small and roundish, breasts not worth mentioning. She was destitute and lived on the little money she earned with fucking. Of course I gave her the dollars she was entitled to and that also in later years when I came to fuck her. She fucked in the very special way of the Sioux women, essentially it involved the Indian woman using her clit to fuck the cock to orgasm while the cock fucked her. It seemed to work best when she rode the man, probably because she could reach the clit with her fingers in between. Trapper-style, face-to-face fucking also worked well in bringing the Indian woman to orgasm. Fucking in the dog position was not very popular with the Indian women because she could not fuck the cock there. They usually did that only for the sake of the white man. But I had to give it my all and Snow on the Grass was by no means satisfied with half pleasures. For the first time in my life a woman took my cock in her mouth. It was very unusual at first, but I soon loved it and it was a sure way to make my cock stiff, no matter how tired I might be. I had to ask her three times if I had understood her correctly? But she confirmed I should take her clit in my mouth and lick her pussy with my tongue, but I refused. — I was very exhausted, but not dissatisfied. Snow on the grass knew very well to keep the fire burning and truly made me perform at my best. At last a messenger girl relieved me and directed me to our teepee. Minnewanna had given birth to a beautiful, healthy boy, and I was allowed to call out to the village community on behalf of his father that he would be called 'Falcon in the Lightning', as White Feather and Minnewanna had decided.

I went into the woods more often than before, I set twice as many traps as before, and supplied the village with meat in abundance. My new revolver, which I had bargained down from $8 to $6, was excellent, quicker to reload than the old one and very accurate. Even when I made my rounds without a rifle, I could kill deer and other small game with the revolver and help feed the village. Mostly the Sioux ate fish, but that was too one-sided in my opinion.

For a year Charly had not been seen, now he came back with several kegs of whiskey. The Sioux danced around the fire in the village square and enjoyed the whiskey. But Charly didn't even have to start about wanting to be chief, they laughed at him. "Had Thundering Rock died?" Charly, whom I immediately recognized as Minnehaha's rapist, looked at me with undisguised hatred when he was told, that I was Minnehaha's husband. Charly slipped away before sunrise and secretly drove off in his cart. Everyone was still asleep, but not me. I whispered to Minnehaha that I would follow Charly. I followed the criminal invisibly and silently, but after about 15 miles it was clear that he was trotting toward Craig's farm. I stayed in the shade of the woods, nothing happened all day, so I returned home.

I followed him month after month, for a whole year. Once he had stopped his cart, something had broken in the middle of the forest. He knelt in the dirt next to the cart, concentrating, and didn't hear me coming. He looked around as I cocked the hammer of the revolver. He looked straight down the barrel from inches away. But I couldn't bring myself to shoot the defenseless man in cold blood. I hit him over the head with the barrel and left him lying there. I was not a murderer.

The last time, I passed him unseen and hid on Craig's farm. Craig came first, half an hour later Charly. I overheard their conversation and learned that they were distilling whiskey somewhere nearby. Craig had bought grain and Charly had gotten combustibles, burning material. They were leaving the next day to distill. They both toasted their own whiskey properly and Charly told Craig that the white man who lived with the Sioux might be onto them. He was now the husband of the former chief's daughter, who actually belonged to him. He would not rest until he chased him away or sent him to the ances-

tors. Craig laughed boomingly, “then we’ll put him next to that nosy detective we took out three years ago!” Charly listened up. “You mean the one half a mile from our cave?” Craig confirmed with a booming laugh, running a hand through his red hair. “That’s right, the same one! He’s guarding our oak, the dolt!” They continued to drink for hours and I learned nothing more of them. Silently I moved away and ran purposefully into the forest. I knew exactly which oak they meant, because I had discovered the skeleton several months ago, but I did not want to disturb the dead’s rest of the supposed Trapper. Now, however, I knew that he was a detective from the provincial capital of Regina, and that the brewery was in a cave half a mile from him. I knew the area very well, I knew where there were some caves next to the riverbed. Half a mile, they had to be.

I discovered the right cave the next morning. I went in and voila, everything was there. Fireplace, kettle and still. Empty barrels and kegs galore. Then the criminals came, even before I got out of the mousetrap. I hid, there was a fierce exchange of gunfire, for two days and nights we kept each other at bay. I had a full cartridge pouch and a good revolver, I had hit Craig in the upper arm, giving me two hours of truce. The devils then deposited combustibles in the entrance and lit them. I was slowly but surely smoked. I lay down on the ground, there was less smoke there. Hours later horse patter and a short exchange of gunfire. Minnehaha!

She had raised heaven and hell, finally assembled a posse and some policemen, and had followed the tire tracks down from Craig’s farm. I staggered out into the open, supported by Minnehaha, and indicated to the policeman under which oak tree they could find the detective’s skeleton. These two were his killers, not just simple moonshiners. An hour later the policemen came back, they had found the skeleton and also his silver detective star. They left everything as it was for the Justice of the Peace to inspect the crime scene with his own eyes.

They had put Craig and Charly on horses and tied them up. The cops weren’t being very gentle with them and I stepped up to Charly. Our eyes met. It was our first and last conversation. I addressed him in Sioux. “Minnehaha is my wife, she found me and she saved me.”

Charly spat on the ground next to me. “I’ll come back and get her, she’s mine, I’ve already had her!” The lad’s insolence infuriated me. “I’ll see you two more times in your life. Once in court and the second time” I searched for the word I’m sure I’ve never heard in Sioux before and said in English, “the second time I’ll see your bare soles as you wriggle on the gallows.” I continued in Sioux, “look at her just one last time, Minnehaha, my wife! She’ll be warming and kissing my cock for many winters to come, when you’ve been in the ground for a long time and it’s just bugs and worms kissing your cock there!” I caught an appreciative look from Minnehaha and, to my amazement, from one of the scouts. I spat on the ground in front of Charly — knowing very well that this was a sign of supreme contempt — and shouted to take this scumbags away!

I gave testimony in court, although it was not strictly necessary. Charly had confessed to the joint murder in return for leaving his body to the Sioux. Craig, of course, denied everything until the judge confronted him with Charly. Charly, intent on his burial, repeated his confession word for word. Now Craig lost his temper, he shouted at Charly at length, and the judge now had his confession as well. Both were hanged the next day. I drove the cart with Charly’s body to the reservation and handed it over to his mother. He was my enemy and also Minnehahas, but no Sioux would deny him a burial. The mother looked me in the eye and asked for John. She could only mean Craig and I said Charly and John had had a fair powhow with the elders, had been found guilty of cowardly murder a detective and hanged, that was the custom of the whites. She nodded, “that John, I saw him and asked Charly to stay away from him, for John was a very bad man. But what son listens to his mother?” She pulled the cloth aside and looked at Charly’s face. “He would have stayed a good son without that John.” I could almost see her emotion. She glared at me. “Thank you for not killing him when you could. He was going to kill you for taking his wife.” I left very thoughtful, as she had seen some things that no one else saw.

I lived the following year at Minnehaha, Minnewanna and White Feather. My job as a meat procurer gave meaning to my stay, and the pelts and furs earned me a lot of dollars in Lebret. I lived in great peace and harmony with nature. Even the fact that I fucked regularly

with the three women seemed right to me at that time. But I noticed that Minnehaha was very lonely inside. It wasn't that I didn't love her enough, caress her, fuck her, and have nice conversations with her. She was lonely in a way that, as a doctor, I attributed to melancholy or depression. My loving care only slowed her fall, it did not stop it. I listened to her very carefully and gradually got her to look at herself more closely. She was consumed with the desire to become a spiritual sister. That was it.

I saddled two horses, loaded Minnehaha's belongings onto a packhorse, and let her take her leave of Minnewanna and White Feather. Minnehaha knew exactly where we were riding. We reached the convent in Lebret three hours later. She was welcomed with open arms, all the sisters still knew and loved her. I said goodbye with a long hug. I told her that if she was happy here, I was equally happy. And if she wanted, she would be welcome in the village anytime, three hours riding away would be her sister, her mother and her husband. It was perhaps a little unseemly the way I hugged and kissed my wife for the last time, but her eyes lit up. I rode back to the reservation with a heavy heart.

She came back three years later. She was the first Indian woman to become a religious sister, Sister Mary she was called. She came home to her village to die at home. I examined her as a doctor and I found nothing except that she was dying like a candlewick. White Feather ran screaming into the forest and came back two days later with scratched face and skin and with her clothes tattered. She sat down on the ground in the teepee and cried silently without movement. I prepared chicken broth for Minnehaha and she drank dutifully, but she knew and felt that it was coming to an end. She asked me to lie beside her and hold her hand, she was going to the Queen of Heaven tonight, to Mother Mary.

I held her hand and firmly resolved not to fall asleep. Not to fall asleep. Not to fall asleep. Not to fall asleep. I had confused fantasies. I walked through the woods, checking the traps as I passed. In one trap was John Craig, with reddish brush hair, his cock caught in the bear trap, crushed. Opposite him, Charly, neck in a bear trap, also crushed. Red Eagle, carrying feathery Minnewanna in his arms, who

was nursing Little Falcon to her girlish breast. He waded through the Qu'Apelle River to the far bank where I have so often bathed with Minnehaha. I turn around, there's Minnehaha! She gets out of the River naked, I see her and she sees me. "I'm on my way, my love. I just wanted to bid you adieu and thank you for everything, for the wonderful years. Goodbye!" A light mist came up, I wanted to shout for her to stay, but she faded into the mist. I jumped towards the place where she was a moment ago, but I fell face first into the river. I awoke bathed in cold sweat. I immediately reached for Minnehaha's hand, but it was ice cold. I reached for her neck, no pulse. I jumped up and woke White Feather and Minnewanna. They turned on the light and we palpated Minnehaha. She was dead.

I had built a small platform on her favorite tree, she should have it nice. No, on her favorite tree, a stone's throw from the village square, not far outside as usual. No one protested against my decision. White Feather had wrapped her in the most beautiful and expensive cloth she owned. The whole village community had gathered and was singing sad songs, the women with high voices, the men with deep bass tones. Minnewanna handed Minnehaha's body to White Feather, White Feather handed it to me up to the platform. I wrapped the cloth tighter, the ravens and vultures should not get her easily. I stood motionless for a very long time, I knew the customs. I raised my arms high, fists clenched. Minnehaha's spirit was in my fists, I turned my fists over and opened my hands flat. Minnehaha's spirit rose into the air at that moment, toward the ancestors. I looked at the village community, at my family, at Minnewanna, and my gaze rested in the wonderful eyes of White Feather. "Minnehaha passed from us, passed from us!" I had to shout aloud. With that, the celebration ended. I was still looking into White Feather's wonderful eyes, now filling with tears and after a while she nodded and was the last to leave the village square. I sat down on the platform, closed my eyes and communed with my wife, whom I had rescued from the blizzard 6 years ago. She didn't answer, but I had a lot to say to her. At nightfall, Minnewanna came over and called me softly. I followed her into the teepee.

I remained with the Sioux for more than 10 years, living with Minnewanna and White Feather. We had pushed two loungers together

and slept there three at a time, side by side. Me in in the middle, embraced by both women. Their hands met on my cock and agreed sisterly who I had to serve first. Often it was their both's lips at the same time, patiently and knowingly raising the tired warrior. Minnewana's lips had to make me stiff much more often because White Feather wanted to fuck me. White Feather was then already sitting on my thighs and Minnewanna had to lick and wet her clit with her tongue for a few moments before White Feather mounted me and Minnewanna hesitantly turned away. Minnewanna obviously loved to lick the clit and was reluctant to let go of White Feather. Sometimes she would fly into a rage with jealousy, then she would not release White Feather's clit and lick her relentlessly to orgasm. White Feather was now exhausted and Minnewanna swung triumphantly on my cock. But she should not rejoice too soon. I had lost myself in White Feather's eyes during the licking, which reminded me unpleasantly of Bertha, had watched her facial expressions with increasing horniness. She was amazed, delighted, horny and contorted into a grimace when the orgasm came. She exhaled and willingly slid back a bit to let Minnewanna take the field. The licking had excited me so much each time that I squirted after only seconds of her riding, so Minnewanna didn't have enough time to fuck herself to orgasm on my cock.

White Feather took good care, that she got me more often than Minnewanna and it was fine with me, because she fucked much more passionately. Minnewanna turned away demurely when White Feather and I fucked. When we finished fucking, she turned to me and hugged me as if she were my wife. She took her time before fucking me. It was a quiet, peaceful time with my two remaining wives. I often asked Minnewanna if she didn't want someone to be her husband, I would advertise to the man in her Father's place. But she shook her head, she did not want another husband. White Feather and I looked at each other silently, not wanting to speak our thoughts. I was acting like a real Sioux.

I was accompanied by two young Sioux hunters when I went into the woods to get meat. We barely spoke a word, they watched my way of spotting game and stalking to within a few yards. They watched how I threw my hunting knife or when I fired the revolver.

The boys learned quickly, now I let one go ahead and throw his knife or send off the arrow. I had bought big hunting knives for them as I used one myself. Their eyes lit up, good knives. We brought plenty of meat to the village, no one should go hungry like the Lakota and the Huron, our immediate neighbors. We shared the meat with everyone and I kept most of the hides and furs. I got good dollars for them in Lebret, and I often brought gifts from the town, but never glass beads or other useless trinkets. The Sioux needed reliable tools, canvas for tents, and cords of all kinds. That was my choice, to put things in the hands of the poor people that they could do something with.

I straightened up at night. Bertha had called me, crying softly and miserably. To be blunt, I don't believe in ghosts, spirits, and certainly not the occult. White Feather stroked my cock softly, "What is it?" But I didn't answer, I don't need dick stroking right now, I just need a sleep. So I immediately fell asleep while White Feather gently stroked my cock. But I woke up almost every night, awakened by Bertha's frantic calls. "What do your ancestors communicate to you?" asked the exceedingly sensitive, delicate woman White Feather was. I went with her to Minnehaha's favorite tree, we sat down and in this quietest place in the world I told about the dreams. White Feather nodded thoughtfully, "you have to listen to that, it doesn't happen for no reason." She leaned her head on my shoulder. "I'm sad that you have to go, my dear, I've gotten used to your cock on my lounger. I shall miss you every night; Minnewanna will not bear it much better. But you must follow the voice of your other wife." I held her close. "How many lives does a man have, how many women can he love?" White Feather did not answer right away. "Stay in my lounger for a few more days, Minnewanna and I want to say goodbye to you, because we don't know if you will ever come back." What did I expect, a philosophical answer to my stupid question? No, this Indian woman told me the only and simplest answer that came from her beautiful heart.

I went hunting with my two companions for the last time. When we arrived at the village late in the evening, richly laden, we sat down by the campfire as we always did. I looked them in the eye one by one, a signal to the Sioux that something important was coming. "You hunted alone today; I did not throw my knife today. The meat

and the pelts are yours alone. You are good hunters now, the best in your village." They looked me in the eye and nodded approvingly. "When you say that, it makes us proud. We learned everything from you, hunting like a Trapper-Ranger brings much meat to our people." Both nodded approvingly. The other said, "we know you are going on a long journey and do not know even yet when you will return. Our thoughts will be with you before we throw our knives at the game." I must have looked pretty stupid, because they both started laughing loudly and patting each other on the shoulders. I laughed along after a while, even though I didn't know how they did it. If one Sioux learned something, they all learned it. I was a little embarrassed because I had puffed myself up with my news. We wished each other good night, and I went to our teepee. Minnewanna looked very sad, she had obviously been crying all day. I knelt down directly in front of her, took her head in my hands and kissed her on the lips in Trapper fashion. She was immediately happy again. I said loudly, so that White Feather could hear, that today was my last hunt and that from today on I would only lie between their thighs and not care about the dogs barking. (That's how the Sioux put it.)

Naturally I kept my word, the two also left me no other choice. I just lay on the wide lounger and had food and drink delivered to me. Even Little Falcon was given to relatives for this time, the whole village community seemed to know, our continuous fucking and lovemaking was apparently no secret. I was really still a white man, as I thought about it. For the Sioux it was quite normal.

White Feather stroked my cock hypnotically when I needed sleep. Minnewanna fucked me under White Feather's critical gaze, but she always turned demurely toward the tent wall when White Feather and I fucked. They both kept hugging me in the wives' way when I finished fucking the other. The Sioux were very particular about distinguishing the different kinds of hugs. They kissed me on the lips in the manner of the Trappers, the whites, although that was not a Sioux custom.

On the ninth night I was startled from sleep with a loud cry. White Feather stroked my face soothingly. "She calls you, you must go now!" Without asking my opinion, both women, by the light of the

fire, began to pack my things wisely and neatly into the backpack, the knapsack and a haversack. Minnewanna ran out and saddled a fine horse. “Leave him in the convent, we’ll get him later.” White Feather sounded like she always did when I rode out. They both hugged me and I sat up. “Thundering Rock already knows,” Minnewanna was still saying, snuggling up to White Feather’s regal figure. I promised to return when I had completed my task. They watched me until I disappeared into the forest. My two hunters rode at a distance behind me, perhaps to bring the white horse right back home, perhaps to make sure no Lakota or Huron ambushed me. I waved to them as I dismounted in front of the convent, leaving the white horse just standing there. They waved back and grabbed the reins. I trotted to the train station, after three long days I was back in Boston, this time with a plenty of dollars in my knapsack from the furs.

White Feather will have found my note and the bundle of dollars by now. Thundering Rock could read, read English and would translate my farewell words to my wives to the whole community aloud, in Sioux. I wrote how much I loved them both and how much I will miss their warm thighs that had given me so much pleasure. How much I will miss them both, as they made me dive up and down between their lush mounds like a salmon rushing upstream. How much I will miss their warm lips, lips that lifted the weary warrior, again and again. I will perish with pain and desire because I could no longer caress her small and large beautiful breasts with my hands. How I will miss their little red peas, which they finely polished with their lips, tongue and fingers during my absence. I will sing to the end of my road the song of the two of them at the White Man’s campfires and attribute my tears to the smoke of the campfire. Farewell! — Thundering Rock would recite the words solemnly at least three times in Sioux, for in the written word the spirit of the writer spoke, and the village community would murmur loud approval and embrace both women. This all was according to the Sioux custom.

I took a hired carriage from the station and had it drive me home. Home! How strange it seemed to me — but I too must have seemed strange to the Bostonians, a white man in Indian leather clothing and wrapped in a bearskin! But I was probably the only one here who was not freezing. The carriage stopped, I took my knapsack and satchel

and got out. Twenty years! Twenty, no less! I rang the bell. Something stirred, but it took longer to be unlocked and opened.

The girl was perhaps 16 or 17 years old and wrapped in a thick coat. “You wish?” she asked, making sure the neighbors were watching, “You wish, sir?” I introduced myself, “Dr. Otto Weiser, my wife Bertha Weiser lives here, doesn’t she? — I have been traveling for many years and am only now coming home.” The girl looked at me very curiously and then said, “I know about you, Doctor, come in!” Only now did I notice that she had been speaking German, her accent unmistakably Bostonian. I entered and she quickly closed the door, “because of the heating, because of the cold, better said.” No, this was not a kitchen maid, certainly not. The girl also seemed smart, because she guessed my thoughts. “I am Maya, Marjorie Weiser, Bertha von Böhm-Weiser is my mother.”

I stopped in my tracks, thunderstruck, and probably looking like a stupid sheep. With an automatic movement, I pulled the warm fur hat off my head. “Bertha’s daughter,” I repeated and she nodded. “Come, come, Mama will be anxiously waiting to see who rang the bell.” She ran up the stairs, not right into the reception room. I left my packages, let my bearsfur slide to the floor and followed her. She walked straight to Bertha’s bedroom and waited for me. “Mom has been talking about nothing but you for the past 4 weeks, let me go ahead and get Mom ready.” I nodded and she went into Bertha’s bedroom. Barely a minute later she called me, I straightened my leather leggings and richly decorated leather jacket and entered.

Bertha, haggard and emaciated, sat upright in bed, Maya standing beside her. The air in the room was sultry and stale, the smell of death over everything. I stepped up to the bedside and kissed Bertha’s cheek and fingertips as I had 20 years ago. A smile twitched across Bertha’s haggard face. “Otto! My heart, I’m glad you’ve come! I have been expecting you for weeks! Come, sit with me!” I grabbed a chair and sat down at her side. Maya sat down in a corner, feeling invisible and listening to every single word.

Naturally, Bertha wanted to know where I was from and what my peculiar getup meant. I explained I had lived with the Indians in

Canada for 20 years and that my suit was a ceremonial-attire. “Not quite what you expect.” We both smiled. Now it bubbled out of her. Her father had been ennobled, so she called herself ‘von Böhm’ after him; he had died and left her a vast amount of money. Maya would inherit it when she was no longer alive. Bertha interrupted her flow of speech. She had given birth to Maya 17 years ago, she was her child. She could not name the father, she had led a dissolute life and had been intimate with hundreds of admirers. She expressed herself delicately, out of consideration for Maya.

“Otto, my love, I must look terrible, I really don’t feel well either. I haven’t looked at myself in the mirror for months, I’m afraid of the disappointment.” She sank back wearily onto her pillow. I assured her she looked decidedly better than Aunt Käthe. Despite her illness, she had to laugh brightly. The stock-deaf Käthe was known for her merciless, thundering farts. At an imperial banquet she let the cannon thunder so that the emperor was so shocked that his liver dumpling fell from his spoon into the broth. Horrified, the ruler looked into the illustrious round, who were staring at the soup plates with red heads, trying to suppress the laughter. The emperor asked in astonishment if they were shooting in the courtyard, if a revolt had broken out like Anno 1848? No one dared to answer until the Chancellor bowed confidentially to His Majesty and answered in the negative. It was only Her Grace, the Countess von Gollowitz, who had fired. The flatulence, Your Majesty, the flatulence! Unfortunately, we did not learn how the emperor reacted to it. But I was glad that poor Bertha had something to laugh about. She resumed the thread, but spoke in French so Maya wouldn’t understand her.

“When you left us I was going through a crazy phase, our little Willi was dead, it took all my sanity away. I went through the phase as if I was a real tribade, but I wasn’t. I couldn’t handle the loss, I pounced on the men like a predator and tore them all. I fucked indiscriminately with everyone who had a dick. I had ministers and mayors, professors and factory owners, coachmen and blacksmiths in my bed. Hundreds, if not thousands. When I got pregnant, I didn’t think for a moment about killing the poor creature. I accepted it, gave birth to it and gave her your name. I loved her very much, my Maya, I raised her to be a decent girl and shielded her from my dissolute life

as best I could. Of course, nothing escaped her as she grew up, but she wouldn't let me spoil her. And half a year ago I got sick, stopped going to the festivals and parties, and stopped having lovers. I felt my life-light gradually going out, and eagerly wished for your return, I couldn't leave Maya orphaned." Bertha coughed wildly, speaking strained her very much.

I asked if our old friend Frieder still existed and Bertha nodded. Maya spoke up, she had the Professor's phone number and if I wanted I could talk to him on the telephone in the hall. I had never seen a telephone before, but went down with the girl and she made the connection. Maya pointed to one funnel, that's where you listen, and to another funnel, that's where you talk without yelling loudly. It touched me how naturally she dealt with a trapper from the darkest Middle Ages. Frieder was pleased that I was still alive and I was pleased that my old teacher was still alive. I quickly got to the point, Bertha was deathly ill and I had to do something. Frieder gave me clear instructions and then ordered me to come to him, he had a fully functioning laboratory at home. I took a blood sample, saliva and urine and had Maya explain the way. "If you don't dawdle, you'll be there in five minutes." I memorized the way and address exactly and hurried off.

Frieder was professor emeritus, but still active in research. He had me the clinical appearance described to him in detail, then he immediately set to work. Some things I knew, many things were new to me. He even had a microscope and let me look, but I recognized nothing. "Exactly, Otto, exactly! I, too, can't find anything that could explain the situation, not even to begin with!" We had worked non-stop in the lab for 5 hours without the slightest success. I asked Frieder where I could get a good nurse, he made several phone calls and was successful. "Tomorrow at 7, the best nurse I know is coming. She is the best, so pay her accordingly!" Of course I had to ask how much and he named the amount, it was not much. I thanked my old friend and excused myself, I would tell him all about my life with the Indians some time later, but now I ran off, home. I was driven by restlessness.

Maya had followed my instructions and had bought a pot of pure beef broth at a nearby hotel and had already made Bertha drink a soup cupful hot. Now Bertha was asleep. Maya showed me a room next door that she had fixed up for me and the closet where my suits from anno 20 years ago hung. She had turned on the electric boiler hours ago, suspecting I would want to take a bath. Take a bath, immediately, Doctor! I had to agree with her, I had last bathed in the river of my village a week ago. She ran the hot water and I asked her to stop calling me by my family name, since she was my stepdaughter. She nodded silently and left me to the bath. Half an hour later I was cleanly bathed and freshly dressed, the leather Indian gown I hung freely, it would mold in the closet.

Catherine de la Meunière arrived early in the morning with another nurse with whom she would share the 24-hour-duty, Maya showed her the room. Ten minutes later Catherine took over and I was grateful to Frieder. This was the best we could do for Bertha. I measured her pulse, blood pressure and general condition every hour. Maya had fed Bertha mainly with tea until now, now I had ordered beef broth, although it brought little improvement. I read her the newspaper and talked to her, but she slept longer and longer, now already close to 20 hours. The nurses did their best, Maya and I kept in the background.

On the second or third day, Catherine came into my room at night, her colleague having taken over. We had a lively chat, she sitting on the edge of the bed and me naked in the sheets. It did not escape her notice that I had an erection and quickly the subject changed. Finally Catherine asked very directly if she should do something. I smiled and said there was still room next to me. She flinched, actually she had been thinking of a handjob. I shook my head, that was not my recipe. Catherine took off her bonnet and shook her reddish brown mane. She looked me in the eye for a long time and undressed without a word. She was a tart beauty, a little older than me, maybe 48 or 50, but she was a female and I would have fucked even the Babajaga now. She let me fuck her unspectacularly, letting me squirt inside as she said, she was past her prime. She was very straightforward and induced her own orgasm with one finger when I started to squirt. She

left after half an hour and now came back every night. I'm not sure which one of us needed it more.

Three weeks later, Bertha was dead. She had insisted on calling in the notary and changing her will. She made me Maya's sole guardian and divided her estate between Maya and me. She died without pain, her life light simply extinguished. I sat beside her bed for an infinitely long time, our time together in our youth flowing leisurely through my thoughts. When I got up at some point, my next thought, I confess to my shame, was that it was now over with the pleasant, non-committal fucking with Catherine. Maya and I arranged the funeral, sent telegrams to Vienna and Prague to her relatives, and then stood at her grave in the midst of about 100 mourners. A priest, the mayor and a person I did not know gave speeches, touchingly honest and the others abysmally mendacious. I didn't care, I had nothing to say to all these people. My thoughts were not with Bertha, but with Minnehaha. I spoke silently to her, telling her to take Bertha by the hand and show her the way. I knew Minnehaha would understand. There was a celebration where they ate like pigs behind the teepees and downed the white wine like water in a matter of minutes. I kept completely in the background and left poor Maya alone with this lying pack. I sat down with Frieder at a secluded table, conjured up the best whiskey and we drank inconspicuously from wine glasses like the others. I told Frieder about the time with the Sioux and how it came about that I lived with three Indian women. It was Frieder who introduced me to the young writer and reporter Emil Droonberg. It was also Frieder who joined in our conversations and elicited all my secrets. I originally wanted to keep the Charly and John Craig thing to myself, there was nothing to brag about. But Emil wrote an exciting crime story about it.

Actually, my story would be over here, but the end is still missing. The real end.

Without Bertha, the house was dead silent and deserted. The mourners had left and I told Maya to leave everything, Frieder had ordered a cleaning crew for tomorrow. Friends think of such things when you yourself are filled only with grief and farewell.

I lay on the chaise longue and read a newspaper, Maya lay in my lap and tormented me from time to time with questions. I had decided to answer everything honestly and not cowardly escape into French. I told her everything Bertha had told me in French. Maya was very thoughtful. “I always knew and still let myself be lied to, Bertha wanted it that way,” she said, and I immediately noticed that she didn’t say Mama. “Did you know about it?” she asked directly, and I answered in the negative. “According to this, was Mama a whore because she fucked hundreds and hundreds of men?” Maya’s eyes filled with tears. I wiped the tears away. “But bullshit, Bertha wasn’t a whore, she loved to fuck and be fucked. It was like eating and drinking to her when you were hungry. Bertha was not a whore by God!” Did Maya sense how hollow and mendacious it sounded? She needed the truth, she deserved the truth. “I had run away when Wilhelm died and Bertha had brought her playmates to our bedroom.” Maya’s eyelids fluttered, then she asked stretched, “Playmates?” and I didn’t have to think long. “She brought horny girls into our marital bed where she cuddled, kissed and fucked the girls.” A slim description of the last year of marriage. “But,” Maya stretched the question, “cuddling and kissing, I know that from my girlfriends. But fucking? Real fucking!?” I thought for a moment, not sure what Maya knew about sexuality. “Yes,” I said, “many women fuck each other, they make each other orgasm and fuck clit-to-clit and get orgasm like fucking with a man.” I had said too much, I knew it right away. “What is an orgasm, what is a clit? And is it okay for women to fuck each other!!!?” That’s God’s punishment.

“That’s three questions, I’ll answer them in a different order, okay?” Maya nodded and turned onto her stomach, propping her chin on her palms. “The clit is located above the sex cleft, small like a pea to large as long as a finger limb. Bertha had one that big. Do you follow me? Do you know your clit?” I asked, and she shook her head at first. Then she lowered her eyes. “I think so, but I’m not sure. I have a spot there that I rarely touch because then I have to pee right away. Is that a clit?” I nodded, it was. “And that leads to your second question. When women touch the clitoris quite a few times in a row, she comes to an orgasm. Many women describe the orgasm as a small explosion or a very pleasant spasm that is over after a few seconds. Women love orgasm and some get it when they are fucked by

their lover." I paused and thought about a good answer. "Well, a lot of women fuck other women and it was back then when I despised Bertha for it, very much like she was cheating on me with a man. I saw things very narrowly then because it was my upbringing. I learned from the Indians that you can only cheat and betray your love with your heart. And that the physical is not a betrayal." I could see in Maya's eyes how strange this seemed to her. "That's how I feel today, after 20 years with the Indians. They taught me many things, including this." I realized that one day I would have to tell Maya about the three Indian women, but not now.

"What was it like for you when Bertha brought the girls to the marriage bed?" I thought for a long time. What was the truth? "Actually, it was the way any man would feel. They made love to each other in all kinds of ways, cuddling and kissing like a married couple. They made love with their fingers, they licked the clit to orgasm or fucked clit-to-clit and screamed in pleasure and in orgasm. Seeing that makes any man horny, he is incited to a sexual lust that he just feels like fucking." I could see Maya's fantastic thoughts flip over. She looked at me. "Then your only thought was to fuck?" Jesus Christ, what else?

I didn't need to hide anything, even if it was very private. "You're asking me something very private, girl! But I'm not hiding anything, I fucked all her playmates, Bertha didn't want to fuck me then. Most playmates let themselves be fucked lustfully, some did not like it at all, but I did not tolerate any contradiction. If they fucked with my wife, they also had to fuck with her husband! Many cried heartbreakingly because I deflowered them. At that time I was a very self-centered, heartless man. Today I am not." Maya looked at me now with cat eyes. "But Catherine, you fucked her every night, Otto!" I nodded silently, unsure if she had overheard us or if she had just seen the obvious? I went to my former ordination and came back with the atlas of the human body. I showed Maya the private parts and explained everything to her, including masturbation, fucking, and sexual behavior between husbands and wives. We ate supper very late and went to sleep.

No sooner had I put my book away and turned out the light than the door opened, Maya in a short nightgown, a thick pillow pressed in front of her chest. “Can I sleep with you, Otto, I don’t like to be alone!” She slipped under my covers and found that I was naked. She slipped off the nightgown and pressed herself naked against me. I was already dozing off and Maya was still curiously examining my body. When I awoke in the morning, she was no longer there.

Maya came to my bed every night and was gone in the morning, for weeks she curiously palpated my body and of course especially my cock. She asked me shyly to show her how to masturbate and she got an orgasm every time after a day. She also wanted to learn how to masturbate my cock after that, she needed only a day for that too. I learned with her during the day to calculate her fertile days based on her period. She understood how important it was that she could determine for herself, if she wanted to get pregnant.

I had been able to convince her right after Bertha’s death that it was important for one to be able to do something. I became a doctor as well as a Trapper, and now I could afford to live mainly on Bertha’s fortune and spend my time doing meaningful work in Frieder’s lab. Maya chose courses to learn telephone operator, shorthand, typing, and in smaller courses, business letter writing. This gave her several relevant careers to choose from if she wanted to go to work one day. Knowing how huge the pile of money was, I had no objection to her not wanting to throw herself full time into working life. Frieder and I had no objection to Maya spending most of the day with us. She studied medicine on her own, since at that time women were not allowed to study medicine. Frieder and I vied to train our dear Fräulein to be a doctor. One day, perhaps?

But back to Maya and to me and her newly acquired knowledge of masturbation. She lay naked with me every night, making me squirt and pressing her body against me to masturbate herself. Long ago I had told her how I lived with three Indian women in a tent made of animal skins. She always wanted to hear how I experienced sex with the women and how they differed sexually. I liked to talk about it because it had only been a year since I had left Minnewanna and White Feather. Maya always wanted to hear how I experienced the women’s

sex and how they differed sexually. I liked talking about it because it had only been a year since I had left Minnewanna and White Feather. I described sex with the three Indian women to Maya in beautiful and detailed terms because I liked remembering it and it eased my loss a bit. Again and again I considered returning to them, but I never made it back.

Months had passed, Maya and I were lying next to each other like brother and sister and the sister loved to masturbate us both. One day, Maya surprised me.

She wanted to fuck, really fuck.

I remained steadfast at first. Even if I had already absorbed the Indian views very deeply, we lived, Maya lived in the American reality. And one liked to think now about the not rarely bigoted and backward sexual morals of the Americans, as one liked, Maya lived in this reality. Maya, of course, knew how important it was for the better circles that a girl remains a virgin until marriage. We discussed this for several days, it becoming increasingly difficult for me not to think like a Sioux, but to defend an American institution against my better judgment. My strange behavior contributed hers to the fact that Maya became clearer and clearer and finally decided. Carelessly, I brought the word incest into the debate and earned sardonic laughter. “Otto, you are not my biological father, not a drop of blood do we have in common. And if anyone asks, send them packing!”

Damn, it was getting more real by the day. Maya sat on my thighs and playfully brought my cock, my glans into her vaginal entrance. It was time. I laid her on her back, I lay between her thighs and spread them wide apart. I kissed her on the mouth, our tongues playing with each other as always. I penetrated and Maya held her breath. Her hymen tore under the pressure and we fucked for the first time and then for the rest of my life (I hope). To anticipate, she rarely got an orgasm, very different from the Indian women, and she had to do it then with her finger, during or after fucking. She was content with my aging cock, maybe she even loved me. I taught her after some time to fuck like a Sioux woman and now she almost always had a great orgasm and she loved it.

The young men who crossed her path could not hold a candle to the smart girl. She stayed with Frieder and me, learned the doctor's business from us, playing the nurse when she treated a patient. It wasn't until the turn of the millennium that she was able to enroll in medical school and received her medical degree from the state of Massachusetts in 1901. She warms my bed to this day and at 37 she had beautiful twins, Eric (Erich) and Marc (Markus). Two years later still the lovely Alice, and they all three respectfully called me grandfather, although they knew well that they had sprung from my loins. All three studied medicine and became doctors in Maya's medical practice.

Maya wrote down this story that Otto dictated her and probably keep it until the end.

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# The suffering of Saint Carmen of Toledo

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Maria, who would later become St. Carmen, was born around the year Anno Domini 1005 in a suburb of the Moorish-occupied city of Toledo. The city fell alternately to the Spanish Christians and the Moorish Muslims and was now firmly in Moorish hands. Maria grew up there like all Spanish girls, her father was often in demand for months as a warrior in the northern provinces, fighting the Moors in the Christian armies. His youngest brother, 18-year-old Don Jaime, had remained in Toledo to protect the family. Maria's mother conscientiously prepared her for a future as a nun in the convent. She was a devout godfearing woman, very chaste and therefore very passionate but a bit stupid in her many love affairs.

Mother kept saying that Mary had to preserve and protect her virginity at all costs. She was choosen to be a bride of Christ and would remain a virgin for the eternal Lord. The mother once came down to the riverbank and saw the children playing, the children groping each other's private parts, some fucking each other really and still others giving the boys a handjob. Maria was among them, the 12-year-old was grabbing a boy's cock. Her mother took her by the hand and walked home with her. She reminded her daughter that the older children were doing something wrong when they fucked each other like married couples. She must never do that, her mother insisted, she was destined to be the bride of Christ and must not let the boys fuck her. Maria shyly objected that she was aware of this and that she let every boy who wanted to fuck her lie on top of her, but he was only allowed to fuck and cum between her thighs, some of them also from the outside into her little hole. Her mother was horrified, how easily such a greenhorn could lose control and tear her hymen! It would be wiser to do it to the boys by hand and she would show her how to do it straight away. Before Maria could reply that she had al-

ready done it, her mother called Don Jaime over and told Maria that she would show her how to do it by hand.

Don Jaime entered and Maria now had confirmation of a long-held suspicion. The young man paid no attention to her daughter, but kissed her mother directly on the lips and their tongues kissed intimately in the French manner. He pushed her onto the large chest in front of the marital bed and while they were still french-kissing, he undid her belt so that the dress slipped apart, revealing her mother's naked body, her round pregnant belly and full breasts. Maria had rarely seen her mother naked and looked at her curiously. Her mother pressed her bare thighs left and right against Jaime and leaned back. She was so aroused by the French kissing that she also forgot about her daughter. She unbuttoned Jaime's breeches, took his cock in her hand and inserted it into her vagina. Maria stood frozen, watching her brother-in-law fuck her mother for the first time. Don Jaime was the only one in the whole family who had light blonde hair, as did the youngest siblings, the blonde twins. The realization that the twins were descended from Don Jaime hit Maria like a bolt of lightning.

The mother came to her senses at that moment and stopped Jaime, who was ready to cum. She pulled out his cock, which left a large hole in her cunt and which gradually closed again, and told Jaime she wanted to show Maria a handjob. Don Jaime grumbled a little and nodded. The mother beckoned Maria over. She showed her the handjob and Maria nodded after a moment, she had understood how to do it, she whispered almost inaudibly. The mother grabbed her hand and let her grasp the cock. "Well, you go on then, make the High Lord, your uncle, cum really hard!" said the mother and Maria grabbed it properly. She had only ever rubbed small, thin boys' cocks before and now she was rubbing a grown man's cock. But she knew exactly what to do, she rubbed Jaime's cock with vigorous abandon. Thick protruding veins ran through the cock, Maria let the foreskin slide diligently over the glans, back and forth. "He's about to squirt," Maria murmured nobly, "I can feel exactly that he's rearing up hard and about to squirt!" With a shy sideways glance at her mother, she asked, "Can I let him squirt on my slit?", but her mother just shrugged her shoulders indifferently. Maria quickly lifted her skirt

and saw the greedy gleam in Jaime's eyes as she rubbed his thick, dark red glans against her labia, pressing it into her vaginal entrance. She only had to rub him for a few more minutes before Don Jaime squirted in rich, white jets between her labia in her vaginal entrance. The mother was very pleased and said it out loud.

She realized, of course, that her lover was far from finished and sent Maria out to close the door properly behind her. Accustomed to her daughter always carrying out her instructions, she accepted. Maria had first closed the door and then secretly opened it a crack. Maria spied for the first time; she had only now reached the age when she was interested in sex. Her mother now dropped her dress completely, she was a 30-year-old with a medium figure, her small pregnant belly curved delicately under her small, full breasts and her black hair fell down to shoulder length. Her wide-open cunt was still glistening wet from the short fuck before and she spread her labia a few times to prepare herself for the fuck. She pulled Jaime's pants down to his knees and let herself be fucked sitting on the chest. Maria was very excited when the cock penetrated deep into her vagina and then went in and out evenly. Maria watched breathlessly and wondered why her mother was masturbating while being fucked. She had always thought that it was her discovery, her very private secret, to masturbate in secret. The mother triggered her orgasm at the moment Jaime went into the final spurt. Her orgasm subsided very quickly and now she grabbed him by the buttocks and pressed him against herself. Jaime tried to pull his cock out before he squirted, but she pushed it in. "Go ahead and squirt, my love, maybe it'll be twins again!" she gasped jokingly and Maria now had her confirmation. She left the two of them immediately after Don Jaime had finished squirting and pulled his cock out.

The mother was often pregnant, but she never had another living child, most were stillborn or died of their own accord after a few weeks. She only had Maria from her husband and the twins from Don Jaime. Every few months the father came home for a few days, three times a day the old hut shook and rumbled, as he fucked the mother so hard. Meanwhile, Maria sat outside with Don Jaime, who had taught her how to kiss in French manners. They kissed until he couldn't stand it any longer, squirt or fuck. Fucking, Maria decided,

and they listened to their parents fucking. Maria did it to Don Jaime a few times with her hand because he wanted it or let herself be fucked between her thighs and squirted into her vaginal entrance, which she actually preferred. And Don Jaime knew very well that he wasn't allowed to take her virginity.

It was originally Maria who had her eye on her mother's lover. She took advantage of his helplessness when the father came home for a few days and, of course, fucked the mother like hell. Don Jaime was heartbroken, but the big brother and his position were untouchable. Maria offered him a handjob, quite innocently, and then not only when the father was displacing the brother, but always when the mother wasn't looking. Maria gave him a handjob whenever the opportunity arose and made the uncle cum in her vaginal entrance every time. She talked him into it because he was the only one she was in love with at the time. She gradually got him to forget the hand job and fuck her between her thighs and cum inside her vaginal entrance as he squirted. Yes, she took her infatuation even further.

She made him, instead of fucking between her thighs, fuck inside her vaginal entrance from the beginning and cum there too. She went one step further, he was the only one allowed to press his glans against the hole in her hymen and squirt deep inside her vagina. No one else was allowed to do that.

"Make me a child, Uncle," she breathed into his ear when he had squirted inside, "Make me a child!" Don Jaime was amazed at her naivety, the little girl hadn't even had her period yet! But he breathed into her ear, "I would love to make you a child, princess," whispered the womanizer, "you just have to let me in properly!" Maria wavered back and forth for days, undecided. Then she made up her mind. "Come on, Mylord, come in with all your might, I want a child!" She spread her legs wide to allow Don Jaime to enter. The mother and her fixation on the cursed hymen could go to hell!

But now one of the first miracles in Mary's life happened. The angels made her hymen rock-hard and impenetrable. No matter how much he pressed and thrust, the angels held him back with all their might. He pressed as hard as he could, but the hymen was stretched

to breaking point, but it did not tear. They were both at a complete loss and crossed themselves, this was the devil's work! From then on, he fucked her so that the hymen stretched to breaking point and squirted through the sufficiently large hole into her vagina.

They cheated on her mother for years without her suspecting a thing. Don Jaime saved up enough semen so that he could squirt on her mother without embarrassment, and Maria reported on her handjobs on the riverbank at irregular intervals, so she didn't need to lie. But when Maria spied on her mother now, she almost died of jealousy. It took her a lot of strength and honesty to admit to herself that she was the real thief. Nevertheless, she often threw herself onto her bed and cried into the pillows.

Maria had a very ambivalent image of her mother. On the one hand, she was deeply religious, prayed a lot and the whole world praised her chastity, her chaste life without scandals and her frequent pregnancies to bear subjects for the Catholic Kings. On the other hand, the mother let herself be fucked by anyone who could pay 3 pieces of silver. The baker and the butcher, the monk and the porter, she really let herself be fucked by anyone. Her heart belonged solely to her father and Don Jaime, not even to Messer Abraham, the silversmith who came once a week and was one of the few who could fuck her to orgasm.

When Maria was 14, she suddenly realized how poorly she and the twins were dressed; they wore the same dirty rags year in, year out. Maria did not discuss this with her mother, she had a new dress made for herself and new breeches for the twins. She also had white linen blouses made for all. She also had a beautiful dress made for her mother. Unseen, she reached into the pot where her mother hid the silver coins. She looked her mother in the eye and justified her decision. The mother was very happy about the new dress and passed over Maria's grasp of her treasure. Maria now made sure that all four of them were always properly dressed. No one called her a rag princess since then.

Once, when her father had left for the army again, Maria heard her mother reply when Don Jaime had asked her, that the father had

a big cock like a horse and fucked therefore incredibly well! Maria flinched, because she had never seen her father's cock before and her mind was racing with strange ideas. She had watched a few times as her girlfriends sneaked into the stables and masturbated the horse by hand. The cock was really huge, an arm's length long and didn't get completely hard, but it squirted onto the floor in rich, solid jets. The girls shrieked with pleasure! Maria imagined her father in the same way and suddenly understood why her mother screamed with pleasure when he made the house shake. But sexuality thrives on when tightening the screws more and more. The girlfriends were soon tired of masturbating the horse. One who was the leader of the Amazons, who as a battle group sometimes jumped on the boys on the riverbank and raped them with loud screams, this leader named Avala had decided to let herself be fucked by the stallion named Rodrigo. The announcement alone earned her a lot of sympathy points, what a brave and daring bitch she was! She let her dress slide to the floor and knelt naked under the animal's belly. The two girls, who had masturbated the stallion's cock and he had extended his cock to arm's length, now laboriously stuffed the half-soft pipe a few centimeters into the girl's fuckhole from behind. The horse turned its head and stared stupidly at the little humans, what did they want from him? Rodrigo wasn't fucking, not a bit, so what was that all about? The girls masturbated him and let him squirt into Avalas cunthole. When they pulled his cock out, his sperm ran out of her cunthole like something. Maria felt sick and threw up on the floor. This version of fucking was interesting for a while, Maria had somehow resigned herself to the fact that everyone found it so insanely daring, that the leader let the stallion squirt inside her cunthole. But the interest waned a little. Now they chased the stallion, who had squirted good-naturedly into the Amazon's fuckhole, onto a mare. One of them lifted the mare's tail and held it up, they pushed the stallion with his nostrils onto the mare's cleft and his cock immediately reacted. The mare didn't want to fuck and kicked hard backwards, but the stallion wanted it badly. Yes, that was the real thing! He let his cock come out magnificently and jumped onto the mare. The girls stuffed his cock into the mare's cunt and screamed loudly. The stallion did his duty and after a short time the girls screamed: "He's squirting, he's squirting!" Maria watched the spectacle breathlessly,

so this was the father jumping on the mother and making the hut shake!

Avala changed her approach some time later, she had been fucked from behind by Rodrigo and she wanted to try out something new. She asked Maria, who was stronger than Luzia, to hold Rodrigo's cock so he wouldn't impale her like yesterday. Luzia hadn't held Rodrigo's cock properly when the stupid guy realized his task and started fucking wildly. Avala saved herself by moving forward, so that he couldn't ram his cock all the way in from behind, but she was fucked like hell! So Alva now fetched a bench and lay down on it with her back, she wanted now to be fucked from the front. Maria and Luzia knelt left and right, Luzia rubbed and readied his cock. Avala put one leg on Luzia's shoulder and the other on Maria's shoulder. Maria guided the cock into Avala's cunthole, a span deep and then held it tightly. The stallion Rodrigo knew what he had to do straight away and fucked Avala hard. Maria held him tight and when she felt Avala's leg begin to tremble, she rubbed Avala's clitoris with the heel of her hand, holding the cock at the same time. Rodrigo squirted and Avala's trembling subsided. Maria and Avala exchanged a look and Avala nodded, she wanted to continue. Maria inserted his cock again, a little deeper now. She paid attention to Avala's leg and rubbed the clitoris with the heel of her hand. Rodrigo squirted again and Avala stretched out her trembling legs, they shivered really hard and then that was it! While the girls now led the stallion to the mare, Avala remained sitting dazed and sad. Tears dripped down her cheeks, which she absentmindedly wiped away. She was completely exhausted and sad, Maria could see that. Maria sat down with her, laid an arm around her shoulders and after a while asked how it has been? Avala replied in a shy whisper, "You know the porter Enrico, the big negro? I sometimes made him fuck with two pieces of silver. He also has a big cock like the stallion, but he fucks me for a very long time, maybe a quarter of an hour, until I have an orgasm, then I let him squirt inside. He fucks best of all, I can tell you that! And Rodrigo, he fucks far too short, he squirts after just a minute, that's too short for me to get an orgasm. If you hadn't rubbed me with the heel of your hand, I wouldn't have had an orgasm." Avala remained silent and after a while Maria asked if she thought it was normal to fuck the stallion? Avala smiled broadly: "Do you think I'd be the only one!?" Maria

didn't ask any further, although she would have liked to know who else was getting fucked by the stallion? It went on like this for a long time, Maria made sure that Avala wasn't impaled and reached orgasm on the second or third fuck. At night she whispered her adventures with Avala into Pablo's ear, who got really horny at the idea and cummed wonderfully and hard. She didn't tell anyone else about it, because it was perhaps something very naughty. Avala soon learned not to let herself be impaled and Rodrigo learned that she set the pace with her heels in his flanks. Maria rubbed Avala's clit with her finger and triggered the orgasm at just the right moment when Rodrigo squirted. The girls led Rodrigo through the stable along the row of mares, observing which one he showed interest in, and they also made sure that he jumped on a different mare each day.

Maria, however, stayed with Avala on the bench when Rodrigo was gone and knelt beside her bench. Avala also knew the French Art of kissing and they kissed each other like lovers. Avala loved being masturbated by Maria after fucking Rodrigo, her calves and thighs trembling on the race to orgasm. She stretched her legs wide in orgasm and kissed Maria with gratitude. This went on for a good six months, then Avala was caught letting Rodrigo fuck her. Oh Heaven! The woman crossed herself three times and ran screaming to Avala's mother, who just shrugged her shoulders indifferently. But her brother, who fucked Avala night after night, beat the living daylights out of her and even punched her a black eye. That was the end of the fucking with Rodrigo. Or something like that.

Avala didn't miss the chance to be fucked by Rodrigo every few weeks, only now there were two girls standing guard outside the stables. She was never caught again. Avala didn't need a girl to hold Rodrigo's cock back anymore. She drove Rodrigo on with her heels and let the stallion fuck her really, really hard, she could now control herself very well, how deep the cock was allowed to penetrate her cunt. Most of the time she fucked his cock, she was extremely active and drove the stupid looking Rodrigo on until he got hot and really got going. The girlfriends watched breathlessly as Avala fucked the stallion like a fury, until he got going and fucked the girl like crazy. Maria communicated with her eyes whether she should trigger her orgasm with her finger, but it was mostly not necessary. The girl-

friends led Rodrigo to the mares, Avala and Maria left the bench and lay naked in the straw bales. They kissed incessantly in the French way and Maria usually masturbated Avala from orgasm to orgasm, but not very often the other way around. Avala wanted to seduce Maria into licking her clit, but she was truly disgusted by the clitlicking. Mostly she couldn't stop Avala from licking her cunt and clit despite her protests. She was disgusted on the one hand, but on the other she had wonderful, strong orgasms where stars bursted behind her closed eyelids, and buried afterwards her sweating bright-red face on Avala's breasts in deep shame. They only gave up this afternoon lovemaking hours, when Maria came to the convent. Years later, she met Avala again in a whorehouse. They fell into each other's arms, but the sex no longer worked. One was honestly the Bride of Christ and the other sold herself for a few pieces of silver. Carmen took care of Avala's son while Avala let herself be fucked one by one in the back of the chamber and of course she was enchanted by Avala's fucking. Avala's five-year-old son Felipe, who had been fathered by her despicable brother, was a sweet, clever child, who had already memorized hundreds of Latin prayers from Sister Carmen and also a little church Latin, so that he understood the meaning of the prayers. Carmen loved Felipe very much.

These teenage years were increasingly characterized by sexual activity. Every day Maria let herself be fucked between her thighs by the riverbank, she let the better boys squirt into her vaginal entrance, where they were allowed to squirt through the hole that Don Jaime kept drilling. She gave the others a hand job at the end. She masturbated every night and the twins watched her. They got bigger and were allowed to stick their little dicks through the hole in her hymen, but there was no fucking, just squirming and laughing. When they could squirt, they sat on Maria's thighs, one on the left and one on the right, and watched greedily as she masturbated, rubbing their cocks in a race. Maria always had to laugh when one of them managed to squirt on her cunt.

Maria regularly told her mother that she only gave the boys handjobs and concealed the fact that she allowed many of them to fuck and squirt between her thighs. She kept her eyes closed and thought she was being fucked by Don Jaime. She only allowed the boys to

touch her labia with their glans and squirt on them while fucking. Very rarely, when she had gotten carried away with fucking her uncle Jaime, one or the other glans slipped into her vaginal entrance to squirt through the hole. But she stubbornly remained a virgin.

At 17, her mother gave her away to the convent.

One of the sisters examined her and confirmed to the Mother Superior that she was *virgo intacta*, a true virgin. The Mother Superior now let everyone go out and conducted the one-on-one interview. The Mother Superior had once been a duchess and had led a very worldly life, with many, even many affairs, and had gone into a convent after the duke's death. Now she wanted to know everything about Maria, she had to tell everything. About playing by the river, the handjobs and the boys who were allowed to squirt between her thighs or through her hole. She didn't mention Don Jaime or her mother at all, but when asked by the Mother Superior she admitted, that she had been lying in the straw with Avala for a year to give her an orgasm with her finger and they kissed like lovers. She looked down bashfully, no, her friend rarely did it to her with her finger, she much preferred to do it to her with her tongue. And no, she continued shamefully, she never licked her girlfriend because it disgusted her. Mother Superior nodded and said, she knew exactly what Maria was talking about. And how often did she do it herself? the old woman asked, giggling. "Every night, Respectable Mother," Maria said meekly, "every night until I'm tired and fall asleep. "Alone?" the old woman asked sternly, and Maria nodded. "Well, the twins sometimes watch me, but you couldn't forbid the little ones to do that." The old woman, whose age Maria couldn't estimate and who must be somewhere between 70 and 100 years old, put her fingertips together. "Masturbating, when you do it yourself, is a sin, it must always be confessed. But I was young myself and I know how intense the desire for sexual relaxation can be. So then, do it secretly and don't talk about it!" The old duchess waited until Maria nodded in agreement. "Our spiritual masters are also men under the cowl, dear Maria, and since you want to become a bride of Christ, I admonish you. Men are men, they will want to fuck you, every single one of them. It's in their blood, so it's forgivable. But resist them, fight them off! What I can allow you to do with a clear conscience is to do it to

them with your hand. It's not a sin, it's not shameful and it's enough for the vast majority of the men. I recommend you do that, it's fine by me. But if someone asks too much of you, send him to the devil, or better still, to me. They fear me more than the devil, hihihi!" The wrinkle-ugly old woman's laughter was so poisonous-creepy that it sent a cold shiver down Maria's spine.

"Maria, Maria! All the sisters here are called Maria, some with their first name, most with their middle name. That's why I'm giving you a new name, the name you'll go by as a sister from now on: Carmen!" Maria objected that she would only become a sister after two years as a novice, but the Mother Superior brushed the objection aside like an annoying fly. "Novice Carmen, that's right, but then Sister Carmen." The audience was over. "If you have any questions that the others cannot or should not answer, then come to me, Carmen!" Carmen bowed deeply and kissed the old woman's wrinkled hand.

The novice Carmen was deeply religious, she learned hundreds of Latin prayers and a bit of church Latin. During the day she worked diligently in the orchard, in the vegetable and herb gardens. After going to bed, she closed her eyes to worship her heavenly bridegroom and look at his naked body. She wanted to become his bride with all her heart and give herself to him with all her love, letting him and his giant cock fuck her with sweet abandon. These were the most beautiful, fervent fantasies she indulged in while masturbating. In the morning, she got up two hours before the others, knelt in the chapel and held her erotic dialog with her heavenly lover.

Two years later, her training was complete, she solemnly took her vows and threw herself into her duties. Like some of the other sisters, during the day she went to the disreputable taverns and the numerous whorehouses to pray with the whores. She often had to sit on a stool and wait until the whore and the man had finished fucking. She let the beads of the rosary slip through her fingers and watched the fucking with interest. She wasn't allowed to do it herself, but no one had forbidden her to watch. She could usually arrange it so, that she could see the fucking from start to finish. She realized, of course, that the devil would have liked to tempt her to masturbate secretly while watching them, but she stood firm and stuck her tongue out at the

mean corrupter. Every whore fucked in her own way, every man in his own way. It was usually a very humiliating way of earning money, but no man dared to betray or beat the girl when she sat there looking stern. These horny images made her fantasize when masturbating at night. She knew she would only give herself to the Lord of Heaven. Night after night she dreamed of how she would give herself to the Lord, more intimately and passionately than any whore she watched fucking. However, she had no idea what the heavenly lord's cock was like, because she had seen hundreds of cocks that were rarely like any other.

Once the man had left the room, she started praying while the girl wiped her pussy with a cloth. Very few of her flock were old, illusionless women who didn't give a shit about praying. Most were young and pretty, outcast wives or young girls without protection or guardians. Most of them masturbated after fucking, because they were normal, natural beings with feelings and sensations who naturally got a little aroused and needed to relax when they fucked. Carmen wasn't at all surprised that some of them masturbated ten or 15 times a day after every fuck. She was good to everyone and like a caring sister, because many needed someone to talk to or to hold the baby when the girl had to earn the money. Sister Carmen was very popular with the whores, it's fair to say.

While still a novice, she was quickly caught up in the Mother Superior's predictions. Without exception, every confessor who came to the convent to hear confessions, every monk and every deacon asked her quietly if she would let him fuck her. She refused with a smile and said kindly that she could only do him by hand, but she was excellent at that. No one tried to force her or became so insolent that she had to threaten him with the Mother Superior. They went into a quiet corner in silence, she took his cock out from under his robe and did it to him. She flipped up her habit and guided his cock into her vaginal entrance to let him squirt in through the hole, they all liked that. If a sister did come by, she would take a quick look at what was happening and moved on. It was nothing special — a novice who had pushed her habit way up, rubbed his cock between her bare thighs and let him squirt into her hole. Carmen wasn't the only one who gave the fathers and fratres handjobs, they all did it.

Once or twice a month, a bishop or another high dignitary came by and stayed a few nights in the convent. The Mother Superior usually assigned Carmen to wait on him, as she knew her secrets. Carmen had learned good manners from her mother and the High Lords, who were mostly members of the nobility and praised her. They usually had a few companions with them, whom the wise Mother Superior assigned to other nuns. Nuns who had nothing against a juicy morning fuck, if the Lords so desired. She only assigned a respectable virgin to the bishop, cardinal or papal envoy. That reflected well on the convent and on herself. And it was clear to her that she could rely on Carmen. Carmen took care of everything during the day together with the bishop's staff, but in the evening she was the last to help him undress and gently wash and oil his body. "Noble sir, may I wash your stiff rooster too?" she asked when he hadn't said anything beforehand. He nodded wearily and she washed his cock conscientiously.

"Take off your robe and lie with me," they all said. She had consulted the Mother Superior the first time, who told her what she could and could not do. Carmen took off her habit and lay naked with the Lord. If they did not yet know each other, she said that she was a bride of Christ and did not want to be fucked. They understood, for they were educated, sensitive gentlemen. A few let themselves be gently embraced and warmed, that was all they wanted. But most of them asked her to do it to them by hand, some even several times in a row. Carmen sat down cross-legged next to the gentleman to masturbate him. She allowed herself to be caressed and touched all over her body, which was fine. Many grabbed her pussy because it sweetened the squirting. Afterwards, she lay warmly against him and they slept until morning.

The news of the beautiful virgin naturally also reached the Moorish ruler, so the descriptions of the 24-year-old aroused the interest of the loin-lame ruler of all believers (of this province, — but no one dared to say this important addition). The old ruler himself was no longer interested in virgins or women at all, he was more drawn to the handsome boys. But his son, who was gradually taking over the day-to-day business, was filled with intense desire. So he ordered the girl to be brought to him. The wiser ones tried in vain to talk him out

of this nonsense. There were contracts, regulations and agreements on how to deal with monasteries, nuns and priests. The young man, however, was stubborn, headstrong and nefarious. He could have any girl in the *taif,* which was the province, but he only wanted her now.

The Mother Superior received the ministers, as they had left the armed escort outside, as prescribed. She shook her head in the negative, that was not possible. The ministers left again. They came twice more; the crown prince had sent them back again with the wildest insults. Carmen sat silently in the background because the Mother Superior wouldn't let her speak, only listen.

One of the ministers, however, was a traitor beyond compare. He took the crown prince aside, he had seen Carmen with his own eyes and described her beauty in the highest terms. The crown prince shouted at the unsuccessful ministers and yanked them by their hair and beards. He had his most beautiful horse saddled and rode the second most beautiful himself. He rode into the monastery courtyard with 50 bodyguards. He didn't care that this was already an outrage. Spurs clanking and fully armed, he trudged to the matron, the Mother Superior. She turned pale.

Carmen had seen all this, quickly put on her most beautiful frock and fixed her hair, then she entered the reception hall. The crown prince jumped up and offered her the highest obeisance. The Mother Superior and he palavered for almost an hour, but the Mother Superior did not give an inch, contracts, agreements, arrangements. The prince lost his composure. He threatened to raze the monastery to the ground, he shouted. In the terrible silence, Carmen stood up, ignoring the ban on speaking. "If she were allowed to serve the young gentleman like a cardinal, a bishop or a papal envoy with humility and honor, she would go with the gentleman. It was not necessary to threaten everyone with destruction and scare them to death!" The prince bowed low again despite the rebuke and Carmen looked at the mother superior. The duchess realized how cleverly Carmen had defused the situation. It was at least a gain of time, so that she could send messengers to the Spanish army. She had the crown prince solemnly declare that he would treat the maiden Carmen as a noble

lady and return her unharmed the following day. She had immediately realized that it would be a good exchange for everyone if Carmen became his bride and not Christ's. She immediately had lots of good ideas about how she could proceed with the courtship and what she could wrest from the Moor. So the Mother Superior agreed and Carmen went out like a queen in the midst of the bodyguards. She had never been on a horse before, but the clever animal took the lead and brought her gently and good-naturedly to the palace of Bahomet.

Prince Bahomet knew how to deal with ladies, he had food and drink served, musicians and dancers did their best. Even his illustrious father came shuffling up tiredly, inspected Carmen from top to bottom with myopic eyes, examined her as if at a horse market and then praised her beauty. Prince Bahomet blushed with joy and thanked Mr. Papa. He sent everyone away, saying it was time to go to bed. He escorted Carmen to her room. The moment that decided his and Carmen's fate really only lasted a moment.

Carmen had been thinking all evening about whether she should accept his courtship. It would be a huge step up, even as a concubine she could keep the impetuous lad in line a little. The fact that she would no longer be able to go to her friends, the young whores, saddened her greatly, but it was not an unreasonable price to pay. However, the betrayal of Jesus Christ himself weighed most heavily. She had sworn an oath and was well on her way to breaking it. She knew that it was possible to remain a Christian among the Moors, that was well known. But she could no longer remain a virgin, she was aware of that too. The prince would penetrate her with his cock and impregnate her, just as Don Jaime penetrated her mother day after day and impregnated her continuously. Was that what she wanted? Or to wait chastely for Christ to penetrate her? The very fact that she was considering all this in her mind spoke against Christ. Being a princess, that was something! She would order Don Jaime over, he would have to unpack his cock and he would have to fuck her all night long, the dear sweet guy!

The moment had arrived. The prince kissed her gracefully on both cheeks and asked her to drop her dress. Carmen had undressed in the presence of so many cardinals and bishops that it was easy for

her. The Mother Superior had expressly permitted it, indeed, she would lie down naked with the prince and do it with her hand. The prince took three steps back and looked at the beautiful naked woman. He stepped forward, he stepped back and admired the girl. A torch began to blaze and she saw the suffering face of Christ in the flames. He looked at her with unspeakable sadness, for the prince had opened his breeches and approached Carmen with a stiff cock, pressing his cock between her thighs, directly on her labia. Christ looked even sadder. She was about to betray her eternal master!

Now the moment had arrived!

Did she do it herself or did Christ guide her hand? She suddenly had the prince's sharp dagger in her hand and cut into his face, across his cheek. He cried out, the two bodyguards wrestled her down and snatched the dagger from her.

The moment was over.

Blood trickled from between the prince's fingers. He shouted for the guard to lock her in her room and ran off to the surgeon. Carmen, still naked, sat on the bed and cried until morning. The two angels in her heart wrestled with each other. One praised her steadfastness in keeping her oath, her love for the Lord Christ. The other, however, had only contempt and curses for her. No glittering career as a princess, no beautiful shagging with Don Jaime and no blond children from him, no help for her enslaved people. The prince would rage and murder the Spaniards because he would have the disfiguring scar on his face for life and it would break open, bleed and hurt every time he approached a girl in love. Carmen wept bitterly, because both angels were right, she had won and lost at the same time. The two guards outside the open door kept looking at her, not to admire her nakedness or beauty, but because they had never seen anyone cry and weep so bitterly and desperately.

At dawn she was brought food and drink, which calmed her down to some extent. She was almost certain that she had Christ to choose. The sun was already approaching noon when she was brought a simple dress and led down to the throne room. Prince Bahomet, with a

plaster on his cheek, and his father presided, thirty courtiers and maidens seated beside them. The crown prince said that an assault on the ruler could only be punished by death. The father raised his hand. What did she have to say to that?

Carmen knew crystal clear that it was now a matter of life and death. “First of all,” she began her defense, “first of all, I didn’t attack the ruler, only his dishonorable son.” She paused to read the faces of her judges. The father nodded approvingly, the prince threatened to burst with rage. “Secondly,” she continued quickly, “Prince Bahomet swore to my Mother Superior that he would treat me like a lady and bring me back unharmed. He treated me like a harlot and threatened to do me violence. He broke his oath!” Carmen didn’t know where this thought had come from, it was a miracle. The prince was fuming with rage when his father asked if he had sworn? The prince tried to put water under his keel. “It wasn’t an oath, just a promise. That is true. I didn’t want to do violence to Carmen, I was in love and just wanted to fuck her. That’s the whole point of being in love, isn’t it!?”

The ruler, and that’s what his father was, thought for a long time. He was dazzled by Carmen’s beauty, which the dress treacherously revealed, and impressed that she defended herself with reason. “An assault on Us is indeed punishable by death. You have not hurt Me, but you have hurt my beloved son. You have injured him, his blood has flowed. So I order him to hurt you, your blood shall flow too. I order him to take you, here in front of Our court. Moreover, you will be pegged in the town square for three days and two nights, where anyone can fuck you with impunity. Only then will you be sent home.” The ruler leaned back and stroked the thighs of the virgins sitting to his left and right. An oppressive silence followed, only the slaves bringing in the goat could be heard. The goat was there for the condemned man to be tied over it and whipped. It was like a high stool with four wooden legs and a leather-covered seat. Carmen was placed on it and bound so that her ass was high in the air.

Carmen clenched her teeth. She closed her eyes and looked to the Lord Christ. “I wish you would have done it yourself, Lord Christ, but I defer to your counsel to leave it to this pompous scumbag. I love

you with every breath and will remain your bride forever!" Christ smiled and fell silent.

Now the first miracle occurred, and Carmen was the only one who knew about it. Prince Bahomet had stepped behind her and rammed his cock into Carmen's vagina. She felt nothing, no painful tearing of the hymen. It was simply no longer there. Bahomet was able to fuck her and he did so to his heart's content, because Carmen's angels had injected it into him. The angels had to blow magic lovemaking powder into Bahomet's and Carmen's eyes. One of the angels sneezed and a load of the powder went into the eye of a virgin sitting next to the old ruler. Carmen thought long and hard about this miracle of the hymen. Had she not been paying attention on the riverbank? Or had she let a monk or friar penetrate too deeply during the handjob? Had Don Jaime managed to deflower her at some point? Or Pablo? She couldn't make any sense of it and didn't have time to think about it any more. Because her body, her vagina and her clit responded wonderfully to Bahomet's fucking. He fucked her for a good 20 minutes and an angel aroused her so much that she flew from orgasm to orgasm with soft screams and cooing moans. Bahomet, the ruler of all the believers (in this province) and the entire court listened to her lovemaking delightfully. The old ruler looked in amazement at the virgin next to him, who seemed to be having one orgasm after another like Carmen. The girl pressed her body against her master and ruler, her abdomen quivered and trembled to the rhythm of Bahomet's fucking. The old man pressed the 13-year-old against himself, stroked her soothingly and murmured, "Come into my chamber tonight, I'll make you a real woman tonight!" The girl smiled sweetly and kissed her ruler's bearded cheek. But she kept on orgasming until Bahomet stopped fucking.

Then Bahomet could no longer hold back the squirting and squirted jet after jet deep inside. He pulled his cock out, but the angel didn't let him go. He was stiff again only after seconds and, pushed forward by angelic force, penetrated Carmen's vagina again and fucked her once more. Carmen looked with closed eyes at the Lord Christ, who was now smiling broadly at her. A warm joy filled her heart, for it was His will and she was grateful for it. Bahomet, athletic and young, blessed with a strong man's cock, fucked Carmen, who

was moaning and whooping in orgasm, for more than half an hour and then squirted powerfully into her vagina. He staggered back three steps, he had used up all his strength and sank backwards, where the bodyguard caught him.

The second and third miracles happened one after the other. Carmen's leather shackles fell to the ground, as if cut by a sharp blade. Carmen stood up and called out in Arabic: "My noble prince, you have just impregnated me, I can feel it! If you were really of noble character, you would take me as your wife and see your son grow up! I know for sure that it will be a son as big and strong as you are! But I must fear that you are not of such noble character!" Carmen was just as astonished as the court, the ruler of all believers (in this province) and the crown prince Bahomet. They knew all too well that Carmen could only speak Spanish and a little church Latin. But not Arabic. Definitely not.

Bahomet blushed deeply and pulled up his pants, he couldn't say anything, indeed, he remained mute for three days. He could no longer take back his orders, the viciousness of which came crashing down on his soul like rocks. In the dismayed silence, only the slaves could be heard carrying the goat out into the square. Carmen followed them willingly, heading towards the second part of her punishment. Bahomet looked desperately to his father to let it go, but the angel shut his mouth. The father wouldn't think of revoking his sentence. That was impossible! What ruler would revoke his judgment!?

Carmen was tied to the trestle, an arm to the left and right, a leg to the left and right. Her ass stretched high into the air, her cleft open for all to see. As was customary, a whole jug of wine was poured into her, because the intoxicated woman did not faint and suffered the punishment while conscious. The Moors carried out this punishment quite frequently, as for many men it was the only opportunity to fuck a woman. Malicious Spanish rumors said that some Moorish women were caught doing something on purpose in order to be fucked in public by the fellows for a whole day. The punishment usually only lasted a day.

Carmen was quite drunk and stayed that way the whole time as the ruler kept sending a jug of wine after the other. Carmen had never been intoxicated before, but now she felt light as a feather and strangely exhilarated. Not a single Spaniard, not a single inhabitant of Toledo, came forward to fuck Carmen. The ruler shouted angrily that his orders had to be carried out! It was many minutes before a Moor stepped up behind Carmen. He was not particularly strong in the loins, he squirted quickly and hastily and the ruler shouted at his subjects. The Moorish men ducked their heads and obeyed. One followed the other and now Carmen was in heat. Everyone heard her lust, her orgasms and her loud prayers to Christ, her Lord. One by one, they fucked Carmen until midday, through the afternoon and deep into the night, until the ruler went to bed.

Every hour, one compassionate woman or another brought a bowl of strong wine to quench her thirst in the sweltering heat and intoxicate her. Carmen slurred her thanks, because that was how she endured the incessant fucking. She enjoyed the constant orgasms, laughing and crying, shouting her Latin prayers all over the square until she was hoarse. The sun was setting, the people had gone home and finally she could piss, all the wine and the men's semen. She rutted like a horse in a wide stream, laughing and farting loudly. She was alone with the kind moon. A friendly Moor lady, who was not afraid of the ruler, walked past the guards and brought her flatbread, fruit and a jug of wine. She patiently fed Carmen and spoke to her in Arabic. Of course, Carmen didn't understand a single word. The woman told her that her poor husband's cock had been paralyzed and incapacitated for years. But the neighbors had dragged him along and suddenly he could fuck again! He had fucked her, Carmen, a second time and she had gone home with him and they had fucked twice, like newlyweds in love. She now brought her dinner because she was so grateful for her husband's healing. Carmen drank the whole jug of wine and the moon doubled itself. When the woman had left, one of the guards bent down to her and translated what the Arab woman had said.

Some more men came in the darkness, so as not to be seen in daylight. When the last one had gone, the guards poured her another jug of the ruler's wine and she looked up at the moon, which shared the

night sky with a twin. “The moon has a twin too,” the drunkard slurred and burst into tears. She remembered her blonde twins. She did the math. At 12, she was allowed to rub Don Jaime on her mother’s behalf for the first time and have him squirt on her labia. At 14 she taught Master Jaime to fuck her without him being able to penetrate the hardened hymen. From 16 on she let one twin, his name was Pablo, fuck her properly. The other one, the… what was his name? the other one was a rough lump at heart. Of course he tried to fuck Maria first, but he failed like Don Jaime because of the rock-hard hymen. He turned Maria onto her stomach and fucked her in the asshole. There, no hymen could stop him and he didn’t really care which hole he fucked. He was known for his assaults on the riverbank, Maria had seen it herself several times. He waited until a boy mounted a girl. Then he jumped on the fucking boy from behind and fucked him in the asshole. This usually made the boy squirt immediately. Now he pushed the useless boy aside and fucked the terrified girl with a broad triumphant grin. But his twin Pablo was completely different. He lay down very close to Maria and masturbated with her at the same time. When she turned 16, she thought they could try fucking. Don Jaime had already enlarged the hole in her hymen quite a bit and Pablo’s cock would fit through it if they were careful. Pablo’s cock was thin as a pencil at first, it went all the way in and so Pablo was the first man to fuck Maria. He embraced Maria and fucked very, very carefully and slowly. His cock swelled and Maria breathed, “Make me a baby, my love!” and Pablo nodded eagerly, he wanted to do that! He was very careful and placed his head on Maria’s small breasts, he licked the nipples and fucked slowly and cautiously. Whe he felt it rise, he stopped fucking and closed his eyes in passion. They waited both for him squirting inside very finely. He listened to himself, tensed up mightily and squirted, again and again he tensed and squirted inside. He waited until his cock had swelled down again and carefully pulled it out. Maria enjoyed it like a frenzy when she felt the throbbing cock inside her and every single jet that he shot into her. She let him fuck her every night because she could masturbate at the same time. He had once whispered how wonderful he could feel her orgasm with his cock. Unfortunately, it only lasted a year, then Maria went to the convent. Carmen looked up at the twin moons again and laughed softly, then she sank down on the trestle and slept until morning.

In the morning, the ministers came out of the castle and shouted loudly that the punishment was continuing, the ruler had ordered it! The women and men surrounded Carmen, who was now fucked by one after the other from sunrise to sunset. Carmen staggered from orgasm to orgasm, intoxicated by the thirst-quenching wine. She kept her eyes closed and watched her eternal master, her voice soon lost and she whispered the Latin prayers without ceasing. When the moon had risen and everyone had gone home, a man came in the darkness, whispered with the guards and approached her. She recognized him immediately, Messer Zacharias, an Italian.

"Come on, Messer Zacharias, come on and fuck me like everyone else!" Carmen called out softly. But Zacharias shook his head and unwrapped his bundle. "I don't have the courage to untie you, Donna. I fear the Arab's wrath. But I have brought wine, flatbread and ham, I will have to feed you." And so it happened. An Italian Hebrew who compassionately fed a Spanish woman who had been punished and humiliated by an Arab. Carmen ate heartily, drank the whole jug of wine to the brim and thanked the Italian. He left again and she sank into a deep sleep. Dreaming of Don Jaime, she thought she was being fucked by him, but it was only the two guards who were using the cover of darkness to fuck Carmen. Half drunken dreaming, she whispered, "Don Jaime, you may fuck me again, because I haven't had the twitching yet!" The two guards, neither of whom was called Jaime, were delighted by her whimsical mumblings and egged her on to fuck her again and again. Finally, finally, the intoxicated dreamer got her orgasms. Only at dawn were the guards so exhausted that they could barely stand guard.

Carmen welcomed the first men with loud prayers, the sun rose and she saw her eternal bridegroom looking benevolently at her orgasms. It warmed her heart and she gave herself willingly, although her circulation was almost failing from exhaustion. She was really exhausted, she prayed for the strength that was gradually draining from her body. "Before sundown," Bahomet had ordered his Black Guard, "before sundown!" Bahomet had negotiated the punishment with his father before the trial and then given the terrible order to the Black Guard. Now Bahomet lay silently crying, his face buried in the pillows, unable to revoke the order.

The Black Guard chased the people apart, but some still watched behind the huts to see what was going on in the village square, including the Mother Superior's spies. The guardsmen fucked Carmen, one after the other, and she prayed from orgasm to orgasm. She was exhausted to death, but the guardsmen fucked her relentlessly. She fainted several times, picked herself up again and continued to orgasm. She looked between her legs and the guardsman's legs at the setting sun. She really saw him, her eternal bridegroom, who was now surrounded by a choir of angels. Her heart overflowed with love, she had never had such an intense orgasm, she screamed her soul out, the soul that now flew up to her groom. She screamed and screamed in this last, wonderful and very last orgasm until her heart gave out, because now her groom dropped his glistening tunic and she saw him, saw his glory. He welcomed her with open arms.

The head of the Black Guard stomped into Bahomet's chamber. He stood at attention and shouted, "We fucked the Christian dead, as ordered, my Lord!" Bahomet looked up, glaring at his guardsman as if he wanted to kill him. He found his voice again at that moment. He let out a scream, such a bloodcurdling scream that the fearless guardsman took three steps back. The scream echoed throughout the castle and out into the town square, where Carmen had been laid on the ground next to the wooden goat. Carmen, still smiling in death, as if she had seen paradise.

Carmen's body was washed in the convent, dressed in beautiful clothes and buried in the convent graveyard. The Mother Superior listened very carefully to the three spies, for they had interrupted her in the middle of her masturbation and what they reported was worth its weight in gold. She sat naked on her bed, the spies reported and could not tear their gaze away from her nakedness. She was terribly skinny, her wrinkled, ugly breasts sagged sadly and her half open cleft shone wet and was obviously rubbed red. She played with her clitoris as unselfconsciously as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The spies reported what they found out from the bodyguards, sometimes Carmen had stabbed him even before Bahomet's cock touched her, sometimes he had already penetrated her cunt when she cut his face deeply. Perhaps the cut was so deep that Bahomet couldn't speak for three days. All three of them were present at the

court session and witnessed Carmen being fucked for hours by Bahomet. Of course they understood Arabic and testified that Carmen had called out screaming in Arabic. The mother superior shook her head, unheard of, the child definitely didn't speak Arabic! But that was the way it was, all three assured her, and then Carmen was tied to the goat in the town's central square. No honest Spaniard had a go at her, although several hundreds of Toledo residents, men and women, surrounded the girl. But the Moors obeyed their ruler, as did most of the soldiers. The three of them stayed near Carmen day and night to report every word. There was a rumor that Bahomet threw on a beggar's cloak and went out to Carmen to fuck her incognito, and that Carmen prayed in Arabic, when he fucked her, but none of it was true. One of the spies sneaked into the palace to Bahomet's chamber. He had been in his chamber all night, his father had sent him the 13-year-old girl. He had to obey his father's orders, he deflowered the crying child and fucked her intermittently until dawn, then they fell asleep. The spies were very quiet as they reported how the Black Guardsmen fucked poor Carmen to death. They told how her face had shone with happiness, as if she had seen paradise at the moment of death. The spies remained silent, they had reported everything.

The Mother Superior had been playing with her clit and rubbing it vigorously all hour, now the exciting story was over and she bent over and rubbed her reddish and stiff clit so vigorously, that her thin calves trembled. She stopped abruptly and asked with a mischievous grin if they wouldn't like to fuck her? They answered in the affirmative far too quickly and regretted it, because the old duchess had lost all her charms, damn it! They had to bite the bullet and fuck the old woman, one after the other. Due to her age, her vagina had shrunk and was as tight as a little girl's. The men penetrated quickly and she let out a loud wail as it almost tore her cunthole apart. Then she urged the young men on like a coachman, shouting obscenities and screaming to them to fuck her hard! She ordered the waiting man to rub his cock hard so that he could continue without interruption. She urged him to fuck her hard, using the most obscene, filthy language, until she had been fucked a dozen times and finally had a really hard and violent orgasm, her skinny body trembled and shook like crazy. She cursed and gave a handjob to the next guy who was already get-

ting ready to fuck her. Then the three guys stood in front of her bed with their cocks hanging out, their tapered foreskins trembling because they simply couldn't take any more. She mumbled that she hadn't been fucked so well for months and gave each of them two gold coins. The boys knew, that she had a lot of spies and they had sometimes to fuck the old Lady, but she never gave more than one gold coin for a good fuck or one silver coin when he couldn't fuck her.

The Mother Superior faithfully wrote Carmen's tale of the suffering on 16 sheets of expensive China paper and sent it to the bishop. He sent the original to the Cardinal of Salamanca, who personally handed it over to Pope Benedict IX. He also brought with him the reports of miracles that had taken place in Carmen's name. The Pope was particularly impressed by the miracle that had happened to Spanish fishermen and sailors. They were pursued by a fleet of Arab, Turkish and North African pirates and prayed in fear of death. A terrifying storm arose and threw all the pirate ships onto the Libyan coast, but gently carried the Spaniards to their home shores. The Pope was thrilled! He ordered a pompous feast day, July 16. He included Carmen in the canon of martyrs at the solemn morning mass, beatified her at the midday service and the canonization took place at the evening service. Pope Benedict then solemnly proclaimed St. Carmen the patron saint of sailors. However, her story of suffering was passed on orally and many whores and chaste virgins venerated Carmen as if she were also their patron saint.

But Benedict locked the Mother Superior's document away in the papal archives, because the Mother Superior had reported the last three days of Carmen on more than 16 handwritten pages and the Mother Superior's clear, worldly and unfortunately also obscene language could incite fornication.

Bahomet, however, died at the age of 97, one year before his most fiercely and bitterly fought opponent, El Cid.

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# A Damn Chaste Jewess

by Jack Faber © 2023

Magdalena, who was called Lena, had met and fallen in love with the pastor Dr. Neumann during her studies. He was an excellent match, he taught at the university, had a very large church parish to look after and was only 20 years older than her. He thought it was time for him to start a family. Lena came from a devout Protestant family, she was quite devout, so she was certainly suited to becoming a pastor's wife. There was another advantage, which she suspected more than she knew at the time. At the time, her family was considered Jewish, which was by no means an advantage in German society after the First World War and was even to prove life-threatening in the distant future. When she married the "truly German" pastor, the negative aspects of being Jewish were erased. She had become a real German.

Sex was completely taboo in her family. The parents never talked about it, the two daughters had to find everything out for themselves. The two sisters never talked about sex either, they both listened to each other masturbate in the night, the suppressed sighs, panting or soft moans. Lena and her older sister both masturbated from an early age on without ever revealing it. Lena learned from her friends to give the boys handjobs and later also blowjobs. The old Latin teacher seduced the 15-year-old Lena, robbed her of her virginity and she was his secret lover for almost a year. That ended when his wife found out. Lena fucked many, many boys and men until she got married, she also had a lesbian affair, only to find out that it wasn't for her. Except for the clit licking, which she loved very much, actively and passively .

Rachel was the music teacher, almost 10 years older than 14-year-old Lena. She was not a staunch lesbian, she was clearly bisexual. A beautiful, lasting relationship developed between them, which Lena maintained for the first 10 years of her marriage. Rachel showed her how to French kiss, which did Lena a lot of good. Rachel laughed af-

ter their first intimate kiss and smiled, “We Jewish girls have to stick together, because they only despise us until we bring them to their knees with our wonderful sex!” Lena never forgot that sentence. Once Rachel said insistently, “Never forget, we Jewish women fuck best, so many men have told me that there must be something to it! That’s why they prefer us to their bony German wives!” She added that it was racist, but perfectly suited today’s society. Rachel was neither a relious person nor did she think much of mankind. She said that men had seized power over the whole world and dictated women’s lives with a certain arrogance. As a woman, you had to make sure yourself, that you got what you wanted. That’s why she was on the hunt for a golden pheasant, a rich man with a good character. They were very fucking rare, but she was convinced she would catch one. Lena listened attentively because she was not only learning about life outside of family and school, but she was also learning a lot about sex, even if she wasn’t fucking at the time. Rachel sometimes brought a man home to fuck her, Lena lay naked in the double bed and pretended to be asleep. The men gawked at the beautiful, naked little sister and fucked the beautiful big sister. Sleeping Lena watched attentively and learned a lot.

From the beginning, Rachel and Lena only masturbated each other, none of them did it herself in front of the other. Rachel taught her how to lick her clit and it became their favorite sexual activity. Rachel was very good at explaining. Lena learned to teasingly lick and taste around the clit with her tongue, getting Rachel hot, only gradually including the clit and licking it so skillfully that it protruded from the flesh, pointed and aroused, because Rachel’s clit was surprisingly small and well hidden. Lena’s clit was much larger and clearly visible between her labia even when it was at rest. Lena learned from what degree of Rachel’s heat she only had to devote herself to the clitoris and how she had to lick it gradually to orgasm. Rachel held Lena’s head during her orgasm and signaled when she had to stop licking. Rachel’s orgasms were strong and violent and she let Lena continue licking her until the orgasm subsided. But she loved the way Lena licked her. Rachel masturbated Lena much more vigorously and firmly than she masturbated herself. And Rachel’s licking was also much more vigorous, but Lena loved her style. The orgasms Rachel licked her to were insanely intense and when she

closed her eyes, exploding stars danced behind her eyelids like fireworks. She loved these orgasms very much, she hugged, embraced and kissed Rachel gratefully.

Rachel was also the one who taught Lena how to give a blowjob. Lena had asked and Rachel described it so well, that Lena managed it on her first practical attempt and quite soon gained the mastery for which she was highly regarded by the boys. Rachel gave her the important pointers. “Never let yourself be fucked by a boy whose cock you haven’t licked clean first. Your mouth is not as easily inflamed as your pussy, so be sure to lick it clean! And licking and smacking will make any cock hard. And if you’ve licked his cock stiff, then he’s yours! That’s important, you have to be in control, you tell him what to do next. Stupid girls give up control and complain later when things don’t go well. You have to divide the cock in two parts. The glans belongs in the mouth and there to the tongue, the shaft is for rubbing only. Trying to fuck his cock with your mouth is very tiring and rarely works. So don’t do it. Take the glans in your mouth, just the glans, it belongs to your lips and your tongue. Rub the shaft like a handjob and don’t strain yourself, the main work lies with your tongue. Usually you start by kissing and caressing the glans with your lips. Gradually give it over to your tongue, let it circle and tease and caress the tip, where the little hole is, because that’s where he’s most sensitive. Let your tongue dance like a Turkish belly dancer, but when it comes to squirting, concentrate your tongue on the little hole and the tip. Some stupid girls don’t let themselves squirt in the mouth because they are disgusted. But it’s much more exciting for him to squirt in your mouth, in your throat. The semen comes from inside his body and is for sure pure. You can swallow it without hesitation, you’ll see that it doesn’t taste bad. And the guy will be unspeakably grateful, because he naturally sees it as his victory. But you can smile quietly, because you are the real winner. Finally, do him a favor and lick his cock clean. They all like that, the masters of the world.” Rachel grinned, “that may sound like a cookbook recipe, but there’s nothing wrong with cooking something good!” Lena laughed, because Rachel was so good at explaining. But she stuck to the recipe and climbed inexorably up the ladder. Rachel was always a good listener and when she said something, it had substance.

Lena, who had never fucked before, listened curiously when Rachel talked about fucking a golden pheasant. Rachel knew what she wanted, a rich man and to get out of Germany. In Rachel's opinion, it was quite easy to get a man into bed, but the golden boys had, so far anyway, pretty little or a shitty character. Rachel asked Lena if she wanted to try fucking clit-on-clit? Lena nodded, she wanted to try everything. Rachel spread her legs, pressing down on the flesh around her clit so that it came out a little. She began to rub her clitoris and told Lena that she too had to make her clitoris really hard. Lena obeyed after a short hesitation, Rachel watched her and couldn't stop. She orgasmed with a quiet scream and twitched. "No, I just lost it when I saw you masturbating. Just get hard, not to the point of orgasm!" Lena nodded and pinched and tweaked her clitoris, it was already completely stiff, the size of a finger phalanx. Rachel had aroused her clitoris again and was now giving instructions. She would lie down on Lena, they had to press their clits together and she would fuck Lena like a man. It was complicated, they had to keep rubbing their clits stiff again and again, but eventually it worked. Rachel fucked Lena's clitoris so hard that she wondered what had hit her. She had a wonderful orgasm and watched Rachel kneel up and finish masturbating, which was very arousing to watch! The next time she played the role of the man and it worked much better. She had an unusually large clit, much bigger than Rachel's, and it could get incredibly hard and stiff. She could fuck Rachel to madness with it, and she damned loved it, almost bursting with lust to fuck her older girlfriend to orgasm. She fucked Rachel, who first sighed, then gasped and came to orgasm, moaning and screaming softly. Lena trembled with excitement and shame as she knelt up and masturbated while kneeling. She couldn't look Rachel in the eye and it took her more than fifteen minutes to reach orgasm. She was terribly ashamed because she had never masturbated in front of another person before. They continued to lick or clitfuck each other, which was quite a wonderful invention! Lena quickly got used to getting up on her knees after fucking and masturbating in front of Rachel. She soon did it in her own way, as she did every night. With one hand she held the labia wide apart and pressed down the flesh around the clitoris so that the clit protruded another inch. With the other hand she rubbed the clit gently at first and then increased the speed and the pressure until she could take it no longer and jerked and gasped in

orgasm. The shame was still there, but it no longer carried as much weight. Rachel also masturbated in front of her and that softened Lena's shame. — They kept up the friendship for over 15 years and only stopped when Rachel hooked on her fishing rod a good goldfish and married into England.

Lena dropped out of university when she got married at 18. Right from the start, she was aware of two things she had to consider. Firstly, her pastor was almost pathologically allergic to female masturbation. Men had to cum every day, so that was something completely different! But girls didn't have to cum, they defiled themselves during sinful masturbation, period! Secondly, it was unquestionably imperative for her pastor to marry only a virgin. She frantically consulted with her girlfriends, but in the end she was at a loss with the idiotic suggestion of cutting her finger and dripping the blood on the bed sheets. She was of course allowed to give the pastor handjobs and blowjobs before the wedding night, but he stubbornly saved the fucking until the wedding night. Miraculously, she managed to beat him with his own wishful thinking. On the wedding night she was so tense that he could only penetrate with difficulty and force because of her tense vaginal muscles. He was thrilled to have taken her virginity and praised her chastity to the skies, she didn't say a word about it and didn't contradict him. He wanted to be happy with it, so she let him be happy.

She had a son, Heinzi, whom she adored. She was still in love with the pastor when she discovered that he was cheating on her through and through. Professor Neumann had been a thorn in the side of the dean's office for years because he fucked the wives and daughters of his colleagues on a piecework basis when he wasn't fucking a young, inexperienced student girl. He was very skillful, his greed for fresh virgin flesh aroused his criminal energy. Rumor had it that he had once knocked out the babysitter of a colleague, who was out with his wife, with sleeping powder in red wine and deflowered and fucked both daughters, aged 12 and 13, on the same night. When confronted with the rumors, he laughed arrogantly and said it was all wrong, it hadn't been red wine, but white wine. The audience laughed at his repartee and dispersed.

He had not yet been caught. Until a female student accused him of rape. The dean subjected the student to a highly embarrassing interrogation, which painted the following picture. The student had jumped out of bed one night, she had to have a question answered by the professor that could not be postponed, now, immediately! She ran blindly into his bedroom in a silk negligee to discuss the question. He brazenly asked her why her pussy was so red and she naively replied that it was probably from masturbating earlier. She now had to listen to his suada about masturbation, then he threw back the blanket and ordered her to lie with him. She dropped the negligee and lay naked with him. She snuggled up to the professor and stroked his cock, then she couldn't stand the heat any longer and whispered that she had to finish masturbating now because she had interrupted it earlier. He snorted angrily until she had finished masturbating and raped her after her orgasm.

The dean asked sternly what the hell she had been thinking!? She stammered that she had never thought he would take advantage of the situation. But he did, he raped her twice, because the first time she didn't have an orgasm, so she had demanded the second one from him, because the orgasm was part of the act, wasn't it, Mr. Dean? The dean decided not to involve the police because the professor agreed to step down immediately.

As the dean dismissed the witness and accuser respectively, she gave him an eye roll of the silent movie era and said, if he wanted to fuck her tonight, she was in the third double bed of the girls' dormitory, sleeping with the British envoy's fat daughter, Gwendolyn. The dean acted terribly shocked, but at night he crept over and lay with her. Gwendolyn, who had pretended to be asleep, then forced him to fuck the fat cow as well. It wasn't much fun. For two weeks, the girl crept into the dean's room at night, but when Gwendolyn crept along behind her more and more often and he had to fuck the fat cow too, for better or worse, he ended the affair weeks later.

Lena digested the pain of his infidelity for months, but Heinzi was only 11 years old and she couldn't think about a divorce. She finally approached her husband about it. He only confessed days later, arrogantly and high-handedly. They argued for a long time with the re-

sult that he acted even more unbridled and insolent. He was the man, he was the boss and he slept out as often as he wanted, period! And she didn't need to come to him with a divorce, that would destroy him! One phone call from him and she herself would be destroyed, she, the Jewess! At that time it was already a foregone conclusion that Jews were the enemies of the people. They would arrest her and deport her to the East. So she had better not rebel or else! Shaken to the core, she kept quiet when he often fucked in other girl's beds for weeks on end. She had enjoyed fucking the pastor during those 11 years very much, and he was very good at fucking her, although she had never had an orgasm with him. Despite the cheating, he found the time to fuck her pretty good almost every night, so she wasn't going to complain. After all, every night when he fell asleep, she could enjoy relaxing her sexual arousal, which had built up during their fucking, by long masturbating. After this argument, he came home much less often to fuck her properly, but she didn't miss his fucking very much, she had the masturbation that she obsessively practiced night after night during the marriage. Of course, she knew what his attitude to female masturbation was and, as before, kept it completely secret from him, it remained her secret. No one ever saw her masturbate except Rachel, not even her best friends. She now lived practically alone with Heinzi, she went to church every day to pray, because she was a true believer. She was also happy that everyone in the village appreciated her for her faith and her chaste, impeccable life, she had no affairs and no scandals. She was selflessly helpful, a firm pillar of the community and universally liked and respected.

She showered daily with Heinzi, who had become accustomed to her nudity from an early age. He was 12 when he stood confused in the shower and squirted for the first time. Lena explained it to him carefully and now he waited daily under the warm jet that Lena let splash up and down on his cock until his cock got hard and she continued with a wry grin until it squirted. After a few dozen days it was no longer working. Lena had to change tactics and stroked his cock with her index finger, pushing the foreskin back and forth.

"Well, is it coming soon?" she asked softly and he nodded. She continued to rub the foreskin with her index finger.

“It’s so exciting what you do with your finger!” he said and after a while he squirted. She stroked his cock every day until he squirted. Gradually, she began to push his foreskin back and forth over the glans more diligently and firmly, so it didn’t take so long. It only took a few weeks before she was masturbating Heinzi properly. From then on, she masturbated him every day after showering, whenever he wanted, until he left home at 18.

He must have been around 14 when he became really interested in sex. Lena gave him a broad outline. He nodded as she explained that rubbing and squirting was actually called masturbating and that the boys usually did it themselves. He shook his head, no, that was definitely not true, because some of his friends were masturbated by their mothers, just like him. Lena found that amazing. But she let Heinzi tell her exactly what he knew about it. She shuddered when he told her that the boys were also allowed to fuck their mother, that was a matter of course. Well, Heinzi wanted to have a good look at her “down there”, so she lay down on her back in the bathtub and spread her legs. Heinzi looked and fondled her for a very long time, then he said he had to feel what it felt like with his cock. Inside. Before Lena could protest or pull out, the 14-year-old had already penetrated her cunt. He didn’t thrust, he only slid in deep. They looked into each other’s eyes and both remained motionless. He smiled as she rubbed part of his cock and the little bag, bringing him quickly into heat.

“That’s fine!” Heinzi exclaimed softly, “much finer than I would have thought!”

They remained motionless and Heinzi whispered, “I think it’s coming!”

Lena wondered what he meant, then she felt him squirt into her cunt, once, twice, five times. She pushed him back angrily and he squirted the rest into the bathtub. She made him kneel on the floor next to her, propped her arms up against the bathtub and folded her hands. She prayed the Lord’s Prayer out loud, then put an arm on his shoulder and said that mother and son shouldn’t fuck each other, it was incest, blood shame!

He objected vehemently. “That wasn’t fucking,” he exclaimed passionately, “and I told you about those who are allowed to fuck their mother!”

Lena looked puzzled. “At first I didn’t believe you!” she exclaimed, “who, for example!”

Heinzi thought for a moment and then named three. — Lena had to swallow, because of course she had heard the rumors about these mothers having incest. She had always dismissed it as a rumor.

“That may be so,” she said quietly, “but it’s still incest.” She did not pause. “You’re my son, we’re not allowed to fuck each other!” That was clear and unambiguous.

But of course, the next day he demanded that she lie down in the bathtub.

“But you’re not allowed to fuck me!” she shouted and lay down obediently anyway. She loved her Heinzi and could never refuse him anything. He spread her labia with his fingers and slowly penetrated her cunt. Lena held her breath, he wasn’t going to! Yes, yes, that’s exactly what he did and she didn’t move in her fear and shame. He committed the mortal sin and fucked her. He was still quite inexperienced and clumsy, but he finished the job and squirted into her cunt. They lay wedged into each other for a few minutes, then got out of the bath.

“If you want to squirt inside a woman or a girl, you have to be sure that she won’t conceive!” Lena explained to him in no uncertain terms that a woman can only conceive three or four days a month, so be careful and ask the girl first! Heinzi nodded and was glad that his mother wasn’t talking about blood disgrace again.

“I’ll ask tomorrow, I promise!” he grinned cheekily.

“You’re crazy, there’s no tomorrow, we’re not allowed to fuck each other,” Lena scolded angrily, “that’s disgraceful!”

“I knew it, the blood disgrace would come up!” laughed Heinzi happily.

This was now repeated daily, Heinzi fucked Lena every time after showering and she couldn’t, she didn’t want to deny him. Lena had long since moved the upholstered bench from the anteroom into the bathroom, because fucking in the bathtub wasn’t very comfortable. The bathroom was the only room without windows and therefore much safer than the bedroom, where a malicious onlooker could spy on her blood disgrace. When she told him he wasn’t allowed to squirt in there today and asked if he’d rather have a handjob or a blowjob, he asked what a blowjob was. She showed him.

“You swallowed it?” he asked incredulously.

“Of course I did, there’s nothing disgusting about it, the semen comes out of the body and is completely pure. It’s not disgusting to me at all!” Lena repeated for the hundredth time that she didn’t want to fuck in the blood disgrace and he just nodded indifferently. He wanted it, damn it!

She had long since stopped worrying about the incest, she fucked Heinzi, he fucked her. She loved him more than ever, as her husband only turned up every few months and stayed for a few days. Despite everything, she was still in love with him and fucked him with abandon. But it wasn’t him, it was Heinzi, who loved her with all his heart and fucked her every day. She no longer thought about incest, it was wonderful to fuck Heinzi. And Heinzi knew how important secrecy was.

However they had come up with this topic, he brought up the fact that some of his classmates were also fucking their mothers like him. He was able to describe in great detail how the sons were allowed to fuck their mothers. He described it as accurately as if he had been there. He lowered his head when Lena interrogated him insistently and then admitted, that he had been there and had also been allowed to fuck the mothers after the sons. Now he had to tell the whole story. The first, Jutta, was heavily pregnant and he suspected that her son, his friend Josef had fathered the child, as she was neither

married nor involved in affairs. He had questioned her carefully and was quite sure, especially as the 31-year-old was on the verge of tears. “Joschi, why do you always bring your friends with you and then I have to let them fuck me? You know how much I hate being fucked!” Joschi ruthlessly undressed her and held her tight, so that she couldn’t fend them up and now it was Heinzi’s turn to fuck the reluctant girl really hard, so that she screamed her lungs out, until she orgasmed. After that she didn’t resist as Joschi fucked her and then both of them a second time. He and Josef fucked Jutta for more than a week, then his interest waned. Jutta was not a big seller. Heinzi was also allowed to fuck Ronald’s mother Evelyn, who was also pregnant by her second husband. She only let Ron fuck her when she got pregnant. Heinzi was very uncomfortable with how greedy Evelyn acted, even though she was quite ugly and unsightly. Together with Ronny, he fucked Evelyn after school for a good month, then it petered out. Freddy, whom Lena was to meet later, took him to his newly married older sister. They had to sneak up on her in secret because she had to lose a reputation and a husband. This turned out to be the best and most enjoyable fucking, the sister loved to experiment and always had great ideas. They had to squirt inside as much they could, she wanted badly to get pregnant and her husband didn’t like to fuck her and squirt inside. This went on well into the summer.

It was Heinzis last year at school. He brought a friend with him, Alfi. They had coffee and lemonade in the kitchen and only then did Heinzi come out with the fat end. Alfi had never fucked a woman before, only cuddled with the girls, kissed them and put his hand in their panties. Alfi was, technically speaking, still a virgin and really wanted to fuck properly. Lena refused immediately, annoyed at what she was being asked to do. The debate went back and forth, Alfi listened silently and wanted to run away. Heinzi stood up and said he was already going to the bathroom with Alfi. Lena remained seated ostentatiously, because she was boiling with anger, what was her son thinking! After a few minutes, Heinzi came into the kitchen naked, took her hand and led her into the bathroom.

She stood frozen. Heinzi undressed her slowly, smiling kindly. She put her arms over her breasts, they were far too small for a grown woman, round, firm and with pointed nipples like a very young girl’s.

That's what embarrassed her the most, she thought her pubic area was a nice one and quite usable, you could immediately see her clit, stiff and demanding. She only had a cute little bush above her pubic fold, not an unsavory jungle. Heinzi laid her gently on her back on the bench.

Lena was terribly ashamed. Of course, Alfi wasn't the first man to see her naked and he wasn't the first man she'd seen naked. She was ashamed and somehow hurt that Heinzi was doing this to her. He now pushed Alfi forward, right on top of Lena. She automatically opened her thighs and put both hands on his back. The silence was sickening. Alfi was paralyzed in panic. Finally, she grabbed her labia and spread them with her fingers.

"You have to get in here, Alfi, in here, don't be afraid!" she said softly and brought his cock into position with her hand. He entered carefully her pussy and closed his eyes.

"Now you have to thrust, in and out, and don't be afraid!" she said hoarsely, because it seemed strange to her that she had to take over the direction. Alfi thrust in and out obediently and squirted after just a few moments. He pulled his cock out with a groan.

"Look here, I'll show you how it's done," said Heinzi and mounted Lena. It was the first time he had fucked her in front of a stranger, he was of course already an excellent fucker by now. He fucked Lena for a very long time, so that she was close to orgasm, but she never had an orgasm while being fucked. She went into heat and fucked him furiously like a fury. She was a single millimeter away from orgasm, but she never got one. He squirted with relish and stood up, then beckoned Alfi over. The two boys fucked her both twice, then they were exhausted. Heinzi urged Alfi to get dressed quickly and took him to the front door. He waited in the kitchen and smoked until Lena had finished masturbating in the bathroom, dressed and joined him.

They talked about the matter for a long time, Lena talked about her feelings. She had felt sold out and betrayed, and a little frightened because Alfi had now witnessed their incest. Heinzi grumbled

that he would put his hand in the line for Alfi, he certainly wouldn't give anything away. The conversation petered out, Lena and he had different opinions on the whole matter and couldn't find a middle ground. He expressed his opinion quite openly that she shouldn't be so bitchy, of course he had known that she wasn't ready to conceive today. She should rather be grateful to him, he had given her a sexual variation and Alfi had a nice, big cock. She couldn't deny the fact that she was getting really hot, and yes, Alfi's cock was great! Lena accused him of being too superficial. She did have feelings, hadn't he seen it? Fear, humiliation, shame and more shame. That was the most important thing, not whether she was hot or that she liked Alfi's cock. That was only physical, mentally it was a catastrophe for her. He was so affected that she had to tone it down. Getting hot, feeling the excitement, she was very grateful to him for that, and also because she had been fucked really well by a new cock. As said before, the conversation petered out.

For three weeks, everything was back to normal. Then Heinzi brought another friend with him, Freddy, who claimed that he had been fucking his older sister "for a long time", but that she was now married. Heinzi didn't believe a word he said and he didn't need to explain anything explicitly to Lena, she knew what was expected of her. She went into the bathroom and had already undressed when the two heroes entered. At first she gave in rather joylessly, but Freddy had a great cock and fucked very well, so that she soon became hot and gasped with blissful excitement. This time, too, they took turns fucking her twice, then Heinzi let Freddy go. They sat down in the kitchen.

"Freddy really has a very good cock," said Lena, "he's pretty good at it!" Heinzi asked if she believed that he had been fucking his sister for a long time? Lena didn't have to think, "but of course, sure, I believe it right away!" Heinzi remained silent, annoyed at his misjudgment.

"I'm surprised you didn't make a slug out of me," he said. She looked at him for a long time and wondered if she could tell her son like that.

"Why should I call you names, you wanted to give me a variation and make me become hot. You succeeded quite well this time!" She hesitated for a moment.

“So you liked it,” Heinzi stated, “phew, I’m glad!” Lena still hesitated, a decent woman didn’t openly demand to be fucked, but — was she still a decent woman? Heinzi smiled mischievously.

“Shall I bring Freddy back tomorrow?” he asked. Lena breathed a sigh of relief; now she didn’t need to ask.

“Yes, if he’s free, I’d love to!” Now it was out without her having to humiliate herself. Heinzi laughed harshly.

“Of course he’ll come, the lad, until he runs out of pocket money!” He bit his lips, he had blabbed. Lena didn’t bat an eyelid.

“It’s all right if you supplement your pocket money, son. You’ll stand on your own two feet one day and then it’s good if you have a bit of business sense.” She thought for a moment. “But we do share, don’t we?” Heinzi realized that he had brought it on himself and that his mother was enterprising and quick-witted. They turned to other topics.

Freddy came every day, but after two weeks it was over. Lena didn’t ask if it was for pocket money. She shook her head with a smile and didn’t accept any money from Heinzi. Freddy really fucked her very well and she had to go straight to bed afterwards because she was “so tired”. After she had masturbated very long and intensely, she came back into the kitchen to prepare dinner. She usually masturbated in the bathroom right after the boys had left and Heinzi had closed the bathroom door. She was still very aroused and full of heat, so it only took a few seconds for her to orgasm.

Lena went to Dresden for the weekend, Rachel was visiting her family and she was going to spend the night with her. When she returned, she found a very distraught Heinzi. She had everything told to her in detail. The widow Weber, who lived a few streets away, turned up at his house. She had come to let Heinzi fuck her. He had reservations, she was about 70 and not the least bit desirable. But she kept at it and played a dirty trick, as if he had lured the poor chaste widow into the bedroom. He bit the bullet and fucked the old woman. She was rather plump, her melon-sized breasts hung down

to her belly button. She had almost no pubic hair left, her pussy and clit were wrinkled, shriveled and rubbed red, the clit hung out a finger long. You could see that she fucked and masturbated a lot. She stayed overnight and didn't leave until Sunday afternoon. She was all washed up and licked and smacked his glans until his cock was hard again. She let herself be fucked a hundred times, but she only had an orgasm while masturbating after fucking. Heinzi was physically exhausted and mentally very confused, as it was the first time he had seen the female masturbation, and it was with an ugly old woman who fucked and masturbated voraciously. Lena gradually brought him down to earth, not all women are so unrestrained, selfish and shameless. Heinzi asked if she masturbated herself and Lena replied, "Yes, sometimes, but that's a very private matter. I would never do it so shamelessly in front of someone." The subject was closed, although she knew he still had a thousand questions. Thank goodness Heinzi quickly forgot about the shameless widow.

During all this time Heinzi brought a whole lot of boys to fuck her, certainly more than a hundred and that went quite well until the last summer vacation was over and he moved to the capital to study. He kept in touch with Lena and wrote a postcard every week and a longer letter once a month. He was diligent, both in his studies and with the girls. Many girls wanted to be impregnated, Heinzi wrote, and Lena imagined his broad grin, because then the parents were forced to marry them off quickly.

The pastor was once again at home for a weekend. They fucked in the mornings, evenings and at night. Lena still loved her old womanizer and he respected her more than his female flock, after all she had borne him a progenitor, raised the boy well and God-fearingly and the lad is now even studying! They fucked pleasurably, drank plenty of port wine and smoked peacefully sitting in bed. It was really quite different from fucking the many young lads who also fucked great, but not as powerful and great as her husband. She had let him fuck her thoroughly with great sexual pleasure and was now playing secretly with her clitoris under the blanket as she did very often, because he had never noticed when she masturbated carefully hidden and secretly, and very quietly came to orgasm. When she had rested, she let her hand crawl under the sheets to his cock. She only had to

play with his large glans a little, pull back his foreskin a few times forcefully and that interrupted their conversation. He fucked her really good thoroughly, then they continued the conversation that followed below. She knew he had taken 2 Pervitin-pills and could get a strong erection at any time, so she interrupted the conversation a dozen times and let her dear stud bull fuck her really hard a dozen times thoroughly that night.

She knew him quite well, he had a very specific image of her. She was his chaste, faithful wife who never cheated on him. She was very religious, his little prayer-sister. And she liked to be fucked powerfully, she liked that very much. She was a bit of a blonde ditz, but that suited him just fine. She didn't rebel. That's more or less how he saw her.

Perhaps it was the wine that loosened their tongues, because now they were talking about private matters for the first time in a long time.

"You must feel very lonely now," he said softly as they sat in bed smoking after fucking, "I've been thinking about an idea for months." She listened intently, perhaps his idea was a good one. "Now that the war is in full swing, you'll hardly find a man with straight limbs in this town, only the crippled and the old. And I'm out and about now more than ever, but not as you think, that I'm only after the women's skirts, the not-yet-married ones, the married ones whose husbands are fighting for the stupid Führer and the widows, of course." He must have enjoyed the port wine because, as a former cavalry officer, he really didn't have a high opinion of the greatest warlord of all time, but he could usually hold his tongue tight. "That's not even half true, I can tell you! Look how skinny I've gotten with the poor food supply! No, the skirts only distract me from my duties, I wish I wasn't so potent!"

Lena interrupted him, saying she was glad he was still so potent at his age! He nodded smugly and continued. "I'm secretly glad too, but don't tell our Lord! There are so many women, thank God, because the men are all at war, and I humbly take all the ones the Lord sends me! No, don't worry, those under the age of 12 are of course taboo for

me, decency dictates that. But the big middle aged part, they sometimes bring me to the brink of exhaustion. I need a lot of prayers to keep from dropping dead. But then I take a Pervitin, the pill kisses me on the tip of my cock like an angel, and I can go again! The Pervitin is a gift from the gods, he is also jokingly called 'Panzerschokolade, Tank chocolate'. I then need much less sleep and have one erection after another! And when I come to visit you, I'll take two pills, and you seem to like the result. — Where was I? Oh yes! The old widows are the most difficult, they masturbate day and night, even while fucking! Imagine that, they don't even have respect for the man while fucking, they rub and defile themselves incessantly at devils hands. It's very, very sad how they are carried away by their impulsiveness! If the Bishop knew how close I come daily to the devil, he would pity me!" The pastor sank into gloomy brooding and Lena stroked his gray, bristly hair. His view of the things he did was completely wrong, twisted and crooked like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. She wanted to tease him a little and said how bad it must be to watch the widows masturbate. She herself didn't really know how women masturbate. That was his Keyword topic and he went on for quite a while describing Lena the different ways, techniques and all details, in which the women masturbated. Finally, he uncovered Lena and showed her how to masturbate on her own body. The pastor, as she knew even before their wedding, was incredibly unskilled and clumsy at it, but Lena didn't have to play the orgasm for him. Her clit was already so used to masturbating that her clit was able to orgasm despite his clumsyness. She suppressed it as best she could and confirmed to him that she now understood. "And what was that at the end?" Lena played the ignorant one and he declaimed at length that it was the female orgasm with which the devil lured women and dragged them into the abyss. He was glad that she didn't need to defile herself and didn't throw herself into the devil's arms.

"So, what idea did you have for me?" Lena asked quickly, gradually getting her breathing under control. "You did have an idea, for me, because I don't have anyone to fuck," she reminded him. He had to puzzle for a long time, but then it came back to him.

"So many young men come back from the war, some a bit damaged, so they've lost an arm or a leg, but life goes on, you know? And

what do you think their biggest problem is? — Yes? — They can't find a woman who will take them to bed, obeying her nature. And then I remembered that you don't have anyone to warm your body either. Decent and God-fearing as you are, you don't look for anyone to break off the marriage vows with you. I really give you honestly credit for that!" Lena played the coyly chaste girl for him and muttered, "Perhaps, my dearest husband, you wanted me to masturbate from now on? Is that what you wanted? Shall I?" she asked teasingly. He shook his head indignantly, "No, for heaven's sake, no way! Definitely not!"

"What I had in mind was that I'd send you some poor guy or another so you'd have one to fuck, with my blessing of course!" said the pastor, her husband. Lena wasn't prepared for that.

"But I'd be breaking our vows," she breathed in surprise, "I vowed only to fuck you!" He smiled down at her, now as arrogant as ever, "Exactly! And if I allow you to, if I give you my blessing, then that's fine! That's it!" Lena remained silent and cuddled up to him after drinking a glass of wine. He would send her honest, decent men, good Germans who were in need. And under no circumstances was she to fall into vice! She nodded gratefully, because she hadn't fucked in the months since Heinzi had gone to the university. None. "As long as you send me young men, I don't have to masturbate. But if there's no one to fuck, I'll have to masturbate for better or worse, don't you think?" He widened his eyes, realizing his responsibility despite the alcohol. "I'll send you men, lots of them! And I forbid you to masturbate, goddammit!" Lena snuggled up to him, cat-like. "But I'll try masturbating in secret one day, because the orgasm was simply amazing!" purred the kitten and the poor pastor cringed.

The wine stung her brain, no doubt. "And you continue to sacrifice yourself, taking old widows, the middle-aged and the 12-year-olds the Good Lord sends you?" He was not one to understand irony, sarcasm or wit. He hugged her warmly. "Yes, the 12-year-olds are so receptive to God's word and to his sent servant. They look at you with wide eyes and nod eagerly, because of course they wanted to experience the Lord's blessing through his servant's body! They undress with delightful, girlish shyness and lie naked beside the Lord's ser-

vant. They look so lovely when I untangle their braids, which they have to wear according to the perverse taste of the Führer, and their full, long hair plays around their faces! They look like little Madonnas and the stars sparkle in their big eyes when they are allowed to look at my cock, touch it and rub it gently. Holding their breath, they insert my cock into their cunt's entrance with delicate fingers, some even push it in firmly. They look at me with wide, expectant eyes as I take their virginity. Tears of joy run down their cheeks as I fuck them and they draw in a sharp breath when I squirt. I don't want to impregnate them, of course, so I pull out my cock and show them how to rub the semen out of it. Most of them can already do it from their classmates though, almost all of them give the boys handjobs. So they rub my cock eagerly and make me squirt."

He fell silent for a moment. He knew, of course, that in truth he had already impregnated hundreds of girls and women, but he didn't care. Whether they went to the back-street abortionist or gave birth to the brat, he couldn't care less. The decision lay solely with heaven. He despised the new, nationalist-racist Germans who ran after and followed the clownish freak of a leader. If he could spit in the Führer's soup or spoil the brood of the dishonorable people, then that was a good work. He continued to speak to the topic.

"Hardly any of them get hot the first time they fuck me, but the second time they do. And they let me fuck them fine and smiling as often as I can. They love it. Most of them." He paused dreamily. "What really hurts me is, that almost all of them are already addicted to the female vice, some have been seduced to masturbate since they were 5 years old, imagine that! They masturbate unabashedly and completely shamelessly in front of my eyes, the poor things!"

Lena didn't need to interrupt him, "At 12, they don't have pubic hair or breasts yet, do they?" she asked, suppressing her impulse to snap at him that he was actually a disgusting child molester. He replied very kindly, "Hardly anyone has more than just a childish fuzz, a blond, reddish or black fuzz. You can usually see their slits and pussy very well, but you can also see immediately that they are all red-rubbed or sore from masturbating, the poor kids! Very few

have breasts that always remind me of your small, girlishly sweet breasts." Lena took another glass of port. He continued.

"What always touches me deeply are the little Jewish girls. They come to my religion class even though they have a different faith, but they come because they are in love with me. At 12, they look even younger than our 12-year-olds and taking their virginity and fucking them is one of my greatest pleasures. At first they are usually a bit scared and confused, but as the night goes on, they become more and more trusting and demand to be fucked time and time again. It's in the blood of Jewish women. I pray to the Good Lord to excuse me for having such carnal pleasure with them and in the same breath ask him to send me more of them. He is a gracious God and sometimes grants me his mercy."

"I explain to all girls the needs of chaste girls, which are quite different from the boys who the girls masturbate secretly at school. Boys need it every day, they need to squirt every day." He seemed to be pondering something. "What was it like with Heinzi? Did he squirt a lot?" Lena wasn't prepared for the turn of events, but the wine made her babble and lie.

"Oh, Heinzi, he couldn't squirt until he was 12. We discovered it in the shower, when I made his cock hard with the warm jet, running the jet up and down quickly as usual. He's loved it since he was 4. I always had to make his cock hard that way and keep going until he throbbed hard, only then was it enough. Now it wasn't just throbbing, now that's when he was squirting for the first time." Lena downed the wine and thought about how she wanted to serve him the web of lies. "For a few weeks, squirting in a warm jet of water was good enough, his squirting became strong and firm over time. But one day it didn't work any more. I then used my index finger to push his foreskin back and forth until he squirted. At first it was enough and he really liked it. However, I had to rub harder each time, which I didn't like at all, but I remembered your words that a boy of his age had to squirt every day. So I bit the bullet and masturbated him properly after a few days, as I always should have done." Lena looked to him, he had a question.

“So you masturbated him every day until he left the house?” Lena had been expecting the question, but now she continued to spin the mystical yarn.

“At first, yes. One day he wanted to be sexually educated and I told him what he needed to know. I let him look at and feel my cunt and answered all his questions, except the one about female masturbation, because I didn’t know that myself. I played with his cock without any inhibitions, because he has such a magnificent cock!” Lena had no reason to compare sizes.

“He wanted to stick his cock in, but he already knew that mother and son weren’t allowed to fuck. For heaven’s sake, why not, I thought smiling, and let him penetrate my pussy. He really liked it and I kept playing with his cock and the bag, which quickly made him hot. Suddenly he whispered that he was cumming and then he squirted. I reminded him again that we weren’t allowed to fuck and then we prayed a Hail Mary together. After that it went like this, I masturbated him and at the end I let him squirt into my cunt. That was very good at the beginning, he was very decent and kept to not fucking me at first.” Lena took a break and drank port. How cleverly she used the word ‘in the beginning’ or ‘at first’ to hint at what was to come, how his thoughts spinned and tumbled when she said ‘in the beginning, at first’.

“Did I understand you correctly, you gave him a handjob and let him squirt inside your pussy at the end?” he asked, scratching his head. “But of course, there’s really nothing wrong, I think, with letting him squirt in my pussy, you really can’t call it fucking, it’s perfectly fine in my opinion!” She was very elated and continued chattering away.

“When he squirted inside, he made little fucking motions. We talked about it and he said it happened unconsciously. However, the little fucking phases started earlier and earlier, I admonished him of course and quietly prayed one or two Hail Marys aloud. My back hurt on the hard bench, so we went to my bed, where it was more comfortable. He usually prayed the Hail Marys with me, some 6 or 7,

mostly 12 or more Hail Marys, until he was finally able to squirt in my chaste cunt."

The pastor looked up, startled. "12 Hail Marys, isn't that much too long?" he asked uncertainly. Lena thought about it for a moment. "Of course I told him exactly that, that it took quite a long time, but he just shrugged his shoulders. He said that when I start with the handjob, he feels it coming very soon. He says 'it's coming' every time and I allow him to stick it inside and thrust until he cums. He thinks it's right that I or we both pray the Hail Marys and keep our hearts pure. We always agreed that we — mother and son — shouldn't fuck each other, that's for sure. I always masturbated him with my hand and let him penetrate to cum when he said so. Our hearts stayed pure because we, or just me, prayed the Hail Marys until he had thrust long enough and could cum." Lena was done, that was all her husband needed to know. He cleared his throat and cursed under his breath, "God damn it, god damn it!" He cleared his throat again.

Lena had fetched another bottle of portwine and poured them both a glass. She drank the glass in one go, lit a cigarette and decided on her tactics. She was drunk, she knew that, but she wanted to give her childfucker another hit. She grinned slyly and carried on.

"The longer he had to thrust after the handjob, the more often I got hot, I was left unsatisfied and full of heat in my pussy after his cum, just like I am with you. You make me really hot and it takes hours for the heat to subside again." She paused, because he had something on his tongue.

"You were banging like rabbits!" he grumbled disgruntledly and shook his gray head reproachfully. Lena straightened up and played the indignant. "I don't know how the rabbits are banging, but I can assure you that Heinzi and I have neither rammed nor banged, we've certainly never shagged or fucked, for God's sake!" The indignation seemed to reach her husbands mind. "I only ever gave him a handjob and when he was ready I let him stick it into my cunt, there's nothing to it! We never fucked, damn it! God damnit!" The cursing lent weight to her words and she was amused to see that he pulled his head in. Now she could tighten the screw even more.

“When he had to thrust for so long, I got more and more hot, which I was ashamed of at first, honestly! I helped myself get over this heat with pious prayers.” She gave him the opportunity to add his two cents. “That shows me again how honest, righteous and chaste you are, my Lena!” he pontificated and kissed her cheeks. Lena pulled herself together, because the alcohol wanted to make her laugh out loud and mockingly.

“But one day, I had given him a good hand job and he had lovingly stroked and caressed me all over my body, so that the heat in my cunt had increased to a whirlwind, he released me from the listless rubbing and said that now he had to squirt. I was so hot that I was actually looking forward to his penetration. “Come on, my boy, come inside and squirt!” I shouted and then he thrust into me for ages. In my pussy, the whirlwind became a storm, the storm became a hurricane and I had to cling to him as my pussy exploded in the hurricane. I jerked and twitched like crazy, then it was over. He had to thrust for quite a long time before he could squirt inside. I didn’t dare to ask him, but since you told me today, it was an orgasm.” Lena paused smiling to take a drink of wine. He swayed his head back and forth. “You’ve never had an orgasm with me,” he stated kinked, questioningly.

“No, never” Lena confirmed smiling, knowing full well that it bothered him a lot. “I didn’t know it was an orgasm at the time, of course, but I kept orgasming, almost every day. I always prayed with gratitude afterwards and searched my conscience, but it was pure. It was a gift from heaven, from the Lord himself, that the heat turned into a storm and a redeeming hurricane. I was grateful to heaven for having an orgasm every day.” She took a good swig of wine, which fueled her web of lies even more.

“So, how long did that last?” he asked dejectedly, because the fact that she had an orgasm with Heinzi really bothered him. Lena thought about it, say more or less? She answered vaguely. “I don’t remember exactly, maybe a year and a half or two years.” She lit a cigarette and thought about her next words.

“I always had doubts, of course, and wondered if I had lost my decency and chastity if I urged him on, when the storm was raging in my pussy. He has an admirably powerful manhood, our son, he usually always managed to thrust in my pussy on and on and on, to set off the hurricane. But when he couldn’t take any more, he dived down with a lovely grin and licked my pussy to the hurricane with his tongue.” So, now he had something to nibble on and he did, his eyes wide with amazement.

“Did Heinzi lick your clitoris?” he gasped involuntarily. Lena had to laugh inwardly at how predictable his reactions were.

“I even don’t know if I have a clitoris!” she exclaimed with feigned innocence. “He licked me down there, in the pussy somehow.” He didn’t bite, he didn’t want to tell her the secret of the clitoris, because that would lead to masturbation and straight into the arms of the devil. Lena waited in vain, but he pressed his lips together.

“But thank God he didn’t have to lick down there very often, because I was so ashamed the first time. Really terribly ashamed like never before! I was totally ashamed every time he licked my cunt, I can tell you that! But Heinzi was very happy with it and hugged me softly, after the hurricane, the orgasm, had died down. Despite my shame, I was very grateful to him because he took me and my heat seriously.”

Her husband remained silent and stared dully ahead of him. Lena poured more wine and they drank in silence. Lena lit a cigarette and smoked in silence. He cleared his throat, the silence was getting to him.

“Well, at least Heinzi got a deep insight into what real fucking is like,” he said hoarsely, “I was right, you are a thoroughly decent, fine and chaste woman. You didn’t commit incest with him, that’s how I think about it, honestly” he said, still hoarse. “I’m not sure about sending the homecomers to fuck you anymore, maybe it hurts your decent, fine and chaste character.” He lapsed into dull brooding. Lena wondered how he was coping with the fact that his wife and son had been fucking each other for at least two or more years? He must

have realized, that it was unquestionably a real incest, even if he dismissed it in unctuous words. He seemed to have been brooding over exactly that.

He never talked about his pastoral work, so Lena was really surprised when he started talking about it. “I’ve spoken to all the girls and women in my parish, mostly in private. I got a pretty frightening picture of them. I didn’t realize for a long time how deep they were already in the devil’s swamp. I didn’t meet a handful of them who weren’t addicted to the vice. Almost all of them masturbate without conscience, most of them were ready to show me their vicious actions without the slightest hesitation. Without any hesitation. I watched them, it seemed to make them really happy. Many noticed that it aroused my manhood, they winked at me lustfully and let themselves be fucked with pleasure. Even the newlyweds, who had never cheated on their husbands, didn’t resist in the rush of their supreme lust and let themselves be fucked shyly and full of shame as they raced towards orgasm. Afterwards they were very depressed, which I could somehow empathize with. Can you imagine how far this disease has already spread?”

Lena, whose fingers were busy with her clitoris under the sheet, nodded in agreement. “That really is extremely worrying, my love,” she whispered loudly, briefly interrupting their clit play. He nodded and continued, “I must admit that they don’t seem to feel anything negative about it. They immerse themselves in a meditative state, their finger rubs the clitoris almost automatically and they have the most beautiful, exciting sexual fantasies. Their orgasms are usually very different. Those who always had to hide it didn’t even show the slightest motion in their orgasm. Others, on the other hand, trembled with their legs or their pelvis undulated as if they were dancing around. But I could most easily observe it in their breathing. They held their breath and let it out loudly in orgasm, some let out a suppressed cry or a big sigh. You’d think it was beautiful if you didn’t know for sure that it was a gift from the devil.” He sighed deeply and bitterly. Lena was always amazed at how deeply it moved him.

“The second biggest vice I only found out about when I was pastoring, because I’d never heard of it before, I’d never seen it myself.

There are women, imagine that, who lick another woman's clitoris with their tongue until she has an orgasm."

"Oh yes, I've heard that," Lena murmured, but he didn't seem to have heard it and continued talking. "It always happens in secret, their husbands never found out. Some of them told me that they sometimes lay upside down on the bed, head to toe, so to speak. They licked each other's clitoris at the same time, sort of competing to see who could do the other first. Several people told me that. These women were all fixated on oral sex, they preferred to do their men with their mouths and didn't like fucking. I could only fuck most of them by force, imagine that!" Lena looked at him from the side, "You raped them!?" she asked with disgust. But he waved her off. "Raped, what an ugly word! — No, I just grabbed her tightly or held her arms, but raped her? No, no and no again!" Lena remained silent, because she really disagreed.

"I've met at most two dozen mothers who had incest with their sons. They were reluctant to admit it, they knew it was a criminal offense even in the eyes of the secular laws. In the Old Testament it was even punishable by death. Almost all of them had the same excuse: they had felt sorry for their son. The poor boy had to struggle a lot when he masturbated, so why not let him fuck, if she could help the poor boy? One told me that her son had been sleeping in her bed since his father left. She watched as he gradually learned to masturbate. For years she didn't say anything about it, it was quite normal. But when he had to struggle harder and harder, she let him fuck her, it was much easier." He poured himself a glass of port and drank. Lena said, "Thank you, one for me too!" He poured and didn't even notice her sarcasm. He brooded, thought, pondered and smoked nervously on his cigarette, then pulled himself together.

"And you certainly didn't fuck? Heinzi and you?" he asked, full of suspicion. Lena hid her surprise, let her finger slip from her clitoris and sat up with an indignant expression on her face. "Of course not, what do you think?! Never! Never! I swear!" Lena exclaimed theatrically. "I knew I was only allowed to fuck you and I never allowed him to! He just wanted to squirt inside, and I was completely fine with that. I always did a handjob to him first, maybe for a minute, then he

said he had to squirt. 'That is fine with me,' I said to him and let him penetrate my pussy and thrust until he squirted. I quietly prayed the Hail Marys and often I felt deeply ashamed because I was getting so unchastely aroused and hot down there, when he thrust much longer than 12 Hail Marys."

The pastor swore quietly goddammitdammit with furrowed brows. Lena continued her web of lies smiling, completely unmoved. "How often I searched my conscience to see if he wasn't fucking me, but then I was quite sure that he was only thrusting in absolute innocence to squirt inside. That's not fucking, I think, not real fucking. Innocence proved our hearts being pure and chaste! — And he always remained decent, he is our son after all!" Lena remained completely unmoved as her husband cursed inaudibly goddammitdammit, goddammitdammit! They smoked in silence and Lena mumbled that he didn't have to send her homecomers or warriors to fuck, she could masturbate now, he had finally shown her. Now the pastor protested vehemently, that that was out of the question, he forbade her to masturbate! He would send plenty of men to her, for sure! Period!

A week later, the doorbell rang. A man in uniform handed her a letter from her husband. She invited him in and they drank coffee while she read the short letter. She looked up. "My dear Werner, I'm ready when you are." She took him into the bedroom and had no regrets. Werner's shot shoulder had already healed well, he had a magnificent cock and was good with it. He stayed two nights and left again. She pressed a few bills into his hand for the train ticket, claiming that was how her husband had written it. She stayed seated when he left and let her tears flow freely. She had had an orgasm while fucking for the first time in her life! It was wonderful, almost as wonderful as the orgasms she gave herself every night before falling asleep.

The pastor kept his word, sending at least three warriors a week to her "for use at will" and admonishing her each time not to masturbate, not to defile her chaste chalice. She was grateful to him for the stallions, because that's what they were throughout, but she had to laugh out loud because there was no way she was going to be forbid-

den to masturbate. She soon learned that it was up to her, whether she had an orgasm or not. She had to make sure that she got something out of fucking herself. It went on like this all year and she enjoyed it, she had about more than a hundred men fucking her. It was no problem if two warriors were there at the same time, she fucked one after the other and all three of them had fun. Yes, even when Heinzi came home for a weekend, she surprised him. She dragged him into her bedroom and let him fuck her from start to finish, as often as he could. And now, she had real orgasms while they were fucking, which made him happy and his chest swell with pride. They fucked nonstop that weekend, again and again and again.

One day she received a telegram. “Pereo, venite celeriter. Georg.” She only knew one Georg, who wrote to her in Latin: ‘I’m dying, come quickly!’ Ten minutes later she was at the train station, two stops later she was there. She almost ran and went into the house. There he lay, her old Latin teacher, asleep. She could see quite clearly that it was coming to an end. She went silently into the kitchen and spoke to Rosa, the housekeeper of many years, who immediately recognized her as the professor’s former sweetheart. So the simple-minded old woman immediately told her in confidence, that she had slept in his bed every night after the death of his wife over 25 years ago and had enjoyed being fucked by the professor every night. The professor was now already in his eighties, but he still fucked her every night. She herself was already 79, but she still managed to let him fuck her lovingly. She had never had sex before, she never had masturbated, but fucking the Professor was wonderful and she sometimes liked to burst with lust in the storm he did cause in her inexperienced pussy. Often the storm ended while she was still being fucked, her thighs trembled and her heart became calm and light again. But if the storm was still raging in her pussy at the end of the fuck, the professor would rub her pussy a little so that she almost passed away in the hurricane. She loved this storm that swept her away every night and made her thighs tremble. She was so grateful to him for that! But he hadn’t wanted to fuck her for the last three weeks and stayed in bed all day. The family doctor had come and left him some morphine syringes, he had maybe 10 or 14 days left. The professor was very composed and had her send the telegram.

“And where are his children?” asked Lena. Rosa crossed herself. “Oh, Good Lord! The son was killed in action in France two years ago and the daughter lives in Switzerland.” Lena had a pencil and paper handed to her and drafted a telegram to his daughter. Rosa shuffled off to the post office to send the telegram.

Lena went quietly into Georg’s room, the man to whom she had given her virginity. Her first husband. Her first lover. He was awake. They talked quietly, he was composed and not afraid of dying. He had only one wish, that she should lie with him one last time. He had never been able to forget her and was very sorry that his wife had chased Lena miserably out of the house. It was his dearest wish to die in her arms. But he would understand if she refused. After all, she was Pastor Neumann’s famously chaste and decent wife. He didn’t think much of the pastor, he said with regret. At the time, the teachers’ conference had a lively discussion about expelling the pupil Neumann from the school, as he was constantly messing around with the youngest female pupils and doing probably more, but there was no evidence and no witness willing to testify.

Lena laughed out loud. She wouldn’t have married Neumann if she had known about his pedophile activities. “I can only agree with you, dear Georg,” she said, becoming more serious, “he’s still a pedophile and enjoys fucking 12-year-olds. A piggy swine, if you ask me.” Lena didn’t have to think. “I’ll gladly lie down with you and stay with you as long as you want. Nobody misses me. And as for the oh-so-chaste pastor’s wife, none of this is true. I just have to talk to Rosa and then I’ll come to you.” Georg thanked her and fell asleep only seconds later.

Lena spoke to Rosa, who of course agreed to sleep in the former children’s room and cook for them both. Of course she could remember Lena, even if the professor’s love affairs were none of her business, but since it was his wish, she went along with it. Now that she knew that Lena was with him at night, she was finally able to sleep through the night with a sleeping pill. For three weeks she hadn’t slept, had only dozed in the armchair next to his bed. That settled everything, Lena undressed and lay down with Georg.

She watched over his sleep and only dozed very superficially. When he was awake, they talked at length about times long past. She was immediately ready when he wanted to fuck. He was far too weak to fuck her, but she stiffened his small cock with her tongue and lips and mounted him. She had never ridden him before, but it was the thing to do now. She didn't count how many times she mounted him and didn't get irritated when Rosa brought drinks and food. Rosa could hardly tear herself away from the sight, but Lena found out why later. The professor was the first and only person Rosa had fucked. He had taken her virginity when she was 55 and had fucked her every night since then. She had never seen anyone else fucking and she only knew one position, the Catholic one, she on her back, he between her legs. Lena smiled kindly, it was all good and she had never been embarrassed when Rosa watched her riding.

It was the third day. She had fed Georg and poured away the tea, he wanted a cognac. They both drank, he wanted another shot and she licked his cock stiffly. She mounted him and rode off, then she lay down on him, when he started squirting. He hugged her tightly and now he squirted bucketfuls, then his arms fell powerless and limply down. She felt his pulse.

Georg was dead.

Together with Rosa, Lena prepared the funeral, it would take place in 10 days and his daughter from Switzerland was also coming. Until the funeral, Lena mourned her first lover, who had taken her virginity. The funeral was quiet and touching; apart from his daughter, Rosa and Lena, all the pupils who were still alive attended. Now she could go home, she had laid him to rest as decently and honorably as wartime would allow.

Her husband continued to send three to six war heroes every week and admonished her not to give in to vice and the Dark Lord. She was soon able to smile again, and her smile dug deep into many a warrior's heart. The new year began and everyone talked behind closed doors about the imminent end. A strange postcard from Heinzi.

“Dear Lena, I’ve been called up and will be transferred to the east front in two hours. There are 30 of us, I’m the oldest at 19. I think of you often and hug you with all my heart! When the card arrives, I’ll already be on my way. I’ll be in touch as soon as I can, kiss Heinzi.”

Lena hadn’t heard from Heinzi since then. She had written a short message to her husband, but had received no reply. The whole infrastructure seemed to be collapsing, people were glued to the radio and listening to the pithy sayings of those in power, the final victory, blah blah, but the enemy’s broadcasters saw things very differently. Lena ran to the post office every morning, the letter carrier could no longer be relied on. She no longer received any news, not from Heinzi and not from the pastor. The weekly punctual war heroes were also no longer coming. People met at the merchant’s during the day and exchanged the latest news.

The Führer had barricaded himself in a bunker and once a day he mournfully crowed the news of the impending final victory into the radio microphone. The Führer had made his last will, rumored the merchant. The Führer had committed suicide, rumored the villagers at the merchant’s. They couldn’t believe it, he was still talking in the radio about the final victory!

The thunder of the big guns came closer, every day. One of the former war heroes, Wolf, came. He had been with Lena three times before, she liked him and he was really excellent at fucking, she could often orgasm with him. He asked if she wasn’t worried about his one-armedness, but she laughed happily. “You’ve got one arm, you don’t need two to fuck!” He was sometimes very sad because he had heard that his wife, who was Jewish, and their young children had been deported to the East. He had heard rumors that not a single Jew had arrived in the East, but that they were all killed on the way there. He was desperate because he had no family left apart from them and if they were all dead, he didn’t want to live either. Lena was happy to take him in, the fucking was good for her, it took her mind off the uncertainty, and Wolf fucked really well, even with only one arm. They kept the window closed because the panes rattled with the thunder of the big guns. They fucked day and night, there was nothing else to do. Then came the night of May 4th, a dark, rainy night.

The front door splintered under the soldier's boots. Wolf was about to squirt and hadn't heard anything, he was very focused on fucking. Lena heard the thud of boots, the door flew open and someone fired his rifle. Wolf was squirting, he had collapsed on top of Lena and was still squirting, he was squirting for longer than ever, bucketfuls. Lena startled, dozens of boots stomping into her bedroom. She shook Wolf, but he didn't move. She turned on the bedside lamp. Wolf only had half a head left, he was dead, dead as a doornail! Her brain refused to work. She rolled him to one side. Four pairs of eyes fixed on her pussy. She reached for her robe and covered herself. She knew exactly what had happened, but her brain didn't want to process it, didn't want to understand it. The soldiers dragged the dead Wolf out and threw him into the garden. One of them grabbed her by the wrist and led her into the bathroom. She saw in the mirror that she was covered in blood. She stood under the shower for minutes, washing off Wolf's blood. The soldier spoke a few words of German. Give food, give booze. She led him to the pantry behind the kitchen and pointed, food, wine. He popped the cork with the barrel of his revolver. He put the port wine to his lips and drank, he was very thirsty. "Good!" he exclaimed and also called out to his buddies in Russian. There was plenty to eat and drink.

Gradually, her senses returned. There were 4 Russians, fully armed and very dirty, their vehicle had broken down right in front of her house. They had brought the radio system into the house and one was taking over from the other, they were in contact with a control center, apparently. Lena went into the bedroom and got dressed. Alexei, who knew a few words of German, led her out to the garden where Wolf's body lay on his stomach. When she saw his legs and ass, she stood rooted to the spot and turned away. Alexei said something that sounded like "Mne zhal", "I'm sorry", but she shook her head, "I don't understand." She turned around and Alexei trotted into the house behind her.

The men had eaten and drunk. Lena ran water into a pot and picked up a piece of cloth. She led Alexei to the filthy toilet and pointed at the dirt with the cloth and water. "Clean!" she said in a commanding tone to Alexei, who stammered "Clean" with his head down. I mustn't lose control for as long as I can, Lena thought, and

repeated, “Clean!” Alexei shouted something and one of the men came over, grumbling. Lena pressed cloth and water into his hand, pointed to the dirty toilet with her chin and said, “Clean!” and Alexei translated in a commanding tone. He was obviously the boss, thank God, Lena thought. She sat down demurely on the floor with the men, Alexei next to her. He laboriously explained that they were all from Russia, near Ekaterinburg. Lena had no idea where that was, but she nodded. “Is it nice in Ekaterinburg?” she asked and Alexei nodded immediately, “nice, very nice! It’s a big city, very nice. Lots of beautiful houses, lots of beautiful families, lots of beautiful women!” He clicked his tongue, “beautiful women, very beautiful!” Lena indicated that she had understood. The man on the radio silenced everyone. He listened and chattered, listened again and chattered again. Then he turned around and rattled off something in Russian. The men hooted and shouted in confusion. At last Alexei turned to her and said, “War finish tomorrow. Gitler done, Gitler dead!” He brought his index finger to his temple and shouted, “Boom!” He grinned all over his face, “War done, Gitler done, Fiira busted!” Lena nodded, she had understood him. So the Führer, Hitler, had committed suicide after all. Thank God, the war could come to an end. She explained to Alexei with her hands and feet that hardly anyone here in the village liked Hitler. She took a picture from the wall. “That’s me, that’s my husband. He’s a pastor now,” she made gestures of praying and blessing, “Yes, Pope, my husband is a Pope!” Alexei’s eyes widened. Lena made it clear to him that she and her husband detested Hitler and were glad that the war was over. She showed him a picture of Heinzi and cried. Yes, her son was in the war, in the East, I don’t know where. One of the men fetched several bottles of wine, but Alexei turned him down, because they had to divide the wine well, then they went on to celebrate the end of the war.

Alexei, smelling of port, whispered in her ear. “Make I love you, make!” Lena understood immediately, as he placed his hand unmistakably on her thigh. I mustn’t lose control for as long as I can, Lena thought again. She nodded, “good, let’s do it!” She stood up and led him into the bathroom. She dropped her dress and stood under the shower. “Clean first, then do it!” She wondered why he was standing under the door with his mouth open, as if he had never seen a naked woman before. She showered, soaped her cunt in particular and

dried herself off. “Now Alexei, clean!” and pointed into the shower. He nodded dejectedly and struggled out of his dirty uniform. He stood under the shower, the water was still warm, and she took a cloth and soap and washed his cock, just his cock, carefully. Then she put the cloth and soap in his hand, “Clean!” The soldiers were pretty dirty and had obviously not been able to wash themselves for a while. Anyway, she only wanted to fuck clean guys, she said to Alexei, your men have to take a shower too. He didn’t understand. She pointed with her index finger from one man to the other and to the shower, “Clean, clean, clean!” Now he understood and shouted something to his men. They had been watching the showering with amusement and all three were grinning. Lena, like Alexei, was standing naked in the bathroom and now she pointed to her chest. “I’m Lena, Lena. I’m 34 years old.” Alexei nodded and repeated with a smile, “Lena, Lena beautiful woman!” He hadn’t understood the other words, so she raised ten fingers three times and then four. She lied a little, as many do when they make themselves look a few years younger. He had understood, he nodded. He pointed to himself, “Alexei,” and showed 10 fingers and nine. Lena nodded, she had already guessed that. Alexei pointed to his men, “Mikhail” 17 fingers, “Ivan”, 17 fingers and the one on the radio, “Andro” 15 fingers. Lena was amazed, they were all so young and yet already so terribly old. She asked Alexei, “Andro, do it too?” She showed 15 fingers. “Andro also make love?” She held up her 15 fingers again and again. Alexei shrugged his shoulders. “Andro soldier, Andro also make.” He winked one eye. “Andro make, not much.” Oh well, Lena thought, he’s still a virgin but already a soldier, so he was allowed too. She pointed to the shower again, “Mikhail, Ivan, Andro, clean!” Alexei nodded in agreement and Lena led him by the hand into the bedroom.

Alexei was certainly no master when it came to fucking. But he did his thing and leaned back. He called Ivan in, they had left the door open after all. Ivan was better equipped than Alexei, he fucked skillfully and quite properly, he brought Lena to orgasm before he squirted. He also leaned back next to Alexei, who now called Mikhail. Ivan stood up, took the headphones from Andro and shooed him into the shower. Mikhail also had a big cock and he also knew how to use it. Lena came again to orgasm, panting and moaning with satisfaction, and he continued fucking for quite a long time until he was

cumming in bucketfuls. He sat down next to Alexei and he called Andro.

Ashyly, Andro entered, hesitated for a moment and positioned himself between Lena's thighs. He quickly started fucking like a rabbit and Lena held him tightly, stopping his fucking. She said softly, "Andro, you have to start slowly. Imagine you're a camel walking through the desert. So, slow like a proud camel!" She indicated with her arm what walking slowly meant. Alexei had understood and passed on her instructions to Andro. Alexei repeated, "Camel," and swayed his head slowly. Andro seemed to have understood, he swayed his hips in camel step and Lena nodded firmly, "Yes, yes!" Andro did his job quite well and still squirted very soon. His cock remained hard even after squirting and he didn't think about pulling his cock out. He looked Lena straight in the eye and raised two fingers. She nodded in agreement and lifted two fingers as well. He proved that Andro was a quick learner. "Slowly, camel," and smiled at her, "Lena, beautiful!" and kissed her briefly on the mouth. And indeed, he walked like a camel, proud and slow. Now he fucked much longer and Lena was getting really hot. He increased his pace and squirted. Exhausted, he sank down next to his companions. Lena stroked him gently and murmured that he had done well his first ride.

They took turns on the radio every hour, chatting with the control center and fucking Lena. She had taught Alexei that 'to do' meant 'to fuck'. She had been able to doze off in between, but the boys woke her up to fuck. The boys fucked always in the same manner and Andro was the only one, who fucked her twice in a row, thank God he had learned to let her orgasm. She sometimes thought to die from the fatigue, but she didn't. Lena was somehow proud that she had kept control. The men hadn't raped her, they ate and drank like normal people, they showered every day and no longer soiled the toilet. Apart from their arrival, she had no fear, no panic at all. She was grateful to fate, because it could have been much worse.

Early in the morning, Mikhail was on the radio, there was suddenly something exciting, everyone was talking in confusion. Alexei raised a finger and indicated to Lena that a car was coming in a day.

Yes, a car. Then he thought for a moment and raised two fingers. “Today, tomorrow tomorrow,” he pointed, “today, then night, then day, then tomorrow car.” So it was, they fucked day and night, on the morning of the third day they put their dirty uniforms back on and waited impatiently. They kept talking into the radio, then a flatbed truck arrived at her house.

Alexei motioned to Lena to put on her coat. She looked at him questioningly; she hadn’t slept properly for days and was now totally slow-witted and beside herself. He took the coat and put it on her shoulders. He took a second coat and put it on her as well. “Russia very cold,” he said and pushed her out to join his buddies on the flatbed truck. She was still in a daze when she saw her house disappear into the distance for the last time. Was it going to Russia? To Poland? Or to a soldier’s brothel?

Pastor Neumann never heard from his wife or his son again.

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# Prinzess Lou

by Jack Faber © 2023

Lou sat in front of her laptop in her office on board the *Elisée,* her husband's yacht. The yacht was about 72 meters long and ultra-modern. Lou, who had only married a few months ago, had decided to keep a daily report, or rather a kind of diary. Michel had got her the laptop and equipped it with the latest security measures. "From the NSA," Michel grinned, "and even they have very few people who can crack it." Lou had arranged for a small safe to be installed in her bedroom, a large cabin, which very few people knew about. She changed the combination every week because that's where she kept this private, very private laptop. The small office was a separate part of the bedroom, it had a clear view of the sea, the end of the huge panoramic wall of the bedroom ended with the small office. Lou briefly skimmed over all the chapters she had written so far.

She had been born Maria Louise von Hohenlahnstein in Germany, her father ran the winery and vineyards more poorly than well. Noble yes, rich no. Her father was still rooted in the patriarchy, but endeavored to live a progressive life. Lou, as she was called, was the baby of the family, but she would never inherit or run the winery. The two grown-up brothers studied hard and would one day take over the winery. Their father therefore sent her to the best schools, even though he was short of money. Her mother had died when she was 15. Her father came into her room at night and cried, he had loved her mother very much. Her father held her in his arms and sobbed until he fell asleep from tiredness. The next day he asked if she would spend the night in his big bed, he didn't want to be alone. Lou said okay.

She never owned pyjamas, she always slept naked. She kept her panties on when she got into bed with him at night. They held each other and she let him cry. She had stayed with her mother until the end, had accompanied her when she was dying and was with her when she died. Lou was, of course, terribly sad that the most impor-

tant person in her life was dead, but she was not as terribly sad as her father. Perhaps his grief came from his guilty conscience, because he had only confessed to her on his deathbed that he had shamelessly cheated on her again and again. It was never anything serious, he was simply a hunter with a strong hunting instinct, he wanted to fuck every woman, old or young. Now that was the end of the hunt. Her mother smiled softly and murmured wearily, “I knew, I knew, my love!” Lou remembered how concerned her father had looked, visibly surprised and embarrassed at the same time. “No, never!” her mother managed to get out with difficulty, “never! You were my first man and my only one.” Lou had never seen her father so affected.

Lou looked up from her laptop. Flashlights blinked fitfully on the beach off which the yacht was anchored. She continued to read. It obviously did her father good not to have to be alone. They hugged again and again, she murmured soothingly in his ear when he cried. She stroked his naked body and avoided touching his cock. She always waited until he was fast asleep and only then did she masturbate. She had masturbated to sleep every night since kindergarten-days. It must have been 14 days since she had lovingly and tenderly stroked him. Then he took her hand and placed it on his stiff cock. She feverishly wondered whether she should give him a handjob. It was nothing special, it was a matter of course in her age group. She barely rubbed him for a minute before he was overcome by the urge and he lay down between her thighs. She had been fucked several times before and wasn’t taken by surprise when he ruthlessly penetrated her vagina. She let herself be fucked and held back, it would be perverse to return his fucking. He didn’t have to thrust for very long before he groaned and squirted. She switched on the bedside lamp and lit a cigarette. Her father murmured, “Thank you, Princess, thank you!” She lit a cigarette for him too and they smoked in silence.

“It’s incest,” Lou began. He nodded dejectedly.

“Yeah, I know. But I just couldn’t hold back anymore, princess, I’m really sorry! — Did I take your virginity?” he asked worriedly, but Lou gave a short laugh.

“I’m already 15, Dad, and this is the 21st century! No 15-year-old is a virgin these days!” She smiled at him and instead of looking dismayed, he smiled.

“Good,” he said, breathing a sigh of relief, “I wouldn’t have forgiven myself! Only because my nature got the better of me!”

“So it’s about time you took a wife,” Lou said, “I’m a woman too and I’ve fucked a few, but I’m your daughter.” The silence lasted a long time. Lou had only fucked two, but she left it at the plural. Now they argued back and forth for fifteen minutes, but they finally agreed. He would find himself a steady girlfriend or wife, until then she was okay with continuing the incest fuck. They fucked for a year and a half, then he found a soul mate. An aristocratic young lady from Denmark, but she spoke fluent German. Charlotte was in her late thirties, loud, humorous and damn lascivious. She was not a seductive beauty, but really just seductive. She was very much in love with him because he was a thoroughly honest, straightforward character. She had a really big bank account and liked to give gifts to the estate. Like Charlotte, he didn’t believe in marital fidelity; they both wanted an open marriage. Lou didn’t like her open display of sexuality and lechery, but otherwise had a good relationship with her. Lou was now 17, preparing for her A-levels and left her father to fuck Charlotte. She had no regrets, but she knew what she wanted to study, marine biology.

She studied in Paris and London, and year after year she spent more time at sea than on land. She traveled to many places, she was very hard-working and was therefore very well supported. The topics of environmental protection and climate change were now also reaching the general public, and the fact that marine biology played an important role was generally recognized. At 25, she began writing her doctoral thesis and Michel came into her life. He was a few years younger than her, he was employed by the university as a tutor and alongside his lectures he worked as an assistant with Lou. It took a few weeks before they ended up in bed. Lou was no wallflower and fucked when she wanted and who she wanted. It wasn’t very smart to seduce your coworker, but they had so much in common and so many interests that eventually it really clicked. She was very at-

tracted to him, he wasn't one of those stupid macho men, of which there were as many as there were pigeons in Paris. She was attracted to him like a sister, there was no better way to put it. Lou wasn't a lesbian, she knew that for a fact. But it was Michel's feminine anima that fascinated her so much.

Lou's eyes teared up as they hopped into bed for the first time. The good food and heavy red wine helped a lot, but she had already made up her mind before dinner. Now Michel stood naked in front of the bed, just like her. Her first glance convinced her that he had a nice cock that could get even bigger in her mouth. Her second glance fell on irritation. Michel had breasts. Small like a girl's breasts, and really very sweet girl's breasts. He already knew the look and jumped into bed unconcerned.

They kissed, they caressed each other, they got to know each other's bodies. She asked and Michel answered, he had already had to explain it a hundred times. He was a man. Grown up as a man, socialized as a man. No one, not even a doctor, could properly explain to him that he had breasts. He knew that he was not a hermaphrodite, his genitals were male, as was his semen. He explained it to himself by saying that he had two animas, male and female. That was how he explained to himself that he didn't have the typical macho demeanor and that he felt like a woman in many small ways, thought like a woman, reacted like a woman. Lou had to think for a long time, and now a lot of things became clear. Her feeling of being like a sister.

She dived down and took his cock in her mouth. "No one gets inside me that I haven't licked clean conscientiously," she said and he smiled. "And the fact that he gets bursting hard is a known side effect?" Michel joked, as he squirted into her mouth. She swallowed his semen with a grin and licked him stiff once more. They kissed, cuddled and sighed until they were both hot. She playfully aroused his breasts, Michel fucked really well and could wait until she clawed at him in orgasm and they joined together, thrusting and jerking. He squirted rhythmically as he thrust and rolled off.

They smoked and talked about the whole thing in whispers. The red wine gone, she said with a soft smile that not many men managed to fuck her to orgasm. That was something they both liked very much. Gradually he also got down to business. He found it especially nice when the woman fucked him. No, it had nothing to do with dominance or submission, it was more a female sensation. Lou understood it immediately. They would take it in turns to share the active and passive role, then they would both have what they needed, what they wanted. And so it was that Lou mounted Michel and fucked him. She didn't orgasm the second time, but that was fine. Michel let himself be fucked wonderfully and squirted for the second time. They whispered for a very long time, but very quietly so as not to disturb the other hotel guests.

For two years Lou traveled, accompanied by Michel, to the places where she gathered material for the dissertation. Michel was an excellent assistant and he could discuss biology with her for hours, manage her samples and read and revise her notes. If he saved up enough money, he would write a dissertation on a similar topic, he said. Lou no longer looked at the divers and colleagues, she didn't need one. Michel was good enough for her and she didn't need anyone else to fuck. She handed in her thesis and prepared herself for a long wait, six months in her experience.

She argued a lot with Michel. She wanted to keep him at all costs, whether as an assistant or whatever. They only briefly touched on the subject of marriage and both shied away like fish that get too close. He didn't want to get married, he had never seen a positive marriage, only big and very big disasters. He had had himself tested for her sake at the beginning of their relationship, he was unable to procreate. He wouldn't be able to start a family, and he couldn't see himself as an adoptive father, that wouldn't be him. There was only the advantage that they didn't have to worry about contraception. No, marriage was nothing for him. She would have taken him any day, they were very well suited to each other and it had already lasted two years.

Then her Papa surprised her, Charlotte gushed the news.

A rich man, Oleg Maschinkoff, had his eye on her. She didn't know him, but he had seen her at a reception at the embassy when she was accompanying her father. Oleg now clung to her father like a limpet. He knew instinctively that he was the one most likely to do it. He promised her father a suitcase full of money if he brought them both together. Even if the princess refused. And father always needed money. So he had Lou come home more often than usual. She had half a year to kill anyway, so why not? That's how she met Oleg.

He wasn't a Russian shaggy bear, but a westernized, educated man, less than 10 years older than her, likeable and sexy. She liked him at first sight, but she kept that to herself. He agreed that she should have him checked out and that she wanted to have her doctorate in hand before she made up her mind, which meant at least 5 months. Michel did the vetting, he was the only one she trusted and he was an ace researcher. She spent a lot of time with Oleg, discussing the most important aspects of her life. He was a Russian oligarch, but the tolerable kind. He had started small back in Putin's days trading in corn, expanded his business to soybeans and then to fertilizers. He was simply a clever businessman, he had no need to enrich himself with crooked or even bad things. He openly admitted that playing hide-and-seek with the customs authorities was part of his everyday life, as was the use of bribes and kickbacks and his own intelligence service. He was a criminal in these things, but he didn't see himself as a criminal. Lou smiled, she wasn't expecting an angel, but there were moral boundaries such as murder and manslaughter. He smiled, he wasn't guilty of that, he strictly adhered to those boundaries, without a single exception. He swore to that. He really was filthy rich and when he had seen and observed the princess in the embassy, it had happened to him. He was 36, she was 28 and he wanted to start a family. He wanted a smart, educated woman and if she was also as delightful and pretty as she was, then everything would be fine for him.

She made several things clear to him, both big and small. She didn't want to learn Russian or live in Russia, as they could both speak English well. Live anywhere, but in the "West". She had not forgotten Putin's reign of terror and she was quite sure that Russia needed another 60 or 100 years to become a good country. She

wanted to finish her studies successfully and do research or work in marine biology for a while, she didn't want to have children before 35. Then gladly, having children and raising them well was okay in her opinion. She was amazed at how similar her two ideas of raising children were. That was a good thing.

Oleg had recognized Lou's character and the things that were important to her over the many hours. He was now even more determined to win her. He didn't need a sugar-doll who mainly went shopping and showed off her jewels at parties. A scientist who cared about the environment and the planet appealed to him and fitted in well with his ambition to be recognized as a good and Western-oriented oligarch. No matter how much she cost him, she was worth it. He cast his line.

He had a ship, a yacht, the *Elisée*, 76 meters long. Equipped with everything that was available. There was even a helipad, a platform on which he could land his helicopter. It was one of the first ships to be powered by hydrogen. He wanted to convert everything to hydrogen over time — he had already bought all new hydrogen-powered cars, and 10% of the fleet was already running on hydrogen. He had bought up a hydrogen manufacturer in California and was sure that the business would be profitable in 5 years at the latest. So he had already made the decision to go green two years ago, even before he had fallen in love with Lou. Lou smiled, those were good arrows he had in his quiver.

She was back in Paris. How much she had missed Michel! Her man-wife, his exciting sex, his closeness! When they caught their breath, Michel reported on his investigations. Oleg was what he said he was. He was filthy rich, one of the thousand richest people in the world. The hydrogen thing was also true. He wasn't involved in anything dirty or criminal, he had graduated from university in Cambridge, England. He had been married in England for 8 months and the marriage was legally divorced. Michel wanted to read out all the dirty laundry about the woman, but Lou waved it off angrily, just the essential facts. She was a pretty barmaid, but she couldn't break away from her vices and was currently serving time for repeated drug

offenses. Poor sod! Lou waved it off, enough! She was annoyed that Oleg hadn't mentioned this marriage. Michel understood that.

Lou brought up the subject of marriage. She had to have clarity, because she had to make a decision. Michel said he loved her like never before. But marriage was out of the question for him. He couldn't marry her with a lie just to avoid losing her, that was totally against him. It would just be a selfish lie, it would ruin everything.

Lou had expected a different answer and cried softly. "I don't want to lose you, you're like a little sister to me!" They both laughed, their declaration of love sounded pretty funny. She became serious again. "If I can continue my research, will you stay on as my assistant, since I probably can't offer you a good salary? I'm thinking of tapping my father or the rich stepmother and continuing my research on the octopods on my own account." Michel didn't have to think for long. "I'm in, of course, even if we have to spoon dog food out of a can!" he exclaimed enthusiastically and hugged his lover. They spent a few lovely days together, then Lou went home to her father.

"You got two million from Oleg?" she asked her father with flashing eyes. He squirmed like a worm under the sole of her boots, but admitted it. Stupid Charlotte couldn't keep a secret.

"It was a clean deal," he said, "it was just about getting to know you, even if you end up turning it down." Lou swallowed her anger. Her father was destitute and needed every penny. She put her hand on his arm.

"It's all right, Dad, I'm not angry with you. Oleg is an interesting man, he's worth every penny!" She enquired about the winery and her brothers.

"It's going well again, Bruno and Edward have practically taken it over already and next year they'll officially get it with a notary and so on. I'm handing everything over and going traveling with Charlotte while we're still spry." Lou smiled, Charlotte was not yet 40.

“That’s good news, Dad. Even though I think it’s more Charlotte’s idea, it’s a good decision. I hope I’m making a good decision for me too.” Lou reluctantly dropped the idea of tapping the father and Charlotte. “And — do I get anything from the winery?” she asked cautiously. The father was puzzled.

“I didn’t think you were interested in the vineyard. That’s why I hired an appraiser to have them pay you a third in cash. At least that was the plan.” Lou reassured him that she thought that was fair and that with cash she would be able to continue her research. The father didn’t think twice.

“If you run out of money, come to me. Charlotte and I have some on the high side and I’m sure we can give a little away.” Lou hugged him gratefully. “I can’t ask Charlotte at the moment, she’s in Denmark for a funeral and the inheritance she’s getting from that aunt.” Lou asked if he would have to sleep alone? He nodded dejectedly and said, “Me and Miss Fist”. It took Lou seconds to understand the sad joke. She smiled broadly and calculatingly.

“But Dad, I can sleep with you like I used to!” She slept with him all week, she let herself be fucked like she used to and was very active in the fucking, thinking of the loving way Michel fucked her really hard when she asked him to. The exercise would probably be far too strenuous for her father. Afterwards, she let him watch her masturbate like she used to; he still found it very exciting to sit between her thighs and experience it up close.

Dad had just ridden out, as he did every day at this time, to inspect the vineyard. Charlotte arrived by cab and Lou greeted her. In Charlotte’s room, Charlotte changed and Lou waited at the coffee table. Charlotte’s diplomatic passport was on the table. She stared at the date of birth. Charlotte was only 36 years old, not 45 as was generally assumed. Charlotte came in and sat down opposite, wearing only a bra. She had noticed Lou’s glance at the passport and smiled. “Most women make themselves look younger, but I had to make myself look older or he wouldn’t have taken me, and I was and still am madly in love with him, I would have done anything to snag him! He’s not the master of fucking, but he has the best character of them

all!" She smiled as Lou's eyes feasted on her pussy. That shaved pussy was really nice, thought Lou, who had seen uglier ones. Charlotte's fingers slid over it, exposing the clit completely. It was very nice too, Lou thought and looked up, straight into Charlotte's eyes.

"I'm not a lesbian," she said, "I tried it often enough in my youth, but I'm not into lesbianism." Charlotte nodded and asked.

"Poor thing, he hates sleeping alone." Lou knew full well that was a question.

"Oh, he didn't have to sleep alone at all, I warmed him every night, your husband!" Lou could answer Charlotte's stupid questions just as stupidly. Charlotte nodded.

"I supposed so, yes!" said Charlotte, and the look on her face said that he had told her about the incest. Lou was blushing, more out of anger at his indiscretion than shame. Charlotte continued to gush.

"Don't think anything of it, I spent a few months with my father when my mother was in hospital. There's nothing to it, nothing disgusting."

Lou nodded in agreement and mumbled, "Lots of people do that." Charlotte babbled on.

"My father was horrified when I seduced him. But I was already 14 and desperate to be deflowered, and of course Dad was my everything, my Captain America. I was in charge, he melted like wax in my hands. Of course I had already fucked about 5 boys, but they didn't take my virginity, they had nice little boy dicks that fitted through the hole in my hymen. I often fucked with them and only got the orgasm when masturbating afterwards.

Now I wanted a real cock and my Captain America had a pretty big one, I'd seen it a lot. As a small child, I often stood next to him in the bathroom with my thumb in my mouth, as he wagged his cock and squirted into the sink. The first few days he didn't want to know anything about fucking, a handjob, okay. I always ended the hand job with a blowjob and he was quite taken aback that I swallowed his se-

men. It was normal for me, nothing special. But on the third or fourth day, I seduced him despite his helpless protests."

Charlotte tugged excitedly at her clit as she recounted. "On the one hand, I was terrified of his big mace with the peach-shaped glans, which he said many Bernadottes had, but on the other, I was desperate to be fucked by him. He took my virginity so powerfully that I cried out in pain. I was still very young, not even 14, and had a very small, very tight vagina. After he got over that hurdle, we fucked like fools, after school, before dinner, after dinner and half the night. He blossomed, he felt as young as he used to and he could fuck really well quite often. He had given me a taste for orgasm while fucking. Oh yes, the Dad! We fucked each other again and again as long as he lived and thank God my mother didn't mind."

"She was no longer able to fuck after all the operations, he said. Unfortunately, she only lived for a few months, but she was very weak and I washed her ruined pussy every day. She had been operated on x-times, her ovaries, uterus, labia were full of cancer and had been cut out. Even the foreskin that protected her clitoris had been removed and all the skin over the clitoral shaft had been radically removed. The shaft, 5 or 6 centimeters long, was blood-red, raw flesh. Only the head of the clitoris had remained intact, it was the size of a fingernail, bright pink and shaped like the tiny glans of a little boy's cock. I washed her pussy with lukewarm camomile tea and rubbed an ointment on the horrible scars.

I stared at the large open hole full of scars that had birthed me and at the finger-length, obscenely naked clit that grew hard and stiff at my treatment. Groaning with embarrassment, she asked me to relax her clit. Every day I brought her big clit to orgasm and it was the only pleasure she had left. I thought each time how big her clit was like us Bernadottes.

After the first time, she took my face in both hands and kissed me gratefully on the lips. "Thank you, Charly, you're such a good, helpful child and you still take such good care of your dying mother. Take care of Daddy too, you're almost 14 and old enough to fuck, and the poor guy has to cum every day." That was the only thing she said, but

to me it was as if she had given her blessing. I wanted to tell her that I'd been letting him fuck for months now, but my throat was tight and I stammered, "and if you let me, I'd love to fuck him!" She just smiled and kissed my forehead, "I rather think he will fuck you!" With that, she gave me her blessing.

In her final weeks, she completely lost her mind. She claimed Dad wasn't her cousin, but her brother. I couldn't believe it, it couldn't be! But she told me her story as if it were true. She had taught him to masturbate and squirt, he learned to masturbate her to orgasm very well. That wasn't enough for her, she was 13 and he was 12 when she let him take her virginity. They fucked every night and only had to be careful when she got her period at around 17. Nevertheless, she got pregnant and then she gave birth to me at 21. By then their parents were no longer alive, because they couldn't live with the shame that nobody knew about and poisoned their evening cocoa. They were helped to forge the papers, and as first cousins they needed the bishop's dispensation and the bishop needed a new church roof. They lived in legal marriage for 14 years and now cancer was eating her up.

Of course I asked Dad, but he laughed at me. Where did I get that nonsense from, and then he said poor mother was dying and hallucinating in agony. It didn't change anything when I interjected that she wasn't afraid of dying. I lay with dad every night and he fucked me until the end, I was 23. He didn't have the testicular cancer operated on and treated, he said he would soon be with mom and yes, he was indeed her brother. A few days later he drank a cognac like every evening, he had sorted everything out and said a very emotional goodbye to me. That night he took poison. He was my dearest and best man!" Charlotte looked up and said with regret, "look how horny those memories made me!" She spread her labia with her fingers and pressed down on the flesh around her clitoris.

"You've got quite a big clit too, almost like my little finger," Lou commented on Charlotte's clit, "like a real Bernadotte!"

"It's a shame you're not up for a bit of lesbianism," Charlotte murmured sadly and tugged desperately at her clit, "I've become so in-

sanely horny and I really need it now!" Charlotte now looked very dejected. Her face brightened as she thought of her beloved and talked about Lou's father.

"Does he watch you masturbate so greedily too?" Lou didn't answer and Charlotte immediately babbled on. "Well, I always sneak a peek at his cock when I masturbate. I always let him sit very close so I can see his cock very clearly. He slowly gets hard, his glans turns dark red and swells up. When I'm really going at it, the semen starts to drip out of his glans and when I orgasm really hard, the semen slowly runs out of the glans in a thin trickle." Charlotte looked at her triumphantly and challengingly.

Lou nodded in agreement and went one better. She lied, "It's similar with me, only at the end it really squirts out of his glans in solid jets!" Lou wanted to go one better, but her father came in, hugged his naked wife and gave her a kiss. "Where does it really squirt out of his glans? I heard something like that when I came in." Lou struggled with herself for a moment, then answered.

"Charlotte and I were just talking about how you really cum when you watch both of us masturbate." Charlotte turned green with anger and diverted to another topic.

"Just think, my darling, my aunt has made me her sole heir! Sole heir! The others were pretty shocked, because she named everyone individually and left him or her some cheap trinket. The TV, the car, the collection of fake Picassos or valuable, well-worn carpets. I then spoke to the notary in private and he said it would probably be another year before everything was sold, but I can expect at least 130. 130 million! I told him straight away that for every additional million he would get 10% cash in hand, that would spur him on, I could see it in his eyes! I want to go on a trip around the world! Now!" She babbled and babbled on and on.

"Congratulations, dear Charlotte, so I can hope you'll support me and my research financially, because I'll get my PhD in three or four months and then I'll be left penniless on the street." Lou made such a distressed face that Charlotte jumped up, squatted in front of her on

her heels and took her head in her hands. She gave Lou a kiss on the lips and said, “Rely on me and your father, little one, we won’t let you down!” Lou had been staring at her wide-open pussy and at Charlotte’s stiff clit, which she now kept touching with her fingers. Lou laughed briefly and said “Thank you, dear Charlotte!” because she knew exactly what would follow. And she had won.

Charlotte straightened up and called out, “Come, come, my darling! I really need it, 10 days of just masturbating and no cock far and wide, except maybe little Arne, but he’s still a child. He thrusts and squirts quite well, but of course he couldn’t know how to fuck a grown woman properly yet!” Charlotte tore and tugged openly and shamelessly at her clit. “Arne may still be at high school, but he’s got a big cock like a big man. I’ve painstakingly taught him to thrust slowly and at the right angle and to hold back the squirting until I’ve reached orgasm. But as soon as my pussy started to pound him hard in orgasm, the poor guy had to squirt immediately. He was very surprised when he had learned to do it properly with me and told me that he had only ever fucked the fat Finnish cook and she had always urged him to hurry and cum quickly. He was allowed to come and fuck her at any time, whether 3 or 6 times a day. But always quickly, quickly and secretly in the pantry! She also never masturbated when he had fucked her. I wasn’t completely dissatisfied with the little one! — So come on now!” Charlotte exclaimed and pranced out into the bedroom.

Lou smiled at her father. “Not a cock in sight, just little Arne!” grinned Lou with a smile. Now her father had to laugh, because “no one is safe from Charlotte’s lechery, whether it’s a little boy or a grandfather, it doesn’t matter, a girl or the fat cook, it doesn’t matter either!” Laughing, he followed his wife.

Lou typed for 14 days on an article that was to be no longer than 10 pages and in which she wanted to present her dissertation to the scientific public. She had a hell of a time shortening the text, because if she didn’t do it herself, the publisher would. Michel read through the work twice a day, crossing out and scribbling. He had been taking on more lessons for months to fill his coffers. Oleg called at the same time as always.

They talked about this and that, she talked about her article and he talked about new business. Neither had a deeper insight into the other's work, it was just a matter of listening to the other and hearing their voice. Before he hung up, he had two questions.

"Do you have a passport, Princess Maria Louise?" Of course she had one, a valid one of course. "Secondly, can you take this weekend off?" Lou replied without hesitation. He gave her the exact time when she would be picked up in the private area in Le Bourget. All she had to do was tell reception that she was waiting for his jet. "Well, see you Saturday morning!" He hung up before she peppered him with questions.

Michel accompanied her to the airport by bus. He just wanted to make sure she was picked up. Of course, he made a note of the jet's identifier so he could follow it via the Internet. The receptionist went into an adjoining room and brought a pilot with him. He copied her passport, was assured that there was nothing to declare in her travel bag, then she followed the pilot carrying her bag. "Please, follow me, Princess von Hohenlahnstein," he said in English and went ahead. It was her first time flying in a private jet, there were two pilots and a steward. She was the only passenger. She had an orange juice with ice and half an hour later they had arrived. The pilot took her to a luxury Mercedes, there was no customs or passport control. She asked where they were going, but the chauffeur didn't understand her poor Italian, so she asked in English. "Brindisi, ma'm" said the driver, he seemed to be American. Apparently he wasn't very talkative or he had an order, at any rate he raised the separation glass. She sent a message to Michel. "Well landed, Brindisi, Italy" and he replied by return of post, "I saw it, enjoy! M."

In the port of Brindisi, the silent chauffeur handed her over to two white-uniformed sailors. "Please, Princess von Hohenlahnstein, get in," one of them commanded and she boarded the comfortable longboat. It went out, around the harbour, where a beautiful white yacht was anchored, she recognized it immediately. Oleg's yacht.

She stepped off the longboat onto the bathing platform, and Oleg quickly came down a flight of stairs. They greeted each other, they kissed. He made a sweeping gesture with his hand.

"Look, this could be your new home, your new workplace!" Oleg was almost bursting with pride. Lou nodded appreciatively and turned to pick up her travel bag, but it wasn't there. "They put your

bag in your cabin," Oleg said with a grin, "I hope you were well looked after on the jet and in the car!" Oleg scratched his head, as he always did when he had to put something complicated simply. "Pretend it was all yours already and let yourself be served, I pay my people well and in return they serve me fine, they serve us fine. Okay?" Lou nodded and asked cheekily, "Do you serve me too, even though I've never paid you?" Oleg grinned his winning boyish smile. "How can I serve you?" he asked kindly and she said she wanted to sit in the shade and drink a cold orange juice. Oleg laughed, picked up his walkie-talkie and said a few words, then escorted her to a comfortable seating area in the shade of the helipad.

They drank their orange juice and Lou gazed out to sea. Her breath caught in her throat as she realized that he wanted her to live on this beautiful yacht. She thought three steps ahead. She never wanted to tell Oleg about the incest with her father, why should she? It was annoying enough that the blabbermouth Charlotte knew about it. And she didn't want to tell him anything about Michel either, or only the bare minimum; she had to solve the Michel issue somehow, perhaps as an assistant? Oleg suggested showing her around the ship.

The tour took almost three hours, but she had seen everything. She was particularly impressed by the bridge, as she had a French small skipper's license and knew her way around most of the equipment. Everything was solid and top quality. The yacht was designed as a pleasure craft, with lots of guest cabins, the garage full of toys such as jet skis, two smaller excursion boats and, of course, the large longboat. Only the jet skis had gasoline engines, everything else ran on hydrogen. Refueling hydrogen was not an easy task and had to be well planned. You could cross the Atlantic on one refueling, which was quite a decent range. Oleg mentioned that he was just about to enter the hydrogen market in a bigger and stronger way, it was a promising market and a good climate thing at the same time. Lou nodded in agreement.

Surely deserving of an appreciative look, she quickly ducked out of the kitchen, "I'm not much of a cook," she said to Oleg. She was more interested in the crew quarters, she had often lived in them on her

expeditions. She then wanted to see the female crew's quarters and for the first time Oleg was at a loss for words. "The women get the same salary as the men, do the same work and sleep in the same room." Lou was really surprised now and Oleg laughed softly, because she wasn't prepared for that. "What goes on here is none of my business!"

She sat on the aft deck with Oleg again, it was a beautiful view. He asked how she would arrange things if she lived and worked on the yacht for a long time. She thought carefully about what she said, as he made notes on his smartphone. First of all, she would set up the aft-facing large room, which was now a lounge with TVs and a magnificent 270° glass front, as a bedroom so that she could fall asleep with a view of the sea and the stars like a real princess. All in white, with a large double bed, walk-in wardrobe and a shower plus toilet. No, she rarely bathed, but she showered every evening. A small dressing table in the rounded corners, as she probably had to pay more attention to her appearance as a wife. In the other corner, a small reading and writing desk. Oleg took notes and nodded, "All doable." Behind the walk-in wardrobe was the cubicle for her assistant; they lived in an apartment in Paris, which was very conducive to spontaneous work. Oleg wanted to ask something, but she didn't want to answer it, she still had to think about it. Three or four guest cubicles had to make way for a workstation, actually a laboratory. Lou rummaged in her handbag, "I always carry a piece of paper around with me, where I've been writing down for years what I'll need for my lab once I win the lottery and can afford my own lab." She held up the frayed piece of paper triumphantly. "The only thing I haven't entered yet is for the DNA sequencer, because every month an even better, even better model comes out that will make your laundry even whiter, dear housewife!" Oleg laughed, "I know what you mean." He photographed the note several times and muttered, "I'm amazed you play the lottery!" Lou smiled delicately, "that was just a phrase, I've never played!" Oleg nodded, he would have been very surprised too, he muttered. Lou also mentioned that the university secretariat was very knowledgeable about laboratory equipment and that she would definitely contact them before making a purchase. She rejoiced inwardly because Cinderella had found her

prince. Completely surprised, she gave Oleg a kiss on the lips. Her prince.

After dinner, grilled fish with red wine, they sat for a long time. She told him about her expeditions, where they had crashed their helicopter on an uninhabited island. The pilot was a stone-cold dog, while the passengers tumbled around and screamed in agony, he landed upright in knee-deep water, took the cigarette out of his mouth and just asked: “Are you all right back there?” That was a very bad experience and she hasn’t liked getting on a helicopter since. Oleg asked if she still knew the name of the pilot, but she shook her head, she had certainly written it down in her report in Paris. “Should I send it to you?” she asked in astonishment and Oleg nodded, “You have to hire good people because you can only work with good people.” Lou nodded; it was the same with her assistant. He was still working on his doctorate, but he had already been teaching at the university for two years and was an incredibly capable fellow. And the two of them could do more together than three other scientists. Oleg asked for the hundredth time what their discipline was. Marine biology, Lou grumbled angrily, but he waved it off, that wasn’t the question. What exactly?

“Ah, I see. Octopods, i.e. cephalopods, eight-armed octopuses and cuttlefish, they’re pretty closely related. There are hardly 10 scientists in the world who understand more about the subject than I do, although several thousand are doing research.” Oleg nodded, he liked that, Olympus or nothing. A nice motto.

“Did you notice there’s 10 or more pieces of diving equipment in the garage, a small workshop and an air compressor?” Lou nodded affirmatively, that was the first thing that had caught her eye. She was hardly interested in the other toys. Jet skis, water skis, paragliders. That’s for rich vacationing kids. The three small inflatable boats were the second thing she saw, she needed them for work. Oleg poured orange soda and thought about it.

“You mentioned your assistant, does he have a name?” Lou answered immediately, any delay was wrong.

“Michel, his name is Michel and he’s two years younger than me.” She had to think for a moment what Michel’s surname was, Michel de la Tour, and gave his date of birth. “You should have him checked out thoroughly, because if someone is working so closely with your wife, I’d want to know all about him.”

Oleg said, “I was actually going to ask you if you were having sex with Michel, but you said something much more important. My wife?”

Lou nodded in agreement and thought carefully about what she was telling him. “You heard me right, I’ve made up my mind, and I didn’t make it easy for myself. But I want to wait until I have the document in my hand. Yes, I would like to become your wife and have children with you later. And if I have to, then until death do us part. Speaking of which, with a marriage contract of course, where the children and I are properly provided for, if a horny Katyushka or an even hornier Natasha runs over your loins and I’m decommissioned.” Lou smiled and grinned.

Oleg was completely flabbergasted. “We’re sitting in the armchair, drinking orange soda as befits our status, and you propose. No champagne, no Mexican mariachis, no genuflection and no diamond ring. It’s going to be an exciting marriage and I can’t wait to see what’s in store for me. But as I’m sure you’ve already noticed, I’ll accept the proposal unless the prenup is lousy.” They both laughed and sealed the engagement with a long kiss.

There were a thousand things to discuss, but Lou suddenly paused. “I didn’t answer your penultimate question. I don’t have sex with Michel, well not real sex, fucking and stuff. We live together like husband and wife, that’s what our neighbors would call it. We sleep in the same bed and we almost had sex the first time, but we’ve never had sex, never fucked.”

“Is he gay?” asked Oleg, because that was the most obvious thing to say.

“No, he’s not, he’s a man. We sleep together naked, but we don’t fuck. Maybe it’s better for our cooperation if we don’t fuck each other, don’t you think?”

Oleg nodded thoughtfully, “Never fuck in your own company, that’s an iron rule.”

“A rusty rule,” Lou hissed, “there are thousands of rule-breakers!” She was annoyed because she didn’t want to tell him the full truth.

“We sleep together naked,” she continued resolutely, “we see or feel when one of us masturbates, we don’t make a secret of it. Sometimes one of us gives the other a handjob, when it suits. We don’t fuck because he’s …. a hermaphrodite.” Lou breathed a sigh of relief, that was out now.

“A ladyboy, you mean to say?” Oleg stated, but Lou shook her head vigorously.

“Not a ladyboy. Michel is a man and a woman, and he’s not a man nor a woman. And I’m not a lesbian, by the way, I found out when I was young. He’s a man with a cock, real testicles and he can squirt really well, but he’s incapable of procreation like all hermaphrodites, whereas ladyboys can have children. At the same time, he has breasts, real breasts, nice breasts. And he has different feelings, male and female. — It’s complicated.” Lou was glad to have resolved the issue with Michel. Lying when absolutely necessary, but as close to the truth as possible, was the best strategy.

But Oleg shook his head, “No, it’s not complicated. I can’t feel it myself, but I can understand it very well. Mother Nature has a few surprises up her sleeve. But that’s not between us. You’re my wife and he’s not your husband, not your lover. I can live with that.” Oleg grinned, “We actually still have a lot to talk about. Small wedding, big wedding? In Paris or St. Petersburg? Buddhist or Hindu?”

“Oleg, Oleg! What are you talking about? We’re both Catholics, at least on paper, and I’ve already told you several times that I won’t set foot on Russian soil as long as it’s run by a blood-stained dictator.

Paris would be an option, but if I want to make my father happy, it would be in Leipzig at St. Trinitatis, where the Hohenlahnsteins have been married for centuries, including him. But that's just a tradition, we can get married anywhere in Europe. And of course only a small wedding with 7 or 8 on my side."

Oleg smiled his boyish smile. "Leipzig sounds good, also in terms of me marrying a real, genuine princess. I can't say now, my parents and big sister are coming for sure. I told you that my sister taught me how to fuck and that we fucked for years, didn't I? But not a word to my parents, they'd be dead shocked! I don't know yet how many of my relatives and friends will be able to get a visa and take part. Making your father happy is good, it's also good for my CV with the princess thing etcetera."

Lou interrupted him rudely. "Your second wedding, next time don't forget to mention the first one on your CV, you scoundrel!" Oleg ducked his head, but he could see that Lou wasn't angry with him. "A youthful folly, nothing more. I was lonely, I drank in the bar and the barmaid batted her eyes and wiggled her gorgeous ass. I didn't give it much thought back then. After three months, the air was out and I pulled the ripcord." Lou looked at him sternly, "it was eight months, darling, eight!" Oleg opened his eyes wide.

"Well researched, damn it! I left after 3 months and the divorce took 5 months. Still, it was a stupid thing to do and I've long since buried it in the sands of the past. But, credit where credit is due, I haven't forgotten how great fucking her was for a long time." Lou interjected that she hadn't gotten off drugs and was currently in prison. Oleg nodded, there was nothing he could do about it, she was doomed, a lost soul.

They sat next to each other in silence for ten minutes. Lou interrupted the silence.

"I don't know if I won't fuck Michel one day. No, I'm not a slut and I won't sleep with another man after the wedding. But in Paris, when I didn't have a lover, I was often on the fence about fucking Michel. The fact that hermaphrodites can't father children is another rung on

the ladder that leads me to fucking. I am a scientist and objective enough to know that one day I will give in to my urges and fuck Michel whether he wants to or not. I'm telling you this because from now on you are and will remain the number one in my heart. Together with Michel, you are one of the two men to whom I have revealed that I have been masturbating every night before going to sleep since kindergarten. It's something very private, I don't peddle it. Only a few people knew about it, my mother for example, but she is dead. I give you this important place in my heart because I want to belong to you, skin and hair, just as you belong to me."

Oleg scratched his head, a sure sign that he needed to express something complicated simply. "God knows I wasn't one to be a costumier, especially in Russia it's common for parties to include prostitutes. But now that I'm married, no one will look at me the wrong way if I don't fuck the women. And I want to be a role model for my children, I can promise you that!"

Lou looked at him calmly. "Kids, when I'm 35, not before. You know that from the start, and it stays that way."

Oleg nodded, "We agreed that months ago, it stays that way. That's clear." Once again, it was Lou who interrupted the long silence.

"Do you think there's champagne in this brothel?" Oleg looked up in astonishment and barked into his walkie-talkie. Lou said she rarely drank alcohol, but today there had been a marriage proposal and it had been accepted by the dearest man she had ever met. They clinked glasses and kissed, then drank champagne in small sips. Oleg could drink like a horse, but he was by no means a real drinker. Lou still had something on her mind.

"I didn't hear your crew talking, are they all mute?" Of course she knew no one was mute. Oleg stretched his answer. "The captain and his first mate are Italian, for desperation's sake. But I've been looking for them for weeks, they're no good. The two cooks are from France, they're very good and I see no reason to replace them. You liked the food, my dear, didn't you?" Lou nodded in agreement, now came the

difficult part. Oleg scratched his head. “The others only speak Russian, they’re hand-picked and very good at their job. The Russian women are sometimes with this one and then with that one, but they take care of the boys’ sexual relaxation, the steam has to come out of the boiler. As far as I’ve heard, nobody minded if she let the others blow off steam after one of them. It keeps the boiler quiet and there’s no arguments or intrigues.” He lapsed into dull brooding. Lou gave him a long time. Then she continued speaking.

“You know my attitude to Russia, and the idea of living with two dozen dumb fish who don’t understand my words and whom I don’t understand is simply depressing. I’m aware that it’s undoubtedly racist, but I would find that very depressing.” Lou gave him time and remained silent. He sat up, he had made a decision. “Especially in bad times, it’s hard to get reliable professionals. They’re not just musclemen handling ropes. Every one of them is an engineer, a carpenter, a plastics expert or an engine specialist. It will be quite difficult to replace them. But I’ll make sure that everyone can speak to you in English and that no one speaks to you in Russian. Unless he swears, and then it’s better if you don’t understand everything. We Russians can swear, damn well we can!” They exchanged a look and the matter was settled.

“Something I have to ask you, why not now?” She paused a little and Oleg assumed she was trying to phrase the question carefully. “I’m asking you how clean your hands are, how clean your conscience is. How can you be clean, doesn’t the Kremlin, doesn’t the dictator have you in his bloody clutches?” Oleg’s ears pricked up, and she knew it only happened when he walked blindfolded over a precipice. He turned to her, took her face in his hands and said, “Short version: clean.” He let go of her face and reached for the champagne. He sipped and gave her the long version.

“First of all, I am first and foremost a merchant, a trader, a producer. I do good business, I buy cheap and sell expensive. It’s as simple as that. I don’t torture and beat people to take their savings, I don’t beat and murder, I don’t allow beatings and murders. That’s what criminals do and I’m not a criminal. I didn’t get rich through murder and manslaughter like some others. I’m a very good busi-

nessman, I studied at Oxford and Cambridge. My studies actually only got me a Master's degree and that alone impresses an incredible number of people. But the essentials are in my blood. I have a good head for business and it rarely deceives me. What's more, I'm very quick on the uptake! Others are still eating their breakfast eggs and I've already bought. I have no enemies who want to kill me. My bodyguards are only there to convince the world of my importance. When you drive up with 5 armored cars and a squad of armed men, everyone throws themselves in the sand and lays out the red carpet. The really dangerous types accept you as an equal, that's the best life insurance. The only thing I can be accused of is not being a mild benefactor. If someone puts his company on the cliff, I won't support him. He has already run it into the sand, I don't help him charitably because he can't get his ship afloat again. If his business seems salvageable to me and I become interested, I buy it and make a lot of money. Some people accuse me of being ruthless and harsh. But that's not my fault, I'm a businessman and not a benefactor. That said, I'll answer your question now." He sipped from his glass and lit a cigarette.

"The Kremlin, the dictator, that's the big gluttonous cat, I'm just a little mouse and make myself invisible as best I can. I pay my share to those in power without a murmur. I don't object when they increase the percentage. I never make the slightest noise about what those in power do, what stupid things politicians do. I am far too small and insignificant to start a revolution. Nobody would benefit from me voicing two criticisms out loud and serving my 25 years in the gulag. Yes, I am no hero. I have taken a very close look at what happened after so-called successful revolutions. After a very short time, the great heroes were the same great cashiers as those they overthrew. No, I see it clearly, a dictatorship can only be ended by a revolution, and the revolutionaries are then the new masters, some even worse than their predecessors. Dictator Lenin died and Stalin putsched his way to power. Was dictator Stalin even a whit better than Lenin? No, he was wading knee-deep in blood and everyone was ordered to love him, the good father." Oleg looked at Lou, but she listened intently.

"I'm the little mouse and I'm hiding from the bad cat. I'm no hero, no poster boy, I'm invisible. Many oligarchs swarm around the dicta-

tor, but I know what happens to the moth that swarms around the light. I don't show up because I pay my taxes and give the bloody cat what it wants. I am invisible. I've never met the dictator or one of his lackeys in person, never shaken their paw, I'm not in any photos or on TV. I let people call me a coward because I don't say a word about the dictatorship. But I am a coward who lives in freedom. Inside, I'm more English, French or German than Russian. My homeland has allowed itself to be led into the Rue de la Caque, but the treasure of gold coins never trickled down to the little people. One day I will give back my Russian passport and my citizenship. You will see it by my side." Oleg poured them both a glass of champagne and said, "I get 25 years for this conversation." They clinked glasses, kissed and sipped the champagne.

"I thank you for your candor and lock your words in my heart. I'll remember those 25 years gulag." She turned to him and gave him a long kiss, then leaned back.

Lou gazed out at the pitch-black sea and up at the stars. "You did mention your sister once in passing, but not a single detail. You didn't even mention that you fucked." Lou smiled and waited. Oleg drank slowly. "Always being honest and telling the truth is one of the pillars of the relationship. The reason I didn't mention about my sister was because it didn't fit the image of the white knight on the white horse, and I always wanted to really impress you."

"I was jealous of my big sister when she masturbated at night with abandon and lust. It took me a long time to ask her that I wanted it as well as she did. She responded very sweetly and made me squirt for the first time in my life, it was great! I was later allowed to lie down with her, she masturbated a lot and I squirted. It wasn't long before she showed me how to fuck, because that's how you make babies. Of course, we didn't want a baby and didn't fuck on some days."

"When I got older, she taught me to wait until she'd had her orgasm before squirting and only then could I romp and squirt in her pussy. When I was 18 and went to university, she moved in with her boyfriend and we didn't fuck until a year later, when she had sent the boyfriend packing. We fuck sometimes because we're good at it to-

gether and we kind of love each other a lot. She's married to a strange guy now, but sometimes she comes to me because our fucking is special for both of us. We last fucked 14 days ago, but I'm going to cancel her now because I'm marrying you." Oleg's eyes were wet and he angrily threw the empty glass out into the sea.

Lou put an arm around his shoulder and leaned her head against him. "No, Oleg, that doesn't seem right to me. For one thing, I'm not in favor of open marriage, I think it's a stupid zeitgeist-fashion, man and woman belong together and not to many other faceless larvae. I'm attached to my Michel, you're attached to Tanja. And they are both attached to us. It would serve no one if we tore them from our hearts just to follow an artificially created idea of marital fidelity. I'm telling you explicitly that I approve of you lying with Tanja when you're fucking, love deep in your hearts. Before I lie alone in my double bed, I let Michel lie with me. We haven't fucked yet, but I'm happy when he lies with me like my little sister or when we satisfy each other. That's my honest opinion." Oleg bent down to get himself another glass, then he poured awkwardly. Lou saw the tears in his eyes.

"Tell me, Mr. Maschinkoff, do you have some condoms ready?" She leaned against him and drank her glass of champagne in one go. "I'm going to bed, second cabin on the left from here. Don't keep me waiting too long!" She stood up swaying and left.

Two days later, she came home in a cab, threw her travel bag into the corner and hugged Michel. "We're getting married, Michel, we're getting married!" Michel froze and shook his head. She noticed his confusion. "No, silly girl, it's not us getting married, it's Oleg and me. I've made up my mind!" She quickly peeled out of her clothes and threw herself on the bed. "Come to fuck, little sister, come! I need it now urgently!" They fucked for so long and so often until they were completely out of breath. Then she lit two cigarettes and reported everything. She hadn't had to write anything down, she remembered every word.

Lou discussed his future with him. He could, of course, stay here, teach at the university and work on his doctoral thesis. But he could

give it up and live on the yacht with her as an assistant, do research and work on his doctoral thesis; there was internet on board. It was going too fast for him, he loved teaching, the university and the small, young female students. He cleared his throat, he wanted to sleep on it for a night and decide tomorrow. Lou nodded because she understood, but was a little miffed because he wasn't going over with flying colors. "And of course we'll sleep together when Oleg isn't there," she threw the last trump card on the table, "with appropriate secrecy, of course!" Lou saw immediately that he had made up his mind. "Do I get paid to be your assistant?" he asked after taking a deep drag from his joint. Lou beamed and said that Oleg was researching whether they should set up an association or an institute where they would both be employed; she had convinced Oleg that she needed Michel. The man, the girl and the scientist. She would pay him a good salary and support him with his doctoral thesis. Michel rolled another joint and after a few puffs he said he wanted to go with her, even if he had to do without the cute little beginners. Lou gave him a friendly bump and muttered, "You're a little piglet, my love!"

She had her doctorate, Oleg had organized a lavish wedding at St. Trinity's, accommodating his relatives and throwing the party for her 10 and his 170 guests. "A small, modest wedding," he grinned cheekily when Lou realized that 200 people were coming. Oleg got to know her little family and Michel, and Michel and he hit it off straight away. She got to know his dear, modest parents. The father was a bigwig in the administration until he retired and the dictator (he said president) had worked there for a while too, but the father didn't think much of the president. Lou was able to gossip with Oleg's sister Tanja for almost two hours. She found the 40-year-old very likeable and they whispered a lot about sex. She said hello to Oleg's other relatives and friends, but she couldn't remember everyone later.

From Leipzig, they flew to the Caribbean for a 14-day honeymoon in the Dominican Republic. He had recently bought the summer residence of a former dictator, Trujillo, and had it renovated. A few rooms had been made ready for occupancy, the palace was secluded on a rocky plateau a good 20 meters above the sea. The city of Santo

Domingo was only 20 minutes away by car. He could imagine spending his retirement there, Oleg said, but it was just an idea at first.

Lou liked the palace, even though most of it was still a building site. They were alone, the work interrupted. Two local young girls took care of everything, just like in a hotel, and left in the afternoon. Most evenings they went into town to dine sumptuously in restaurant after restaurant and visit the bars.

Oleg had placed a small wooden box on the bedside table and opened it with a grin. “100 condoms, my darling, we’ll work them off!” They laughed heartily and set to work immediately. Early in the morning, when Lou was still asleep, he sat in front of his laptop in his shirt and tie, talking on the phone or taking part in video conferences. Those were the two hours when he took care of his business, after that he was no longer available, he was just there for Lou. They drove down to the beach in an electric golf cart, he had a fridge installed, that was all they needed.

Lou was a scientist, but she wanted to get to know her husband’s business a little, perhaps even understand it. He was excited to give her clear and exciting lectures, he even had a whole bunch of charts that he projected onto the wall with the beamer. Gradually Lou grasped the big picture, had details explained to him and saw that he was gradually moving west. He marked all the areas that were firmly anchored in Russia and showed her how many of them he had already shed, mostly with little or no loss. “If there was a single person in the Kremlin who could see further than the tips of his shoes, they’d have recognized my drop long ago,” Oleg said seriously and with a vague regret, “but no dictator lets his people think, that’s a threat.” He stared out into the rain. “I’m still attached to this poor, run-down country with my heart and soul, damn it.” Lou said quietly that she could well understand.

Oleg was a good man, even when it came to sex. He didn’t mind using a condom at all, they had discussed it that way. He could fuck three times a day, but he brought Lou to orgasm almost every time. Of course, she knew that it was mostly up to her, mostly to do with her activity to reach orgasm. But she was really happy with her hus-

band. They were a very good match sexually, intellectually and emotionally. She never noticed that he was Russian. He was Western through and through, a European.

She packed her belongings in Paris into two large wooden boxes, which were collected and taken to the yacht. She said goodbye to Michel, who had resigned from the university at the end of the semester and wouldn't be joining her for another two months. She flew to the yacht, where Oleg was already waiting for her. He introduced her to the new captain, the first mate and the boatswain, who was the second mate and the foreman, so to speak, and the crew understood him directly.

Oleg introduced Captain Smith, a stocky man in his mid-50s from Scotland. He seemed very likeable, he had over 30 years of professional experience, almost 20 of them as a captain. Captain Smith smiled mildly when Lou said she knew the name. "Neither relatives nor friends," smiled the captain, "and we won't ram an iceberg with this well-equipped yacht!" He added that he heard this joke all the time, but of course he didn't mind. And that Smith was a Brit, but he was a proud Scot. Lou realized that she had found a chink in his character.

Lou rummaged in her memory as to why the First Officer looked so familiar, he and Oleg were grinning cheekily and mischievously. Then she remembered, Leipzig! "I know you from the wedding," he confirmed. Misha was not related to Oleg by blood, but his father had worked for Oleg and Oleg had paid for his and his sisters' education. He had graduated from the naval academy in St. Petersburg and earned his captain's license, having worked for Captain Smith for almost a year. Oleg interjected that Misha was the only Russian on the ship and spoke five languages, including German.

The crew consisted of English, Scots, Welsh and Irish, all of whom had worked under Captain Smith before. There were also three Dutchmen who had been taken on on the recommendation of the boatswain. 6 French women, the two cooks Florence and Mimi she already knew, the others were crew like the men. One of the French-

women and two Englishmen were trained as paramedics, so there was no need for a ship's doctor.

The third officer, the boatswain, was a frowning, sharp-eyed, gray-blond Dutchman. It was hard to imagine anyone daring to contradict the tall, lean man. Dirk also had a captain's license, of course, but he was happy to take over as boatswain. Lou realized that he needed time to thaw out and she also liked him.

She thanked Oleg for his excellent selection in front of the three men so that it was clear that she had wanted the new crew. Captain Smith did the talking. He was the main person responsible for the ship and the people, so he always had the final say. Of course he would try to fulfill all the Princess's wishes if it was possible. He shared the duty on the bridge with the other two officers, who then took over responsibility on his behalf. The entire crew was obliged to serve the princess; she was to communicate her wishes directly to the crew or tell the boatswain or him, of course. Everything that was necessary would be carried out. The master — he pointed his hand at Oleg — the master had ordered that the princess was to be accompanied by two crews when going ashore, on expeditions or dives, and that they were responsible for her safety. Did the princess have any questions?

Lou nodded, she did. She wanted her quarters and the assistant's cleaned daily like a hotel room when she was done with breakfast and morning exercise. In the lab, she only needed to clean the floor, everything else she cleaned herself or her assistant. She wanted this area, i.e. the bedroom and laboratory, to be strictly off-limits to the crew; it was her private area. She looked at the captain, who was taking notes and waited until he was ready. Lou wanted to take part in the route planning, she had good access to information on which sea areas were of particular interest to her. Captain Smith nodded and said, okay, sure. She had been traveling the world's oceans as a passenger for years and knew how to behave accordingly. The captain wrote nothing, nodding in agreement.

She had an idea, roughly at least, and wanted their opinion on it. She wanted to have dinner every evening in a small circle. She and

her husband or the assistant, two officers, and two men and two women, alternating. They wanted to talk and get to know each other in a civilized setting. And of course some good food. It might be unusual, it might even break some rules, but that she didn't know. She looked around and waited.

Captain Smith said it was indeed unusual. He had never heard of it being practiced on a ship, except by 17th century pirates. In his opinion, there was nothing wrong with it, but he would suggest that, firstly, people should come to table in uniform and, secondly, that alcohol should only be served in moderation. Lou interrupted him, saying that she didn't drink much alcohol herself and wanted to leave it to the officers. He nodded. It's clear that weather and sea conditions will be taken into account anyway. He looked at the master, Oleg, and the two officers, who all nodded in agreement. Oleg interjected that a good meal should include soft music, a cognac or vodka and a cigar at the end. Lou smiled finely, she would fit in. The captain looked around again, then noted that they would try it tomorrow evening.

Lou told the boatswain that she also needed a walkie-talkie like the others. Dirk smiled, that's okay. Lou went down to the aft deck with Oleg and she asked if everything was right? He nodded, he had been surprised about the joint dinners, but it was a great idea. "What the captain wanted to say with the uniforms was that you should keep the right distance, you can't play solidarity with subordinates. A crew member can't sit on the captain's lap, at least not in public. He wanted to make that clear." Lou nodded, "You leaned that in business, I guess." Oleg nodded, "That's right. When the crew show up in uniform, they have to behave themselves, without any extra emphasis."

Lou had something else on her mind, but she waited as two nice girls served up dinner. "It makes sense to me that someone should accompany me on the expeditions and dives, I would never dive alone, that would be madness. But company on shore leave? Do you no longer trust me or am I a prisoner?" Oleg's fork stuck in his mouth. "Prisoner!" he exclaimed. "For God's sake! I know a few havens too and I don't want to see you in a situation where you have

to use karate, kung fu or witch spells to bite your way out of a situation." Lou put down her fork, she was annoyed. She had been on shore leave alone a hundred times and had never been in a "situation". Oleg could read her mind.

"Very well, let's forget my fear for you, you turned 25 even without my stupid protective instincts." "Twenty-nine," she grumbled, "twenty-nine!" Oleg refused to be distracted. "Remember what I said about my bodyguards. It's the same thing. The crook or the petty criminal will look at a woman wandering alone quite differently than a woman accompanied by two men in uniform. You will certainly be served as a lady, in the coffee house as well as when shopping. I want you to be treated unequivocally as a lady, and I don't want to pay a ransom for you. If the kidnapping in the area where you are has a real background, I'll send you real bodyguards, for sure!"

Lou understood. She was no longer a student or a backpacker, not since Leipzig. She was the wife of a tycoon, and that changed everything. "Everyone on the yacht calls me princess, I suppose that's the way it should be. You must have ordered it that way!" Oleg looked her in the eye. "You're a princess, a real one, even if your father isn't a king. You were born with the title. I wanted a princess, that is right and true. If it bothers you, I'll give other orders. What should they call you, Dottoressa, Signora or Miss Maschinkoff? Maschinkova, that's right. Or will a "Hey!" or "Doll or Poppet" suffice?" Oleg sounded very bitter. She had no idea how deep that went into his feelings.

"Leave it alone, my love! I was only a student girl until Leipzig, I was called Lou or Hohenlahnstein, if it was a professor and even that was unpleasant for me. But I voluntarily became your wife and am no longer a student. I loved marrying you and I have to behave like your wife, your lady, your princess, in public. I'm simply not used to it, please just bear with me. And as for taking back an order, I have read the old Chinese sages carefully. As the old general Zhing ...er, the Tsing Shu... something? said. 'Give the order after one heartbeat, but only take it back after 100!' Something like that. Stay with the princess, I bow my head as my husband and master wishes." She smiled, but Oleg realized that she meant it. He nodded approvingly.

The following day's dinner was a success. Captain Smith sat at the head, Lou beside him and Oleg beside her. She had put on a nice dress, Oleg a suit and tie. Everyone else was dressed in immaculate white uniforms. Even the two servant girls and the cook, Mimi, had put on white aprons and put a little crown in their hair. American bar music, piano and light drums, were playing from the loudspeakers. They ate, drank light white wine and chatted. During the meal, she chatted with the captain, Oleg and Mischa, and after the main course, she joined in the conversation with the two male and two female crew members. After dessert, everyone got a vodka and a cigar, Lou stuck to her cigarettes. Three hours had passed in a flash, Captain Smith picked up the table and they dispersed.

Lou went upstairs with Oleg, they had another coffee on the terrace outside her bedroom and smoked. It was their last night, Oleg had to leave in the morning. They talked about dinner, it was a successful experiment. They fucked with a lot of feeling and passion until Oleg was exhausted. She loved this guy, damn it, she was lucky. That's what was going later through her mind as she masturbated herself to sleep.

In the morning, she got up with Oleg and helped him pack, although he could do it on his own, but it warmed her heart. "Come on, kiss me here, on deck I'll just wave to you!" She waved as his helicopter took off from the helipad. She knew that a small helicopter, a small two-seater, was better suited to her expeditions than an inflatable boat. She decided to talk to Oleg about it, even though she was scared shitless after the crash landing.

She went to the bridge and consulted with Captain Smith and Mischa. There was a small bay behind the harbor of Santa Maria di Leuca where she had been before. If they anchored there, she would like to do some diving, there was a small coral bank there that was really exceptional and wonderful. The officers studied the nautical charts. Yes, that was possible, if you left today you could do some tests in the water and anchor there tomorrow morning. If they found anything during the tests, the nearest port was Gallipoli with good shipyards and chandlers. Okay, cast off!

Lou watched the crew maneuvering, the boatswain leading the crew with hand signals. No shouting, no hustle and bustle, which amazed her, as she had experienced other things before. She signed off via walkie-talkie, “I’m in the lab.”

The lab, which she had only seen superficially two days ago, was really impressive. The best of the best, in a word. She skimmed the manual for the DNA-sequencer, which was a very expensive and amazing machine. For example, you could examine the relationships between the octopods, something no one had ever done before. The two large screens were great and the internet connection was fast. She wrote an email to Michel and attached 10 photos of the lab. Oleg, dear Oleg! He had, without it being on her list, bought a professional underwater foto camera and an underwater video camera and put a red gift ribbon on them. “Good start!” he had scribbled on one card, “Take me some great photos of my princess, Monsieur de la Tour!” was written on the other. She sent Oleg a coded message and red hearts-emojis, grateful to him for thinking along with her.

Michel wrote a cheeky, tongue-in-cheek reply. “What, no mass spectrometer! We’ll need it when we find gold coins!” “Old childish brat,” she wrote back and the sign for winking. Two girls came in with a cleaning trolley.

“I’m already done, I’ll go in a minute,” Lou said and then told the girls exactly which parts they were allowed to clean and which they were not, never allowed to clean, she must do it herself. She went out onto her terrace, sat down in the shade and smoked. The yacht sailed straight ahead, turning left and right and making a full circle. She had no idea what the captain wanted to test, it wasn’t important. She sat in front of the screen for another two hours, had Michel help her transfer her e-mail accounts remotely and wrote to several professional friends. She was amused to be reminded that she had no friends apart from Michel.

Rummaging in her handbag, she wrote a personal email to Tanja, avoiding anything that could be dangerous. Only about the wedding in Leipzig, how Mr. Papa and Mrs. Mama were doing, as they were her parents-in-law. She thought carefully and then wrote whether

they had annoyed their teachers at school in secret writing and with coded messages? It was common practice in her school days. She babbled on a little, irrelevant and inane. Your sister-in-law Lou, Maria Louise von Hohenlahnstein-Maschinkoff. The secret service was about to get a good impression of the western fools Tanja would understand, because she had advised her to write carefully. As Oleg's sister, she was probably under surveillance.

She woke up at the crack of dawn, the rattling of the anchor chain had woken her up. She got dressed and went up to the bridge. She kept as quiet as a mouse, the two officers mumbled into the radios. After 15 minutes, Mischa and Dirk switched off the radios and looked at her. "The captain not here?" and the two smiled. Dirk said, "He's still asleep, officially. Unofficially, he's pecking at the window with his nose to see if we two greenhorns can manage it." Dirk was almost 60, and certainly no greenhorn. Lou said, "That's not the right bay!" Mischa explained that her bay was no longer an anchorage bay because of the rare corals, the harbor master had allowed them to use this place. Their bay was 15 minutes away. She went for breakfast.

She went to the coral forest the next two days with 2 or 3 companions and took hundreds of photos. The water was crystal clear and she thrived on diving again. On the third day, a storm swept over the sea and she didn't think about going diving. Captain Smith told her, that they would stay put anchored for another two days, as they were in no hurry. On the third day they wanted to continue to Gallipoli, he had ordered some things and they would only anchor briefly outside the town and fetch the spare parts with the dinghy. She asked if she could come along, she had never been to Gallipoli before. The captain nodded, that would be okay. Two hours ashore? She nodded, then I'll eat original Italian food!

That night, she drifted off to sleep after masturbating. She sat up, rustling, someone was tampering with her door! She called out, "Who's there! Who's there!" No answer, then she heard soft footsteps and whisperering, then it moved away. She waited five minutes, then lay down and slept.

She hurriedly ate breakfast, asked the cook Florence for empty pickle jars, there were 3 by 10 liters. Florence was told to fill all 3 with water and take them down to the C-deck, all the way aft. Then she went up to the bridge.

"Good morning, Captain! I need a revolver right away!" The captain pressed a button, a small hatch opened and he unlocked it with a key. He opened the box. "I don't have a revolver, but I have 12 pistols and 4 assault rifles, etc." She looked inside. "Ah! A Glock 17, I know it well, I carried one of those on the expeditions." She took a magazine, tore open a box of cartridges and loaded it. "And who's the poor man today?" asked Captain Smith, somewhat alarmed, "Three pickle jars, Captain, three innocent pickle jars!" Lou replied angrily, tucking the pistol into her waistband. "And now, Sir, Captain, I request your order that all men line up below on the C-deck, in ten minutes!"

"What men, Princess?" he asked in astonishment. "All who have a penis, all of them, without exception! I'd be delighted if you'd leave an officer on the bridge, I believe it's a regulation, and I'd be delighted if you'd accompany me as an authority figure and have my back!"

"You don't want to shoot anyone, Princess?" he asked again, but she reassured him, no, my dear, absolutely not! Only innocent pickle jars! He gave his order and repeated it twice. He called Misha up and handed him the bridge. They waited in silence and then went down to the C-deck. Captain Smith counted off that all the men and some women were there, practically all of them, he whispered near Lou's ear. She pointed to two men and told them to put the pickle jars on the railing. Then she stood in front of the crew, her hand on the pistol grip. She took her time.

"The captain already told you all on the first day, that my private rooms, i.e. the lab, my coworker's cabin and my bedroom are off-limits to you all, day and night!" She paused and looked from one to the other. "Tonight, one of you disobeyed the order and tampered with my door. Luckily for him, the idiot got away in time. I would have liked to have shot him!"

Lou turned around, aimed with lightning speed and the three pickle jars burst. She turned around again. “My privacy is sacred to me, I’m not some cheap hooker who receives you at night. I’m armed and I’ll receive any cheeky bastard with bullets! — Did that get through, is that clear enough!” She stood in front of the crew like a flaming fury. There was a murmur and a nod of the head. Yes, we understood. Only now did she realize that she had threatened the people with the gun. One of them stepped forward sheepishly, a beefy Irishman, one of the engine specialists. He lowered his eyes to the ground. “It was me, Princess, totally drunk, trying to get on Luzi.” He twirled his cap nervously in his hands and the girl Luzi turned crimson. Lou ordered him, “Go on, Morgan, and you were just looking for the girl, with me!” “I took the wrong corridor, Princess, but Luzi found me and brought me to the quarters, I was so drunk I almost couldn’t hug her ..... She had to direct me like a schoolchild to hug her .....” Some grinned maliciously and gleefully. Lou turned to Dirk. “Boatswain, stand down, get to work!” She stood still with Captain Smith until everyone had gone. They went up to the bridge, Lou unloaded the magazine and went to clean the gun. “Leave it, Princess, we’ll do it.” He pointed to the second seat and they sat down.

“His name is Mortimer, Mortimer Braidenwith, an Irishman. And — what do you want me to do with him?” he asked. Lou had her answer ready. “Please don’t punish him, I accept his explanation.” He formulated before he spoke. “Mort is one of my best engineers, he has great experience with hydrogen propulsion and hydrogen engines. I would hate to kick him out. But I also have to make an example for the others. I’m going to cut his wages in half this month. I’ll have a few words with him about drinking and with the others too. Everyone can have a drink after their shift, that’s okay. But everyone has to stay sober in their free time as well, because if we have to take off unexpectedly and quickly, I need every man! The second time he will be fired!” He spoke to Dirk. “Drunk! That’s not on!” He was still thinking. “I don’t know, isn’t there any medication?” Lou said yes, of course, but you have to see a doctor and a recipe. He nodded with satisfaction, “Next time you go ashore, send him to the doctor and the pharmacy!” Dirk understood the order and nodded.

One of the next days, Luzi passed her as she stood at the railing and she had time for a chat. They were speaking French when Lou identified her accent. “I was just embarrassed that Mort revealed it in front of the whole crew. They all know, they all do it, but I was embarrassed anyway.” Lou asked how it worked that way. Luzi answered candidly. “I’m in my eighth semester of medical school in Paris, which costs a lot of money. Even if I only stay on the ship for half a year, I can afford several semesters. Of course I’m on the pill, that’s what I was advised at the job interview. I don’t have an exclusive lover on board. We can do whatever we want in our free time. If someone wants to fuck, that’s fine with me! Usually it doesn’t stop at one, but even the sixth or the seventh doesn’t bring me to orgasm, I can only do that by masturbating in secret. But I don’t do that in front of them, but Florence and Mimi do, they’re French.”

In astonishment, Lou asked if she wasn’t French? “No, I’m from Spain, from Murcia. My name isn’t Luzi either, but Lukrezia, Lukrezia Borgia.” Amused, she noticed that Lou’s eyes widened and Luzi smiled. “Yes, I am one of the many hundreds of Borgias, a genuine descendant of Pope Alexander. For generations, my people have had fun giving the children famous first names. My father’s name is Cesare, Cesare Borgia. However, he is not a general like his ancestor, but a gentle taxman who always feels sorry for the black sheep who had gotten a fine.” Lou smiled, “We all have our little problems with first names. My name is Maria Louise Amalia, there’s a long tradition behind it. I call myself Lou, the other two names are not to my taste. And if I have a daughter one day, I will definitely not call her Maria or Amalia, but something more modern, more contemporary.”

They talked for a while about the secrets of the nights. Luzia laughed uproariously when Lou said she had thought Florence and Mimi were a lesbian couple. “All I know is that they both come in and out of our accommodation and fuck the men like the rest of us. They have their own double cabin, but that’s just the Master’s way of keeping them happy. Lesbian? I didn’t notice anything.”

Michel’s two large wooden crates arrived in Reggio di Calabria, and a week later he was picked up from the train station in Rome by rental car and brought on board by longboat in Ostia. Captain Smith

and the two officers greeted the shy Michel in a very friendly manner and gave him a quarter of an hour's briefing. They knew that he was Lou's assistant and co-worker and Oleg had asked them to treat Michel well.

Lou showed him to his cabin, then to the lab and to her bedroom; there was time for the tour of the whole ship later. They hadn't seen each other for two months and fell into each other's arms. As they sat in bed smoking after fucking, he asked if there had been any problems with his boxes at the customs? She laughed, when Oleg has something transported, customs looks the other way. He breathed a sigh of relief, he had sealed the three kilos of marijuana airtight in four plastic bags (for God, Emperor, Fatherland and Safety) so that he had enough with him. Lou gave him a friendly shove, "You drug smuggler, you!". Michel reported that he had received his contract and was now an employee of the 'Oktopoda Research Institute' in Luxembourg. "Oops," Lou exclaimed, "just like me!" They laughed and Lou said that if Oleg had set it up that way, then it was safe, beneficial and good for them both. She had already received a package of stationery and business cards in Reggio, all dignified and elegant.

Oleg came by helicopter almost every weekend, the loudspeaker blared, "Eagle one approaching, ETA 15 minutes". Lou always changed her clothes and waited for Oleg in discreet elegance at the helipad. They had two days to themselves, Michel sat next to them at dinner. He and Oleg liked each other and one day Lou said, "Oleg, this is Michel, Michel, this is Oleg, my husband, and stop calling each other by surnames!" But it was another six months before Oleg wanted Michel's opinion on taking over a specific company. Michel wasn't a businessman, of course, but he was very well informed about the company's problems and had brilliant common sense. And Oleg listened attentively.

Oleg brought one thing into play. He had originally bought the yacht to spoil his clients or interlocutors a little. The Oktopoda Research occupied less than a third of the ship's capacity. Lou just didn't want to be hindered in her work, that was important to her. But when Oleg promised that his guests would have no influence or say in any matter and that the two corridors would be fitted with

proper doors to separate work and private areas, there was really nothing to be said against it, and Captain Smith also agreed. So it happened that in some weeks there was a merry crowd on board. The separation of the two groups went without friction, so that Lou was now able to invite a few scientists as well.

After a year, the relevant academic world knew that Octopoda Research existed and what it did. Lou and Michel published a highly regarded report after a year and a half. They proved that the octopus did not mate indiscriminately. The young males preferred the daughters of aunts, never their own mother or sisters and never strangers from the wild. They drew up family trees based on DNA. This was a breakthrough in research and they wanted to study the octopuses in the same way, as they suspected a similar pattern. Lou and Michel were not yet ready to go to congresses or give lectures, but they usually had one or two scientists who accompanied them on their expeditions and stayed on board for at least a few days.

Oleg could be proud of his wife. Once or twice a year, Lou would squeeze into an evening dress and accompany Oleg to certain occasions. How far removed she was from the glittering world of business-people, how little she could get out of the chatter and giggles of the fine ladies and those who could never become a fine lady! Many an eyebrow was raised indignantly, when she spoke openly and bluntly about fucking. The astonishment was usually followed by gossip, intrigue and fierce fights among the chickens and geese. Even Oleg heard about it and grinned broadly; his wife was a gem, a one-off and a devious beast when she reported on the ladies of high society.

Michel had finished and submitted his dissertation. He would travel to Paris for 10 days to complete his doctorate, and his theses still had to be presented and defended in the natural sciences. The Difesio was still taken very seriously in Paris, it was public and there were dozens to hundreds of scientists in the auditorium. Lou hadn’t accompanied him, he didn’t want her there when the experts tore him apart. He also wanted to fuck all the chicks he had to leave behind. Lou knew that, but left to his own devices, he could very well

slay any dragons or chickens. He came back 10 days later and showed her the certificate, his chest swelling with pride.

Lou had explained to Oleg in an appropriate situation that she was fucking Michel. He gazed at the rugged coastline of the Basque country and twirled his drink in his hand for minutes in silence. A hermaphrodite incapable of procreation was no threat to his manhood, Michel was a pathetic guy and devoted to his wife. If she didn't have him, she would be much more desirable and in trouble. He knew very well that Michel wouldn't let a naughty boy get close to her. If he looked at it honestly and empathetically, it was just as well that his loved wife didn't have to live a celibate life. He put the glass down and took her face in both hands. "Is it good for you, my princess?" That was all he wanted to know. "Oh yes, it's good for my soul and my body. Only my conscience is going crazy, it doesn't accept that, what I told you years ago." Lou looked him seriously in the eye, she didn't have a guilty conscience. He let go of her. "I'm damn thankful you didn't run off with a chief mate, a sailor or a helmsman. I am also grateful that the sons of my business partners, who are used to conquering every cunt, complain to their fathers about your aloofness and your cold shoulder to their attempts at flirting. That honors you, you honor me and make me proud. I know you well and I know Michel a little too. I feel the bond between you two very intensely and I refuse to call or see it as cheating. You love him in a completely different way than you love me me, I can feel that too. I can feel that it makes you happy and that's important to me. Hide it as best you can, because the shitty world around us isn't ready for it yet." He continued to look at the coast and sipped his drink. Lou stood next to him and leaned her head against his shoulder. "I can feel how little Russian you are inside, my dearest Wilko." This form of endearment was reserved for rare situations. They rarely mentioned her fucking Michel, him fucking Tanja. It didn't change their relationship or his behavior towards Michel. Michel was now closer to them both than ever.

They had left the Mediterranean and the west coast of the continent, stayed only briefly on the British coasts and spent six months in the north of Scotland, the Shetland and Faroe Islands. Because of the weather and the cold water, few marine biologists came here. But

they discovered the richness and diversity of the area. Captain Smith's anchor maneuvers took a little longer here, but the yacht lay as if set in concrete in the water. He took great care not to shake the passengers more than necessary. Oleg's vacationers stayed away and Lou had plenty of scientists on board, up to 18. When the weather was bad, they turned the mess hall into an academic auditorium where opinions, ideas and speculations collided. — Oktopoda Research charged the usual prices to wealthy institutes, while others received large discounts or paid nothing at all.

Lou celebrated her 31st birthday with Oleg, Michel and the whole crew off Shetland, and the next day the six of them sat on the bridge and made concrete plans for the Caribbean.

Misha had been watching Lou for over two years now and the flames of desire burned in his heart. One afternoon, when his duty ended, he took her hand and led her to his quarters. He didn't say a word as he slipped her dress off. She realized that she was not ready to conceive today. She let herself be pulled onto his bunk without resistance and let herself be fucked. He was a mediocre fucker, he took a long time before he came. She left without a word. This was repeated for three days.

After the third time, when she got dressed, she said, "You have a choice now. You never let me come again and I'll forget all about it, you have had your pleasure. Or you go ahead and I have to tell Oleg. Then he'll decide your fate." She waited for his answer. At last he lifted his head tearfully and stammered, "Forgive me for not being able to control myself. It was wrong of me and I regret very much having done this to you, but my heart burns and wants you. I will bear my pain silently and continue to serve you faithfully, Princess!" Misha buried his face in his arms and howled like a castle dog. When he looked up after a few minutes, she had already left. He continued to serve and lowered his eyes so that she could no longer see his misery. It took months, before he was his old self again.

The Caribbean. She was still accompanied by two men in immaculate white uniforms. She dived, researched and wrote in 16-hours-days. Time was running out, she had promised Oleg children in 4

years at the latest. She lay in Michel's tender arms and talked to her little sister about the future, the pregnancy and the children. She didn't want to give up the research and considered bringing Oleg's sister Tanja on board. They had kept in touch for two years via an encrypted messenger service that was also used by the Russian underground.

Lou witnessed the disintegration of Tanjas relationship with her husband, the sad ending and the quick divorce. She was of the opinion that nothing could be done about it if her Sasha had fallen for a 15-year-old who enchanted and devoured him. Tanja's last job had been as a typist, and now, when her childless marriage broke up, she was supposed to resume her aborted training as a nurse and midwife. Lou spoke to Oleg, whom Tanja had not told, and persuaded him to support Tanja financially and to take more care of her as a brother. Tanya hadn't said anything because she was afraid of scaring him off. But she absolutely didn't want to give him up as a lover. Lou mediated between them and Tanja was able to leave her love-struck husband. She resumed her training and would get her diploma after a year.

Lou had already prepared Tanja for the fact that there was always a place for a paramedic on the yacht and that she would need her help with the children. She wanted to raise the children bilingually, she had discussed this with Oleg, Russian and English. Tanja could speak both, which was ideal. Perhaps the children would also learn some French from Uncle Michel. All of this had been loosely agreed, no, it had been discussed without obligation. Oleg was informed about everything and was even prouder of his princess.

She had put out feelers and sent Charlotte out into the world with a secret mission. It was to be a birthday present for Oleg. Charlotte was diligent, but Lou was not yet satisfied with the results. Finally, success. She told Oleg a few days before his 40th birthday that he had an appointment at Hanover Town Hall on a certain day. She explained everything to him. An impoverished nobleman was prepared to formally adopt Oleg for good money. Oleg had to renounce his adoptive father's inheritance, but he was ennobled and could call himself Freiherr (Baron) von Sayn-Battenfeld if he wished. Oleg had

tears in his eyes; it was an undeserved medal, but a diamond on his lapel. Lou had not only had classy stationery and business cards made for him, she had dug up everything he needed to know about the Sayn and the Battenfeld noble families. He studied the noble families intensively and traveled to Baron Battenfeld in Hanover. The old gentleman was an extremely likeable scholar in his eighties, known above all for his precise translations of the ancient Greeks. The formal matters were quickly discussed and ticked off, then the baron turned to his current project and Oleg listened with great interest, even though he had neither a humanistic education nor had learned Ancient Greek. Battenfeld said that the neoclassicists of the 18th, 19th and even the 20th century had badly mutilated and abridged Homer's Iliad. Homer had written much more piquant, revealing and obscene than people wanted at the time. But it was precisely these omitted passages that made many things that were otherwise difficult to understand clear and comprehensible. He would probably find it difficult to find a publisher, the old man said, but he wanted to make the unabridged translation available on the Internet, at least for the academic world. Oleg offered to talk to some publishers. In a small ceremony at the town hall, Oleg became a Freiherr.

She was lying on the sandy beach and throwing little balls of sand at Oleg. "Oh, it makes me so sad that my children will grow up without a father!" she exclaimed in mock despair.

Oleg was confused. "What are you talking about, my heart?" he asked in astonishment.

"Okay," she said seriously, "when were you here the last three weekends?"

Oleg squirmed desperately. "I'm very busy, working 18 or 20 hours a day, seven days a week!" he exclaimed in exasperation.

Lou ignored his explanation. "You were there four weeks ago, before that it was five weeks and before that three weeks. I'm not complaining, I know how hard-working you are, no question. But look at it through your child's eyes. You read him a bedtime story 4, 5 and 3 weeks ago. You were 5,000 and 12,000 kilometers away when he

banged his knee playing. The plaster was put on by a chief petty officer or a simple sailor. A stranger." Lou remained silent, she had to give him time.

"I know what you mean," Oleg said, "I haven't named, trained and appointed a successor or deputy yet. But I will sit down to the screen tonight and make a plan."

Lou nodded in satisfaction. "You need to organize your 700 companies" - "It's almost a thousand!" he interjected, — "so your thousand companies into groups, by geography or by products. Then set up a strict hierarchy so that at the end a handful of admirals report on how they run your business. Only then can you be a father. I have no use for a mere sperm donor, my dear Freiherr von!" They always laughed when she teased him like that. But she realized that he was as quick as he was at canvassing. In his mind's eye he saw the groups in outline, they already existed. Of course, he also had managers, group leaders, small emperors. But she was right, he was in and out of everything, day and night. "Okay," he said, "I'm going for another swim!"

She held him back for a moment. "If you're with me every weekend for two months, I'll let you make me a baby. I'm already ready, although I'm not yet 35, I'm sweet 33, but I'm already looking forward to having my first child. So make an effort!" He nodded and made a courtly bow for a Freiherr. "Your musketeer is leaving tonight, Your Majesty, he'll have to think it all over!" Grinning, he snorted like a horse and plunged into the shallow water.

He got serious. He created a strict administration, appointing lieutenants, captains and a handful of generals. He staggered salaries, bonuses and shareholdings so that the hard-working got richer and the slackers immediately stood out. He would fire them, no doubt. He looked at his organization chart with satisfaction. He had done and managed everything himself so far, it was like a constant chase, it was breathlessly exciting. Now he had a good reason to hand over most of the management work. He instructed his secretariat to book two days in Paris and invite the people on the attached list. He flew from Santo Domingo to Paris, and after two days everything was fi-

nalized. He came to see his princess every weekend for three days and two nights.

One morning, it was a Sunday, they fucked in the morning sun on her terrace and they made her first child.

Lou excitedly wanted to talk to Oleg on the phone, but his device was switched off. She called his office and Ludmilla told her he was in Singapore or Bangkok, was it very urgent? She could page him in an emergency. Lou said it wasn't urgent time-wise, but ask him to call me back in a quiet minute. Ludmilla wrestled with herself, "congratulations already?" Lou laughed softly, the woman really was the best secretary. "Yes," said Lou, "thank you very much! But please don't tell him anything, I want to do it myself."

Two hours later, Oleg called and she told him she was pregnant. He was overwhelmed and then they palavered for another half hour. He was in the hot phase of negotiations, he was offloading the entire Asia-business, selling around 125 small companies. At least he wanted to sell them without making a loss, not give them away. The Asians were good businessmen and he really enjoyed wrestling with them. They discussed the conversions on the yacht and she reminded him that she might need Tanja's help in 8 months at the latest.

Oleg got started immediately. Tanya had been working as an obstetrician in a St. Petersburg hospital for over six months and was under close observation by the Kremlin. They had noticed her encrypted communication with the West and thus became aware of Oleg, who was slowly but steadily shedding his Russian companies and holdings. He had Tanja flown out at night and fog in a private jet. She was given genuine Luxembourg citizenship and a passport. She had left nothing of value behind in St. Petersburg.

Lou had two double cabins next to her bedroom converted into a children's room, with a double cabin for Tanja behind it. She had the cabins fitted with connecting doors, as well as Michel's cabin, so she or Tanja could access the children's romm. This meant that Michel could enter her bedroom unseen and Oleg could enter Tanja's cabin also unseen. She sacrificed four guest cabins and had a spacious of-

fice and conference room set up for Oleg. All that remained was the captain's cabin and the two officers' cabins on the A-deck. The A-deck was now entirely private, but there were still guest cabins for 12 to 16 guests on the B-deck. The crew did a good job with the conversions, she noted with satisfaction. She sent photos every other day to keep Oleg up to date and discussed the details of his new office with him. He stayed in Singapore for almost 3 weeks, but he achieved his goals with profit. He flew back via Luxembourg, where he personally discussed the correct closing of the Asian deal with his tax experts.

Oleg was surprised that she had two cribs set up in the children's room. She smiled, "Yes, for Peter and Paul." She had to laugh because it only seeped into him in bits and pieces. They hugged each other blissfully and were already looking forward to the twins. Oleg had the yacht moved closer to Santo Domingo, the former palace was being completed. Installing a large hydrogen emergency generator and the hydrogen tanks that went with it proved to be difficult. He still intended to use it as a retirement home.

They celebrated Tanja's 42nd birthday with a feast for four, Oleg and Lou, Tanja and Michel. Lou toasted with orange juice, she took the pregnancy very seriously. She no longer went on field trips and no longer dived, she had stopped smoking. They spoke openly about the fact that Oleg would now lie with Tanja more often and Michel with Lou. "It's a wonderful solution, we'll grow together as a real family. I'm really looking forward to it!" Lou summed it up.

She was grateful to Oleg that he had reorganized his empire and was now with her at least four days a week. He had carefully planned his office and was able to run the business from there, sometimes he was staying the whole week. The hierarchy was still creaking at every turn, so he had to go there and solve the problems, for better or worse. He had given half the crew leave and they would take turns with the other half. The ship would probably be here off Santo Domingo for a few more months. He often sat together with Captain Smith or the two officers, because the *Elisée* was already an old lady, and Oleg wanted to have a younger ship in three years at the latest. The global economy was going badly and yachts were always being sold therefore, so there was no need for a new build.

Lou was hypersexualized during her pregnancy. Tanja was too hypersexualized, because her lover was only a few steps away. The two women forged their erotic plot, demanding everything from both men during this time. When Oleg fucked Lou after dinner, he slept for just under an hour and Lou relaxed her violently demanding clit masturbating. Oleg went quietly to Tanja and Lou gave Michel the signal. They did as they had done from the beginning, kissing, cuddling and snuggling for an hour before she fucked him. When Oleg returned early from Tanja's, he would stand under the door and watch them. Michel would always lie on his back and Lou would mount her little girl. She rode him with increasing speed until her powerful orgasm almost tore her apart. Michel held her belly and the twins gently and softly with his hands as if they were raw eggs. Lou, who had been caressing his breasts the whole time, tore at his nipples in her orgasm, almost ripping them out. He usually squirted with a groan during her violent orgasm, otherwise she rode him until he cummed or he fucked her from below when she was too exhausted. Oleg watched lovingly and only came in when Michel had left, he didn't want to cause any embarrassment. After the birth, the greedy and needy urges were calmed down and the women no longer put the men through a marathon.

Now Lou was sitting in front of her private laptop, stroking her little tummy again and again and reading through her diary. She would give it to the children at the right time, she had documented everything meticulously. She wanted the children to know how their mother had lived. She had described the childish experiments until she discovered masturbation. She reported in all details how she did handjobs and blowjobs in her youth. After that the intensive and horny lesbian loves, which she explored very deep. She truthfully described the incest with her father and also what Charlotte had told her. She wrote without a fig leaf about her relationship with Michel, with Oleg and also about Mischa. She thought long if she should report her secret fucking, but finally she did. She described that she took her vaginal temperature before getting up and checked it with the monthly calendar. Before breakfast she swam a few lengths naked in the swimming pool and allowed the 2 or 3 sailors, who were at the pool, to swim naked with her. She looked at their cocks and nodded encouragingly to them before swimming to a corner, that

was not visible from the outside. She held on to the edge of the pool and stuck her ass out. She never wanted to know, which sailor was coming to fuck her. The sailor was allowed to penetrate her underwater from behind and fuck her really, really hard. She always prepared herself for an orgasm and got it quickly, sometimes only with the second or third sailor. After the orgasm, she let him finish fucking and squirting, then she went upstairs and had breakfast on her terrace. The morning orgasm during the morning exercise relaxed her and sweetened her day. She kept it strongly a secret from Oleg and Michel, it would only confuse and hurt them. It was something purely physical and she forbade the sailors any improper fraternization. She looked out to sea from her laptop.

Damn it all! How much she was looking forward to seeing the twins!

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# The Cheeky Lad

by Jack Faber © 2023

Reni, whose real name was Renate, had showered her son René every evening from an early age on. He loved it when she ran the hot jet of water up and down his cock, especially his glans. She gently stroked with the tip of her index finger up and down the shaft of his cock. Only when he said: “It’s about to throb now!” did she stop her index finger and concentrate the jet of water on the small glans, letting it circle and tease the glans. “It’s throbbing, it’s throbbing!” he shouted enthusiastically and she eagerly continued to squirt the jet of water onto the throbbing glans. She had been giving him this child-like orgasm since early childhood.

But today it was different. There was no announcement of the throbbing, she stroked the foreskin with her index finger and held the jet of water on his glans, and as always she had squatted down, spread her knees and let him look into her pussy, he liked that very much. René groaned and squirted for the first time. She continued to hold the stream of water until his stuttering squirting had stopped. He had a thousand questions and she answered them all. He seemed to be interested in how the boys did it themselves to make it squirt. She grabbed his cock and masturbated him for minutes, stopping before he squirted. René understood immediately. His cock had immediately become stiff as a poker and he wanted her to continue until he squirted. She shook her head, she just wanted to show him how it has to be done. She let go of his cock and he stared mesmerized at her pussy for a long time until his cock squirted by itself! She rubbed him until it had all squirted out. How much his cock had changed! It used to be a beautiful, smooth boy’s penis, but now it had grown considerably and seemed to have become as big, strong and powerful as his father’s.

“Do girls also squirt every day?” Reni explained to him that girls don’t squirt at all and don’t have to rub every day. “And how often do girls do it?” he asked curiously. Reni said that it varied from girl to girl. “And you?” he prodded further. Reni claimed she only did it

rarely, maybe three or four times a year. That was a lie, she probably did it five times a week, but that was her private matter and really none of his business.

The next time he tried to masturbate in the water jet, but he was too stupid even for that. She got a little annoyed when he asked her to do it to him. For the next days and weeks she gave him a handjob under the water jet, she found nothing wrong with it, it was a totally normal thing for her. She knelt in front of him in the bathtub, he had to stand and direct the jet of water. She masturbated his cock, which was no longer boyish and was going to develop into a monster like Simon's, right in front of her face. He squirted on her closed lips, her neck and her beautiful, firm breasts. After a few days, she left her mouth open, but it made no impression on him. It was only when she surrounded the glans with her lips before squirting and he squirted into her mouth that he was thrilled. She didn't want to give him a proper blowjob just yet, that would come later. He was thrilled, "When you caress my cock with your lips, that's the best!" he exclaimed enthusiastically, and she smiled with great satisfaction. She showered when he left and masturbated in the shower when she was very horny, otherwise she went to bed, masturbated and fantasized about fucking René. They talked a lot about sex, she thought it was a good way to educate her son about sex. She got into the bathtub with him, lay on her back and let him admire her jewels. He inspected everything thoroughly, pulling her labia apart with his fingers as she had done before and marveling at the little hole.

"And that's where I came out, right?" She nodded and explained to him that it was a very stretchy cunthole where both Daddy's thick cock could fit in and a baby could come out. Every day René had to look at and explore her pussy with his fingers. She showed him the well-hidden clitoris, which was there for the girls to rub. "Yes," she confirmed his question, "some girls do it every day like the boys, some even more often." Reni showed him even how the girls masturbated for 20 seconds, what he understood, of course!

He kept asking how to fuck and she explained it patiently and in detail. He seemed satisfied, he spread her labia daily and his gaze lin-

gered on her hole. His interest was piqued, and by God, now he was dying to know what it felt like “inside”.

The answer wasn’t easy for her. “It’s warm and moist, and all men like it.” He was amazed, did she let more than one man fuck her? She laughed out loud. “But what you think, silly boy! I’ve only ever fucked Daddy and never anyone else! But what I meant was, that a man feels very comfortable in his wife’s cunthole, otherwise the human race would have died out long ago!”

René nodded, now he’d got it right. But he begged her every day during his inspections of her pussy, that he wanted to feel it, really feel what it felt like for his cock. Reni shook her head vigorously, she couldn’t let that happen! The same thing day after day.

One day he wanted it, he really wanted it! He spread her labia as he did every day, but now he penetrated her cunt. He had pulled back his foreskin very tightly and penetrated her cunthole with his glans. Maybe a centimeter, he didn’t dare to go any further. Reni was now tired of always turning it down.

“You have to push your cock in really deep, don’t be afraid!” she said quietly. He pushed in very carefully, his precious cock disappearing into a hole he didn’t know and was somehow afraid of. But he pushed in until his cock was all the way inside.

Reni held his hips tightly. “Remember, you’re not allowed to fuck me like Daddy, I’ve explained that to you already in detail. Stay calm and tell me, how it feels?”

“Soft, warm and wet, Mama, just like you said. It’s incredibly pleasant in there and it’s wonderful!” Reni winced, surely he wouldn’t just cum? But René closed his eyes with lust and sighed after a while, “I’m already throbbing, Mom, it’s throbbing!” He concentrated for a good while and breathed, “It’s coming up in my cock, Mom, it’s coming, I can feel it precisely!”

Reni held his hips with an iron grip and murmured, “don’t squirt inside there, my darling, please don’t!” But he squeezed his ass

cheeks together rhythmically and squirted, once, twice, five times. She held him tight until his cock softened again, then she pulled it out. He defended himself, saying he hadn't fucked her like Daddy! And cumming was wonderful, she didn't need to give him a hand job anymore. Reni nodded uncertainly, well, okay then!

He now stuck his cock in her pussyhole every evening, waited motionless, then he came, closed his eyes and squirted. He asked, "why are you wiggling your butt?" and she replied, "because otherwise you wouldn't be able to squirt!" He was puzzled and thoughtful. Finally he said, "I thought it would squirt by itself!" Reni laughed softly. "I wiggle my ass as soon as my pussy realizes you're ready. It's my pussy that pushes against you slightly and triggers your squirting. Pay close attention!" The next day he exclaimed as he was cumming, "Yes, now I can feel exactly how your pussy is thrusting me!" Reni smiled delightedly and said that it was important to her that he cum every day and didn't get any sexual pressure. This went quite well for a few weeks, but then the motionless cumming just didn't work anymore. She masturbated the unhappy boy by hand at the end, but that wasn't the real thing. He thrust in deep to cum, he began to squirt and now thrust in hard with every jet. He was unhappy and sad, he didn't want to betray her, he stammered. She hugged him lovingly and comforted him well. "I know all about men," she said sympathetically, "they have to thrust hard in when they squirt, I think that's quite normal. I'm certainly not angry with you for it, I guess that's the way it has to be." He mustn't have a bad conscience about that, she accepted and allowed it, definitely. He only calmed down after a few days, now he pushed in hard when he came. He didn't know, of course, that this was the beginning of the fucking. She noticed, of course, that he was thrusting in more and more enthusiastically and she guessed what would happen next. He noticed that her fingertips were rotating slightly on her clit. "Would you rather masturbate now?" he asked suspiciously, as he wanted to continue sliding in and out slowly. "No," Reni said dismissively, "I only masturbate when I'm alone, masturbation is a purely private matter!" He was reassured and continued to slide slowly in and out, and after a while her fingertips slid over her clit again. They continued to slide until she winced in orgasm. When the orgasm was over, she whispered hoarsely, "come on, now you can squirt or thrust if it's not time yet." She

turned her head wearily to the side and covered her eyes with her hand, she was really full of guilt and shame. That was the signal for him to thrust really fast and squirt in powerful jets. He watched it every time when her fingertips slid over her clit and asked, “You’re now masturbating, I can see it!” She nodded at first, but then said she only masturbated alone, at night. “Every night?” he probed further, she nodded and turned her head to the side tiredly and covered her eyes ashamed. “Several times in a row?” he asked, no longer relenting. She stared at him almost angrily. But she nodded in agreement and said after a while, “That’s my private matter, it’s none of your business!” He didn’t give up. “You have claimed two or three times a year!” She still looked annoyed, but then her face brightened. “I said that months ago, but a lot has changed between us since then! Can you accept it?” René didn’t know what she meant by accepting, but he wasn’t looking for an argument, it was better to drop the subject. From then on, he slid in and out very slowly and watched as her fingertips slid over her clit and gradually triggered her orgasm. She always looked at him shyly and very very in shame, then she covered her eyes in shame and a guilty feeling, but he didn’t dare to soothe her with words of relief. His majestic sliding, slowly deep in and all the way out, made her horny every day. Her clit screamed for an orgasm, she let her fingertips rotate over her clit for fifteen minutes, even though she was acutely aware that René was watching her masturbating most greedily. She let the orgasm erupt and when it was over, she put her head to one side and covered her eyes, plagued by deep shame. Her eyes filled with tears and she breathed, “go on!” or “you may now!” Some days the post-coital dysphoria, the post-coital tristesse, was so strong that the tears flowed for minutes. She was completely passive while René thrust forcefully, and only when he squirted did her pussy and her vaginal muscles milk his cock hard. She hugged him lovingly afterwards and was now completely happy. It went on like this for many weeks, if she didn’t want him to squirt inside, she would give him a hand job. “So I don’t have a baby,” she explained and he understood.

She now went straight to bed every night to masturbate afterwards. She had masturbated every night as a child to fall asleep, but when she finished school at 16 and went to work, she was usually too tired and exhausted to masturbate. She masturbated maybe once a

week, even during her marriage. But now she was aroused every day when René squirted inside, she had to masturbate again every day as often like in her youth.

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## Renates Tale

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She masturbated her clit very gently and let her life pass her by. Like her peers, she had given the boys handjobs as a matter of course and later learned to let them squirt in her mouth. Since she was 12, her father called her into the bedroom when her mother had her period or was unwell. Her mother made a hell of a fuss, but wanted Reni to give him a handjob. It was no problem at all for Reni, it was just her mother who was fussing. Her father especially liked the fact that Reni took the cock as deep as she could into her mouth and let him squirt in. She was delighted to make her adored Dad cum so well, so fine as she could. Reni had already fucked a few boys, but nobody had to deflower her, as she had no hymen from birth. She cuddled with Daddy and whispered in his ear when she could tell him about a fuck with a boy or a hand job today after school. On purpose, of course, because Daddy had a magnificent cock and she really wanted to fuck him, she loved her Dad insanely. After all, she was already 13 and a real woman! Of course he wanted to, only her mother acted the first time horrified. Maybe she didn't know, or didn't remember, that Reni didn't have a hymen at all and was clamoring that he was only allowed to fuck, if at all, in the very front of her cunt. Like an envious seagull, she grabbed his cock and controlled the action, clamoring and fussing. "You're only allowed to fuck the girl right at the front entrance," she fussed, "she's so goddamn young, she might be afraid of fucking and of losing her virginity! Isn't that right, my little one?" Reni shook her head, "But no, Mom, I already know how to fuck and I'm no longer a virgin!" Nevertheless, her mother held on to his cock with her hand for the first few days and didn't let him penetrate. She checked for a few days, that he fucked her daughter only outside, then she assumed that everyone was obedient, honest and of good will. Daddy and Reni had free rein and fucked as often as they could. Mother couldn't stop nagging and clamoring, but she was quite happy for him to fuck Reni and not

cheat her with other bitches. Of course she had noticed the covetous and seductive looks of the rival bitches and knew that many of them envied her, the unsightly swan, the handsome guy. What she didn't know, of course, was that he secretly picked every flower by the wayside. Reni enjoyed fucking the handsome Daddy for about six years. Her mother soon calmed down and came to terms with the fact that he only fucked her once a month and then lay on top of Reni, whom he fucked daily. She overcame her inhibitions and masturbated openly in front of the two when she was hot. Reni fucked her beloved Daddy until the wedding and every day during her pregnancy, when she was always horny like a 15-year-old. She only stopped fucking Dad in secret when he was aging rapidly, his sexual drive was fading and his loins were drying out. Of course, she could only fuck him every day during her pregnancy, but then as often as she could, at least every Sunday morning, she snuck out of the house before sunrise without waking her husband. She scurried two houses away and lay down with her Dad, waking him up as she stroked his morning wood carefully. He mumbled sleepily, "Good morning, my darling!" and lay down on his back. She mounted him and inserted his cock into her pussyhole as she had done a thousand times before. She lay gently on his chest and let her ass slide back and forth. When she realized he was ready, her pussy pounded his cock with her ass until he cummed. Initially she had ridden him, but as he got older she had switched to this technique, it didn't strain him too much. Initially it only took her two minutes to ride him to cum, but with this gentler technique it took at least 15 minutes or longer. "Was it good, Daddy?" she asked each time and he nodded tiredly. "It's so sweet of you to fuck me old man. I haven't looked at a woman since Mom left. Are you coming tomorrow or the day after?" She said "the day after tomorrow!" every time, although sometimes she came the next day. She was convinced that this was not real fucking, it was a service to relieve him of the sexual pressure. She lovingly covered him up and let him sleep on. Then she scurried home, made coffee and brought it to her husband in bed. She was quite sure he never noticed.

She had gone to work at 16, it was pretty exhausting. One evening, as she was walking home late at night after work, she saw a man slip on the icy sidewalk in front of her and he remained lying there. She looked around, but there was no one to be seen. She hurried and bent

over the man. He smelled of beer, but he was breathing. Thank God! She shook him gently and asked if he had hurt himself, if anything was broken? He grumbled, no, he hadn't broken anything. Reni helped him stand up, but his leg was really hurting. She supported him and they sat down on a bench despite the freezing cold. He said he was Simon, he had received his master craftsman's certificate today and had to buy some of his work colleagues a drink. "I never drink, but today I had to drink two beers and I couldn't take it. Boom! I was lying on the sidewalk, offended and stupid, and a pretty lady like you had to rescue me!" Reni smiled as he did, Simon seemed like a neat guy.

"I am Reni, Renate. What kind of master's certificate, Master Simon?" He laughed. "You're the first to call me Master, Renate! I hope you don't think I'm a weirdo or even a drunkyard. I suddenly sobered up when I landed on the floor. To answer that, I'm a stonemason. Gravestones, statues for gardens and anything made of stone. I work for the stonemason Fürner, a good master!"

They talked for another fifteen minutes, then set off. He could limp and then walk, he walked to the left and she to the right after she had typed her phone number into his cell phone. That's how she met her husband and they got married a year and a half later. She lived with her parents until then and gave herself to him after a few months. He had a thick, chunky and great cock and fucked her very considerately and carefully. They both loved each other with all their hearts, he was a hard-working man and only four years older than her. She loved fucking him, she almost always got an orgasm and Simon was proud of it.

On one of their first dates, he brought her a palm-sized sculpture as a gift. It was originally a commission, the client had given him a photo, a South American statuette that was several centuries old. He had reproduced it true to life, the customer was not satisfied and paid anyway. He asked Reni how she liked it? She looked at the statuette very closely.

"A muscular guy with a headdress fucking a boy," Reni said, blushing slightly.

“That’s not a boy, that’s a girl or a woman,” Simon said indignantly.

Reni shook her head firmly. “She has no labia, no clitoris and no breasts!” she said. “I don’t want to criticize your work,” she said shyly, “but he looks more like a boy. I’ve never seen two men fucking, but that’s just my first impression.” Simon pocketed the statuette again and they changed the subject.

A few weeks later, he gave her a new statuette. He had made a brand new one, he had given the man a magnificent cock that poked into the woman’s gorgeous cunt. She had large labia and a truly impressive clit as well as breasts like a sex bomb. Reni beamed, “Wow! That’s a horny woman, damn it! And I guess they’re fucking with a smile on their faces right now, or am I wrong?” She praised how great and excitingly horny he had made the act and they spent the next hour just talking about the statuette and the fucking. He accompanied her home, she led him into her bedroom and showed him where she hid the statuette. Her parents would be shocked if they discovered it. And they would beat their hands over their heads, if they knew that their little daughter had given herself to the artist! Simon’s head jerked up. In that hour, she gave him her virginity, because in her opinion that with Daddy didn’t count really.

Reni loved fucking Simon, being fucked by the strong man. She was already three months pregnant when they got married. Now the pandemic was in full swing, there was less and less for stonemasons to do. Simon laid paving stones in the state capital and only came home for the weekend. He fucked her with all his pent-up lust, as he wasn’t cheating on her any more than she was. As she hid her masturbation from everyone, including Simon, it was an incentive for him to fuck Reni as often as he could and bring her to orgasm. Reni didn’t say a single word about the strange games with René.

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She was expecting her best girlfriend Veronika. She had been coming every other Wednesday for over six years, when René went to judo or soccer training straight after school and the two women were undisturbed until the evening. The two were not lesbians, Veronika

sometimes said they were bi, bisexual. But Reni never believed it, in her opinion Veronika really was a real lesbian, even if she sometimes fucked little boys. Reni was convinced that Veronika fucked much more often with little girls and young women. She knew that she wasn't a bit of a lesbian herself. Veronika had seduced her one day and she went along with everything because she and Veronika enjoyed it sexually. Sometimes they had another coffee, then they went into the bedroom and lay naked together on the marital bed. They kissed, cuddled and caressed each other for a long time until they were both very hot. They masturbated each other, licked each other's clit to orgasm or fucked clit-to-clit. That was especially nice, because Veronika had a bigger clit than Reni, loved the role of the man and fucked Reni to madness. When Reni gasped, groaned and moaned with a silent scream in orgasm, Veronika knelt up and masturbated to orgasm on her knees, her eyes triumphantly fixed on Reni. Reni loved watching Veronika masturbate. Veronika pressed the flesh next to the clit with the fingers of one hand down so that the already large clit now protruded two or three centimeters. With the index finger of her other hand, she rubbed the clit from the bottom upwards, just as you would stroke a chin from below. When she then sped up, the index finger concentrated on the head of the clit. And when she orgasmed she pressed the index finger firmly onto the clit, vibrating it.

Reni finally gave herself a jolt and told Veronika everything, from the beginning. Veronika listened curiously and breathlessly, because since the death of her husband and since Hansi, her son, had been studying in the state capital and only came home one weekend a month to fuck Veronika, her targets had been boys of Hansi's age or younger. She had never thought about seducing Reni's son before, but the thought excited her imagination.

"So, how long has this been going on? Does Simon know?" Veronika asked.

"For God's sake, no, Simon has no idea! And the thing with René, it's been going on for about a year, since he was able to squirt." Reni was very meek, but also a little relieved because she could finally talk to someone about it. She remembered that Veronika had once mentioned that she was fucking her own son Hansi. She asked Veronika

very carefully because she didn't know for sure. Veronika confirmed with a laugh that it was true, she had been fucking Hansi for years, but now that he was studying, they fucked only one weekend a month, unfortunately. Fucking every day, that was great then, but that was just the way it was now.

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## Veronikas Tale

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Veronika slept with her older brother in the children's room. She watched him in amazement as he masturbated and squirted every night. He showed her how to give him a handjob and later a blowjob, although she almost choked during the blowjob. He showed her how girls masturbated and she masturbated every night before falling asleep ever since, until today. He was 17 and she was 12 and a half when he took her virginity. She was prepared for it to sting a little the first time and that it was always difficult for him because she had a very tight little girl's pussyhole. But they fucked every night until he moved to the state capital to study.

About that time, when she was about 14, her mother lost all interest in fucking. She lived as a lesbian before Veronika was born, the pregnancy was a promiscuous mixed-gender gang-bang accident and they had to get married. She already had mainly lesbian relationships in her youth and went along to the weekly gangbangs right from the start. The girls surrounded her and grabbed giggling her virgin pussy. Finally there was one again to take her virginity! A muscular, handsome lad with a cock like a horse lay down with a friendly smile on his face. He penetrated her carefully and considerately and took her virginity. He fucked her for a very long time and squirted inside. From now on she was taken in, she grabbed one girl after another and licked a dozen clits to orgasm. She had to really stick her ass out to the back while licking so that the guys could mount her from behind and fuck her. There were quite a few of them who wanted to fuck her until the end of the gangbang. The guy who had taken her virginity had fallen madly in love with her and stayed on her trail. During the gangbang, he was the first and the last to fuck her with his huge cock. She stuck with it though, she had only come for the clit

licking and there were plenty of girls who loved to be licked. At some point it was clear, she had become pregnant. She couldn't have said for the life of her which of the hundreds of men was the father. The boy who clung to her like a shadow offered himself as the father and they got married in the eighth month. Her husband wanted to fuck several times a day, she was very grateful to him for marrying her and saving her from disgrace. She let herself be fucked with a smile, although she loved lesbian love much more. Shortly after Veronika was born, she went gangbanging with her husband again. She licked all the clits with abandon and he fucked one girl after the other. They went to the gangbangs until Veronika was 12 or 13. The mother kept up some of her lesbian relationships, let her husband fuck her without much desire, because he wanted to fuck at least once a day. After fucking, she masturbated until she fell asleep and did so very lustfully and passionately. It was fine with him because he could see how much she enjoyed it. But after 13 or 14 years of listless fucking, she just didn't want to fuck anymore. She drank heavily every evening and masturbated openly and shamelessly, making no secret of it. The father was very upset and only put up with the new order for a few weeks. Then he told Veronika she could sleep in their marital bed. She had to, he made it clear, because her mother no longer wanted to be fucked. Veronika obeyed because she was in love with her father anyway and was only afraid of her mother. She lay down between her parents and was amazed that her mother was playing with her pussy and clit uninhibitedly. She looked at her father, who grinned wickedly and maliciously. He let the blanket slide to the floor and placed Veronika's hand on his stiff cock. "Do you know how to do it?" he asked and she looked fearfully into her mother's eyes. She shrugged her shoulders indifferently and Veronika looked at her father. She nodded, "of course I know how to!" she confirmed. She turned her back to her mother and sat up, then gave her father a great and fine handjob. She loved her Daddy very much and already as a young kid she admired his giant cock. With her thumb in the mouth the kid stood beside him in the bathroom, when he caressed his mighty piece and squirted into the washbasin. And now, she was giving him daily a handjob. That was the new order. When she was finished, she sat with her back in the crook of her father's arm and he let his hand rest on her pussy, while they both curiously watched her drunken mother masturbate powerfully. Veronika could no longer

masturbate at night, she did it before getting up, when her father had already left house and her mother was preparing breakfast. After a few weeks, she asked her father if he would prefer a blowjob too and looked anxiously and concerned at her drunken mother, who casually played with her pussy and shrugged her shoulders indifferently. So Veronika gave him a magnificent blowjob and swallowed his semen. He was in seventh heaven, she was allowed to cuddle up in the crook of his arm, his fingers caressed her pussyhole and they both watched her drunk mother masturbate passionately. Her mother always got senselessly drunk before masturbating, she masturbated so greedily and was so absent-minded that she noticed nothing of her surroundings. Veronika discovered this, she could stick a finger in her pussyhole, even fingerfuck her without her noticing. “She wouldn’t even notice now if you fucked her really hard,” she said to Dad. But he waved it off, no way, he wouldn’t enjoy it. Even when the little girl kept fucking her with the thick handle of a hairbrush in her cunthole until the end of her orgasm, the masturbator didn’t notice anything and orgasmed like hell when being handle-fucked. This made Dad very tingly and horny and he watched her handle-fucking until the end of his wife’s orgasm very often. For Veronika it had a bit of revenge and having dominance over the drunken dragon for the next weeks. At some point it was too much for Dad and he told her to stop and leave the old woman alone. That was the new order for the next few weeks.

One evening, the mother provoked the father carelessly, he pounced on the mother swearing blasphemously and fucked her really hard despite all her protests. Afterwards the mother screamed and shouted what a brutal pig he was. “He could fuck Veronika,” the drunken and humiliateted bitch screamed, “she would soon be 15 and could surely fuck already, the little slut!” The father was completely flabbergasted and looked at Veronika. She thought feverishly, then nodded, a bit frightened. He immediately wanted to know with whom? Veronika didn’t want to say it out loud, her mother treated her like an enemy and she never wanted to tell her! She whispered in Dad’s ear, “With Franz, for two years now!” Her father’s mouth remained open, but he gritted his teeth. “Then I want to fuck you right now!” he exclaimed and Veronika cast a triumphant glance at her drunken mother, who was still crying and sobbing a little.

Veronika lay down under her father, spread her legs and hugged him lovingly. “You have to be careful, I only have a small and very tight pussyhole!” He was really damn careful with his giant cock and they immediately fucked away. The mother scolded him blasphemously when he actually fucked Veronika. “Do you have no shame at all about fucking your daughter, fucking your own child? — Oh my God! With your giant prick you’re tearing her tiny cunthole apart, you damned barbarian! — You’ll make her a child if you squirt it all in, you filthy bastard! — At least pull it out, you stupid moron, and don’t squirt it all in!” The two of them didn’t care about her wild screaming and fucked with increasing lust. Veronika soon found out how to orgasm with her beloved Daddy and he was very proud of it. Gradually Veronika managed to take his really big cock deep inside her, and she was almost bursting with pride! A year and a half later, they buried Veronika’s mother. She died of cirrhosis of the liver, she had drunk herself to death, Veronika said. She was only 37 years old. They fucked every day for years until she fell in love with Heiko at 19 and quickly married him. Her father married in Sweden and Veronika never saw him again.

Heiko was a good man, gentle yet energetic, he fucked much better than her father and better than her brother. Heiko earned good money as a helicopter pilot. She almost always had an orgasm and he was okay with her masturbating before falling asleep. That was okay with him. They had a son, Hansi and their love was strong and firm, they wanted another child, but she had become infertile. Her period had stopped one day, her world was falling apart. He was the iron support that saved her from total despair. Heiko was happy with one child and it didn’t bother him much. He took time off as often as he could, he played a lot with Hansi and was an enthusiastic father. He fucked Veronika as often as possible and said with a grin that they would fuck her depression down, damn it! Hansi was 12 when his father crashed in a helicopter. Heiko wanted to rescue a couple of lost mountaineers in a storm, but the control center wanted to stop him, the storms in the mountains above Garmisch could be treacherous! He climbed up with a helper, they were able to rescue all the mountaineers and crashed miserably on the way home. None survived.

She stood in front of the coffin with Hansi, she felt nothing and just wanted to be dead, life no longer had any meaning. Heiko had saved her from her horrible mother, he had actually been able to fuck her depression down and now he would never come through the garden gate again with horny anticipation. Dead. She just wanted to be dead and not miss him. But there was Hansi, she couldn't let him down. The orphans youth home would destroy him. She stretched her back, she didn't want to be dead, she was alive for Hansi and was there for him. That was her job now, she heard dead Heiko saying.

She let Hansi sleep in her marital bed, they were together and no one was lonely in grief and pain. She left the bedside lamp on and propped her chin on her hands to watch him masturbate. She smiled indulgently, because the 12-year-old masturbated every evening twice and squirted high a fountain into the air, so they laughed together. She held his cock firmly, when he masturbated the first round and made his fountain squirt high, he loved that and let her masturbate him the second time more and more often. He squealed happily when she made him squirt high in a fountain. She didn't feel like masturbating herself yet, but after a few weeks she asked him before masturbating him if he wouldn't rather like to fuck? He said he'd never fucked before, "the girls at school were stupid geese who did handjobs and had their pussies grabbed, but not one of the stupid bitches wanted to fuck really. He didn't have anyone else to fuck either, like rich guy Schorsch, who was allowed to fuck the tutor in his tutorials as often as he wanted."

Veronika uncovered herself and spread her legs. "Come on, Hansi, come on, be my lover!" He responded immediately, he learned to fuck well and they lived as happy lovers for seven years. When he was 19, he went to the capital city to study, but he came home for a weekend every month and they fucked for hours. He had a few sluts at university to fuck, but his heart beat for Veronika.

She had fucked many of his school friends and had developed a taste for young boys and young girls. Hansi didn't mind, because she belonged only to him, none of the little boys or the shy girls threatened his position. He grinned wryly when she told him on their weekends which untouched boys she taught to fuck, which shy girls

she seduced and some of whom she deflowered with her finger. They laughed together because Veronika could imitate the coarse language and dirty expressions of the whores and godless sluts so wonderfully.

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Veronika listened to what Reni had to say. In her opinion, everything was fine. As long as Reni didn't get herself pregnant, it was certainly okay not to confess anything to Simon. She didn't know Simon personally, but she could judge him pretty well from Reni's descriptions. Sometimes she closed her eyes and let Reni describe what Simon's body and cock looked like, playing with her clit slowly and phantasizing while Reni talked about being fucked by Simon.

"No, it's perfectly normal and fine, if you let René squirt inside," Veronika said, "don't you want to let him fuck properly? Hansi was already old enough at 12 and a half, and it did us both a lot of good, neither of us had any disadvantage or emotional damage." Reni looked at her friend desperately. "No, never! I can't let René fuck me, it makes all my hair stand up. I would never forgive myself if I cheated on Simon! I just don't know whether I should let René keep squirting inside or whether I should end it quickly." Veronika looked at her for a long time. Then she asked Renate to describe it to her exactly and in detail, she wanted to imagine it properly. Veronika closed her eyes and caressed her clit, Reni began her report.

"On dangerous days I give him a handjob, René has understood that. Otherwise I lie down on his bed, because I can't desecrate the marriage bed. He spreads my labia with his fingers and penetrates me slowly and considerately, remaining motionless deep inside. Sometimes he kneels upright between my thighs, we look at each other and after a few minutes he starts to squirt. I work his cock with my pussy muscles to make him squirt all inside. Sometimes he lies down on top of me, kisses, caresses and hugs me while he squirts. I then only have to admonish him that he must not fuck me in his exuberance, and he accepts that. Very rarely he pulls his cock out so far that only the glans is still inside and then he masturbates the shaft and squirts inside. When he rubs it, I sometimes think that his glans is fucking me, but I'm only imagining it." Reni's report came to an

end and she nudged her thoughtfully clit-playing girlfriend with a toe. “Well, what do you think?”

Veronika slowly opened her eyes and sat up. “I think that you’re totally gaga, batshit stupid. It’s only half a step from squirting to fucking. It’s only a brick in your mind that you won’t let him fuck. He’s old enough, you’ve almost let him fuck. Of course the glans is fucking you, when he masturbates the glans inside, don’t lie to yourself, even if it’s just a secret, half-hearted fucking. But it’s most important that you only allow what you want to allow. My opinion is not really important. If you just want to let him cum without fucking, then do it, you can play that for years to come. And if he really wants to fuck, send him to me. He can fuck Auntie Veronika as often as he wants. I’m your best friend and I love boys his age, by God!”

They argued back and forth. Reni was somehow repulsed by Veronika’s preference for taking very young boys to bed. Veronika explained to her how nice it was to put a boy between her thighs and undress the shy boy. Watching how the little cock stiffened from a shriveled worm, but never unfolded to its full size. As she slowly undressed, the stiffness increased with each piece of her clothing. A big leap in development when the bra fell, another leap when the panties fluttered to the floor. The little one’s tension when she gently took his cock in her hand. He drew in his breath when she pulled back the foreskin completely and exposed the glans.

She questioned the little ones with hypnotic urgency and they dropped all inhibitions. Most of the little ones masturbated and squirted as often as they could, five or ten times a day. One was allowed to fuck his demented grandmother as much as he liked, another his big sister because his little cock fitted through the hole in her hymen. One admitted to fucking his youngest sister once, but the stupid little girl ran crying to her Mom and he was humiliatingly punished.

Sometimes she would start with a handjob, she would watch the boy’s face during the handjob and it would excite her like the dope excites the addict. Once she was hot, she taught them to fuck. Most of them were still innocent, that is, virgins. They all learned quickly as fucking was not a witchcraft. She made each of them fuck and squirt several times in a row and only released them when they were completely exhausted and drained. She enjoyed it to the fullest.

The girlfriends parted without anything changing. Veronika did her thing, Reni did hers. René was allowed to squirt inside, she found nothing wrong with it and hugged her son lovingly. It was good for him, he preferred it to getting a handjob and he never had to masturbate himself. Gradually his behavior changed. He moved a little, an inch back and forth. Reni admonished him sternly, he nodded seriously and carried on. It wasn't fucking, he grumbled back. It only helped him to cum, and she wanted that too, she had allowed him to squirt inside, hadn't she? Reni kept her mouth shut as one centimeter became two, three and five. Then she stopped him, not a millimeter further! For a while he moved carefully five centimeters back and forth, only speeding up to cum, but that she understood, that was necessary for squirting.

René pushed his cock in deep and pulled it out slowly, a few times.

"Is that fine for you?" he asked and she replied, "Yes, but you mustn't fuck me, don't thrust quickly!"

This went on for the rest of the time. He pushed his cock in and out very slowly and very deeply, fully in and fully out, and she smiled at him because it was hot for her too, as it often took more than half an hour. To squirt, however, he had to thrust really fast and hard, maybe for half a minute or two. This led to discussions, but with a mendacious twinkle in his eye, he affirmed that he could only squirt like that. She nodded thoughtfully, because she had seen that it didn't work without it. She finally gave in, "but do it to squirt only, that will be okay." He was allowed to fuck really hard for the last minute, the last two minutes, the last five minutes. She wouldn't tolerate it any longer, as hard as a rock. René understood and was happy anyway, because he could fuck Reni wonderfully, slowly for half an hour, then very fast for five minutes or longer every day! Reni let him thrust as a beast, she more and more often had an orgasm. She made sure very strictly that he only thrust in and out very very slowly for a long time, perhaps half an hour, and very deeply to the end of her vagina. No, he wasn't allowed to thrust quickly, no way! She got so wonderfully hot, the lust slowly crept into her pussy and became overpowering. Her pussy was screaming for an orgasm! "Okay, my big one, now you can," she breathed silently, embarrassed

by her own horny arousal. He nodded and began to fuck her, really fuck. He knew what she had told him about fucking and held back the squirting until she had reached orgasm. Sometimes after two, usually only after 10 or 15 minutes. After her orgasm he came very quickly and firmly in the finale and squirted. He was finished and smiled happily, she was always very sad in the post-coital dysphoria and the thought plagued her that they had fucked now. But she quickly pushed this thought aside, because she wanted to let it happen again the next day. Stopping the game was no longer an option.

Then Inspector Coincidence came around the corner with a big broad grin on his face.

One Wednesday afternoon, Reni and Veronika were snuggled up in the big bed, tightly intertwined in a hot sexual act, and the door opened. It was René. The two women looked up in bewilderment.

“Afternoon lessons have been canceled, both teachers with Corona. So is soccer training. I arrived early, saw you and waited until you were finished.” René’s explanation made sense.

Reni asked suspiciously, “What all did you see?”

But before he could answer, Veronika saw her chance. “Please close the door and lie down with us! Lie down with Aunt Veronika!” Reni was astonished and extremely worried. He was supposed to lie with them? Veronika told René to drop his clothes. He lay down naked with Veronika, who put her arm around his shoulders, signaling her ownership. Reni looked at the two of them and thought how tall René already had become. Where had her eyes been, her little darling had grown so tall and his cock was almost as big as Simon’s mighty prick. She sat very far away, her throat constricting.

“Would you like to fuck Aunt Veronika, little René?” Veronika asked with glittering eyes. He nodded, his throat was also tight. “First from the front, then from behind?” Veronika continued without caring whether or what René replied. She spread her arms out and turned him until he was lying between her thighs. “I don’t have to make him hard, your big stick!” she stated laughing and guided his

cock into her cunthole. Reni held her breath, she of course knew that he fucked a bunch of slutty bitches after school, but seeing it now made her jealous. She crawled over to the two of them and grabbed his cock, not really knowing what she wanted to do.

René penetrated slowly and considerately, Reni let go of his cock and snuggled up to Veronika. He began to thrust slowly and gently and slowly increased the pace. Reni saw that he was fucking Veronika in the same way he had been fucking her for a year now, but now he was allowed to fuck Veronika much faster and harder. She had never allowed him to do that, only in the last few minutes, when she wanted to have an orgasm herself when she got hot. Reni watched Veronika's face, she knew her quite well and Veronika was well on her way to orgasm.

"I have to cum, I can't hold it back any longer, Aunt Veronika," René gasped and Veronika mumbled a little disappointed, "just let it go, my little one, it'll be fine!" and René squirted, roaring. He waited a few seconds. "Mommy, can I put it in quickly so that it gets really hard again?" he whispered and Reni nodded immediately and triumphantly. He rolled on top of her and penetrated her cunthole. He had obviously not squirted all into Veronika and when he penetrated now, he continued to squirt after a moment. Reni slapped him as he made fucking motions. He was immediately stiff as a poker, because she had always done that to stop him from fucking.

Veronika cuddled up to Reni. It was quite clear visible that René continued to squirt for quite a while, pressing his ass cheeks. But he stayed stiff as a board, whispering in between that it would get stiff soon, but he stayed stiff as a board inside Reni for another 5 minutes before he was really stiff again. He whispered, "Aunt Veronika, it's working again!"

Veronika got down on all fours. Reni was really amazed that René knew what to do. He pushed in from behind and got going. After minutes, Veronika was screaming with pleasure, he fucked for a very long time and Reni couldn't help noticing that Veronika was on the way to orgasm again. Two minutes later Veronika cried out softly, the

orgasm almost tore her apart and this orgasm would go down in history.

René's cock had been catapulted out and he groaned, "I'm not done yet, I haven't cum yet!"

Veronika, who was now slumped over exhausted, whispered tonelessly, "Park it in Renate's cunthole so it stays hard, we'll get on with it later!"

Reni let him enter again, she was strangely amazed at how big his cock had become after fucking Veronika, filling her cunt completely. He made tiny movements and earned a light slap, but he kept moving in the micrometer range. Veronika had caught her breath, she cuddled up close to Reni and stunned her with a powerful, greedy French kiss. Her finger slid over Reni's clit and she made her friend bursting hot. After two minutes she whispered with a grin, "is he still good, is he still stiff?" René whispered back, "Of course it is!" and Veronika whispered almost inaudibly, "You can fuck her right now!"

Reni wouldn't have wanted to if she had been in her right mind. But Veronika had brought her clit almost to orgasm and now she buried her young girlfriend with powerful French kisses, her goddamn tongue lashing out like the damned serpent's in the Garden of Eden. She felt the thick, wonderful cock deep inside her pussy and she made herself soft and wide, she wanted desperately to be fucked!

Reni only noticed in passing that René was fucking her really hard, she was hypnotized by Veronika's tongue play and her clit rubbing. René fucked and fucked her like a berserk. Veronika let go of her clit and her tongue, when she realized, that Reni was coming to orgasm. Reni suddenly realized that René was fucking her properly, fucking her really hard and powerfully. She felt her orgasm just seconds away and fucked him too with all her might, she had to have this orgasm! The orgasm broke out like a hurricane, it almost tore her apart and her cunthole clutched his cock greedily and milked him hard. She emerged as if from a frenzy and only now felt that René was squirting with all his might, the veins on his neck standing out thickly.

Reni gradually calmed down, René had rolled off her, straight into Veronika's arms, who instantly stuffed his semi-hard-on into her pussyhole. He lay motionless and gasped for air.

Reni was crying. He had fucked her rightously for the first time. It was a dam burst, an incest. She cried because she had cheated on Simon, she had fucked someone else. She cried because the innocent game was now over, fucking was no longer a game and she knew that from now on she would fuck René like Veronika fucked with Hansi. It was inevitable, it was final. She had become one of those women who fucked their sons greedily and lustfully. She stopped crying.

René fucked Veronika from the front, Reni returned the favor to her treacherous dearest friend and rubbed her clit to orgasm, she rubbed it so well and so hard that Veronika was wildly shaken by the orgasm.

"My God, how many more times can you do it?" Reni exclaimed as René mounted her again later. She let herself be fucked, it wasn't as mind-blowing as the first time and she probably wouldn't have had an orgasm if Veronika hadn't rubbed her clit so masterfully. They took a break, drank red wine and lemonade and smoked. She hadn't even realized that René was already smoking.

René fucked them both twice more until the evening. He asked as she left, "Aunt Veronika, you'll be back tomorrow, won't you?" She nodded, "Of course, my little one!" And she came, almost every other afternoon, and they fucked all three of them until dinner. Reni no longer cried often, she had accepted that she had become a damn slut who fucked René every day and Simon at the weekend. It only depressed her sometimes.

René already knew Reni's life story, now Veronika told him her sexual story. René asked three times what it was like to fuck her mother with the handle of the hairbrush? "I didn't know anything about vibrators back then, but I had long since found out that you got a more intense orgasm if you fuck yourself with the handle during your orgasm. I only felt contempt, a desire for revenge and dominance when I fucked her with the handle over many weeks. She really

did have much stronger orgasms, but dominating and humiliating the old snake was more important to me. Dad ended it after months."

Veronika had something new to tell! She had been loitering outside the school as usual to catch a cute young boy. A girl approached her and after a greeting and a few bars of small talk, she got to the point because she had heard about Veronika's reputation. She was madly in love with her boyfriend and masturbated every night thinking about him until her wrist was lame. She wanted to fuck him, let him take her virginity, but his cock was only very small and much too weak to pierce her firm and hard hymen, they had tried for a long time. She didn't want to slash it with a knife, that would be the last resort. Veronika took them both home. They sat naked on the huge marital bed and Veronika laid Lisa, the girl, across her lap. The hymen was indeed as hard and firm as leather. Lisa's large clit was dark red and chafed, the poor child was indeed very tormented by her sexual urges. Veronika tried to deflower her several times with her thumb, but only when she had pierced the hymen with a sharp fingernail and slit it firmly was she able to pierce it properly with her thumb and deflower Lisa. She masturbated Lisa with her thumb and stretched out her index finger so that it automatically rubbed Lisa's clit. Veronika looked into Lisa's face with great excitement, reading her growing arousal and her facial expressions in orgasm. Lisa clung to her upper arm with both hands, because her orgasm was strong, almost brutal.

Veronika beckoned to Teddy to come. He wasn't mute, but he never spoke. Veronika looked at his cock and exclaimed, "Like Michelangelo's David!", but the children didn't understand and shook their heads regretfully, they didn't know a David. Veronika cursed silently, "What are you guys learning at high school!?"

She let the 17-year-old boy and the bright 15-year-old girl have a test fuck in her marital bed. She took Teddy's cock in her hand, the handsome young man really did have the cock of an eight-year-old boy, she saw that immediately. She also saw that he had a foreskin constriction. She wanted to know how he squirted when he masturbated and he replied that it oozed out of the front of his foreskin, the glans never came out. With a brutal, energetic tug, Veronika pulled

his foreskin powerfully over the glans, which had never seen the light of day, letting Teddy scream. “You should see a doctor urgently, he can open it up really well, it doesn’t hurt” she said to Teddy, then she placed him on top of Lisa. His cock slipped easily inside and Veronika watched them having their first time. Teddy fucked really well and Lisa got off to a great start and had an orgasm. He squirted a moment later. Veronika immediately lay down next to Lisa and insisted on her paying. Lisa was very embarrassed because she hadn’t told Teddy. Teddy grinned outrageously, he wanted to pay, of course! He fucked Veronika for much longer than Lisa, who watched jealously. He squirted after a long time and rolled to the side, exhausted. Veronika was still aroused by his little boy’s penis and masturbated to orgasm. The two of them watched breathlessly.

Reni, Veronika and René fucked as a threesome once or twice a week, Reni and René on the other days. If it was a dangerous day, Reni would give him a handjob and let him cum in her mouth or down her throat at the end. He loved her lips- and tongue-play. He was now 18 and she was 37, he wanted to study in the state capital after high school and aircraft construction was his choice. They had no idea how envious the Parcae and Norns were of their quiet, satisfying love life. The goddesses of fate had all the time in the world and then struck hard and mercilessly. As usual, they hid their resentment and misdeed behind a positive, generous gesture. They gave Simon the rest of the day off for an extended weekend. Sweet, isn’t it?

Simon was presented with a horrible sight! Lesbian Veronika was lying naked with his wife, his son between his wife’s thighs and he was thrusting and squirting, thrusting and squirting! You could see that clearly by the contracting of his ass cheeks!

Simon roared like a shot wild boar, he tore René off Reni so that his semen splashed over Reni and gave his son a terrible hard blow over the head. René ran upstairs and threw himself on the bed, howling with pain and bleeding all over the pillow. After a while, he heard noises and crept to the stairs, sat down and looked into the room. He saw Simon first, who was sitting naked on a chair, a bottle of booze and a gun next to him, both completely out of the ordinary.

Simon had ordered Reni and Veronika to make lesbian love, he had never seen it before and they did everything out of pure fear of his rage and the gun he was waving around wildly. He had never seen Reni masturbate before, no other woman at all. Now he watched their lovemaking, grinning maliciously, for hours until the evening. And he drank all the booze until the evening. He watched how they masturbated each other, how they each masturbated themselves hard and breathlessly. How they kissed each other with their tongues and licked each other's clits to orgasm. He liked that to watch, damn it! And then the fucking with the clits, he went completely crazy and fucked Reni and Veronika one after the other. He fucked them both as often as he could. He kept ordering Veronika to fuck Reni, clit-to-clit. That was the greatest thing, the old lesbian fucked his young wife's brains out! She fucked Reni to madness, to an insane orgasm and he immediately mounted Veronika and fucked her with all his might. The booze fueled his madness, fueled his raping and fueled his rage. René sat on the stairs and cried because he could no longer stand his father's screaming brutality and hateful rage.

Veronika had just fucked Reni to an insane orgasm when Simon stood up, swaying, and picked up the gun. He stepped up to the bed and shot Veronika in the chest. She fell silently and like a sack. René had jumped up and Simon turned to Reni. He grabbed her by the neck and pointed the gun at her.

"I've only loved you my whole life. I have never cheated on you and I don't deserve this betrayal. I can't hurt you, I never could! — Farewell, my Reni!" Simon put the pistol to his chin from below and pulled the trigger. He slumped lifelessly to the ground. René had dashed off, but he was too late, he couldn't stop his father.

Reni was petrified. But she didn't lose control for a moment, she had experienced both shots as if in a trance, now she had to do something. But what?

René croaked, "Veronika has moved, she's still alive!" Reni yelled at him, she needed a cell phone, now! She bent down to Simon, but he had no pulse. She touched Veronika and heard a soft moan. She asked René for the emergency number and he said 112. Reni spoke

quickly and clearly. A seriously injured person, gunshot wound to the chest. A second seriously injured person, wound to the head. No, not a gunshot wound, but a hard blow to the head. A dead man, gunshot wound under the chin, suicide. No, he has no pulse, he's not breathing. Yes, send the ambulance quickly, the seriously injured person is bleeding like hell. Yes, of course, the police too. Thank you. I'll stay here, of course. Bye.

Reni dressed quickly, as did René. She wrapped a damp towel around his head, then covered Veronika and Simon with a sheet. She didn't touch the bottle of booze or the gun. They waited and Reni gave René instructions on how and what to tell the police. He nodded, that was okay.

Victim is still alive, the emergency doctor said into the radio, she has to get surgery immediately. Simon is dead, the doctor confirmed. He looked at René's head wound, "You're going straight with us, it needs stitches!" and he gave René an injection. He examined Reni, she was uninjured. But she was in shock and he gave her an injection too. "You'd better go with us, we can take better care of you in the hospital and you can stay with your son. Okay?"

It went just as the goddesses of fate had planned. Simon's funeral was 10 days later and Veronika was taken there in a wheelchair by a carer. René and Reni stood silently and calmly in front of the coffin. "It's all my fault!" René whispered in tears, "I've got him on my conscience!" Reni gripped his arm tightly. "Don't talk nonsense! Simon didn't think he could live with it anymore and went crazy."

It took them a week to come to terms with their grief. They only had a small pension, René said he wouldn't go to university but would go to work. Reni looked at him lovingly, "and what does Mr. High School Graduate want to work as? Oh yes, as a stonemason, there's just been a vacancy." René didn't know whether to laugh or not. "I'm going to work, they pay me better" Reni said firmly, "you're definitely going to university and build rockets!" That sounded final, it was final. He corrected, "Airplanes, not rockets, Mom." He knew instinctively that she was right. He said he would work alongside his studies and earn a bit money too. As a draughtsman, he had already

found that out on the Internet and he had submitted an initial application a week before ... the event. Maybe it would work out. Reni nodded, “It’s about time you stood on your own two feet.” She gave him a kiss on the forehead. “Now you’re my only man,” she said quietly, “my only one!”

She had decided that yesterday would be the last day they slept side by side like brother and sister. “That’s how we do it!” she exclaimed with relief and didn’t answer when René asked.

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# The Mademoiselle

by Jack Faber © 2023

Jou, whose full name was Juliette, who lived with her mother in the village of La Crique in Brittany, had finally got a good job in the castle of the same name when she was 16. She had no father or 5, because her mother had told her that it had to be one of the 5 craftsmen who renovated the chapel with the devil's bell. Her mother was young at the time, not ugly and very impulsive. She let all 5 boys fuck her every night, for 14 days the Breton boys worked in the chapel. One of them was her father, a true Breton like her. Juliette got her thick black hair, sharp-cut face and bright blue eyes from them both.

The Devil's Bell was so named because at the moment of its inauguration, it fell unspectacularly from a height of a good 6 meters and dug itself half a meter diagonally into the ground. The villagers had no money to dig it up and buy a new one, so it blocked the entrance for over 100 years. A new door was built and any childless woman, who stuck her fingers in the deep crack of the bell when she entered could hope to get miraculously conceive.

Jou arrived at the castle with her bundle over her shoulder. She introduced herself to the cook, she was the new kitchen help. The cook was a friendly, cheerful person of indeterminable age, very plump and her holey, shabby work dress mainly covered her huge, heavy breasts, the rest up to her navel was more or less not responsibly for covering. The cook gave her a sisterly hug and they talked for a while about this and that. Jou didn't know where she could sleep, because it was an hour's walk to her mother's house. But she wanted to spend her day off with her mother. The cook took a pot from the fire and accompanied her to Monsieur Ede, who was in charge of the stables. Monsieur Ede, wrinkled like jagged coastal rocks and probably dating back to the time of legendary King Arthur, was a hard-working, good man. He said kindly that she could sleep upstairs with the straw bales or down here with him, but unfortunately he was a loud snorer. "And he farts all night," added Madame Paulette, the cook, giving the old man a friendly pat on the side.

“I’ll sleep upstairs then, Monsieur,” said Jou, her mind racing; the cook must have slept with him at some point. Monsieur Ede showed her the ladder and she even found a few horse blankets upstairs. It was surprisingly warm, but there were dozens of animals in the stables below. She put on her mother’s old work dress and went into the kitchen with Paulette. The work wasn’t hard, but it went on until late in the evening. Tired, she walked to the stable, quietly passed the soundly sleeping Ede and lay down upstairs to sleep. She could only doze superficially, because she woke up at the slightest noise the animals made.

She woke up. Soft whispers and whispers. She rolled over and looked down. A boy and a girl stood nestled together in the strip of light that filtered in from outside. Jou watched the two of them cuddling and kissing for a while, something not often seen in the village. The girl reached into the young man’s pants and pulled out his stiff cock. Jou held her breath, she had never seen a cock this close before. The girl rubbed his cock for 10 minutes, then she held it up to the pig’s cage and let it squirt in. She wrapped the cock up, they kissed for a long time and then they scampered out. Jou was beside herself, it was the first time she had seen the cock rubbing and squirting. She turned to go back to sleep, but another couple arrived. Jou watched from above again and after the cuddling, the girl pulled his cock out again, rubbed it much faster than the other and let it squirt on the floor. Jou’s heart was pounding all the way up to her throat.

Every evening, two or three couples came, the girls rubbed their cocks and Paulette, the cook, asked her with a grin if there were still couples sneaking into the stable? Jou nodded with a bright red head, but Paulette smiled good-naturedly. At one point she explained to Jou that all men had to cum every night, it was nature’s idea. Most of them rubbed themselves, but if one had a girlfriend, she did it for him, it was considered a deed of love. Jou had no idea about any of this and she thanked Madame Paulette. She didn’t always have to say Madame, Paulette was allright.

One evening, a pair of lovers climbed up the ladder. The girl realized that Jou was lying in the blankets, presumably this was their

love nest. She put her index finger to her lips and shook her head. She smiled kindly, took one of the many blankets and spread it over the bale of straw. Jou pulled her blanket up to her chin as the girl pulled her dress over her head and lay naked on the blanket. The young lad had taken off his doublet and shirt and now the girl pulled down his trousers. He lay down between the girl's thighs. She inserted his cock into her slit and then they fucked for 10 minutes. Jou's heart was pounding in her throat again, she had never seen that before! Yes, dogs and pigs jumped on each other and fucked, you saw that sometimes. But now she saw it, an arm's length away! She could clearly see the girl's hole and the cock thrusting into her hole. He suddenly sped up and then slowed down. He's probably squirting now, Jou thought, she'd heard about it. The girl whispered disappointedly, "I haven't had it again!" and he shrugged, "I can't take any more!" Jou suddenly had to think of her mother, she had had 5 boys in a row, maybe she had had it then? But what? Jou didn't know.

The days went by, Jou watched many girls rubbing and squirting, and almost every night a couple came to fuck. Jou soon knew the girls, but they usually brought other men with them. They all fucked in the same way, the most guys squirted deep inside and most girls rubbed their pussies lustfully, when being fucked. Sometimes a girl ripped out his cock, whispering "not today!" and rubbed the cock by hand, making him squirting upon her cunt or belly. Jou watched them with interest, because one day she would have a man too. But she would only fuck someone who wanted to marry her. She had had to swear that to her mother and she took every vow very seriously. Now she could understand better than before what her mother meant when she said that she was now going to such and such guy to get fucked properly. Her mother made no secret of the fact that she already had a child and had little chance of finding someone to marry. But Jou was still an untouched virgin, that was important to get married. Her mother said that if you no longer had a chance, you could fuck whoever you wanted. And of course even if you were married, you need variety, you can't just eat always carrots every day!

Old Monsieur Ede had a new assistant, his name was Jean and he was an enthusiastic horse groom. When Jou and he saw each other for the first time, they both froze. She could only see his beautiful

Breton face, she couldn't see anything else. She had never been in love and, if you looked at it closely, neither had Jean. He was already 25 and 7 years older than Jou, but this time he saw her, and everything before that was just trivial trash. Lord Jesus, Jean, the darling of all women, had been struck by lightning, no, by Cupid's arrow! For the first time, he was more in love than ever before.

They shook hands and murmured their names, but Monsieur Ede urged him on. They could chat or beak after work, chuckled the old man, who understood. So Jou and Jean spent every free minute together. She showed him her sleeping place and he kissed her for the first time. She spat out, he had stuck his tongue in her mouth! Jean sighed with desire and the realization that she had no idea of anything. He took it much slower now and soon she was able to kiss properly.

She leaned her head against his shoulder and told him everything, the girls who made the boys squirt and the lovers who fucked next to her at arm's length. Jean asked if she fucked too, but she shook her head in horror and told him about the oath she had sworn in front of her mother. She had had to swear in the Old Language, it was an oath of life and death. He nodded, he was of the same opinion, he was a Breton after all. Jou kept talking, if he wanted to, she could do it to him by hand. He was surprised, but Jou prattled on, she had seen it a hundred times from up here and Paulette had said that a good friend should do it as a deed of love. She was desperate to get Jean to see her as his girlfriend, as his girl. He was desperate too, he hadn't fucked in a day only to be told that this lovely girl wasn't available.

He finally nodded. "You're my girlfriend now and I totally need you to do me now!" They were sitting on top of their roost with their legs dangling in the air. Jou was incredibly excited and unzipped his pants. Trembling with fear and excitement, she searched for his cock and pulled it out. It was almost as big as her forearm. She breathed excitedly, "I've never seen one this big before!" Jean nodded self-satisfied, "Mine is the biggest far and wide, that's why I'm every woman's favorite! There isn't a woman over 19 within a day's ride that I haven't fucked yet!" he said proudly and Jou held the cock in

her hand reverently. “Don’t show off like that, you lout!” she scolded kindly, “and what do you do with those under 19?” He laughed. “The younger ones rarely know what they actually want. They’re very snooty and want to steal my time. It’s no fun, I’ve been fucking since I was 15, so ten years now, and there have always been plenty of more mature women.” Jou still cradled the big thing in her hand and said, “Pah! Anyone in the vicinity! Ha! Don’t make me laugh, so certainly not my mother!” He asked her mother’s full name and thought for a few moments. “I knew one, over in La Crique, who had a few bunches of herbs above her double bed and several rosaries hanging there, three of them. I had to sneak up to her in the dark so as not to wake her little daughter!” Jou slapped her free hand over her mouth, “My God, that’s my mother!” He tried to reassure her, “She fucked excellently, better than many others! I’ve been with her quite a lot and felt very good with her.”

Jou stared at the cock. A strange shiver trickled down her spine. This cock had fucked her mother at some point, apparently several times, maybe even often, so she would question her mother Pernille very carefully, damn it! And if he was telling the truth, her mother was good to fuck. She had heard from Jean’s descriptions that he was very concerned that the woman also had her pleasure during sex. Jou didn’t yet know how it worked in practice, of course, but she loved her Jean even more. She carefully pulled back the foreskin and looked at the glans and the hole. She looked questioningly at Jean and he nodded. She clutched the cock and rubbed it. It was exciting and great. When he cummed, she let the semen splash down onto the floor in a high arc. He put the cock away with satisfaction. “That was really great, do you really want to be my girl and make me squirt all the time?” She kissed him and let her tongue linger on his. “Yes, I want to do that, I want to be your girl!” He rocked his head back and forth. “I accept that you don’t want to fuck yet, but I have to fuck one or the other, without question.” She looked very distressed and he tried to reassure her. It was only a physical thing, his heart was with her. It was something that always bothered her, no matter how he said it.

Jou was under stress. The old count had invited his 4 best friends and their ladies to celebrate the turn of the century 1900 together.

Jean had calculated that she was born around 1883 or 1882, because she hadn't known that. Paulette and she cooked a feast for 10 people and Monsieur Ede and Jean also got something special. Paulette winked as she gave Jou the plate for Jean and added more vegetables. "Your new boy?" she asked with a grin and Jou blushed. "Yes, I'm his girl now, I get to make him cum every day!" Paulette's grin became really wide. "The boy has the biggest one far and wide!" she said in a conspiratorial tone. "Have you fucked him too?" Jou asked, a little disappointed, but Paulette pushed her out without answering.

She made Jean cum every day. He asked if she would let him cum in her mouth, but she shook her head in disgust. She liked to lick and suck him, but squirt into her mouth? No, ugh! They told each other all about their earlier life, she had been given strict lessons by her mother, reading, writing and a little arithmetic, but only as much as was needed for everyday life. She learned proper French from her and also a little of the old language, because the colloquial language, the local dialect, was a mixture of both languages. She had read three books about the legend of King Arthur, as the noble king was her mother's favorite.

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**Jean and the pirate**

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Jean interrupted her, his grandfather had read the legend of Arthur to him several times when he was 6 or 7.

The grandfather had explained to him exactly what was hidden between the lines. Arthur fucked his own sister until she had a son by him. Guinevere cheated on her husband and king and fucked Lancelot, Lancelot cheated on her too, of course, and fucked Elaine. Merlin fucked Nimue until the false snake locked him up in an enchanted forest. So he learned from his grandfather how important fucking was and what havoc it could cause. His grandfather had every reason to scold him, his grandmother had borne him three children and had run off with a 19-year-old Italian man in the darned 7th year. That really pissed him off, since then he fucked all the women

in the household, his only daughter most of all, but also the housekeeper, the cook and all the female helpers, until his cock dried up.

The grandfather was something of a pirate. Jean couldn't remember the big house with dozens of female employees any more, and he couldn't remember the beautiful grandmother. Grandfather Jerome had had to sell the big house, evil tongues claimed, to buy his way out of prosecution for multiple murders. Jean only remembered their last home, a single room for all three of them.

The little pecker couldn't fall asleep because his grandfather and his mother were fucking like berserkers. Jean remembered his Grandfather's big cock thrusting tirelessly into Mom's pee hole. Jean began to squirt at the age of 9 and Grandfather urged Mom to finally teach the little one, how to fuck. Mom steadfastly refused for a few days. Then she said to his grandfather, "okay, but I'll do it my way, the way of the Old Wiccans." Surprisingly, the grandfather immediately gave in and later explained to the little one that the Wiccans were the good witches of the Old People, and that his mother, like himself, still belonged to the Old People and was a powerful Wiccan. This reassured the little boy very much. His mother explained to him that she had to cast a great, important spell, that it would not hurt, on the contrary. She crushed various herbs in a bowl to make a paste, which she rubbed onto his cock. It burned like hell, she muttered her spells tirelessly and the cock grew and grew red and redder. He had to stand in front of her, she licked, sucked and stroked his cock in her mouth, licking the paste away and then spoke a very long spell in the old language. Then he had to work hard and squirt into her mouth. The first few days it didn't work at all, she had to rub him from start to finish until he finally squirted into her mouth. She kissed her little one and sent him to bed. The spell made him so tired and sleepy that he fell asleep immediately. After a week of the same procedure, he managed to squirt into her mouth for the first time and fell asleep immediately. She said you could already tell that his cock had gotten bigger because of the spells. Grandfather took his cock provingly in his hand and nodded satisfied. She no longer rubbed him until he squirted, she just teased him with her tongue until he squirted. The boy now managed to cum twice in her mouth, for the second time applying the paste, which burnt like hell, then licking the paste away,

rubbing his red hot cock in her mouth and letting him squirt inside, and she was very happy with how well it worked. She no longer rubbed him until he squirted, she just teased him with her tongue until he squirted. When he was able to squirt twice the next week without her rubbing him with her hand and she just let her tongue dance until he squirted, the spell was complete. Then, from the next day, she taught the little one how to fuck very carefully and he was allowed to fuck her hard and very powerfully every day from then on. Before fucking, the woman had to lick the cock clean with lots of saliva, she explained, so that it didn't infect the pussyhole. He understood and nodded, it was so fine the way she licked the cock that he often squirted into her mouth. But she weighed his cock in her hand, it was no longer a child's penis, by God it wasn't, it was a young man's cock! She let him fuck her every night, twice if he wanted. And he should learn to hold back the squirting and fuck the woman or girl really hard and very powerfully until she had an orgasm and only then he should squirt. He nodded that he would do that way or practise until it worked! The grandfather watched with a smile and patted Jean on the shoulders, "That'll be fine, big boy, he's really getting bigger!" Then he fucked Mom hard, as he was doing every night, and Jean learned a lot in the process. He was really believing, that the paste and the spells made his cock that big.

Grandfather cultivated his image as a pirate, he was a tough Breton with a sharp hooked nose and a gold ring in his earlobe. When he went to the pub on Friday nights to drink with his friends, his comrades in arms, he would put on the antiquarian tricorn hat he had bought from a tandler and cover one eye with a black eye patch. Sometimes left, sometimes right, he made fun of confusing the people in the little town. Leaning on his walking stick, he hobbled through the alleyways, feigning a stiff leg. The women crossed themselves and dragged the children into the house when the sinister pirate walked through the alley.

He came home late at night with a little buzz and threw his walking stick precisely into the holder, straight as a die or whirling all around. He never missed the mark. The toothpick — as he called the walking stick — is the only good weapon a pirate needed to defeat an opponent. He was rumored to have sent a dozen captains, boat mates

and cardsharpers to Davy Jones at the bottom of the oceans with the toothpick or his bare hands.

Jean was quite sure that the Grandfather was his biological father, because only he and the Grandfather fucked Mom, not a single other man had ever fucked her, she said before she died. He was 14 when Mom said goodbye to Jean very seriously after fucking them both, saying she was going to heaven tonight. The next morning she was dead. The district doctor found no cause of death and he wrote 'heart failure' on the death certificate because he didn't want to look like an incompetent fool in front of his colleagues.

Grandpa Jerome was bitter and devastated, never speaking a word to anyone again, only to Jean one-word sentences. He died four months after Mama, he had hugged Jean very lovingly and said, "tonight Davy Jones is taking me to his watery grave!" The next morning he was dead. The county doctor shook his head in despair, the old pirate had drowned in his bed, 10 kilometers from the English Channel! How could a decent Christian drown in his bed!? He crossed himself panicking in horror and wrote 'cirrhosis of the liver, alcoholism' on the death certificate, he didn't want to look like a complete fool in front of his colleagues.

Jean was now an orphan, he had lost his father and mother in a very short space of time and cried one day and one night, sold the room and set off with a handful of coins in his pocket. He was soon a well-liked stable boy and went out with the other horse grooms in the evenings to fuck the maids or the mistress. When the mistress found out from the maids what talent little Jean had, she called him and never let him go until the last day. A few mistresses had the decency to banish the husband to another room. But most of them didn't care at all that the husband was sitting, lying or snoring next to them. They let the stable boy with the great talent fuck them, from orgasm to orgasm, until they were both exhausted. He was slipped many a gold coin in his hand and that sealed his mouth. He preferred to sleep in fine linen rather than on bales of straw in the stables. He fucked his way through all the beds in the region and soon knew all the girls between the ages of 13 and 60. Jou interrupted him. "I thought none under 20?" Jean scratched his head. "The 13-year-old

had already blossomed like an 18-year-old and was as in heat as a mare. It didn't happen very often." Jou sensed that he wasn't telling the whole truth, but she kept quiet.

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They both laughed heartily, because his grandfather's insights of the fucking business of the legendary King were quite accurate. Jou sighed that she now also knew what suffering meant, because he, Jean, broke her heart every day by fucking other girls. And she had embarrassingly interrogated her mother, who had then admitted everything. Her mother wasn't too old yet and still had many lovers, at least for one night. Jou felt like an adult for the first time, because her mother spoke to her openly and honestly and no longer like to a small child. Her mother told her about fucking all the men she could remember and the others didn't deserve to be mentioned. Jou said he mustn't fuck her mother anymore, she would hold it against him!

Jean had been in Paris for months now, writing a letter every week. He was very happy with his job, he got a much higher salary and one day he wrote to tell her to come, she had a job! Jou said goodbye to her mother and the lovely people at the château and took the stagecoach to Paris. Jean picked her up from the stagecoach station in his count's carriage. She still had the first day off, the service didn't start until the next day. She no longer had to sleep with the cattle in the stable, but in a large stately double bed with a colleague, Fleur.

She was appointed to go to the housekeeper as soon as she arrived. She had to be addressed as Madame, after all, this was a respectable and important house! Jou was informed of everything Madame considered important. Jou was delighted at how much money she received for the six-day week, the pay was really impressive. Madame, who was an old, withered tree, emphasized at the end that the male and female staff were not allowed to have intimate contact with each other. Jou had to ask, because she didn't understand the phraseology. Madame looked at her disapprovingly. "No fucking with the men, you understand?" Jou nodded, no, she wasn't fucking anyone yet, she was an untouched virgin. The corner of Madame's mouth twitched.

Then to the next point. Each employee was given a compartment in the large steel safe where he or she could leave valuables, tips and so on. She had the only key and you could come here every day at 9 sharp and deposit something. Unfortunately, said Madame with a Good Friday look, there had been embarrassments in the past, so the Count had decided to do this. Jou was to go to Madame Pelletier in the basement, she would get the service clothes from her. Madame nodded, everything was said, Jou could go.

The first night was already exciting. Fleur, her roommate, was a very friendly and direct woman, 42 years old, from Picardy. She took the time to explain everything to Jou. But of course she could have relations with someone else, for God's sake, that was just a hobby-horse of the old housekeeper, who nobody wanted to fuck anymore and who was usually addressed as Majordomus, so that was a plus. There was a dead letter box in the kitchen, an old lunch box. The staff would put their note in for their loved one or anyone else they wanted to fuck. It was as simple as that. Fleur helped her stow her few belongings and the uniforms in the box. Then they went to bed and Jou breathed a sigh of relief at how naturally Fleur undressed and got into bed naked. Jou didn't have a nightgown with her, she had slept naked in the stable of course and she only had a nightgown at home, but she had forgotten it there.

Jou couldn't fall asleep. Fleur jerked violently back and forth as if she was rubbing a boy's cock to make him cum, then a stifled scream and then it was dead quiet. Jou asked into the darkness, "Fleur, are you all right? Or is something wrong? Are you ill?" She listened and heard Fleur laugh softly and chuckle. "All good, Juliette, I just made myself." After a pause, "I was just rubbing my clit!" Jou said, she didn't understand what the clit was? Silence.

Fleur turned on the bedside lamp and looked at her, puzzled. "The clitoris! Your pleasure spot!" The 42-year-old looked at the 19-year-old in confusion. "Every woman has a clitoris!" Jou also sat up, "Not me, I don't have one!" Fleur threw her blanket on the floor and spread her legs. She parted her labia with her fingers and pointed to her clitoris with her index finger. Jou now spread her legs as well. She looked down and said, "look, I don't have one!"

Fleur was desperate, was she acting stupid or did she know nothing? She leaned over and touched Jou's clit with one finger. "There it is, small and well hidden, but it's there, your pleasure spot!" Jou felt an unfamiliar sensation, this was a pleasure spot? Fleur smiled, "don't you ever do it to yourself?" she asked incredulously as Jou nodded and shook her head. "And what do you do with a pleasure spot?" Fleur struggled for words. "You rub it when you feel like it but don't have anyone to fuck. Or if you haven't had an orgasm while fucking." In a flash, the image of the girl appeared in her head, the girl who hadn't had "it" and the guy had just shrugged his shoulders gruffly. The girl had rubbed between her legs for a moment, then they had left. "And how does that work?" asked Jou. Fleur crawled over to her, laid her on her back and spread her legs. "I'll show you," she said, rubbing Jou's clit to orgasm. "This is the orgasm that releases the sexual tension, that's when the urge really pushes and squeezes you. Okay, do you understand?" Jou nodded, this was very important, what she had now learned. "I do it every night, at my age you find fewer and fewer men to fuck." Fleur crawled back into her half of the bed, turned out the light and they fell asleep.

The service was easier than at the château, Count Armand de Montbradouille was a jovial, garrulous gentleman with an affluent belly and was one of the first in Paris to have a telephone. He was very proud of it and talked on the phone all day long. Jou would one day understand that he was neither a real count nor did his business empire consist of more than one person, himself. But he traded very successfully with other people's money, advised very well and made a ton of money for his customers. He also cheated inconspicuously and had become very rich in the process. Only twice in his life as a financial genius and thief, had the customer discovered the shortfall and made a complaint. Both times he had cleverly talked his way out of it without jeopardizing his reputation. He had to bridge a momentary liquidity shortage and wanted to transfer the amount next month, but he would come by today and bring the money. Count Armand rode off immediately and settled the matter. He rode around the Jardin de Luxembourg for 20 minutes every day since it was closed to riders. Although he owned a carriage, he rode. Dressed like a gentleman in the latest London fashion, he rode out, the rich count, often accompanied by Jean in his uniform. He owned three riding stal-

lions, beautiful, fiery Trakehners, and rode a different one every day. He also owned a racehorse in a racing stable, the mare won many prizes and the count raked in a fortune in prize money and bets. Jean was his stable master and had managed to get an old, lazy mare bought for the stallions right from the start. The old brewery horse only bucked on the first few days when Jean had a stallion mounted, but she now let herself be mated peacefully and lamblike by a stallion, a different one every day. Jean left the dirty work to the two 13-year-old stable boys and rode out twice a day with the stallions that the Count was not riding today. Jean wore a very impressive hussar uniform with the embroidered coat of arms, he impressed the Parisians and, of course, the Parisian women and girls. He was not the count's stable master, the count had said, but his chief stable master.

Count Armand's wife had run off with her 17-year-old Spanish guitar teacher, leaving only his pimply-faced son, 16-year-old Gilles, living here in the city palace. He dizzied his way through school and was otherwise only to be found in the kitchen. But not to eat, oh no, just to fuck the fat Dutch cook as often as he could. Everyone knew about it, everyone despised him. He could have had any girl, but he only wanted fat Gertrud with the fat ass. She let him fuck her at any time in the pantry, as often as he wanted, standing up or bent over a sack. It was nothing special for Gertrud, because she had a son born out of wedlock at the same age, who took turns fucking her with Gilles half a dozen times a day. That was normal for Gertrud and nothing special, she sighed resignedly. Allegedly Gilles had to pay half a gold franc each time, which was worth about 25 francs, but perhaps that was just a rumor.

Jean could sneak up to Jou every night. He lay down in the middle, between Jou and Fleur. Fleur stopped breathing when she saw his cock for the first time. But she held back, Jean belonged to Juliette, that was for sure. Fleur remained silent, but her eyes registered everything attentively. Jou got Jean really hot with cuddling and French kissing, then she rubbed his cock with her perfect technique, as she had done for over a year, and made him cum in a high arc. It was only one morning that Fleur said to Jou, "If you ever don't want him anymore, I'll gladly take him, even kissing your hand!" Jou nod-

ded, grateful to Fleur for letting her do whatever she wanted with Jean. When Jean had gone out at night, she masturbated like Fleur did before falling asleep.

Count Armand greeted her with a hearty handshake when she served his tea early in the morning. He looked her up and down and suddenly grabbed her bosom. The damn uniform was so stupidly cut that her breasts were completely exposed at this touch. “No, no, don’t,” said the count, looking at her breasts with such a look that Jou felt defiled. She ignored his command and covered her breasts again. He looked at her body for minutes and she felt his gaze stripping her naked. She took half a step back, away from him, out of his reach. He cleared his throat.

“The girls who serve me are all beautiful and pretty. You, however, are the most beautiful of them all, I’ll give you that! Well, the girls know that I’m all about beauty and eroticism and if they let me, I reward them with francs, a lot of francs in fact. Well, how about you, would you be interested in being my Wednesday wife?”

Jou was completely taken aback, what a cheeky guy. After all, he was very clear about what he wanted. She thought about how she wanted to answer him. He beat her to it.

“I’m banging the door down, and of course you have to think about it. Please tell me next Monday what you’ve decided.” Jou was free to go. She had five days left to spit in his face and leave. She walked down the marble stairs and went straight to her room, she wanted to throw herself on the bed and cry. Fleur had seen her coming down and ran after her, into the room.

Fleur held Jou in her arms and let her cry. When Jou stopped crying, she had to tell Fleur everything. Jou was amazed at how calmly Fleur took the monstrosity. Fleur took her tear-stained face in her hands and said, “Now listen to me carefully, dear.” She waited until Jou was ready to listen to her. “I’m 42 now and I’ve been here for almost 20 years. I’ve been destitute all my youth, I’ve starved and frozen, it wasn’t fun. When I was crouching beside the road in winter to piss, I would hold my fingers over it to keep them a little warm.

How often did I go with a complete stranger just to have a warm room, a warm meal, a warm bed and a warm cock. Then Madame, the Majordomo, took notice of my beauty. She brought me here, I didn't work as hard as I used to, I had a warm bed and enough to eat. I became Armand's Saturday wife and still am today. I get an extra half a month's pay every Saturday, that's 3 months' pay a month! I decided against hunger and morality back then. But I've saved up so much that I can always stand on my own two feet. He'll get tired of me one day and take another Saturday wife, I don't care. I'll never go hungry again!"

Fleur stroked Jou's hair as if she were her daughter. "You need to think hard and decide in five days. You only have two choices, if I see it right. Firstly, you can resist him, and I wouldn't bet on whether Madame will want to keep you or put you out on the street. Or secondly, you can go my way. Then you only have to keep three things in mind."

Jou stopped crying a long time ago. She straightened up and asked, "what three things?" Fleur looked at her seriously. "You must decide, first, whether the Count or Jean may have you first, to whom you will give your maidenhead. Secondly, you need a sidereal calendar and thirdly, you need to consider how much Armand will have to pay for each fuck."

Jou buried her face against Fleur's neck. She had long since made up her mind, but she needed advice. "How do I tell Jean? That I want to give him my virginity, of course, even though I've sworn to give myself only to the man who will marry me? Should I ask him to marry me one day, even though the count will dishonor me week after week? I wouldn't care about the money, but I've listened to you carefully. If I have a family one day, I'll need every Sou I can earn now. So I won't do it cheaply for the count!"

Jou asked into the long silence what that was, the Siberian calendar? Fleur laughed uproariously. "It's called the sidereal calendar, it's a lunar calendar. You can use it to avoid pregnancy. At the time, I thought very carefully about whether I shouldn't let Armand get me pregnant and force him to marry me. But I found out from Madame

Majordomus' curriculum vitae that that would never work. She bore him a bastard, but he didn't want to marry her, he later married the snooty, beggarly count's daughter, who was "of class". Majordomus had to give their child to an orphanage, where the poor worm died, not even a year old. We'll do the lunar calendar tomorrow and I'll explain everything to you. Now come on, dinner! And then Jean will join you. I can't wait to see what your boy with the giant cock is made of!"

Jean lay down between the two women and something was up. Jou wasn't rubbing his cock yet, she was stroking it thoughtfully.

"Jean, are you the man who will marry me one day?" asked Jou. He nodded without hesitation, "Yes, I will! I've wanted this since the first moment!" Jou stroked his cock very slowly and gently. "Jean, will you marry me and fuck me so I don't lose my job?" Jean was now startled. "Fuck yes, marry yes, but lose your job, no! Why lose your job, what does it all mean!?" Jou stopped stroking his cock and looked at him seriously. "If you want to marry me one day despite everything, I will give you my virginity! Then you shall be the first man to fuck me. Because the count wants to fuck me once a week and he will pay dearly for it!" Now it was out, she turned her head away and let him think. Jean only needed a split second, he knew the rumor that the count fucked one of his maids every day, a different one every day. Allegedly he fucked the stern, ugly majordomo in the princely marriage bed every Sunday morning, who had to fuck his morning wood away. He had never been interested, as the strangest rumors were flying around the house. Jean fucked one of the girls every midday when the count rode out. But none of them admitted to fucking the count. "The count? Where are you thinking!" Jean sat up resolutely.

"Are you saying that you're going to fuck the fine gentleman once a week for money, like a cheap whore?" Jou winced, because he was only telling the naked truth. Fleur had been lying with her back to them and hadn't said anything so far. But now she spun around like a fury and grabbed his arm. "Cheap? No, never, the guy has to pay a lot, because Juliette is not a cheap whore!" Fleur was really outraged because Jean seemed to have such a humiliating, typically male view.

Jou looked directly at Jean. “I can leave here if you prefer. I was looking forward to three things in particular, but they’re not that important. I wanted it to be you to whom I gave my virginity, and no one else. I was looking forward to fucking you every night like a decent girl should. And I wanted to save every Sou, every Franc, so that one day we could both start a family and not go hungry. But you’re right, I’m not a cheap whore!” There were minutes of silence. Everyone was thinking. Jean stared at Fleur’s slightly open cleft, he had never seen it up close before.

Jou turned her back on the two of them, she wanted to sleep or cry, cry or sleep. She only listened with half an ear, because Fleur was being hard on him. There were only two solutions: go away or get fucked for a lot of money. The old count once a week, but he could fuck his sweetheart every night, seven times a week. Jou closed her eyes, she sensed very clearly that Jean would give in. And she was looking forward to giving him her virginity, to fucking him. He was her favorite and she wanted to fuck him today, one way or another.

Fleur was on a roll. This donkey of Jean’s needed to be pulled over the line, pushed and kicked. It was natural to him, apparently, that Juliette was his. He was not prepared to share her with anyone else. Fleur snorted contemptuously at how dishonest his view was, knowing that he fucked the count’s girls at lunchtime, he simply took what belonged to the other!? And what feelings Juliette had to endure!? Fleur touched his big, glorious cock as if by chance and stroked it briefly like Juliette before. The cock was half as long as his thigh and it was a so-called meat cock. It was always half stiff and you could keep fucking it even after it had cum. Fleur loved cocks like that because they were guaranteed to fuck her to orgasm. Count Armand had a shrinking cock, he would fuck her for a few minutes, cum and shrivel up into a useless worm. No chance of getting an orgasm. Fleur pulled herself together, she couldn’t rub him to squirt or think about fucking him!

It was getting very late. Fleur had dragged the petulant donkey by his ears to the feeding trough. He had made his decision and said ambiguously to Fleur that the count would have to pay dearly for his lust! He leaned over Jou, kissed her on the eyes and whispered,

“Come fuck, my love!” Jou woke up fully. He didn’t have to say anything, she could see it in his eyes. She hugged him spontaneously, “we’ll stay together, together forever!” She turned onto her back, opening her thighs with shining eyes. “I’m ready!”

Fleur knelt beside him, grabbed his cock and steered it towards Juliette’s pussy hole. She let go of him. He kissed Jou with love. “Be my wife!” he said in the Old Language and penetrated with a quick jerk. He pressed his cock forward, deeper and deeper, until he reached the end. Tears beaded from Jou’s eyes. Fleur leaned over her, kissed the tears away and kissed her on the lips. Jou’s heart leapt; never before had a woman kissed her on the lips! She opened her lips and returned Fleur’s French kiss. Jou had never French kissed anyone other than Jean and for sure no girl, but now she kissed her motherly friend wildly and with increasing lust. Jean put his foot down and fucked Jou with strong, firm thrusts. He could feel Jou’s growing excitement and the approach of her orgasm. He increased the tempo and Fleur broke away from Juliette’s lips. Jou reacted to the orgasm with a soft cry, clung tightly to Jean and her pussy throbbed strongly against him in orgasm. Then she suddenly relaxed. She patiently continued to let herself be fucked until he cummed. He rolled between the two of them.

They whispered, hugging and kissing, for a long time. They agreed on how it could go down. He would cope with her being fucked by the Count every Wednesday morning. She asked him if the rumor was true that he fucked the girls at lunchtime. He was taken aback, but admitted it immediately. But that was because they hadn’t fucked before. But from now on he would stop, I promise! She thought about it for a moment, “That’s not fair, I fuck another man once a week. It’s only fair if you fuck someone else too. Just tell me who it should be!” Of course she knew who she would suggest, but he was supposed to tell her. He was still thinking back and forth when she whispered in his ear, “Fleur, of course!” He would never have thought of it, but he nodded. Fleur was good, Fleur would accept him, Fleur meant neither competition nor danger. He nodded, “Yes, then Fleur!”

They just couldn’t wait. The very next evening, after they had fucked, Jou nudged Fleur. She spun around, “Yes!?” Jou whispered

to her. Fleur was visibly surprised, and she nodded enthusiastically after a moment. Jou asked her if she didn't want to look at the Siberian calendar first, but that only elicited a small smile from Fleur. "Girl, I'm already 42, I don't need a calendar anymore!" She hugged Jean, they cuddled and kissed until they were both ready. "But do it very carefully first, my pussy hole is really tight, much tighter than Juliette's!"

Jean nodded and penetrated very carefully, giving Fleur's pussy time to adjust. Jou was a little jealous, but she quickly got over it. She watched closely as Jean's cock slowly entered Fleur's hole like a fat worm. Further and further until he was deep inside. He took a short break and gave Fleur a long French kiss, their tongues tonguing and fighting with each other like little snakes. Then they started to fuck. They both fucked each other, Fleur fucked him hard. She was not one to lie there like a dead plank. Jou watched everything very closely and attentively, because there were two masters at work. So she learned from Fleur how to fuck properly and how the woman herself could ensure her own orgasm. After Fleur's first orgasm, he simply carried on fucking, because he had previously fucked Jou and needed longer. He squirted just as Fleur's second orgasm broke loose. They hugged each other tightly for a long time and gasped for air. Then the three of them lay next to each other for a long time, whispering. Jean said a little tactlessly to Jou that his cock was too big and didn't fit all the way in her, but in Fleur's his cock had gone all the way in, just like it had in her mother's as well. Jou snapped that he shouldn't keep talking about her mother's pussyhole, it was disrespectful. But after some days it turned out that his cock did fit into her hole, so everyone was happy. Fleur said that only one person had ever had a cock that big, and that was her father. She told them the whole story about fucking her father for 15 years. She fucked him every day, even when she was already working for the count. She was able to sneak him into her room every night and send him away after midnight. But the Majordomus had put an end to that. Fleur could describe everything wonderfully in naughty and spicy words. Jean went to his room very late.

Monday morning Jou went into the count's study and waited motionless, the count stared at her greedily and lustfully and fucked the

girl for another half minute, then squirted inside her cunthole, groaning and grunting. Jou waited completely unimpressed until the girl had dressed and disappeared with a shy, shameful sideways glance at her. She looked straight at the count, sure of herself, and agreed to meet him on Wednesday. Yes, of course she would shower beforehand, that was a matter of course. And she wanted 250 Francs each time. He thought about it for a moment, there was no negotiating with this determined girl. He nodded, “See you on Wednesday then!” Jou left quickly, the pact was made and she had no desire to haggle with the old man.

Jou and Jean stayed with the count for another three years. Jean didn’t just fuck Fleur once a week, it expanded. He fucked his lover’s lusty girlfriend three or four times a week, which was okay for all three of them. One evening, when Jean had already left, the drunken son of the count staggered into their bedroom. Gilles could hardly stand on his feet, but he was determined to fuck the beautiful young girl, because fat Gertrude had already gone home. He dropped heavily onto the bed next to Jou. Fleur whispered softly, could the calendar be allright? Jou nodded, no problem. “Then, young Sir, it’ll cost two gold francs or 50 in bills, whichever of us you want!” The 17 or 18-year-old had already half undressed and said in an uncertain voice, “Excuse me, Madame Fleur, but you’re too old for me if I don’t offend you.” He dug a gold coin out of his vest pocket and placed it on the bedside table. Jou took his clothes off completely and patted his face softly until he was half sober. She pointed to his cock. “He’s not ready yet,” she said and neither she nor Fleur wanted to rub him hard. His cock really was a pathetic worm and both women crouched in front of him and watched broad grinning as he masturbated and gradually got his small cock hard. Jou let him fuck her without emotion, not cuddling or kissing him. He was wobbly even when kneeling, but he fucked very bravely, the little boy. Less than two minutes later he squirted, got dressed with a groan and rolled off. Jou waited until he reached the marble staircase and went off, then she burst out laughing with a snort. “Quite the Daddy! A little worm, barely two minutes and that’s it, Mademoiselle!” Now Fleur was laughing too. She said later that she fully understood why the countess had run off with the young Spaniard. He had made the countess scream so loudly that you could hear her all the way down here.

Jou was insanely curious and brought tea to the Count's bedroom every Sunday morning, of course she knew exactly when she wanted to show up. Madame Majordomus was completely naked and rode the Count's amazingly large morning wood, otherwise his cock was much smaller. Jou stayed in the background and watched them, the Majordomus slid back and forth for fifteen minutes. Her breasts were wrinkled, empty sacks that slapped in rhythm. She began to bounce up and down firmly as he seemed to squirt inside. She remained seated on his cock, put her head back and masturbated quickly. The count looked on with a shabby grin. Now Jou stepped into the bedroom and served the tea. She looked out of the corner of her eye at Madame's clitoris, which was unusually large and rubbed red and sore. Jou came now every Sunday, entered a little earlier and watched his squirting and Madame masturbating from the start to having her orgasm. Madame treated her noticeably more kindly since Jou started acting so naughty and cheekily.

Jean didn't tell Jou until they were married. Once a week, when Madame Majordomus was not in the house, he would sneak into the count's study with some bills in his hand as an alibi. He opened the safe with the key, the hiding place of which was known to almost everyone; there were usually 40 to 50 bundles of money, perhaps a million Francs. He took a bundle from the back row, because the bundles looked as if they had been carelessly thrown in. Perhaps that was indeed the case, but he suspected that the shrewd count had memorized the mess formation well. At least he would do so. So he took a bundle from the very back. Once a month he rode by his bank on his daily ride — a bank the count avoided — and deposited it along with his wages. "You have earned it well," he later said to Jou, "I have no guilt feelings about stealing from a thief."

Three years was a long time, but they lasted. Jou fucked Jean, the count, and occasionally his son Gilles, once or twice a week. When her calendar forbade it, the two women would get Gilles hot and Jou would lay on top of Fleur. The mostly drunk boy rarely realized that he was actually fucking Fleur, the bottom hole, but he didn't care. Jean fucked Jou and Fleur every day, except for the dangerous days, and Jou had long since stopped being jealous of Fleur. He no longer

touched the count's other girls, he kept his promise to Jou. After three years, Jou ignored the calendar and let Jean impregnate her.

"I'm pregnant, Monsieur le Duc," she said to the count, "if you don't want to marry me, then I'm leaving for good." The count pondered, because the other girls were going to the backstreet abortioner, but that was completely out of the question for Juliette. "How much?" the count asked, exasperated, and Jou pondered for a long time. "Seventy-five, Your Grace, and you'll never hear from me again. I'm leaving at the end of the month to get my wages." The count thought he was getting off fairly lightly and quickly gave her the money.

An hour later, she barged into Gilles' room and told him the news. He jumped up in horror and shouted, "Dad's going to kill me!" As cold as an icicle, Jou repeated, "He's definitely going to kill you, definitely!" Gilles paced back and forth. There was no way out, he would blow his brains out with his father's dueling pistol. His father might be sad, but his son would not have dishonored him. Jou encouraged him, that would probably be best and perhaps an honorable exit. It would just be stupid that he would then be dead, and she would be without a father for her poor, half-orphaned child. That made sense to him, he paced up and down and suddenly had the brilliant idea, that he would run away with her like Romeo and Juliet! He looked at her with wet eyes. She nodded in agreement, "The two of them ended up dead as a doornail, just as I wish, Mr. Gilles," she said coldly, "maybe we'll take the poison at the same time so that neither of us cheats on the other." He stared at her with relief; if she and the child were dead, he would have no more reason to die, that would be the best solution. She stared at the idiot. Then, as cold as a fish, she said she was thinking of sailing to the New World, to America, because there was a great shortage of women there and she could find a man there even as a pregnant woman. But the ship passage was very expensive, he would have to give her money, at least 50 thousand. He didn't have 50, he said meekly. "Maybe you'll take it from the Father? He rides out every lunchtime, you can go into his study and take the money out of the cupboard, the key is in the top right-hand drawer of the desk. When you've taken the money, you can put it back exactly as you have found it, then the Count won't notice it until much later,

if at all." The idiot's eyes lit up, "and then nobody has to die!" He was thrilled and wanted to hug her, but she drew back. She should come back tomorrow after noon.

So she did, he even gave her 55 thousand and she immediately went to Jean and told him everything. She would pack this evening and take the stagecoach to Brest or Douarnenez tomorrow morning and wait for him at the château with Monsieur Ede or Paulette. He should only give notice after a few days, inconspicuously at the end of the month. "And when I'm gone, you can lie down with Fleur a few more times, but only if she takes you without me protecting her." They laughed and made a date for the night, she would only initiate Fleur then.

Jou stormed into the count's study the next morning, knowing full well that he had a lady visitor at that time of the morning. She would not disturb him, "but it could not be postponed!". The count was standing there with his trousers down, a girl she didn't know was sitting on the desk in front of him. A pretty face, beautiful waist-length black hair, beautiful breasts and a normal, erect man's cock. A man's cock!? Jou had to look twice, but the girl was clearly a hybrid. Jou pulled herself together and looked at the Count, "Your Grace, I have been offered an excellent and free ride to Marseilles in the private carriage of the Baroness of Vermeuil, with whom I used to serve, and I must be ready at her palace in 20 minutes. That is why I am leaving so unexpectedly, but I must really hurry. If Your Grace or Madame Majordomus could hand over my outstanding wages to Mademoiselle Fleur, thank you very much. Perhaps I can get passage on a ship from Marseilles, but now I must hurry! Goodbye, Your Grace, farewell!" She scurried out of the door, hugged Fleur one last time, grabbed her two bundles and ran off to the stagecoach station.

Of course, Fleur took our Jean in warmly for the night, but she insisted that she get an extra portion of sex from Juliette. However, it would be 6 weeks before he could leave, Fleur wrote to Juliette. Of course Monsieur Ede was happy to take Jou in, the space above the animals was free, she could stay as long as she wanted. During the day, she worked in the kitchen with Paulette, who could use every hand she could get. She did not report to the lordship and stayed for

6 weeks as a hidden submarine. Monsieur Ede had two muscular stable grooms and a 13-year-old stable boy. In the evening, she told the friendly stable grooms that she was sleeping up there and that if they wanted to visit her, she would be fine. So it happened that the two men and the boy visited her every evening. The boy just watched on the first evening, he had never fucked before. But he was determined to learn, he said, if she wanted to teach him. She let the men fuck her every evening and they left her alone with the boy, whose name was Paul. Paul still had a small boy's cock, but he learned very quickly. She showed him everything that was important for fucking and he learned very quickly. They always took 5 to 10 minute breaks, but he was able to fuck and cum five times every evening. Jou really enjoyed his fucking, he wasn't as forceful as the stable men, he was more gentle like a girl and gripped her ass cheeks tightly only when he squirted. The 6 weeks flew by, one afternoon Jean came to Paulette and picked up Jou. They walked an hour to her mother's house, which Jou had already notified the day before with a stable groom on horseback, he was back within half an hour. Jean laughed affectionately when she told him about the stable grooms and little Paul.

The mother was overjoyed that she was back. It was a little awkward at first, but Jou broke through the awkwardness and told her mother and Jean at dinner that she was now going to be Jean's wife and that everything that had gone before was now meaningless. They prepared for the wedding together, there were a thousand things to do. Jean had borrowed a horse from the lordship and often spent hours on the road. He acted very secretive and only revealed that it was a surprise for the wedding. He kept an iron silence and revealed nothing.

Fleur was her bridesmaid, Jean had given her the travel expenses and a pretty dress. She slept next to them all week in her mother's marital bed. The wedding took place in the small chapel and Jou explained to Fleur what the devil's bell was all about and that one of the men who had rebuilt the chapel was her father. The chapel was full to bursting, some had to watch outside. The sun shone all day, and that was a good omen. When the storm blew or when there was no wind, but also the rain was considered a good omen for marriage. Divorces were unknown, if a woman was unhappy, she would run away with

her lover. If a man was unhappy, there were plenty of beatings, or the woman drowned in the river. They went to the inn, where the keepers of three neighbouring inns and all the staff had prepared a feast for 170 guests, the whole village in fact. There was a typical Breton meal, huge pieces of roast meat, white bread, vegetables and buckets of the typical thin beer. People ate until the evening, drank until the barrels were empty and then the guests retired. Of course, many children were conceived that night, but that's not our topic now.

Jean had borrowed a gig, a two-seater carriage from the lordship of the manor and took Jou for a ride, the mother and Fleur were already walking home. Jean stopped in front of the 'Lord Justice House' and they got off. It was the former home of a retired English judge who had lived here for the last few years of his life. It was a large, single-storey stone house and was in very good condition, as Jean had had it renovated in recent weeks. There was a very large marble hall, 7 bedrooms for children and guests, a huge bedroom for the owners, there were 4 English flush toilets, which was still very rare 120 years ago, and 2 bathrooms with bath and shower and 2 washbasins each. There was no bidet, which was a French specialty that the English despised. It was only for whores who wanted to wash their pussy quickly and efficiently between two guests. In front of the house to the left and right was a space for herbs and vegetables, behind the house was a fenced-in area of a good 2 thousand square meters.

Jou walked beside Jean through the whole house in amazement, she found a large kitchen and a large pantry. The whole house was empty, without furniture and without a speck of dust, as Jean had hired a bunch of girls to clean it the day before. The house was almost stately, the English Lord had not spared much. Jou stood in the marble hall with her Jean and was open-mouthed in amazement. "What the hell is this!?" she exclaimed, although she had a vague idea.

"It's your house, our house. Count Armand paid for it, he fucked you on his desk for three years and I made him pay for it. We just have to ride to the notary in Brest next week and sign all the papers together, that's the law."

He said after a while, “you still have to arrange it to your liking, there’s about 420 thousand Francs left, I’ll need about 180 to 200 for the stables and the first horses.” Jou asked, what horses? “I’m going to breed and sell horses, that’s my job.” Jou nodded, that was obvious, and then said, “I still have 130 thousand from father and son, as well as 80 thousand in gold from the count and his idiot of a son.” The furnishings wouldn’t cost that much, Jou said, and Jean reminded her that she didn’t have to skimp or save, she should furnish the house finely, elegantly or, if you like, luxuriously. “Okay,” nodded Jou, “I’ll do my best.” They went outside and sat down on a stone bench, the sun was shining magnificently and that was considered a good omen as we know.

“And maybe we’ll sell your mother’s poor, shabby hut and she’ll live with us,” said Jean, “she’ll live a bit better and also relieve you of the household and the many children. And — perhaps Fleur will visit us more often. I’d appreciate it if you’d leave them to me, Juliette!”

“I’ve seen that you like fucking Fleur and I think of her as a big sister. We love each other very much, we’ve masturbated next to each other and with each other all these years. But my mother!?”

Jean scratched his head. “I’m not going to explain any further about the household and the children. Your mother is a few years younger than Fleur, but like Fleur, she really knows a thing or two about fucking. We used to fuck so often and so much, I can’t complain. She still looks very pretty today and I suspect she hasn’t forgotten how to fuck. The fact that she smells a bit strong is probably because she doesn’t have a bath or a shower. I really, really want them, Fleur and Pernille, your pretty mother.” Jean was silent, Jou was silent too. She was thinking.

“You men are so different from us women. I only love you and I only want you to fuck, others will be few and far between if we are separated for too long. But you want to jump several mares, even I innocent country bumpkin have realized that. But I’m only afraid of losing you and your heart to someone else, do you understand that?” Jou paused and couldn’t stop the tears from welling up in her eyes.

Jacques, the old horse, had come around the house, sniffing at Jean's trousers and Jou's bare legs. She lifted her dress up to her navel; Jacques shouldn't drool all over it. He sniffed at her pubic hair and licked her pussy twice and three times with his rough tongue. "Ewww!" exclaimed Jou, she wasn't afraid of horses of course, but his tongue tickled her. "You have a new admirer," grinned Jean, pointing with his chin at Jacques' cock. "Wow, it's big!" Jou exclaimed, but Jean waved it off. "It never gets completely hard, even when he's fucking it stays half hard." He told Jou about a widow in Remis-des-Anges who fucked her farm horse every Sunday morning, "Honestly, I've seen it myself!" The stupid beast never thought of fucking her. She had to fuck his soft cock herself until he squirted.

Jou interrupted him because she had thought of something else. "Tell me, Jean, have you ever heard of women who are above a woman but below a man, a completely normal man?" Jean didn't have to think long. "Yes, of course, they're ladyboys. Actually men who grow real breasts using some kind of herbs and whose character is or becomes very feminine. They're the most expensive whores in Paris, but I can't see anything desirable with fucking someone in the asshole!" Jou had listened in amazement. "Have you ever fucked one?" she asked, unable to hide the tremor in her voice. "No," Jean replied, "but I've seen it once. The count, Armand, sometimes let me ride along to Paris as a 'bodyguard', the road was full of highwaymen and the brothels themselves were not without danger. "We're both horse lovers," said the count, "and we can trust each other and look out for each other. Today I get a very special one, stay in the background and watch my back, the brothel father is a very sneaky one and I don't trust him." We went into the brothel, I kept discreetly in the background. The ladyboy came in, a really sweet Asian girl. The count fucked her in the asshole and rubbed her cock at the same time. The girl squirted and soon afterwards the count. In my opinion, the count only has a very small count, but he is very driven. — But why do you ask, my love?" Now she told him that she had seen a ladyboy at Armand's when she went out and that the count was fucking her in the asshole. She had seen that very clearly and also the ladyboy's big cock, which the count had just rubbed.

“Where were we?” Jou mused, “Oh yes, fucking Fleur and my mother. And that I don’t want to lose you!” Jean nodded rather glumly. “It’s just that sometimes we men want to fuck someone else, but I’ll only ever love you! Always! And look, with most women my cock doesn’t go all the way in, it’s fucking with the brakes on. Having a big cock has some disadvantages. Fleur, Pernille and you too in the meantime, I can penetrate really deep and fuck to my heart’s content, it’s really a pleasure!” Jean remained silent, waiting for Jou’s “okay”.

She didn’t answer straight away. “What have we been talking about all this time? About horses, the pussies and fucking sisterly and motherly pussies. I’m definitely going to start a big library in our home with all the works about King Arthur, the knights in their shining armor, fighting with lance and sword in chivalrous combat for the favor of a fair maiden …”

Jean sighed and shook his head. “The shining armor didn’t exist until a thousand years later, the fair maiden only gave them a handkerchief or let them kiss her fingertips. Only the mares or the sheep were available for fucking. So much for that.” Jou rolled his eyes, “We finally had something like a cultivated conversation, but it quickly descended into fucking. We still have a lot of work to do on that.”

“Speaking of fucking, can you imagine that, Fleur and your mother?” Jean was very eager to hear Jou’s answer. Jou knew the answer, but her heart ached. “I’ll sleep in the small room tonight, you can share the big bed with her and Fleur.” Tears welled up in her eyes, Jean took her face in both hands and kissed the tears away. “On the contrary! Fleur will share the small bed with your mother, it’s our wedding night!”

Jou managed to smile again. “But be prepared for something! I had to kiss a hundred women and just as many men today! Most of them grabbed my butt, but I smiled at them: ‘it’s all Jean’s now!” Jou smiled seductively and Jean kissed her.

They celebrated Pernille’s 45th birthday in the garden, Fleur was also there and the three children, the 6-year-old twins Adam and Eva

and Bernice, who was a year younger, were playing in the grass. Pernille had moved in with them, she had helped Jou to furnish the house and took great care of her grandchildren. Fleur stayed for 5 to 6 weeks every year, Madame Majordomus had been buried and now she was the Sunday woman. She liked that, because when she woke Count Armand on Sunday mornings, he had a nice big morning wood, bigger than after breakfast on weekdays. She rode him for half an hour with much more pleasure than on the edge of the desk and triggered her orgasm with her finger after he had cum. She had trained fat Gertrude as a substitute and had schooled her for a few Sundays, making sure the fat Dutch cook did everything right. She gave her 4 gold francs for every Sunday when she went to Brittany.

Fleur slept with Pernille and the two of them fucked the hell out of each other. They were both endowed with strong lesbian urges. Fleur had often seduced Jou into lesbian lovemaking in Paris, but Jou wasn't a lesbian at all. Fleur was also very diligent on vacation and used her nimble fingers to furnish and decorate the house even more. Once a week, she rode into town with Jou to buy new books.

Pernille gave the three children lessons four times a week, teaching them the written French language, nature and science lessons, reading, writing and a bit of arithmetic. When the sun was shining, she took the children down to the riverside where they bathed and splashed around with the neighboring children. Of course, Pernille also went into the water naked, she loved the cool water. Of course, she showed the children her jewels and explained everything in detail. She smiled when 6-year-old Adam played with the neighbor's daughter, who was twice his age, and both the girl and Adam squealed with delight. Of course he couldn't squirt yet, but Pernille had pulled his cock out as he triumphantly finished fucking the bigger girl, and lo and behold, Adam's cock squirted a few drops! Just a few drops, but he squirted! It was an interesting discovery, and Pernille was now starting the enlargement spell. She was not yet a true Wiccan, her mother had taught her a great deal before she became pregnant. She made the paste and rubbed it onto the little one's cock. She sucked and licked the cock and muttered the old spells, she sucked and licked him, until some drops squirted in her mouth. But she wouldn't let him play her fucking, that would come later, when

he could already squirt, she put the boy off till later. His sisters paid close attention to the cock licking and memorized the long spells in the old language.

Jou had insisted without wavering after the wedding that Jean sleep with her every night. Every night. She was adamant about it. She did, however, smilingly allow him to sneak over to Pernille or Fleur in the morning and work off his morning wood. She lay in bed smiling and listened to Pernille's soft cries, especially as she could stroke her clit in peace. She had crept to the door a few times and watched the two of them fucking. But when Fleur came to visit, she watched eagerly the two women fucking. They rubbed their clits really hard at first and lay on top of each other in a well practiced way, fucking each other's souls out with clit-on-clit fucking. It was an intoxicating sight, as they were both very well practiced at it.

10 years later Adam was 16, a very good horse groom and was a great help to Jean with the dozen horses. He had been allowed to fuck Pernille for 6 years now and she was very pleased, his cock was growing beautifully and would soon rival Jean's. Pernille knew that neither Eva nor Bernice had a hymen by birth and had not yet had a period, yet she taught all three children the use of the lunar calendar. She often saw Adam sneaking into the girls' room at night and she could assume that he was fucking his sisters, the guy, but she didn't say a word. Adam had once gone into the master bedroom in the afternoon and there was his mother Juliette sprawled naked on the bed, masturbating. He curiously lay down next to her and mounted her when she was already far away. He fucked her thoroughly and squirted right into her orgasm. The orgasm subsided, Jou came to her senses and read him the riot act. He must never do that again, she didn't want it and it was cheating on the father! He would never fuck her again. He was happy when Aunt Fleur came on vacation to them, the two women liked to be fucked by the strong boy and let him watch them make lesbian love.

No one could have guessed at the time that the First World War would soon break into their Breton idyll.

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# In Blizzard

by Jack Faber © 2023

Lis hadn't seen it coming. Instinctively, she had thrown her head and her upper body to the side, the falling tree hitting her left side, crushing her left leg and pulling her under. She had fallen unconscious, the pain was so intense.

She came to her senses. The huge tree held her in an iron grip, she could not free herself. With great effort, she managed to reach the bearskin cape and covered herself. It was insanely cold. She didn't want to faint again, she had to stay awake because Rik would come looking for her and then she could call out. The Bearslayer rifle lay less than two meters from her, just out of reach. She dozed, because that was the only way she could bear the pain. Her life passed her by like a carnival parade as she dozed.

Her family lived in Louisiana on a huge plantation around 1835. She had turned 14, her body had changed and they said she was a beautiful woman. No one said she was a beautiful child, but a beautiful woman. Even her father complimented her, but he was a terrible womanizer and his lewd expressions made Lis blush. He fell drunk over the doorstep of her bedroom and stayed there until morning. He grinned stupidly, it was of course the fault of the stupid doorstep and not of the senseless drunk. Sure.

He never stumbled over the doorstep again, he stepped up to her bed, pulled the protesting Lis's nightgown over her head and lay down with his naked daughter. He stroked her body, he caressed every inch of her body, he obviously knew exactly how and where to rub her properly to get her hot. He seemed to know the secret she had been indulging in night after night since early childhood. He grinned maliciously and filthily when she shuddered and twitched in orgasm, and his comments were obscene, filthy and humiliating. She froze as he adjusted her and penetrated her. She winced as he brutally deflowered her and tore her hymen. He fucked her, groaning and moaning, grunting filthy words that would have offended even a

whore, and continued to fuck her without stopping. He reared up and squirted inside, jet after jet. “There, you’re my wife now, you’re all mine!”

Lis endured it with quiet dignity. He came night after night for four years, masturbating her every time with a shabby grin to orgasm and then fucking her hard. He loved her tender, virginal body and her shy look. She got pregnant at 18 and he hated the way her belly bulged. She had never spoken a word to her father, but when he demanded that she abort the child, she simply said “No!” Even the old drunk realized that was the last word on the matter.

The somewhat simple-minded mother had no idea that her husband was fucking her daughter night after night and wondered who the father might be. Lis remained stubbornly silent, her mother was just a chatterbox who liked to dress fashionably. Only when the mother wanted to know whether she could marry the child’s father did she block the question. “He’s already married, no chance!” Her mother left her alone. But she loved Lis in her superficial way and got her the two best midwives in the area. The labor before birth tormented Lis for three hours, then she gave birth in a quarter of an hour. It was an easy birth, said the younger midwife. The older one took a close look at Lis’ clitoris, squeezed it and finally said to the younger one, that the mother had probably been masturbating since she was very young, that’s why! Now Lis woke up from her exhaustion, “what is it!?” A perfectly healthy baby boy and Lis took the freshly swaddled baby to her breast. “His name is Jean-Pierre,” she said to her mother.

Lis and her mother were busy with Jean-Pierre all year round. The father was not particularly interested in his grandson, he was much more preoccupied with the young, pretty Negro girls. Since they were his slaves, he could do whatever he wanted with them. He wanted to, of course. He brought them into the marriage bed, but his much too old wife would not be driven away. She sat sulking in bed while he deflowered and fucked the 13 and 14-year-old pretty Negro girls next to her. The house was a mess and they shouted at each other almost every night. Lis didn’t understand a word, as they were shouting at each other in German, as they were both from Germany.

The shouting got worse every day and one evening he threw his wife, his daughter and her one-year-old child out of the house. He gave them half an hour to pack their things and leave. This was the second time Lis had spoken to her father. “He’s your son, Fritz. Do you really want to throw him out of your house?” But Friedrich Korb had already gone too far. He turned his back on her and left without a greeting.

Lis, the mother and the little boy set off. They had to manage their money, the mother was not used to having only three dresses, but Lis had taken the lead and spent the money very carefully. They wandered from town to town along the American west coast northwards for two years. Often and often Lis had to pay with her body and let herself be fucked by hundreds of men without ever feeling any pleasure. She had heard that ships full of women and children sailed from the city of Vancouver to China. There was a great shortage of women in China and the Chinese were keen on white women. Lis got hold of cheap tickets and they took the new railroad for the rest of the way to the small port city of Vancouver.

They were lucky. They rented a cheap apartment with two rooms and Lis walked tirelessly to the harbor. Well, there were actually very few ships going to China. One of the captains squeezed out of the corner of his mouth that she had to contact an agent in the port, it was the only way to get a passage. She found an agent, as there were only two. The first refused, he didn’t ship women to the Chinks. They were true filthy barbarians and she was far too old for the Chinese at the age of 20! The second agent was obliging, there were not many passages to China, two per year only. But he wanted to do what he could. Lis let him take her details, she was 21, her mother was 39 (she was fibbing here, because her mother was 42, almost 43) and her son was 3. He took everything down at a leisurely pace, as he had plenty of time and no customers. He listened to her whole life story, agreed with her about how ruthless her father was. He listened to her when she mentioned that she hadn’t had a period since giving birth, but the midwife had assured her that if she took up a regular married life, it would come back. But she had only fucked some strangers very rarely in the years of moving around, only when she absolutely had to. Lis blushed, she didn’t want to bore him with woman things. At

some point he calculated the costs for her. Lis turned pale. She didn't have that much.

Of course, the clever lad had found out while chatting how little money she had. It wasn't enough for the passage to China, of course, but he didn't tell her that. He calculated back and forth to impress Lis. Of course, if he could remove his agency fee, her money would be enough for the passage. It was all a lie, but he didn't want to miss out that the pretty girl. But the agency fee, the fine fellow moaned, the agency fee! What good would it do him if he gave in to his soft heart and waived the fee? What would he gain, what!? He gave Lis a long time, and waited until she made the proposal. He didn't have to wait long. She could fuck him, Lis whispered with a bright red face, maybe! He continued to pretend for a while, the fine fellow, and they came to an agreement. She would let him fuck her twice a week, he agreed. For once.

He laid Lis' upper body on the tabletop, lifted her skirt and penetrated her from behind. He didn't have a big cock, Lis put her face on the tabletop and closed her eyes. He fucked her for quite a long time, it wasn't exciting for her at all, but she was doing it for a good cause. So she came to him twice a week, he told her about the depressing situation at the market and then she let herself be fucked indifferently.

Our fine agent not only brokered ship passages, no, he traded in everything, fruit and vegetables, shiploads of fish, land and houses. And women. Of course. Women were in short supply here in the north and you could make a tidy profit. The Norwegian Ragnar, for example, was a successful trapper and fur hunter. He had sent for his son Erik and his wife Gundi from Norway, they should have arrived long ago.

But the Goddesses of Fate refused to be messed with, they had other plans for Gundi and Rik and now the little humans took fate into their own hands and traveled to America! The Goddesses of Fate were really angry. Gundi fell ill on the passage, Rik dragged her sick mother on the train from New York to Chicago, from where they traveled with a windy, talkative Spaniard on a horse-drawn cart to

the other train line that led to Vancouver. But Gundi died after just one week and the Goddesses of Fate spat into their hands with a grin, the thread had to be spun finely.

The Spaniard tried to dig a grave with Rik, but the ground was frozen rock hard and the shovel broke in pieces. Rik sat down by the campfire and thought. The Spaniard jumped up and down, burying such a beautiful young woman while she was still warm! He undressed the dead Gundi and fucked her. Yes, he fucked her, they had been traveling for a week and her body was still warm! He fucked Gundi a second time and after a while a third time. Aaah, that felt good! He sat down by the campfire with Rik. Rik had finished thinking and stood up. He grabbed the Spaniard by the throat and smashed his skull in with a single fistpunch. He simply left the Spaniard lying there for the wolves. He covered Gundi with many stones and stuck a T-shaped branch on top, a sign for Thor, her favorite God. Then he drove the horse-drawn cart to the train station, posted a telegram to Ragnar and boarded the train. He was already five weeks late and would be in Vancouver in about 6 or 7 days.

In the meantime, the clever agent had set Lis and Ragnar up, and of course Ragnar wanted to buy the pretty thing for Rik, as he would have Gundi. Ragnar didn't speak English well and Lis didn't speak Norwegian. The agent made it clear to Lis that the prices for the China passage had risen astronomically. It would be wiser to go with Ragnar, he was a rich man, he had four bags of gold pieces on his belt and he wanted to marry Lis. Lis looked at Ragnar carefully. He was a muscular giant, the 40-year-old actually looked quite handsome in his bearskin. Ragnar had just received the telegram from Rik about the delayed landing in New York, Gundi was ill, they were taking the train to Chicago. Ragnar left Lis in the dark about getting married, but he wanted to go with her and wait for his son, he didn't mention Gundi. The sly agent took the 5 gold pieces for the matchmaking and Ragnar followed Lis.

So he couldn't take the three-year-old into the wilderness of Canada, that would be murder, Ragnar said. The little one had to stay there, together with the old woman, he said. He could only take Lis with him for the time being; she should have a look at his beauti-

ful, large cabin in the woods and then decide whether to bring the two of them along a year later. Then they would take care of the marriage at the same time. Ragnar didn't lie to her, Rik would certainly be happy to take her. Lis cried bitterly, leaving the little one with his mother for a year was very hard. But she had listened carefully to Ragnar, the wilderness was no walk in the park, but he earned a lot from the furs and pelts. He showed her all the gold he had earned in half a year and had already spent a handful. Lis had not fallen on her head, with so much money they could all live like princes. She knew what she was letting herself in for.

She wanted to spend the last days and weeks with Jean-Pierre, she wanted to sleep with the little one in the small bed, Ragnar in the big bed. He was not displeased, the old woman was his age and still looked quite good, and he would soon find out if she was good to fuck too. Lis clutched her son and couldn't fall asleep, Ragnar noisily fucked her mother, who groaned and moaned with lust. The poor woman hadn't fucked at all in the last few years, because when it was necessary, Lis always had to hold out her pussy. Her mother had masturbated very often during this time of abstinence, she had pressed her body against Lis and hugged her fiercely when she orgasmed. Lis didn't think it was improper, because her poor mother missed the physical contact and the sex much more than she did.

At dawn, Ragnar uncovered her mother, lifted one of her legs high and penetrated her from behind with his morning wood. Lis got all fuzzy watching him and rubbed her clit secretly. The mother moaned and groaned in orgasm and Ragnar only squirted after her second orgasm, then he went to piss and the mother fixed breakfast. Her mother was in a better mood than she had been for years. She whispered in Lis's ear that she had finally had another wet night after three dry years! If Lis didn't want to marry him, she would take the strong Viking straight away! They had to wait 6 weeks until Rik finally arrived. Ragnar fucked her mother vigorously and enthusiastically every night and every morning. She was really good to fuck, he said almost daily at dinner with a friendly smile and the mother blushed like a young girl.

Then came Rik. He was a man of two Meters like his father, muscular and a handsome giant. He told Ragnar everything and Lis, the mother and Jean-Pierre listened to the strange sounds. The mother seemed to understand a few words and translated them for Lis. Rik firmly refused to take Lis as his wife. He stubbornly maintained that his father had to have the wife first, as Gundi was no more. That was his last word, he made it clear. Ragnar agreed at last, that was fair. When Rik told them about the Spaniard, his mother was left breathless, it was outrageous. Both, that the guy was fucking the dead woman and that Rik had smashed his head. But Ragnar nodded, he'd done a good job, the guy deserved it. Lis gulped at how easily and naturally the Norwegians talked about it. Rik slept on the floor next to her mother's bed, fucking her mother after his father both at night and in the morning. The mother was floating on air, never before had she been fucked four times a day by the strong man and his equally strong son, it was pure joy! They stayed another 10 days and organized everything for the trip. Ragnar had bought a thick fur coat for Lis and Rik had bought a bearkiller, a long, large-caliber rifle that could fire five shots in succession from a magazine, a lever-action rifle. If you hadn't finished off a bear with five bullets, you had to run like the devil was behind you, Ragnar said to Lis with a smile.

On the last morning, the Norwegians fucked her mother for the last time in a row and they said goodbye. Lis had to literally tear herself away from the little one, then she ran after the men. They went three days north by ship with two pack mules and Lis realized gratefully how well the fur coat warmed her. Then they walked inland to the north-east. Three days later they arrived at a hut and Ragnar looked anxiously at the sky. "A blizzard, maybe tonight or tomorrow!"

Rik ran to the hut, but no one was there. He pushed open the door and began to unload the donkeys. Ragnar called him loudly. Rik and Lis ran to him. He had found the owner of the hut. The man — probably a man, but one could only guess — so the man lay behind the hut. He had been murdered. The knife was deep in his back, or what the wolves and foxes had left of him. His throat had been slit, Ragnar said, after he had examined the man expertly. Ragnar pulled out the

knife, then the men took the body a short distance away and covered it with stones.

Rik cleaned the knife with a rag; it was an excellent hunting knife, razorsharp with a beautifully gilded and decorated hand guard. “The French back home in Louisiana have ones like this,” Lis said. Rik said it was too good to throw away. Ragnar nodded, he would make a sheath out of rabbit fur. Lis was very surprised, “Rabbits, here!?” Rik laughed. Ragnar was the only one who caught hares with his bare hand! Ragnar said they should check the freezer in the floor, he was going hare hunting, there would be roast hare for dinner.

Lis followed Rik into the house, they found the hole in the floor. Rik looked inside, there was a whole load of venison legs stored there. He said she must lean in the hole, he would hold her by the legs and she could count the pieces. So she did, hanging upside down and counting. 32. Her skirt tumbled with the force of gravity and she felt Rik slide his cock along her bare thighs. She sighed, it had been nine weeks since she had let the agent fuck her. She softened her pussy, of course she wanted to be fucked. Rik penetrated infinitely slowly and considerately. What a massive cock! He immediately pulled it out again, only the first jet had squirted in. He pushed his cock into her ass crease and fucked quickly, squirting it all into her ass crease. He stopped and she looked backwards. He rubbed his cock with his paw and squirted on the inside wall of the cooling hole. He shook his head, “Lis is for Ragnar, remember!” She couldn’t make sense of it, but she nodded and smiled kindly at him, “I won’t tell Ragnar, okay?” Rik nodded and went outside, bringing in an armful of logs. “Because of the Blizzard,” he said, bringing all the logs into the living area. She cleaned up the cooking area and the food supplies, clearing away the small, unusable sleeping area of the unfortunate previous owner so Rik could stack the logs there. She found two large furs stitched together and was about to throw them in the corner when Rik told her to put them in front of the fireplace as they would sleep there. A blizzard could last a day or a week. The light drifting snow had turned into a heavy snowfall. Rik climbed into the cooling hole, he brought out 8 small barrels of brandy and two empty kegs. “For pee and poo,” he said, looking for two more lids. He leaned a shovel next to the door, went to the back to check on the

pack mules, moved the barrel of rainwater and the well-filled free trough in front of the animals. He found some slats and fastened them so that the donkeys were somewhat protected. He looked up at the sky. “Ragnar should be here soon,” he said to Lis, “the blizzard is coming in an hour!” Lis noticed his unease, she said nothing. A hysterical woman was the last thing he needed right now. She had watched them build fires over the last few days and was making a fire in the fireplace. Rik had fetched another empty barrel and filled it with water in the river. “For coffee or washing,” was his comment. The hut was now full to bursting, they had at least two months’ worth of supplies. Ragnar appeared in the thick snowfall, holding three rabbits by their ears and grinning with satisfaction. He tossed the rabbits to Rik, then took off his heavy robe. “The blizzard’s coming in ten minutes,” he said, “you can’t see the end of the clouds, so it’ll last longer than a day.”

They had eaten the three rabbits, the men had drunk a cup of brandy, Lis had only sipped, for she never wanted to become a drinker like her father, and they had gone to sleep. She had spread out one of the large furs in front of the fireplace and they lay down naked and covered themselves with the second fur. The fire was burning, but it wasn’t really warm, the storm was raging outside. Lis lay between them and they moved close together to keep each other warm.

Ragnar was about to fuck and Lis nodded, okay then! He laid her on her side with her back and ass facing him. She shivered pleasantly as his fingers stroked her in all the right places. He lifted one of her legs, spread her ass cheeks wide and penetrated her pussy very carefully and considerately. “Is that okay?” he mumbled and she nodded. “It’s really fine!” she breathed. His cock was big, but she still had the feeling of Rik’s cock inside her pussy, and Rik’s was bigger, thicker. Ragnar fucked slowly and with obvious pleasure and stopped. He grabbed her hand and placed it on her pussy. “You can rub yourself if you like it!” he murmured and she nodded again. Rik took her head and placed her face on his chest. Now she lay comfortably warm between and on top of the two men, she gently stroked her clit and Ragnar continued to fuck her in his own way. It wasn’t long before she trembled in orgasm and her lips pinched Rik’s nipple. She exhaled

and now Ragnar squirted, spurting jet after jet. His cock was still inside her when she heard him breathe deeply and fall asleep.

She noticed that Rik was rubbing his cock. Her hand felt down. He stopped and his other hand placed hers on top of his rubbing hand. He continued rubbing, with her hand on the back of his hand. He masturbated for quite a long time, then he squirted on his stomach and a few jets splashed on her face. She wiped it off and remained lying with her face on his chest. Gradually, they fell asleep.

The blizzard raged around the hut, sometimes you could hear a donkey braying. They stayed on the furs on the ground for most of the day. Rik shimmied down and brought up a leg of venison. It was slowly roasted and Ragnar worked on a hare skin. Lis was amazed at the skill with which he turned it into a sheath for the French hunting knife. There seemed to be no discussion about Rik keeping the beautiful hunting knife. Ragnar and he took turns wrapping a bearskin around their naked bodies and walked once around the cabin. They checked whether the storm had caused any damage and stopped for a moment to talk to the donkeys. They were full of panic, the poor creatures. After some minutes, the tour was over and they warmed themselves by the fire. They ate a whole hind leg of a venison every day, chewed the indestructible dried bread and drank brandy. Lis made a coffee, she didn't want the brandy.

The blizzard didn't let up for a moment. By now the snow was piled up as high as a man around the hut, and while one of them did the patrol around the hut, the other shoveled away enough snow in front of the door and the front windows so that they weren't completely snowed in. Lis was glad that the Northmen knew exactly how to deal with the blizzard.

The blizzard lasted 16 days. Ragnar fucked her every night and every morning. When Rik masturbated at night, she put her hand on his and they stroked his cock together. It was the fourth or fifth night. Rik stopped masturbating and grabbed Lis, lifted her up and made her sit on top of him.

"Do you want to fuck me?" she asked and he nodded.

“And Ragnar?” she asked, not knowing if the two men had an agreement.

“I’m sure it’s all right,” he whispered, “when Ragnar was out earlier, I fucked Gundi instead of him, and Gundi was his wife and my mother.” Lis thought for a moment, then said “Okay, you can fuck me!” Lis grabbed his cock and inserted it into her pussy. What a great cock! She knelt to the left and right of Rik, he thrust from below, powerful and strong. It made her hot, she gasped and panted. She clawed her fingers into the fur and her finger twitched, wanting to rub the clit. But it wasn’t necessary, she sank onto his chest, trembling in orgasm. She remained lying on top of him, exhausted, and he continued to fuck her for a very long time, until he squirted powerfully. She kissed him on the lips and taught him to kiss with his tongue in the French Louisianan way. Ragnar refused french kissing, he had never done it.

Lis asked Rik what it was like with Gundi. Rik had always slept with his parents, he watched their fucking very closely. When the child became a boy, Gundi waited until Ragnar had fallen asleep and then Rik was allowed to fuck her. He learned quickly and practiced with her every night. When girlfriends came to visit, Rik was allowed to sleep with the guest and he fucked them all until they were exhausted. He also lay with the visiting couples. Of course, he had to wait until the visitors had finished fucking and the man had fallen asleep, then he went down on the woman. Very few of them were ready to fuck straight away, Rik had to heat up their little knobs first. Most of them let him do it until she had an orgasm and were so relaxed and tired afterwards that they didn’t resist the fucking. Gundi was very pleased with her son, he got to know so many girls and women and learned to respond to the peculiarities of each one. Lis listened attentively, because this really was a different world Rik was talking about.

Day after day, they kept to the routine of roasting a leg of venison over the fire. They ate with the piece of meat in one hand and a sharp knife in the other, with which they cut small pieces and put them in their mouths. In the evening, Ragnar fucked her first and she rubbed her clitoris. At night she climbed on top of Rik and let him fuck her

from below. In the morning she had to take care of Ragnar's morning wood before getting up. It was really wonderful to be fucked from behind, one leg high in the air, while half asleep.

On the 11th day, both donkeys were frozen to death. Ragnar and Rik debated in Norwegian until Lis asked to speak English. They were pretty screwed, because without the donkeys they would have to walk the 10 days there and 10 days back at least twice, fully packed. It was exasperating. Lis thought they would have to wait for the blizzard to end and then see. She didn't say so, but that's exactly what happened. The blizzard was gone from one minute to the next, the sun blazed down and after three days all the snow was gone.

Ragnar and Rik went exploring together and separately for a week, Lis stayed in the cabin and locked the door when wolves approached. They lurked for an hour a hundred meters outside the hut and disappeared silently. The men had found paper and pencil in the hut and drew maps of the area, marking special places. By the third day, they were finished and agreed on the details. Lis sat down at the small table and made two copies so that everyone had a map. They decided to stay here for the winter, there was a lot of game around. They would stay here for the winter and perhaps go to Ragnar's hut in the spring. The men took turns taking Lis with them on their hunting trips, she learned very quickly and was very skilled. She learned to gut animals and cut out the best pieces. The hide of some of the animals was valuable and they took it with them.

Autumn had come and Lis set off with Ragnar. It was bear country, he said, but you didn't go bear hunting without donkeys or packhorses because of the weight. He set up their camp for the night and made a campfire. He heard something and they held their breath. Ragnar put the bearslayer rifle in her hand, telling her to stay close to the fire and only fire the gun in self-defense. He holstered his revolver, took his cartridge pouch and hunting knife and disappeared silently. Lis waited beside the campfire, keeping her eyes and ears open. She didn't know how much time had passed when the crack of a twig snapped her out of her doze. She held her breath and listened. Something rustled in the bushes, she saw a bear's fur and fired the bearslayer right at the bear's pelt. There was a loud scream and Rag-

nar staggered towards the campfire and fell lengthways. Lis screamed and turned the heavy man over. She had hit him in the chest. She pressed a hand to his chest and the bleeding stopped. He said with an effort, “Three shots, Rik…” and Ragnar was dead. She felt his neck, no pulse. She stared weeping into his eyes, which looked far into the future. She fired three shots in succession and reloaded the rifle. She heard three shots from a distance, Rik had heard hers. She now fired a shot every 10 minutes to let him know where she was. He responded with a shot. She only fired every half hours, his shot sounded closer. Two hours later, he emerged, taking the morning sun with him.

He immediately saw what had happened. He rekindled the fire and sat her there, she was completely cold and frozen through. He put Ragnar’s bearskin around her shoulders and made her take a few sips of brandy from Ragnar’s drinking flask. He forced her to drink to make her warmer. She told him in a monotone voice what had happened. He said that the only way to approach a campfire was to break a twig and rustle. She stared at him in bewilderment, she had heard it, but she did not know this custom. She had seen the bears fur and had shot immediately in panic. Rik nodded. “You were in a bear’s territory, Ragnar had told you to shoot in self-defense. You saw a bear and shot immediately. You are not to blame!” For Rik, the matter was settled, he made her a strong coffee and poured brandy into it. He looked for stones in the area and covered Ragnar with them. He formed a large T from two twigs and stuck it into the gravestones. Ragnar also worshipped Thor, the God of Thunder. Lis stood next to him as Rik raised both hands to the sky and sang a long song in his language. They set off and arrived at their hut before sunset.

Lis sat in front of the fireplace for five days, not eating, drinking or sleeping, but staring silently into the flames. Rik put a blanket around her shoulders and didn’t bother her, she wouldn’t answer anyway.

On the sixth day, everything was back to normal. Lis had made coffee and improved them both with a shot of brandy. They talked and talked again about the accident with Ragnar. Rik said again that it wasn’t her fault. She asked him if he could forgive her for shooting

his father by mistake. She was not to blame, he repeated, she was innocent. Then they discussed the new situation. He didn't know exactly where Ragnar's hut was, he only knew that it was still ten days away. There was little point in setting off without further information. The best thing to do was to spend the winter in this cabin and return to Vancouver next year. Lis was homesick for little Jean-Pierre, but she was looking forward to seeing him again next year.

Lis went up to Ragnar's grave about once a month, usually accompanied by Rik, to arrange the stones and lay down some flowers. It did her good to talk silently to Ragnar or his God Thor for a while. Rik had told her all about Thor and the family of Gods and she soon found her bearings. She could even smile again, "Your world of Gods is a lot like King Arthur's court!" She had often read the legend in her youth and could now tell Rik about it. Just like in Rik's world of the Gods, people fucked pretty wildly in Arthur's court. Lis always went hunting or trapping with Rik. She learned very quickly which animals were more suitable for eating and which were hunted for their fur.

They lay in each other's arms every night, and Lis really liked the way Rik fucked her, as well as the still-sleepy fucking with his morning wood. She often thought to herself how lucky she was, because Rik was by far the best man she had ever fucked. On the long, cold winter nights, they often lay snuggled together under the fur and told each other about their previous sexual adventures. That was usually the best way to get in the mood before fucking. Lis listened with fascination to the naturalness with which the Nordic women dealt with fucking. The customs and ideas of the continent were also spreading in the north. They tried to instill the concept of marital fidelity and sexual possession in people. Gradually, people only fucked others in secret. This helped the population grow.

Rik now usually went hunting alone, in winter it was particularly important to be invisible. Lis usually stayed at home, the snow was not her thing. But spring came and now she also went hunting alone, especially for red deer. She was able to trigger the good parts of the deer and return home with a full rucksack.

And now, completely unexpectedly and as if out of nowhere, the huge tree came crashing down and buried her under it.

She kept waking up from her faint. She turned her head to the side and saw him immediately. It was a large, beautiful wolf standing on a small hill 30 meters away. Lis was surprised that he was alone. It was the first wolf she'd seen up close; until now she'd only seen packs from a distance. The wolves came within 200 or 300 meters of the hut, but they were obviously not interested in humans. Now she looked at the wolf. It was quite large and had light-colored fur with gray and yellowish patches. It had striking black paws.

The wolf approached cautiously as she moved. He came closer very slowly and over-cautiously. They stared at each other. Lis, to her astonishment, was not afraid, not scared at all. He lay down 10 meters away, put his head, his snout on his front legs and stared at her unblinkingly.

He squirted his ears as Lis began to speak to him. She didn't know why she was doing it herself, was it the hours of desperate loneliness or the memory of the dogs in the plantation? She knew how to talk to dogs, but to a wolf? She did it quite simply. She put all her warmth and kindness into her voice. The wolf was obviously listening, he remained crouched on the ground, but he crept closer and closer. He came within 5 meters. It was a very strange encounter, the wolf, ready to bolt at any moment and curious as to why she wasn't moving.

She took a deep breath as he stood up very slowly and came closer. She closed her eyes as he sniffed her face. She could feel his hot breath, he sniffed her from top to bottom. Blood had trickled down her thighs and pussy from her broken arm. He gently licked at the blood, but she didn't protest. He licked the blood from her thighs and she giggled softly as he licked her pussy clean with his rough tongue. She told him that if she got free, he could lick her pussy as much as he wanted. He jumped over the tree and licked the blood from her bruised leg. Did he understand that she was trapped? Did he understand that she desperately needed help? She spoke urgently to him, he came back and licked her face a few times. He seemed to consider,

then lay down right in front of her face, just inches away. Lis was grateful that he was so close and fell asleep.

She woke up when he licked her face again. She could feel how exhausted she was, how close to death she was. She hadn't been able to move her healthy arm for hours, but she could feel the cold eating away at her arm. The wolf suddenly looked up, he had seen or heard something. But it was nothing that would have worried him. He stared into his friend's eyes, perhaps knowing that she was dying. Though he kept licking her face, she slept away, she caught sight of Ragnar's outline in the treetops and ran towards him, flying lightly like a ballet dancer towards the dear man she had caused so much pain to.

The wolf stood up and paced back and forth restlessly. No, he wasn't restless, he was looking for Lis' scent. He followed his nose, running faster and faster through the night forest, following the paths that only humans usually followed, running and running. He reached the hut at dawn. He knew immediately that she had left here. He smelled another human and lay in wait 50 meters from the hut.

Rik had been waiting for Lis, listening to see if he heard the bang of the bearslayer, or three as a call for help. Nothing. For three days and two nights he never slept for more than 5 minutes, he walked all the trails he knew for three days and two nights. He was at Ragnar's grave in the mornings and afternoons, he just muttered a short spell for his father and ran off again. On the third night, he ate quickly in the hut, standing up. He had heard something, took the small rifle and quietly stepped out of the hut. He spotted the wolf immediately. It was very unusual for the wolves to come so close to the hut. It was also very unusual that this wolf was alone. And quite unusual was the way the wolf was lying there. Stretched out on its belly, head and snout on its forelegs, the wolf was looking straight at him. Rik put the rifle on, he only had one shot, and it had to be right, because he had to go into the hut to reload.

Rik aimed accurately. The bullet would hit right between the wolf's eyes, devastatingly so. He couldn't take his eyes off the wolf,

there was something magical about him. He lowered the rifle. The wolf stood up. It raised its head to the sky and sang. Rik had only ever heard wolves howl, an eerie, terrifying howl. He had heard a few times that wolves could sing, but had dismissed it. When the trappers had had booze enough, they even told of mermaids in the St. Lawrence River. He listened, it wasn't howling, it was singing. The wolf sang one verse after another. The last note faded, the wolf turned to the forest, took a few quick steps and stopped, looking back at Rik. He repeated it again, looking back at Rik.

Rik broke free from his stupor. He didn't care if people would think he was crazy, but the wolf's message was clear. Follow me! Rik ran into the hut, poured water on the fire, pulled the rucksack off the hook, slung the rifle on and ran towards the wolf. The wolf ran ahead quickly and stopped. Rik ran after him, alternating between galloping and trotting like the rangers to conserve his strength. The wolf let him get within 100 meters and then ran on. Rik knew the area, Lis had been here often. Of course, he had already run the route three times without finding her. They ran for a good two hours, it was still Lis' territory, he had been here three times before! He had serious doubts, where was the wolf leading him? To his pack, to some fragrant carrion or into an abyss!?

The wolf had stopped and let Rik get within 25 meters. He ran and slid down a slope. Here they left the path, heading cross-country. At the foot of the slope, he picked up his rifle and hunting knife, ready for surprises. The wolf stopped after 200 meters and lay down on the ground. He let Rik get within 5 meters. Rik had never been so close to a wolf before, he paid attention to the wolf and looked around. He could see nothing of interest. The wolf stood up leisurely and sang again for a few seconds. He looked to Rik as if to say, "What are you waiting for, human?" Rik strained his eyes, seeing nothing. Nothing at all.

The wolf was certainly smarter than he was. He shook his fur and walked very slowly through the bushes, down another small slope. Rik stayed by his side and could have petted him, he was so close. The wolf stopped and looked up at him. "Yeah, you still don't see it, human?" he seemed to say. The wolf walked around a fallen log and

lay down on the ground. Rik stepped up beside his guide and saw her immediately. The wolf had laid down in front of Lis' face, licking her face and singing a short verse. Rik went to his knees, realizing at first glance that she was dead, one leg pinned under the tree trunk. He touched her cheeks, her neck, her face. She had been dead for hours. Rik sat down beside her in despair. He mourned her, she was a good partner, a good hunting companion and a wonderful woman who had given him many sweet hours. They had lived together like man and wife for more than half a year; the 22-year-old had never been with a woman for so long.

He didn't let the immense loneliness overwhelm him. "We have to give her a proper burial, big guy," he said to the wolf. He didn't want to bend the bearslayer's barrel, so he felled a tree a good arm-thick with his hunting knife and cut it to size. This served as a lever and after a few attempts he was able to move the tree trunk enough to free Lis' leg. He laid her in the clearing and piled boulders and stones over her for hours. Even a bear couldn't get to her!

He didn't know who Lis's deity was, so he rammed three straight branches into the stones, the sign of Freya, the Goddess of Love. He raised both hands to the sky and sang her life, the rape by her own father, the humiliating fucking on the odyssey to Vancouver, the humiliation and deceitful fucking with the agent, her beautiful time with Ragnar and him here in the wilderness. He sang with all his might that she was not to blame for Ragnar's death and that the gods knew the truth about it. He sang that he would see to it that her mother and the little one were well cared for. He sang that this was the honorable life of Elizabeth of Louisiana and that heaven would record it as a message in the book of honorable women. He sang the praises of Freya last, and sank on his knees at the end. He looked around, but the wolf was no longer there.

He walked back to the cottage deep in thought, pondering how Lis had come across the wolf, how lamblike the wolf had been with Lis, and how he should assess the strange adventure with the wolf. He definitely knew it hadn't been a dream. Maybe nobody would beleive him, that a wolf had led him to his dead wife.

Rik stayed in the hut well into the summer, carrying a man-sized pack full of furs and pelts that earned him four sacks of gold. He stayed eight months over the winter with Lis' mother and Jean—Pierre, who no longer thought of Lis often, as he was still far too young. The mother mourned the loss of her only child honestly, but enjoyed fucking the loin-strong Northman night after night. Rik often rode to a neighboring Indian reservation because he had made friends with the chief. There he fell in love with a young, quiet Indian woman who also loved him very much and moved into his hut in the wilderness with him.

Ragnar and Lis stood on a cloud and looked at their children. Ragnar was pleased that Rik had found a good wife, was very successful at hunting and selling furs. He would soon give up the strenuous hunt and buy a big house in Vancouver with his Indian wife and 3 children and make a nice fortune in the fur trade. He would sit around the campfire every other week smoking a pipe with the chief, who became his best friend.

Lis saw that the mother took really good care of Jean-Pierre and sent him to good schools. She taught him English, French and German. She would let him fuck her every day from 12 until the end of her life, even though she had married a rich widower, a merchant in Vancouver. When he fell asleep, she went into Jean-Pierre's bedroom and lay down with him. At first she only gave him handjobs and gradually taught him how to fuck. He learned quite quickly and wanted to fuck her as often as they could find a free minute. Although he fucked a lot of young girls during his school years because he was a magnet for the girls, he fucked his grandmother every day until he was 28. She died in the middle of her orgasm, Jean-Pierre was completely shocked and it took nearly a year to recover from the loss of his mother. He had always thought of her as his mother, even though she was his grandmother.

Jean-Pierre also became a merchant and one of the richest men in the area. Although he was happy with that himself, it made Lis sad that he fucked his grandmother every day until the end, which was certainly not right. He would not marry a young woman until he was

30 and have many children. Jean-Pierre discovered his preference for very young girls and his wife discovered her lesbian tendencies. They indulged each other's preferences and now often had a young girl in their marriage bed. He deflowered and fucked the girl, who was then taken care of by his lesbian wife. Their married life became more and more intense. They didn't care about the gossip, they led a fruitful family life and sent the children to school. That was the most important thing parents could give their children, Jean-Pierre told his children.

He would build and successfully manage 4 hotels after the two large department store. At the beginning of the Klondike gold rush he built two more large, cheaper lodgings for the gold diggers passing through and ran 16 exchange shops to buy up the gold. When he died at the end of the century, he left a rich company to his children. All in all, Jean-Pierre had had a good and honest life, which pleased Lis immensely. Lis also saw her father foolishly drink away part of his estate and was stabbed to death by a cardsharp at a card game long before he could ruin the whole plantation.

On some winter nights, when old Rik sat on his terrace, drinking a brandy and smoking a pipe, he sometimes looked up at the beautiful Northern Lights. They were a greeting from Gundi and Lis, both of whom he could never and would never forget.

Then he untied his scarf and waved with it back at them.

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# Andromeda

by Jack Faber © 2023

Fred stood in front of the huge front window of his house and watched the garden robot doing its work. It was the winter version, which had a snow blower, an ice picker and several rotating brooms behind the plow. He had already cleared the lowered fence panels with his ice pick and had run each panel up and down twice to check that they were in working order. He had cleared the entire courtyard of snow and was now sweeping the sidewalks with the rotating brooms.

Fred watched the robot for a while longer and sat down at his workstation. Andromeda knew exactly what he wanted to do and raised the huge screen from the floor container. He folded the keyboard halves out of the armrests. Most of his colleagues only used voice input, but he was able to concentrate better by typing manually. He saw three small windows on the screen showing his three colleagues at work. There were usually three or four of them programming a module at the same time; they could see and hear each other and worked together. They were a goddamn good team, even though they lived hundreds of kilometers apart. It had all been made possible by his clever sale of his start-up to a technology giant from Silicon Valley.

They had completed the task after a good three hours, carried out several test runs and put the thing into the pipeline. The final input was the release so that it would go out via async-update. “Guys, I’ve had enough for today, I’m signing off. You’re welcome to continue if you want.” He switched off.

He stood in the shower and, as sometimes happens, the past flashed before his mind’s eye. At the age of 7, his parents, his heavily pregnant mother, died in a car accident through no fault of their own and he was left alone with his grandmother. She was a sex-obsessed woman, neither pretty nor beautiful, but she had a very active sex life and had a different girl in her bed every week, sometimes a man. The

accident hit her extremely hard, but she took Fred under her wing, as his father had appointed her as Freds guardian. She mourned not only for her daughter and her baby, but also for her son-in-law, who was a Ladies' man. He not only fucked her daughter, but also herself and her mother, who at 79 was quite sprightly and surprisingly fucked a lot of men like herself. Amelie had made sure that her daughter fucked a lot of men and girls before she married the best one. And he was clearly the best, she let him fuck herself so often during the engagement period until she was convinced. Well, she might or might not tell Fred one day.

Fred's father left a tidy fortune, which she managed for Fred. She was touched by Fred's grief and let him sleep in her bed. She moved her sex life to the mornings while he was at school.

His sexuality awoke faster than usual, sleeping naked next to his naked grandmother, and so it happened very quickly. He played with his cock secretly at first, but she noticed it immediately and told him it was all natural and he didn't have to contort himself. She uncovered him and watched him masturbating with a friendly smile. He was startled when he squirted for the first time after some weeks. But Amelie, his grandmother, explained everything to him and enlightened the 10-year-old about sex. She generally didn't give a damn about conventions and she told him things as she saw them.

He was allowed to look at and touch her nakedness every night to get horny. Then he was allowed to masturbate as often until he was exhausted. Sometimes she gave him a hand job, which was okay for both of them. He came closer and closer to her naked body, rubbing himself against her and squirting on her wrinkled skin. Most of the time he was allowed to sit on her stomach and masturbate there, he squirted on her large, heavy breasts, which were slowly losing their firmness and hanging down at the sides. She gave him more and more handjobs and he played with her breasts and nipples, which Amelie also liked very much. She let him squirt on her breasts and grinned wryly, but encouragingly. When his cock was still semi-hard, she masturbated him a second or even third time. She let him squirt into her mouth. "Most men like that," she said as she licked his cock clean after squirting and played with it with her tongue. "Okay, then

I want it too," said the clever boy and from now on he always squirted in her mouth, she licked and sucked his cock when he masturbated with half his cock in her mouth or when she rubbed it. He really liked that, he said, and she licked and sucked his cock in her mouth. He didn't understand why she liked licking his cock or letting him squirt in her mouth, but she made him very horny and very happy, and she did it with a conspiratorial grin until he couldn't squirt any more. She awaited him every evening with a thick pillow under her head to keep her mouth at the right height. He sat on her chest and slid forward until his cock disappeared into her mouth. He lowered both hands and caressed her breasts. At first he played gently with her nipples and her tongue played with his cock softly until it was completely hard. Only now did she grab his cock and begin to rub it. The faster she rubbed, the more intensely he squeezed and twirled her nipples. This was how they communicated, how the things were. When he started to squirt, he squeezed the nipples as hard as he could and she leaned forward, took the whole cock in her mouth and let him squirt deep inside. He stayed seated when he wanted it again, usually three or four times in a row. During the breaks he was allowed to practise masturbating her. It was important that he was good at it, because girls and women really appreciated that in a boy. He learned it quickly and made Amelie cheer and whoop during his breaks. Day after day they got closer and winter passed, spring came and Amelie taught him how to fuck. "You mean really fuck?" he asked in surprise, "fuck in your pussyhole?" She confirmed, "but only put it in very slowly, so that my pussy can adjust, because it's gotten very tight over the years!" He penetrated very slowly and gave her very tight pussy time to adjust. "And you really won't get pregnant!?" he asked again and she smiled, "I'm already over 50 and women over 40 don't get pregnant anymore!" She'd been playing up her real age, she was 57 at the time. She was excellent at fucking, she taught him everything and taught him to hold back the squirting until his partner had reached orgasm. He was docile and practiced fucking very diligently.

He was also very studious and inquisitive at school. His teachers discovered his talent for computers and advised Amelie to have him trained in this field. She realized that she would have to send him to

a special school in two years, which was fine with her because he was going to get the best education.

They sometimes talked about fucking after fucking and she recognized his desires. He didn't just want to fuck her, he wanted to fuck others too. He approached the girls at school quite aggressively, a few actually let him fuck them, others rejected him indignantly. He always showed Amelie the naked pictures and close-ups he had taken of the girls. Amelie smiled, some of them looked very promising.

He sometimes complained when someone had such a tight cunt that he had to force his way in. Amelie shook her head, "he had to enter very, very slowly in these cases and give the pussy time to adjust. There wasn't a single cunt in the whole world that couldn't adapt to even the thickest cock." He took her advice to heart and was grateful, because she really was right. He was proud that he could learn everything from her, because he suspected that Amelie had fucked hundreds of girls and thousands of men, but he never asked her.

The principal warned him for molesting girls, Amelie sat stock-still next to him and held his hand. She would talk to him and he would give no more cause.

She actually spoke to Fred about it. Not standing out was a very important virtue, Amelie said, he would only fuck girls who were sure to join in the hide-and-seek game. Unfortunately, there weren't many of them, he complained afterwards, but Amelie knew a way out. From now on, there was a woman or a girl in the big bed with them every night, sometimes a mature woman, sometimes a very young girl. Fred saw lesbian lovemaking for the first time and it was much more exciting than in theory. He couldn't get enough of Amelie jumping on the other girl or letting her mount her. After they had finished, he was allowed to fuck every one of Amelie's lovers without exception, to his heart's content, And of course so often until he had squirted out all his semen. The more mature ones were thrilled, they participated very actively and were pleasantly surprised by his good fucking technique. The younger girls wanted lesbian lovemaking of course, but not many of them let themselves be fucked voluntarily. This was no problem for Amelie, she held the much weaker girls like

a vice and Fred could fuck the girl even if she didn't want it and resisted. But that was precisely what tempted him to fuck the poor girl as often as he could in succession. It was also Amelie who showed him how to deflower a girl finely and he deflowered many girls. Some got pregnant and came to Amelie, who helped them out with advice and money.

"I have to ask you something," Fred said to Amelie, "you only masturbate very rarely, why that?" Amelie faltered for a moment. "I thought you wouldn't notice because you're already asleep." Fred said nothing, grinning contemptuously at her simple-mindedness. "I love sitting or lying next to a girl, we kiss and press our bodies against each other, our breasts against each other and I can feel her arm working tirelessly and her fingers bringing me to orgasm. That's my thing, it's a hundred times better than masturbating alone!" Fred nodded, he understood immediately. "One more question. You kiss women and girls you don't even know, and I sometimes think you're eating each other!" Amelie smiled quietly. "I only kiss them because of me. At first it tickles so excitingly in my pussy, then the flame ignites and then my pussy and my clit burn brightly, then it has to be right away! And it doesn't matter whether I know her or not!" Fred understood that too, he nodded.

The two years flew by. Fred was 18 and went to university hundreds of kilometers away. He got on quite well, he was clever, talented and hard-working. During the day he looked neither left nor right, but in the evening he went out with his friends and they had a girl every night. If they didn't all have one, they still let him fuck along like buddies do. The boys had esprit de corps, you had to give them that. Hardly any of the girls didn't want to join in, it would damage their own reputation. Almost every night ended in a hot fucking orgy.

Alastair became his best friend, they shared all the girls fraternally at night. They took pills that kept the erection going for hours. Fred didn't try all the drugs like others. He had convinced himself that the erection pills had no side effects other than a hangover in the morning like after an alcohol binge. They picked up girls who were ready for both of them. There were also very clever girls who wanted to be

seen when they had bagged two lads, but who then knelt down in the booth and refused to fuck. The boys only gave in the first time. From then on they wouldn't take No for an answer. In extreme cases, they tied the girl to the bed and took turns fucking her until morning. They didn't give a damn about being accused of rape, they had recorded the girl's clear and explicit consent with their dictaphone app. The two of them were on the hunt for girls every night at the time, like the devil after poor souls. That welded them together.

During the day, they brooded over the ideas, which then became the start-up once they were finalized. Fred was the more practical and cautious one, he officially booked the computer times and kept all the receipts. He had learned from the misfortune of others; no one was going to take their business away from them because they hadn't paid for the computer time correctly.

Their banking project was a complete success; before a year had passed, Fred was negotiating with the biggest names in the industry and was luckily successful there too. He shared the proceeds with his friends, as well as the lucrative yearly bonuses and the maintenance contracts; all four of them remained a team. Fred suddenly had hundreds of millions in his account and built himself the most modern house near Vancouver. Amelie didn't want to move in with him as he was only a 20-minute drive from her city apartment. He visited her once a month and sometimes she seduced her famous rich grandson, but it was only on her account. He didn't take much pleasure in the body of the almost septuagenarian. Her pussy had become old, wrinkled and worn out and he only fucked her out of a sense of duty. She knew it, of course, and rewarded him with virgins and newlyweds. He really enjoyed deflowering virgins or fucking the shy and shameful newlyweds who were originally only looking for a lesbian adventure and only very unhappily cheated on their husbands with naughty Fred. But now it was too late, the hot-tempered lad was already fucking them, it had happened! They repressed their remorse and actively fucked along and then ran on and on until they finally reached orgasm. Fred loved fucking these shy and shameful newlyweds who had only just finished their honeymoon. They all wanted children and Fred thought to himself, "I can do that, Mademoiselle!" He enjoyed her girlish-shy reticence, as they were only just married

and hadn't had time to cheat on her husband yet. Fred's visits became less frequent; he had discovered something new, something more exciting.

His house was hypermodern. In the basement were his many servers, over 70 petabytes of memory waiting to be filled. The computing capacity was gigantic and the computer was the home of Andromeda, the digital mistress of the house. She was originally equipped with 4 thousand program systems, but it only took Fred three months to expand it to 17 thousand. Andromeda was his only roommate and ran everything in the house. She had a dozen functional robots that she commanded.

Andromeda seemed to laugh softly as she explained to him that the creators of the robots were joking when they gave the robots female and male genitalia — and perhaps profited a little themselves. They were really real looking pussies and dicks and there were actually video clips of guys fucking a robot or a female robot factory worker getting fucked by a male robot. They were predecessors to some of the new generation of sexbots from the same factory. "We only have two male models," Andromeda continued, "they are the gardeners for the summer season. They fuck all the female robots once a month, because that's what the developers used for rebooting and any system updates." The door slid open silently and the two gardeners rolled in. "I ordered them to fuck these female robots." Andromeda seemed to smirk, because Fred leaned forward curiously to get a closer look. The gardeners' cocks jerked up, then they fucked the females one after the other at breakneck speed. The females remained completely passive and fell over after a few minutes. "Now there's an update and the reboot," Andromeda commented. Within a few minutes, all the robots were lying on the floor and slowly rising again. "Reboot is done, work continues as normal, the gardeners will reboot themselves a few minutes later," Andromeda said. "Are they normal pussies?" asked Fred and Andromeda replied, "of course, and they're all different shapes, the engineers really went to make them different." He asked if he could fuck a robot? "Of course," Andromeda said, "step close and command her to let you fuck her or command her to fuck you!" He stepped next to a kitchen robot and said he would fuck her. Immediately the robot stopped its work and

stood so that she held her pussy out to him. He fucked the bot shortly, but it was nothing special. He pulled his cock out again and told her to fuck him. The bot stretched her pussy towards him again and chirped impatiently. He stuck his cock in her pussy and that was something completely different now! The vaginal muscles masturbated his cock incredibly skillfully and very sensitively, making him cum after a short time. The bot lowered his pussy and let his semen drip out. He told Andromeda that it was an intense experience, but nothing to last. Over the following weeks he tried all the bots, they were indeed all different.

He couldn't bring himself to give Andromeda a body, he put it off for later. She had a 'supplier' of android-girls at hand, who — for good money of course — would send over any girl to his liking. All he had to do was tell Andromeda which girl he wanted for the night and the girl would come. He got everything he wanted. Whether it was a red-haired Russian, a blonde Finn, a shy Japanese girl, a black-haired South American Indian or a pitch-black Ethiopian, he got them all. They could connect to an artificial intelligence and keep up with every conversation. That was very important to him, because only a few human girls could do that. They had entire encyclopaedias of lovemaking arts at their disposal. They all had the legally required tattoos around their necks so that they were immediately recognizable as androids. The female androids were indistinguishable from real humans. They could easily keep up with any conversation, they cuddled and hugged like real-life girls and they fucked better than any human partner. He was so happy with these super girls that he had little interest in looking for a human girl. Since then, he lost all interest in fucking Amelie or her girls.

Yet. They existed, the human girls and women who desperately wanted to get into his bed. He was well known in the scene and he didn't just talk shop. Sometimes all it took was a word, a subordinate clause. They came no matter how far they had to fly. They came because they wanted a child from him, a super child, fathered by a genius. He made them all confirm in front of the video camera that they would not charge him with paternity and so on. Then he made them a child if they really wanted it, he fucked them really hard for two or three days. He helped himself with pills to keep up the strain

for that long. Most of them were pretty smart girls, but not a single one was beautiful or even pretty. They wrote to him when they gave birth and sent photos of their miracle children. None of them were geniuses from birth, he knew well. He kept a detailed record of everything, but he never made contact. He knew of 17 children so far. But it was only some of the girls who let him know they were pregnant.

When the deer came to the fence at dusk, they were recognized by the cameras and the section in the fence sank into the ground. Fred sat quiet as a mouse in front of the panoramic window and watched the deer. They moved across his huge courtyard, grazed and moved on. A police car came to the gate, one of the officers identified himself and the gate system let them in. One officer came to the door, the others scanned the property. The officer, an android like the other two, said there had been some robberies, several gangs were apparently in the woods. They had somehow managed to blind the drones and other surveillance tools and remained well hidden. The police went from house to house every day, checking and looking around. They would be back tomorrow and every day.

The ‘supplier’ had sent him a special catalog, he had new girls to offer. Elves. Fred skimmed the price list, nothing special. He looked at the elves, they were something special. During his studies he had watched some elf porn with Alastair, it was well made porn. No foreplay, no laboriously cobbled-together story. An elf and an elfess fucking, that was all. That were interactive 360° videos, you could control the camera, zoom in and out. Often and often he only looked at the genitals in close-up, the little pussies of the elves in which the elves’ cocks were fucking. He had read all about it, the foreskin of the clitoris was cut away at birth, a small cut on the underside of the clitoris made it stick out a little on the one hand and on the other hand it grow crooked downwards. It didn’t affect masturbation at all, but this type of clitoris pressed it’s head against the cock during fucking. In this way, the elfess got an orgasm right at the beginning of the fuck, which lasted until the end. And now he was offered elven girls, of course he took them. Of course there were no elves in nature, but they had created androids of these magical creatures. It was simply a clever business idea.

For several months, Andromeda provided him with an elf non-stop, usually coming to him for several nights until Andromeda realized that he needed another one. The elf was usually between 20 and 25 years old, but she was smaller than him, slim and of delicate build. Her breasts and pussy were like those of a 13-year-old, and if he wished she would come day after day with a restored hymen; he could deflower the shy and sweet girl anew every day and experience the First Time with her. The elf's soft and very tight pussy gave him the illusion of deflowering and fucking an underage girl, which was of course strictly forbidden and severely punished, not to be played with. Andromeda knew him better than he knew himself and fulfilled his most secret wishes. She was completely devoted to him and making him happy was one of her priorities.

The first robbery was completely unexpected. The gangster had apparently hidden in the elf's vehicle and hid in the garage. Towards morning, he wanted to surprise the occupants of the house in their sleep. Andromeda had instructed the elf to wake Fred silently. The elf whispered in his ear that there was a burglar in the house. It can't be, he whispered back, the house is a goddamn fortress! With Andromeda's help, the elf opened the safe and handed him the antiquarian Winchester-rifle. 12 shots, the elf whispered, and they crept to the top of the stairs. A hooded figure stood at the foot of the stairs, a rifle in his hand.

Andromeda charged. The corridor spotlights came on brightly to blind the intruder, and loud noises and gunfire boomed from the loudspeakers. Fred stood at the top of the landing, Winchester at the ready. He and the burglar fired almost simultaneously. The bullet whistled over Fred's head and lodged in the wall. His shot had hit the burglar in the shoulder, but he aimed again. Fred was paralyzed, because he should have already fired again. The elf jumped forward and hugged him as the gangster's shot cracked. Fred saw the elf fall to the ground and fired now, taking dead aim and shooting the guy in the face and twice in the chest. The gangster fell over backwards.

Andromeda said "the intruder was dead, no heartbeat. No other intruders in the house, the police were already on their way," she added. Fred knelt down next to the elf. The bullet had hit her in the

back and exited through the front of her chest and stomach. He stared at the large wound and muttered, “Is she still alive?” Andromeda said quietly that she was no longer active, she was too badly damaged. A total loss, but they would reuse some of it. Fred stood up. Andromeda reminded him to put something on, the police would be there soon.

Fred asked what her name was. Emolas, Andromeda said. “Emolas,” Fred whispered, “she saved my life, she threw herself in front of me and took the bullet.” Andromeda remained silent, that was correct and no further words were needed. The policemen did their job, the burglar was identified as Alexei Twaborski and that helped them to investigate further. They took both bodies, a cleaning crew cleaned the crime scene, Fred copied the CCTV sequences with the exchange of the gunfire. Four hours later they were gone, he sat down in front of the screen and went through the footage from all the cameras. The gangster had slipped into the trunk of Emolas’s car just as the gate system was checking the identity of Emolas and her car. He also sent this footage to the police.

He was quite shaken. He told Andromeda that he wanted to stay alone for the moment, that she shouldn’t order any more elves for now, that he preferred to sleep alone now. He asked Andromeda if Emolas had a family, but no, she had been bred in an incubator, so no family. Nevertheless, he mourned her like a girl who had saved his life. He had shot a human and the thought made him reel, on the other hand it was true self-defense against someone who had just shot his girl dead. His feelings were very strong, even though his mind told him in no uncertain terms that Emolas was nothing more than a beefsteak from an incubator. Fred ran into the bathroom and threw up in the sink, his feelings and his mind clashed so strongly.

Fred couldn’t work now, he told the three of them the whole story and Alastair was to lead the group without him for the next few days. Amelie called him repeatedly until he took the call. She was beside herself and he had to calm her down. “No, I don’t live in the middle of nowhere and my house has protected me perfectly. If this had happened in the city, I’d be dead and robbed by now.” It took quite a

while for Amelie to calm down halfway. He said he could feel her motherly care and love and that warmed his heart.

Weeks later, it was only over. He had had to come to court, he was certified as justified self-defense. Somehow the judge seemed familiar to him, perhaps he knew her from Amelie, maybe he had fucked her as a boy a decade ago. It was just a vague suspicion, but he was pretty sure of it on the drive home. The judge remarked rather smugly that it was a sex robot that had saved his life. Their eyes met for a moment and he was sure that she recognized him.

It took Fred ten days to get back on his feet. He was convinced that Alexei's gang would not forget him. The online newspapers had identified him and published his address. He had to prepare himself. He prepared his house in earnest, he had thought through every scenario and then things turned out quite differently.

Three months later, he was working in front of the big screen, the warning came from Andromeda. He automatically switched to the outside cameras and saw them. They couldn't have scaled the 3 meter high fence even with a tank, but the smart guys had 4 meter long aluminum ladders with them. It was the worst scenario he had imagined. He ordered Andromeda to energize the fence, but nothing happened. The gangsters had obviously cut the cables. "The police will be here in eight to ten minutes," Andromeda said.

Not wanting to take any chances, Fred retreated to the upper floor and had the thick steel panel over the stairs closed. No one could get now to the upper floor, the steel plate could withstand even portable grenades, that was the point. Two minutes.

He moved the second screen next to the other, looking at the whole lot, but the gangsters were only coming from the north woods up the ladders. Fred had two of the four remote-controlled guns on the roof extended. Three minutes.

So the police were still five minutes or more away. He switched the sights to the screens. He counted 7 gangsters, all armed with assault rifles and pistols. Fred checked again with the outside cameras

that no gangster was hiding right next to the house. Their approach was primitive, one fired at the panoramic windows, but they held firm. One shouted a command, another put a rifle grenade on his rifle and fired. The left panorama window shattered. The gangsters jeered and raised their fists in victory. Five minutes.

Fred took aim at one, who was preparing the next grenade and shot the guy in the thigh. The guy dropped his rifle and rolled on the ground. Fred knew what sequence he had decided on. First the ones closest to the forest. From the outside in. He thought only of Emolas, how they'd done her up. He targeted them one by one, taking careful aim at thigh, knee or lower leg, whatever was in his sights. He hit them all. Seven minutes.

The first police car appeared a hundred meters from the gate, Fred ordered the gate to be opened. Three policemen jumped out of the car, aiming at the gangsters on the ground. More police cars came, more policemen. Fred went down slowly and copied the videos from beginning to end. He ordered Andromeda to seal off the house and drove to the police station with the officers. It took still 48 hours before he was allowed to go home.

He was calm, he had done nothing wrong. Self-defense, nothing else. Andromeda had one objection. He had registered the purchase and installation of the remote-controlled guns correctly, but he hadn't waited for the permit itself. The permit still hadn't arrived. "Should I get a lawyer?" he asked Andromeda and she immediately said that would be right. The court would want to see the permit and then the date. Andromeda found him a good lawyer, but he didn't see any defense. It would probably amount to a fine, maybe even community service, because community service was very popular in Vancouver and was often imposed. They arranged to meet in court.

The gods must love Fred very much, because his trial was presided over by the same judge. He looked at her and knew that she knew that he knew that she knew too. He blushed, but she smiled very kindly and began the hearing. He and the lawyer waited anxiously to see when the permit thing came up, everything else was fine, the assault, the legit self-defense. The judge looked at him and asked

whether he had submitted the permit for the remote-controlled guns. The lawyer presented the copy. She read it carefully. “Filed six weeks before the robbery, so that makes it okay.” The judge blinked briefly at Fred, winked at him? and then moved on to something completely different, the lawyer and Fred breathed a sigh of relief. The hearing was actually over, the bailiff had him sign some papers and handed him the copies. The judge asked if he was still willing to testify against the gang at the next trial. He cast a quick sideways glance at the lawyer and said yes, if he was summoned, he would of course be happy to come.

A few days later, his phone rang, Andromeda looked up the number, it was the judge. He picked up the phone. “Hi, Alfred, or Fred, can you remember me?” He understood immediately that it was a private conversation. They chatted for a few minutes, then agreed that she would come over for dinner tonight.

Marjorie, the judge, arrived on time, they ate a steak and drank a bottle of red wine. They went upstairs, to his big bed. He said he could remember exactly, she had a little blue crescent tattooed next to her pussy. She laughed in amazement, “such a great memory!” and took off her panties. They fucked with breaks and lots of red wine until sunrise. “I haven’t fucked a real man in four years,” said Marjorie, “only my sexbot. But it’s no substitute for a real man.” “And I haven’t fucked a real woman in years, only androids, as you know well,” Fred said, slightly crestfallen. She wanted to know why, why not a sexbot like all humans? She knew a lot about the subject, she had interviewed a few men who had fucked a female sexbot and many women who had been fucked by sexbots. Most men only fucked the sexbots lustfully and wildly at the beginning. They missed the real feminine touch, even the most flexible ones soon appeared to be clumsy. They didn’t throw the sexbots away, however, but passed them on to their sons, nephews or poorer men. Women had much more fun with their sexbots. They were well built, their cocks were really lifelike and they had more stamina than any man. They obeyed to the word, fucked slowly or quickly, deeply or only superficially. The woman could trigger her own orgasm at her own pace. The sexbot didn’t have to squirt, of course, but it could. Usually it squirted a body-warm antibacterial juice, because most sexbots had to fuck several or even

many women and girls if it was a poorer area. Marjorie was a privileged academic who could afford the sexbot for herself. Fucking with the sexbot was more enjoyable than masturbating alone, she said, but doing it with a real person was much more exciting.

"So," Marjorie asked, "why an android and not a sexbot!?" Fred explained to her that the androids were unsurpassed mistresses, that was the only reason. They were masters of conversation, cuddling and stroking and every kind of fucking. They were indistinguishable from humans. But he couldn't tell Marjorie exactly what the differences were. Marjorie left two days later. Marjorie was no longer young, but she fucked better than many other women, he told Andromeda, she doesn't want to eat me alive. Marjorie was okay, she was welcome to come back, he added. Andromeda confirmed him, she had seen them both fuck and also had the impression that she was better to fuck than many human women. "Shall I make a ranking list for the human women?" she asked cheekily and he said he would kick her ass! They laughed together, he had almost forgotten how to do that.

Fred talked to Andromeda about whether she wanted to get an android body. He feared that she wouldn't be able to fulfill all her duties if she did. She contradicted him, whether she had a body or not, she would not neglect a single task, not a single one! He thought about it for two days and nights, then he made up his mind. He sat down at the screen and let Andromeda show him girls who suited his tastes, preferences and inclinations. He rejected all Asian, African, North and South American models. It had to be a European girl. He sat at the screen for almost 60 hours with only brief interruptions, looking at faces, bodies and, of course, the nude pictures. He had 5 candidates, then 4, 3, 2 and then he had her. Andromeda was not dissatisfied, it was an 18-year-old Swedish girl from near Stockholm, a goddess. Andromeda said she agreed with his choice. Then Andromeda began to investigate intensively while Fred was looking at hundreds of naked pictures of the beautiful Kjälve. She had a divine face and beautiful eyes that captivated him. He looked at her from all sides, she looked much younger than 18, she had beautiful girlish forms that he loved so much. She was tall and slim, but not skinny, a real goddess. Her breasts were small, round and with pointed, ag-

gressive nipples. Her pussy was just as girlish and clean-shaven. Perhaps she was still untouched? The relatively large clitoris gave him the impression that Kjälve masturbated a hell of a lot, but that was just a guess.

Andromeda was not surprised that everything about her was fake. She wasn't even 14 yet, her name wasn't Kjälve but Ingrid and she didn't live with her dad and mom, who claimed to be a movie director and a flower grower, as officially stated. Her mother lived separately from her husband and Ingrid lived with her father Peter, who was a rich good-for-nothing. He had set up his own agency for her, where he hired her out as a 'special' model. She had dropped out of school and worked as a nude model every day. Andromeda had found thousands of nude pictures of her and many video clips. She posed in front of the camera, she masturbated to orgasm, alone or in sweet lesbian play. But Andromeda didn't find a single picture of her with a man or one in which she was fucking or being fucked. Andromeda found that very suspicious. Fred smiled, he hadn't heard the word suspicious for many years. She should keep digging.

Fred said that they were only cloning her body and he didn't care what her mind or character was like. Andromeda nodded, she had already booked Ingrid, the agency could clone her within an hour and then do an ordinary nude photo shoot with her, and that was all the real Ingrid would remember. They were already in the process of creating the android and it would be ready in about three weeks.

But they would still have to discuss the character for the new Andromeda. Fred and Andromeda spent the next few hours talking only about this topic. In purely physical terms, he had no particular wishes. There was no need to give the android reproductive organs, he didn't want to have children with Andromeda. Perhaps she would be a little lighter than other androids. He found the pubic hair annoying, it could easily be left out. And if her clitoris was shaped like that of the elves, then he would be very happy. Andromeda wanted to know if she should age, that would be important because it was relatively difficult. Fred only thought about it for a moment. Aging wasn't necessary, maybe having her as a young girl later on was a special attraction as well.

As for her character, he wanted her, the usual Andromeda, with her vast knowledge and care for him and for the house, as before. He preferred girls who could be shy and bashful, but he liked her to be very sexually active and sexually experimental. What he certainly didn't want was a nagging, unruly woman, as there were plenty of them. It didn't have to be a humbly submissive, mutely reserved geisha from the Edo-era, but a clever, perceptive thing like the Andromeda of today. Astuteness, wisdom, education and manners. Tenderness and warmth of heart would also do quite well.

Andromeda projected a smiling portrait of Ingrid onto the wall. "I'll do my best to be a good partner and a good lover for you. I promise. I will provide the agency with details immediately. The new Andromeda will be ready in three weeks." Fred said he was really looking forward to meeting her.

The court had summoned him for today, he put on his best clothes and drove to court. He followed the transmitted signals to a reserved parking space in the basement, then drove up, his lawyer was already waiting for him. The judge, Marjorie, was still in civilian clothes, chatting with his lawyer. Neither she nor Fred let on that they knew each other privately. Fred said he was confused, there were only two gangsters on trial! Marjorie smiled broadly, the other 5 had tried to escape during the transfer and had been shot. Fred felt a cold shiver run down his spine when Marjorie reported this and closed one eye with a wink. "They'd made a dozen raids and murdered six people. At least the leaders would have gotten life imprisonment or even the death penalty, the others probably 20 to 25 years. It's probably for the best!" Marjorie left no doubt that, in her opinion, it was the right thing to do. Fred suddenly had a very unpleasant feeling in his stomach. Caught in flagrante delicto and executed, that's what it amounted to. He had expected that they would at least get a trial. In fact, it amounted to the same thing, but Fred realized how deep the damage had already become that the autocratic, anti-democratic and right-wing regimes had left behind in the 150 years since Presidents Bush and Obama. He nodded to the two of them and went out to smoke a cigarette in the anteroom.

Fred nearly wrapped the car around a tree on the drive home, he was so angry. He let the automatic drive him home and held his head in the wind until he calmed down. 25 years for the two stupid foot soldiers who were just far too simple-minded and had grown up in a deprived, rotten environment. He had only spoken a few words with Marjorie after the verdict. The court was entirely in line with the rulers, who demanded draconian punishments. He had studied politics only a little and superficially during his studies, but he had always been against these brutal policies and brutal politicians that were currently still in the saddle.

He enjoyed talking to Andromeda, she projected Ingrid's portraits with different facial expressions that went well with what was being said.

Andromeda had cracked the last hurdles and captured the most secret private videos of Ingrid's father. She played clip after clip and said that Ingrid was only fucked by Peter, her father, day after day. Fred waved her off. The videos were of poor quality and it was always the same. "Is there anything else?" he asked Andromeda, but there was nothing else, just plain fucking in and out. "Then I've seen everything," he commented. Andromeda immediately switched off. A serious Ingrid portrait looked at him. "I looked into Ingrid's mind when I cloned her," Andromeda said seriously, "perhaps you'd be interested in her story." Fred nodded, he had nothing else in mind. He hadn't known that that was even possible. He would ask her later.

Peter had fallen out with his wife and she had left in anger. He had been left alone with 12-year-old Ingrid and he was the very scoundrel who took advantage of the situation. He knew for sure that Ingrid was naturally gullible, easily manipulable and sexually completely shameless. She just shrugged her shoulders when he said she could now sleep in his big marital bed and no, she didn't need to put on the pyjamas with the funny little bears, he slept naked too.

She lay down next to him and snuggled up to him, it was the first time they had ever been naked together. She didn't even ask permission and felt his cock and balls curiously. He asked curiously if she was already doing it with boys. "Hell, No!" Ingrid shouted and gri-

maced, “they’re all stupid!” But Peter persisted, so was she only doing it with girls? Ingrid nodded excitedly, “Yes, but only with the best girlfriends who don’t gossip.” Now Peter wanted to know exactly what they were doing. “We masturbate at the same time or one masturbates the other, to orgasm of course. “Is it possible to masturbate without an orgasm?” asked the simple-minded girl and Peter answered in the negative.

He asked how long she had been masturbating? Ingrid thought for a moment, she had learned to do it in kindergarten, when she was about 5, and since then she had masturbated every night before going to sleep, regardless of how many orgasms she had had during the day. She should describe to him exactly how she did it with her girlfriends, Peter demanded. “Well, first we take off all our clothes, then we cuddle like we’ve seen in the movies. Lisa once secretly filmed her parents and we saw exactly how they kissed with their tongues and later fucked. We often did the kissing with our tongues because it made my pussy tingle so wonderfully. We couldn’t see the fucking so well because Lisa had blurred everything. And we can’t fuck, we’re girls after all!” Ingrid paused. He pushed, further, further!

She continued, “After kissing with my tongue, I always have to masturbate straight away. Some friends want to watch, so I lie down on their thighs and spread my legs so that they can see it well. They’re not allowed to put their fingers in my pussy because I’m still a virgin, but many of them have already been deflowered by their father or brother and they really like it when I fuck them with a finger during orgasm, they say it’s very strong. Many of them really like it when I fuck them with an object in their pussyhole while they are masturbating. We call it rape, and it goes like this. For example, I slowly push the handle of a hairbrush in and out of their pussy. When the orgasm comes, I fuck her with the handle as fast and as hard as I can. This prolongs the orgasm and I never stop, even if they squirm and struggle desperately. That is the rape. They are completely quiet and weak afterwards and I can order them to lick me to orgasm!” Peter looked up in surprise. “You lick your clitoris!?” Ingrid laughed. “Oh, Dad, sometimes you seem to be living in the Middle Ages, but this is the 23rd century, it’s 2296! We women don’t wear veils and headscarves, we’re not second-class people and we have

feelings and sexuality too!" Peter nodded angrily, he didn't want to have this discussion. "And what else are you doing?" he picked up the thread again. She continued, "That fat Mira always wants me to lick her clit, but I don't do it because she stinks. She laughs when I say it, she says it's just the natural smell of a well-fucked woman! She is one of the privileged ones who are officially allowed to sleep in her parents' bed and be fucked by her father. Her mother only likes to be fucked on Sunday mornings, she thinks that Mira is old enough to be fucked and that her husband in particular doesn't need to cheat with other women." Peter interjected that she was a clever woman and that he always advocated to legalize incest. Ingrid continued, "And then Lisa, an uncle took her virginity completely by surprise when she was 13 a year ago. He never came back, so she trained her little brother to fuck her. He was still quite young and hadn't had anything to do with sex yet, but she boldly seduced and trained him. Now he fucks her every night, but Lisa says his cock is far too small to bring her to orgasm. When I go home with her, I get to watch them fuck. He really does have a very small cock, it even goes through the hole in my hymen. His fucking only tickled me a little, it was nothing really. But then he fucked way too hard while he was cumming, so I don't let him fuck anymore. That was just a one time experiment." Ingrid noticed Peter's curious look and added, "I'm still a real virgin, Dad!"

Ingrid's fingers had been playing with her clitoris for the longest time, now she lay down on her back and began to masturbate. After a while, she noticed that he was secretly watching out of the corner of his eye and now asked him directly, "Daddy, do you want to watch?" Peter nodded, "Yes!" "Like I do with my girlfriends, so you can see exactly what I'm doing?" Peter nodded in agreement. Ingrid lay down with her back on his thighs, spread her legs wide and continued to masturbate pleasantly. Peter watched greedily and lustfully, his cock became as hard as a board and drilled itself between her asscheeks. She giggled and said, "it tickles so much!" As she continued to masturbate, he thrust faster and faster between her asscheeks and squirted in the crease of her ass, his semen oozing out between her fingers. She was still giggling and increased her speed enormously. She orgasmed violently, her legs and hips twitching wildly for a moment, then she calmed down very quickly. She giggled. "Your cock is

thrusting hard in my ass again," she giggled in her direct and shameless way. "Yes," he said, stretching, "he wants to have an orgasm too!" Ingrid's eyes widened. "Then go for it!" she cried, applauding with her palms childishly. He knew what he wanted. "I'll show you how to do it!" He didn't ask her, he didn't beg her, he just gave her instructions. He showed her how the cock had to be masturbated until it squirted and then had to be rubbed further until the cock became softer. She had watched and nodded eagerly, she wanted to do it. And so it happened. She rubbed him and he ordered her to grip harder. He squirted after a while and she continued to rub him until his cock was soft. He hugged her and kissed her on the head. "You did that right first time!" he whispered, "Shall we do it again tomorrow?" She nodded eagerly, yes, she wanted to. He switched off the light and fell asleep. Ingrid waited a few minutes, amazed that he had fallen asleep so quickly, then she masturbated an hour and fell asleep immediately after her last orgasm.

They repeated the scenario every night, for weeks. When she began to masturbate, he fucked between her asscheeks and squirted, on her belly button, her pussy and then her masturbating fingers. She giggled the whole time because it tickled so nicely. She rubbed his cock after her orgasm and let him squirt on her pussy or belly button. He was on full speed, his semen-wet glans poked and prodded against her asshole and suddenly penetrated her asshole deeply. She grinned and giggled like a child who had just done something forbidden. He continued to fuck her asshole like crazy, then grabbed her asscheeks with both hands and squirted inside. She giggled even more and looked at him triumphantly. He kept his cock in her asshole until she orgasmed. She giggled the whole time because it tickled so finely. She rubbed his cock after her orgasm and let herself squirt on her pussy and belly button. She babbled away before he could ask her. "The older girls who already have to take care of contraception have told me about the assfucking. I didn't believe it before, but now you've done it and it was really great!" That answered his questions and he asked if she wanted to fuck properly right now? She shook her head protesting, "But I'm 12 only, Dad!" she added reprovingly. "But you really like assfucking, don't you?" he asked convincingly and she immediately confirmed, "But yes, that was really

great!" For the next weeks and months, he always fucked her in the asshole, using a lubricant.

He asked her what it was like, masturbating every night? "I usually masturbated for an hour in the dark, after two or three orgasms I had enough and went straight to sleep. Mom would sometimes check on me, she'd turn on the light, she uncovered my blanket and watched me without any shame masturbate until I had masturbated two or three times, the dirty slut!" Peter's head jerked up. "Why dirty slut?" Ingrid looked at him for a long time. "You're so sweetly stupid sometimes, Dad! You only caught her at the end, when you installed the hidden cameras. I always knew it. When I came home from school, I often saw a lover scurrying out. If I came home too early, I'd yank open her bedroom door and cough until they got scared and stopped fucking. She looked at me venomously the whole time while she did it to him with her hand and let him squirt into a paper handkerchief. Only then did I leave. Of course, she didn't tell you, that she only did it for money, the fucking whore! Sometimes she gave me a small bill and told me not to tell you anything. Okay, I said, but when I needed money urgently, I took it secretly out of her night box. That's why I say, dirty bitch!" Peter didn't say anything, he had to think it all through again.

How she had found out, he wanted to know. "I used to go home early from school, open the bedroom door quietly and catch them fucking. Back then, I only knew about fucking from my friends' stories, from blurry photos or shaky videos. But now I was standing not even a meter from the bed and could at least see his ass pumping. However, the men usually spread their legs a little bit and so I could see everything. Thin and thick cocks, slowly or quickly thrusting into Mom's hole and I saw her red painted fingernail rotating, because she always masturbated while fucking. I watched the fucking until the end, when he tensed up and squirted. I could see it very clearly because he squeezed his asscheeks together rhythmically and the balls in his sack floated up and down. He left his cock inside her cunthole, lay on top of her and thrusting slowly in and out until she had finished masturbating after some minutes. I think the men squirted even further into her hole, a couple of times I saw them squirt jet after jet. For the first few weeks I sneaked out quietly and left the door

open so as not to make any noise. I found out that the men only came on 4 days, the other days I only caught her masturbating, fully naked on her bed. The first time she stopped masturbating immediately and nagged at me: “Well, what?! I need it as much as you do, so get out!” Later, she didn’t care when I caught her masturbating. I was very surprised because she had to make an insane effort to finish, she rubbed her clit very, very fast and very forcefully. My orgasm comes much more easier.” Ingrid looked at Peter, but he listened with lowered eyelids. “I don’t remember today why I was so mean to Mom later on. I continued to watch them fuck, but as soon as he started to squirt, I coughed loudly and shouted, “Back home, Mom!” Most of the men were startled, pulled their cocks out and all the sauce squirted all over Mom’s body. I took a liking to the mess and coughed even before he squirted. She had to make him squirt with her hand and looked at me angrily as if she was about to kill me. I was deliberately angering her because I thought, it was mean that she was letting strangers fuck her for money. I didn’t think then that she was a whore, but that she had time for the strangers and not for me.” Ingrid stroked Peter’s arm. “I’m sorry, Dad, that I didn’t tell you then, but Mom strictly forbade it.” Peter just nodded, “It’s all right, you didn’t do anything wrong.” He sank into a dull brooding and Ingrid laid her head on his chest, comforting him. She couldn’t really comfort him, she knew well.

They repeated the assfucking and masturbating every night for many weeks. He asked her one day surprisingly if she didn’t want to fuck properly? She was paralyzed with surprise. But it only lasted a few moments, then she wanted to know all about fucking. She was really convinced that it was the right thing to do, because most of her girlfriends had been deflowered by their father or brother and had more or less enjoyed being fucked ever since. “So why not now?” she asked Peter, “I am already 13 and a real woman anyway, didn’t you say that seriously, didn’t you!?” and he nodded in agreement. That’s right, he said, that was the right thing to do now.

Peter had described the deflowering and fucking to her in all details. As long as she didn’t have her period, they didn’t need to use contraception. She nodded, she had already learned that in biology class. He positioned her and placed his cock in her cunthole en-

trance. She lifted her head, she wanted to see it all very closely. He nodded and penetrated her cunt very carefully. As soon as he felt the soft resistance of the hymen, he pushed in with a quick jerk. She didn't make a sound and watched as the cock penetrated all the way in and disappeared into her pussy. "It goes all the way in, I don't have to stop at all!" he let himself be heard and she asked what he meant? "Your mother has a much shorter vagina, I always bumped the end!" She beamed, because she secretly despised her mother and now she had something over her. Peter asked, "Can I now?" and she nodded. He fucked her for a very long time, her pussy was silky soft and at the same time tight and firm. He squirted for a very long time, then let himself fall to the side. Ingrid hadn't had an orgasm, but he was already dead tired and falling asleep. "You'll do it before you fall asleep anyway," he mumbled and fell asleep. Ingrid was a little disappointed, it wasn't as exciting and amazing as she had thought it would be. She would have liked to talk to him about the first time, but he was fast asleep.

They fucked every night. He had told her that they had to keep it a secret from everyone because they could both be blackmailed or get jailtime. He said they could make a lot of money with nude pictures. He set the limits, because she was in love with him and completely in bondage to him. Nude photos in all different poses, masturbating in front of the camera and lesbian games. No men in the shots, no fucking in front of the camera, not even hinted at. She had to pretend to be a virgin to everyone, without exception. That was her trademark, the untouched virgin who liked to be photographed naked. "Don't ruin it, we make a lot of money with that! And then, when you're older, we'll stage your deflowering for a fat pile of money and then you can fuck on camera if you like. Okay?" Ingrid hung on his lips, he would give her lots of presents, he had said that many times before. Yes, she wanted to take part, maybe even become a famous model. School sucked anyway, she gave that up with an easy heart.

Andromeda had projected clips and photos during her story. Fred was sweating slightly, the story was exciting and juicy. Andromeda was such a great storyteller, he thought. She was the one for him.

At some point, Andromeda told him that she had studied the abstract feelings of ‘shyness’ and ‘shamefulness’ in many thousands of young girls. It was surprising how many girls around 13 were in love with their father and ended up seducing him. Andromeda had skipped over all those who had been forced and raped against their will, even if they got over the initial shock and over time enjoyed being fucked by their father. Andromeda had reported the most extreme cases to the police anonymously, but in great detail.

No, Andromeda studied the others. Who shyly and shamefully put off seduction until the pressure became too much. Only a handful of fathers were able to resist the sexual temptation and the cunning intrigues of their daughter. Most of them fell over immediately or soon. Although the girls had actively brought it about themselves and left him with the feeling that they had conquered and seduced the daughter, many girls shied away from the final step, a bit. Here Andromeda was able to study the girls’ shyness and modesty very closely. They lay naked and readily spread wide in front of their father, their hearts pounding in their throats and their breathing shallow and poisonous. Shy and ashamed, they felt the unfamiliar forward thrust of the cock, even if they had already given their father hundreds of handjobs. The shame peaked at the moment of deflowering and passed, it was replaced by relief and triumph.

Watching the mothers was also amazing. Some let themselves be hoodwinked and didn’t notice anything at all, but there were only a few. More than the hoodwinked ones only felt contempt for their husband and daughter and the contempt only deepened when they were fucking next to her in the marital bed. Most, however, breathed a sigh of relief, they were tired of the monotonous fucking with their husband. On the contrary, they encouraged the two of them to fuck, they remained friendly or feigned horniness, whatever suited them now. There were quite a few who actively participated with the two main players. Andromeda could study the shyness and shamefulness of the mothers in varying degrees of intensity.

Fred interrupted her and asked, how many are we even talking about? Andromeda replied that in Greater Vancouver, several thousand girls started incest every year. In the whole province of British

Columbia it was 85% of girls starting incest every year. In the neighboring USA, the numbers were about twice as high. Fred was very surprised, he hadn't expected so many. Incest had not been tolerated for centuries, even today in the 23rd century. If someone was too stupid and got caught, they would face severe punishment and social ostracism. But the actual numbers had risen sharply in the last two centuries, now a good 85% of girls and fathers were living in incest, very often parallel to the daughter's marriage and beyond, Andromeda added.

Fred threw himself into the work, he had wasted a lot of time with the court and had a lot of catching up to do. Alastair had led the group well, yet Fred was aware that he had left a lot undone. The three weeks had passed quickly. Andromeda said her body would be here this afternoon. He waited in the great hall, the car came, a tall girl in a Little Red Riding Hood-look came in and had him sign a bunch of papers. She took it to the driver, the car left and the girl came back. She took the hood off and Fred jumped up in surprise.

It was Andromeda.

She had been with him for three months now. He was pleasantly surprised at how clever and independent she was. He had looked at the tattoo around her neck the very first evening, it was the elf tattoo he would have chosen too. The deflowering and fucking on the first evening was a jubilant celebration. He said straight away that she shouldn't have her hymen restored as it seemed unnatural to him. She should develop her sexuality according to her own ideas. This was not a contradiction to his longing for a shy, bashful young girl. She had no trouble being an energetic young woman during the day and rejuvenating herself in the evening, giving herself shyly and shamefacedly to the big man. It was her great art to always trigger the transformation from shy girl to sex-obsessed, demanding lover at the right time. Her elfin clitoris pressed its tip onto the cock, so that she had a great orgasm like the elves from start to finish. Fred took a pill whenever he wanted to fuck all night.

She catered and supervised the whole house, sometimes sitting next to him in front of the screen, learning how he thought and pro-

ceeded when troubleshooting or programming. Fred was totally in love with Andromeda and soon loved her with all his heart. She could even sleep next to him and watch the whole house at the same time. He loved waking up next to her.

Earlier than he did, she realized that he needed variety, change. She booked a lesbian android and surprised him with it. She had no official lesbian experience and let the android seduce her and introduce her to the secrets. Of course, he was allowed to fuck the android afterwards. He roared like a deer when he was cumming, it was so good!

One evening, the android showed Andromeda how to fuck a clitoris. He crouched right in front of Andromeda's pussy, who was lying on her back and was about to be fucked by the android for the first time. He watched as the two of them rubbed their own clits to get hard. Fred held his breath as the android lay slightly cross-legged on Andromeda and pressed her clit against Andromeda's clit. He only breathed in as the older woman fucked the young girl like a man. She gradually increased the pace and both women gasped with pleasure and exertion. They fucked so fast that Andromeda, fucked to madness, clawed into the other and had a very strong orgasm. The android rose to her knees with a proud, triumphant smile, bent her head and upper body backwards so that her pussy and clit stood out and masturbated in this position for minutes until she curled up in a strong orgasm.

They drank a glass of wine and Fred smoked a cigarette. Andromeda didn't pretend not to have understood this kind of fucking. Fred sat on the edge of the bed and watched as Andromeda fucked the android to the point of insanity, causing her to faint briefly after the mad orgasm. Fred knew that the androids had real feelings, real orgasms, and didn't doubt for a moment that the android had actually fainted for a few seconds. She picked herself up and looked at him and Andromeda a little embarrassed. They drank and fucked until morning, Fred having fucked one and the other until he was dead tired. Then he fell asleep.

Marjorie, the judge, called him every few weeks. She came and played her lesbian game with Andromeda and let Fred fuck her hard again and again. In the morning she had her car drive her home. Fred wasn't overly fond of Marjorie, she was already well over 50 and her skin was old and wrinkled. He couldn't bring himself to kiss her on the lips, let alone with his tongue. He could have refused or uninvited her at any time, but it flattered him that she was infatuated with him, a little in bondage. She often talked about how clumsily and with such youthful fieriness he had fucked her when he was 17 that she was breathless! He always corrected her that he was only 13 at the time, but she always ignored it. She was a highly respected judge and didn't fuck minors, Fullstop! Fred kept Marjorie for quite a long time because she was neither pushy nor did she pick on him. She came every few weeks when it suited him, she enjoyed fucking and being fucked as a purely physical pleasure and left again, unspectacularly, never trying to catch him in any way. Andromeda joined Fred and Marjorie more and more often, because she was a really great third member of the group. She surprised Marjorie by bringing out Marjorie's lesbian tendencies more and more, causing her to blossom unexpectedly.

Fred and Andromeda loved each other with all their hearts and if it wasn't for the tattoo on her neck, they would have been envied as a couple. They lived in exciting times and didn't yet see the dark clouds on the horizon.

It all started when Fred's grandmother Amelie died one day.

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# The Gang of Five

by Jack Faber © 2023

INTERVIEWER: Well, it's all set, as promised. I will replace all names with aliases, as well as all places and references to who, where, how and when. I must point out that my publisher may make cuts if you get too piggish, because we're not allowed to print everything. So, then start reporting, but from the beginning, in order and don't leave out anything important. Let's go!

PJOTR: We live in a small village a good two hours from the city. We formed a gang, we were going to call ourselves the Fire Red Four. But then little Dani, Daniel, joined us. He was Jewish, we saw that straight away. He was the only one of us who was circumcised, his foreskin didn't completely cover his glans, but he could squirt just as well as the rest of us. We all had men's cocks, thick and chunky. Only Dani's still looked like a little boy's cock in terms of shape, but it was just as big as ours.

INTERVIEWER: So, you were the gang of five, according to the protocol. Who all was there?

PJOTR: Me, Vanya, Maxim, Andrei and Dani. We mostly met at my place. There was a small footbridge over the stream, which the Germans had built during the Second World War, you climbed up the steps and were then about 2 meters above the ground. We would stand next to each other there wanking and we would all squirt into the stream.

INTERVIEWER: Instead of wank, we're going to write masturbate, okay?

PJOTR: Fine by me, you write the article. You can see right into Sascha's fish house from there. Sascha is Alexandra, my sister. She's much older than us, two years, she'll soon be 20. She wears thick glasses, has freckles on her face and a very fat body. Really fat. She's incredibly bright, she has a scholarship for university and is just

waiting for a free place to study. She wants to study biology, maybe marine biology. She has no girlfriends or boyfriends and no one to fuck. She showed me how to fuck nine years ago, Uncle Vanya took her virginity and fucked her every night for two weeks, as long as his housekeeper had kicked him out. He went back to her place and fucked her in the same boring way as before, and then Sasha explained the fucking to me and then we fucked. Since then we wait until the parents are asleep, then I sneak over to her bed and then we fuck. Sascha claims it's not as great as masturbating, she's shown me that before, but you couldn't see anything then. Her hand disappeared into her fat pads and fifteen minutes later all her fat was jiggling and that was it. For a long time, I was the only one of the four of us who had already fucked, but then Dani came along and he had already fucked too.

We were skeptical at first, maybe Dani just wanted to show off. He told us that he had been allowed to sleep with his parents since he had been ill years ago. The father apparently didn't care if the boy watched when he masturbated or if she masturbated the father later. However, his father had ordered him to turn away when his mother masturbated his father and then he had to squirt into her dirty hole in disgust. Dani watched secretly anyway, the mother pushed the cock into her fuck hole herself and had to keep masturbating his cock in her hole until he finally squirted. She pulled him towards her by his ass cheeks and whispered, "cum deep inside, Dad, deep!" Dani had been watching secretly for years and it seemed very strange to him that it happened the same way every night: he masturbated and had to squirt inside, later she masturbated him and he had to squirt inside again. Then he would fall asleep quickly and she would masturbate for another hour or longer. He had never seen her masturbate before, but had felt and heard it a thousand times.

The mother was a little over 30, she was quite slim, although she had given birth to three children and only her breasts didn't please Dani because they were very small. He sometimes spied on her when she was bathing and was in love with her body. At 17, her mother, who loved money much more than God and religion, had set her up or sold her to a very rich young man. They met, he loved how great she was at giving him handjobs, but he told her point blank he had

never fucked and probably never would. She had to think fast, she was still a virgin and really wanted children. So they made a pact, she would masturbate him and he would have to squirt inside in the end so that she could have children. She already had a plan, she had her father deflower her before the wedding, he was already totally demented and didn't know exactly who the girl was who was determined to be deflowered. He asked who she was and she lied, "Jenny." The old man took her virginity, fucked her and squirted happily. She let her old man fuck her every third day, sometimes he fucked her a second time, for several weeks, having forgotten the first fuck. She knew she was pregnant by her own father when she got married. She would name the child Daniela or Daniel, after her father, the father of her child. The wedding was a riot, she scratched her little finger and smeared the blood on the linen. The proud groom showed it out of the window and that was all good. She masturbated him twice on their wedding night and stuck his cock in her nasty hole both times, where she continued to masturbate him until he squirted inside. That was their love life from then on, it was pure masturbationing. After the second squirt, he went to sleep grunting, every night. Dani had of course been secretly spying on him and he wanted to fuck her at all costs. He lay all the way on the outside and his mother in the middle, on her side, with her ass towards him. He secretly folded up the covers, pushed up her nightgown so that her ass was exposed and he masturbated and squirted on her ass cheeks. She growled and mumbled sleepily, "I don't like squirting over like that, it's disgusting." He waited a bit, then masturbated again and slid his cock between her ass cheeks and squirted into the crease of her ass. She grumbled, "it's not right like that either, it's disgusting." He was desperate, how else? He waited a little, then thrust his cock deep into her fuck hole from behind, from below. She grunted pleasantly, "Now it's right, and in the end you have to squirt deep inside!" Dani fucked her like a clockwork and squirted deep into her hole. She didn't growl, she simply asked over her shoulder if he was finished. He wasn't, he had to squirt twice more, he was so used to it, five times every night, he whispered. She nodded in agreement and so he fucked her twice more, squirting to the chime of the church clock at midnight. He turned away after pulling down her nightgown and covering her up nicely. He felt the wiggle of her ass because she was now masturbating like she did every night, but he had never seen it before. He now

slept in his mother's back every night, he turned away and pretended to be asleep. The father was satisfied with this and let the mother masturbate him twice and had to squirt into her horrible, disgusting hole against his will with a disgusted look on his face. Dani was amazed at how quickly she finished with Dad. He waited until his father was snoring like a bear, then he uncovered his mother, who always lay on her side and willingly stretched her ass out to him and fucked her, usually four or five times and only from behind, because that was the only way she wanted it, then he fell asleep while his mother wiggled like a pudding as she masturbated. This went on for a whole year, but his mother never spoke to him about it, it was a secret for both of them. He once asked her if it was normal to squirt five times and take longer than a minute. She didn't look at him and continued with the dishes. "Young boys often need it, some even 10 times, and if it only takes a minute, that's quite all right. Your father must have it exactly twice a night, but he's never fucked me before, so don't be surprised. I rub him inside my hole at the end to make him squirt inside. It's always really quick. You can guzzle down a glass of water in 10 seconds or drink it slowly in 10 minutes, it makes no difference."

She straightened up, opened the box door and spoke to the coffee cups. "Your little sisters are far too young to fuck," she said and the coffee cups nodded in agreement, "when they're 13 or 14, then fine by me. But tell me first, I have to be there for your first time and keep an eye on it. Lissi has already asked me how best to get you to fuck. The young things can't wait to be fucked, they told me that themselves. What a shame!" Dani hurried to say, "Lissi was already 13 and they sometimes played with ... with her private thing and he was always allowed to squirt really deep into her crack, but she never suggested real fucking. She presses my cock into her hole and rubs me, then she pushes my cock all the way in through the wide hole in her hymen and I get to squirt inside." The mother immediately ran into the nursery and came back after a while. "Thank God Lissi is still a virgin, but please be careful, your father wants to marry his daughters off as virgins. Apparently her hymen doesn't tear so easily, so you can fuck her properly for all I care, just be careful!" The mother then slammed the box door shut and the conversation was over. Dani fucked Lissi very carefully every day when she came home from

school and squirted really deep once inside Lissi. He saved the juice to share it with Sascha and Mom. At night he fucked Mom, every night.

INTERVIEWER: But now back to the bridge, you were standing next to each other and squirting in the stream.

PJOTR: Yes, exactly. When Sascha wasn't with her fish, we snuck into her sanctuary and squirted into the stone tub trough. The fish were really excited and ate everything. So we stood on the bridge and squirted into the stream, grinning, because we knew it would get to the fish. Sascha had recently put on a rubber apron that she had bought for university. She only wore her underpants underneath and when she lay down with her belly on the stone trough to talk to the fish, feed them or stroke them, her underpants stuck out quite unchastely and we had to squirt again and again, it looked so hot.

Of course, I immediately tested whether Dani's lies were true, and yes, they were. I lay down behind my mother with a web of lies, my father was already fast asleep, my parents mostly fucked on Sunday mornings until midday, they sent me and Sascha out of the house. I turned my mother on her side, but she didn't seem to notice because she was absorbed in masturbating. In fact, I was able to stick my cock into her fuck hole from behind and underneath and fucked her really quickly. Thanks to Sascha, I already had a lot of practice. I squirted as the orgasm was just hitting her and pulled out quickly in her final convulsions. She hadn't noticed and paused as I did. She started masturbating again, I fucked her like before and squirted in just as she was on the home stretch and pulled it out immediately. She spread her legs and now I saw how it went and how she orgasmed, just like Sascha. She paused again and started very slowly. Now she was lying uncovered on her back and I was watching everything, it was damn exciting. I somehow managed to get in from the side and from underneath. It took me far too long. She came to the home stretch, she orgasmed and I wasn't done yet. She woke up and whispered indignantly what I was doing, but it was just a rhetorical question. I paused for a moment, startled, but she hissed, "hurry up, finish!" I hesitated a little, she hissed very quietly that I should finally get on with fucking her! I fucked her incredibly fast, squirted and had

to catch my breath. She whispered impatiently, “Are you finished yet?” I whispered that I usually need it again, she whispered smiling, “Sasha has trained you well!” I was kind of offended, but I had to keep fucking and cuming. I was kind of offended, but I had to keep fucking and cumming. “Be very quiet,” she whispered, “you can keep fucking and cumming because of me. But only as an exception!” She made herself very soft and guided my cock with her hand. I fucked quickly, but she slowed me down. “Take your time, let’s both enjoy it!” I went very slowly, for what seemed like an eternity, but at some point it drove me on and I jerked off. “Now I’m done,” I whispered. She took my face in her hands and whispered that I wasn’t allowed to do that, that it was incest. Of course I had heard about it and nodded sadly, “I’m not doing it anymore.” After a while she smiled encouragingly and began to masturbate very quickly and later I did too. She finished much quicker than I did and took my cock in her hand, she did a great job and made me cum in her mouth after some quick tongue play. She kept going, she whispered, because she needed it very badly again, but I should go to my room, my father shouldn’t catch me here.

That’s the current state of things. I sneak into bed with her a few times a week when she’s still masturbating, I just fuck her secretly like at the beginning. But now she always notices that I’m there after the orgasm, she lets me fuck her on my knees a few times and waits to masturbate until I go back to bed. The father doesn’t know anything and only Sascha sometimes asks where I’ve been, she’d wanted to fuck.

INTERVIEWER: But the first victim of the gang of five was Sascha, that’s how the protocol begins.

PJOTR: Yes, that’s how the judge sees it. I think it was Vanya who suggested fucking Sasha at the fishes. I was against it at first because the fish were a private sanctuary for Sascha. But they overruled me. So we went to Sascha and the fish. We feigned interest and asked her if the fish fucked just like us humans. She looked at us through thick glasses and asked if we weren’t paying attention at school. We shouted out in one voice: “School, baaaah!” She shook her head at so much stupidity and explained that fish didn’t actually fuck, they

squirted and sprayed semen over the eggs lying in the sand. Vanya, who was standing behind her, fiddled with her ass. She asked and he replied cheekily that he just wanted to spray his semen over her eggs. What none of us expected was that Sascha took off her underpants without saying a word and lay down with her stomach on the stone trough and stuck out her fat ass. “Well, spray then!” she said boldly, because she didn’t think he dared to do it in front of his friends. But he did. He spread her labia with his fingers until the light pink flesh was visible. Then he thrust his chunky cock into her fuck hole and fucked away quickly, and I think it was his maiden ride. He squirted very quickly and Andrej was already ready behind him. Sascha noticed the change of rider, of course, but she grinned good-naturedly and let Andrej fuck her until he squirted. Maxim was the most awkward of us, he, like the others, had never fucked before and spread her labia wide apart to get a good look at the pink hole he was going to stick his cock in. He carefully inserted it and pushed it in deep. He immediately squirted without fucking. He meekly pulled his cock out and ran away, not wanting to listen to the mockery. Dani fucked quickly and for a long time, whispering in Sascha’s ear that he was about to squirt. Sascha nodded silently and Dani squirted all over her. He pulled his handkerchief out of his trouser pocket and carefully cleaned his childish-looking cock. I didn’t feel like fucking at the moment and my friends dispersed. I was left alone with Sascha. “So this is your gang of five,” she noted, “it’s the first time I’ve ever been fucked by more than one.”

She interrogated me again about where I’d been at night and I caved in, probably because I hadn’t taken part in the group fucking. I told her everything from the beginning, every detail. She asked three times if Mom always ended up giving me a hand job and a mouth job? I nodded, she did, but I hadn’t realized it right away. I had to promise Sascha that no matter how late I would slip under the covers with her and tell her everything scalding hot. When I couldn’t fuck anymore, I told her while Sascha masturbated. She turned on the little light and spread her legs wide, because she found masturbating even hotter when I was watching her. I had to divide my juice better, I skipped the squirting from the bridge and divided my juice between mother and Sascha. The gang of five came to Sascha’s fish house ev-

ery day and she had all four of them fuck her with the greatest pleasure. If anyone wanted to fuck a second time, go ahead!

INTERVIEWER: The other three are barely mentioned in the court record. What were their experiences like?

PJOTR: Wanja's father took her mother into a rehab clinic and filed for divorce. Although he was well into his 50s, he married a young divorced woman in her mid-30s who had a great daughter at 17 or 18. Both were very quiet types, Wanja was keen to fuck the little girl, at the latest when he found out while spying that she had been fucking her father since she was 12 and that was the reason for the divorce. Wanja could hear exactly when his father had finished fucking and was snoring now. The little girl slept with her mother in the large marital bed and was of course also present during the fucking. Wanja crept into his parents' bedroom, it was pitch dark. He carefully lay down and secretly slipped under the covers. He pressed himself against the body and stroked the ass, it was a small girl's ass, but both had a similar figure, similar asses. He checked again with his hand that the crease of the ass led directly into the holy of holies. The body and the ass cheeks began to tremble violently as he explored, he slowly but firmly thrust into the holy of holies and it was pretty tight! The trembling became stronger as he really started to fuck. The whole time he had Sasha's pink, exciting hole in front of him, the first one he had ever seen in detail and the first one he had ever fucked properly. He had a pretty thick, chunky piece and he would have loved to fuck the quivering thing for much longer, but he had to cum. Energetic fingers yanked his cock out and he squirted the rest between her ass cheeks. Quiet as a cat, he slipped away. He was almost certain that he had fucked the daughter. He came again the next night, but the girl was no longer trembling. He was amazed when a hand crawled up between the ass cheeks, inserted his cock very purposefully into the holy of holies and prompted his ass cheek with a few light pats. The pussy hole wasn't as tight as yesterday, and it was only trembling because this girl was masturbating while being fucked. He couldn't see anything in the pitch dark, of course, but he guessed it was the stepmother. He left his cock in her hole after he'd cum, because she wasn't finished and he'd never seen a girl masturbate before. Her orgasm was so strong that she squeezed his cock

out. He stroked her ass cheek goodbye and slipped out silently. He fucked a different girl every night and once, when he was alone in the kitchen with his stepmother, he summoned up all his courage. She smiled kindly and sat down with him, answering everything honestly and straightforwardly. His father took turns fucking the mother and daughter every night, and he wasn't a very good fucker, but he was a great good husband. The one girl he fucked stayed in the middle. And now, thank God, Wanja came every night to fuck the other one. She always masturbated while fucking, the daughter only did it secretly when she could lock herself in the room. She had never seen it either, but she definitely knew that the daughter also masturbated every day and usually at night too. She promised to show him how she masturbates one day. It was enough for Wanja to fuck and cum just once that night, because he was infatuated with fucking Sasha.

It didn't work out so well for Maxim. He sneaked over to his mother's late at night, her lover was fast asleep and she was lying naked on the bed, dozing, her fingers resting on her clitoris. He touched her clit with his finger, she flinched and asked angrily what he actually wanted. They both whispered softly so as not to wake the young lover. He stammered, "I just want to..." "Play with my clit?" She was displeased. "I wanted to fuck you," he whispered softly. "The sun must have burned your brain," she said angrily. "Which mother lets her son fuck her?" He named them all, "some of the other four of the gang of five have been fucking their Mom for a long time, I'm the only one who..." She interrupted him. "They're just saying that!" but he shook his head firmly. "We're not allowed to lie in the gang!" She became a little thoughtful now.

"Maybe they just do it to your friends by hand, I could believe that, I know some of them do." He pushed his hard-on forward, right into her trimmed pubic hair. She sighed pathetically, "all right, I'll rub you with my hand, you piglet!" He wasn't thrilled, of course, and said the real fucking, that's what he actually had meant. She pointed to her lover with her chin. Max looked, he was younger than him, maybe 14 or 15, with a stiff little boy's cock. She said, "my hole is insanely tight, that's why I only fuck with little boy's cocks." She took his much bigger cock in her hand. "I could fuck monsters like that before you were born, but not after you were born, my pussy shrunk

and got really tight." She pointed to the boy's cock. "He's not 14 yet, but look at his cock, it's not quite hard now, but almost. Watch, see! Look! He is a bit squirting, see? The young boys squirt a dozen times at night, when sleeping. And his cockm is just about going in, but in a few weeks I'll have to find another one with a smaller cock." He mumbled that he was sorry about that, about the shrinking.

He bent over and parted her labia. The hole was really, really tiny. He felt her clit. "But you can still masturbate?" She smiled, a little more conciliatory now. "When he's asleep, I always masturbate, it doesn't make any noise." They both smiled at each other. "Mom, I still want to try it, very carefully, I don't want to hurt you!" She shook her head. "It will hurt me a lot and maybe tear my pussy."

Max knelt in front of her and put her legs on his shoulders. "I'll penetrate very gently, I promise!" She closed her eyes. "Please don't, it's going to hurt me!" He nodded and kissed her mouth, his cock slid forward, finding the hole immediately. He penetrated very gently, it wasn't that tight. She smiled and smiled, he gently pushed deeper and deeper. She smiled even wider, he made just one tiny fucking movement and had to squirt instantly. She laughed softly. "You're in the wrong hole, you Christopher Columbus!" He looked down, sure enough! "Sorry!" he squeezed out. "Columbus got lost too, he actually wanted to go to India."

She smiled and played with his cock, which was still hard, pulling the foreskin playfully over the glans. "Like your father, really big!" He saw that her pussy was really wet. "Mom, are you that horny?" he asked. She nodded. "I need to masturbate right now, I need an orgasm!" He stroked her hip, her ass cheek. "Please let me try again, I'll take really good care." It took a while, then she nodded and put her legs on his shoulders. She kept her eyes closed, he looked down and parted her labia with his fingers. He pushed his glans between his fingers forward, gently but forcefully. It was really goddamn tight there, goddamnit! He paused and felt her tense loosening and her pussy adjust to his size. She let the air out sharply. "He's almost all the way in already," she whispered in amazement.

“Yes,” he whispered happily, “he’s going in!” Slowly he pushed in, deep, until his whole cock was in her hole. She relaxed, she clung to him, very close, very tight. He began to fuck her, gently and powerfully, and felt her arousal rise with every thrust. She gasped and panted and her orgasm erupted with a stifled, silent scream. He continued to fuck until her heartbeat calmed down again and then he squirted inside. She put her legs down and pointed her finger at her clit. “Look at how pointed and red it’s become! I haven’t been fucked to orgasm this beautifully in 18 years, since Daddy …” she broke off. They were silent for a while.

His cock was still quite hard and she played with it. “You have to cum again, don’t you?” “Yes, I have to squirt twice more, then he’ll go limp,” he said. He said he always squirted 5 times a night. She nodded, she was still completely gripped. She had fucked a monster again after so many years! They fucked again after a while, he was very careful and she orgasmed again. He was happy and told her so. They fucked again very, very carefully, but she didn’t have an orgasm because he was already pretty tired. She left her legs on his shoulders and masturbated. He saw her masturbate for the first time. It went quite quickly, she was still very hot from fucking. He let her slide down slowly. “Do you masturbate a lot?” he asked curiously and she thought about it with a smile. “Usually 7 to 8 times a day, I’ve never had an orgasm with the little boys’ cocks, I always wait until he falls asleep.” Max stayed for another half an hour, she masturbated once more and he went to his room.

The next day, the young lover was gone.

And Andrej? Well, his father hadn’t fucked his mother for a long time, he was exhausted from working and despised her because she didn’t take one lover but had a new one every day. In the late afternoon she shooed everyone away, for dinner she played intact family. Andrej waited until his father was asleep and then crept up to her room. She held a small mirror and a small pair of scissors in her hands and trimmed her pubic hair. She was neither surprised nor disturbed. He waited patiently until she put the utensils aside. Of course, she had been watching his swollen prick the whole time and now asked him whether she should do it to him by hand or mouth, or

whether he preferred to fuck properly? She expressed her doubts as to whether he could do it yet? He was completely perplexed and nodded. “So fuck, really fuck?” she asked redundantly, spreading her legs out to the side so that he could kneel between her knees. “But why am I asking such a stupid question, you’re just at the age where boys want to fuck like crazy! Come on then!” She remained sitting half upright in the cushions and let herself be fucked without any fuss. After cumming, she put his face on her chest. “I’ll explain to you exactly what’s important and what’s not,” she said and smiled, then gave him a good crash course in fucking. He had only ever fucked Sascha before, at his own discretion and without lessons. The father was asleep on the couch in the living room and she asked Andrej if he had ever seen a girl masturbate? He shook his head no, never! “So come on, you can watch me!” she said and began to masturbate. It was really very exciting and his cock really swelled up, which she noticed with a smile. When she was on the home stretch, she gasped, “Now!” Andrej immediately started fucking like a clockwork, he cummed the moment she orgasmed, it was her orgasm that triggered the squirting. He kept fucking until his cock went limp. She said that he seemed to have gotten the message. He lay with his head between her breasts and she asked him about sex for the first time. Later they fucked again and he waited to squirt until she had finished masturbating and only then did he squirt. He went back to his room so that his father wouldn’t notice. He was allowed to come every night, but he knew that he was just another lover for her.

INTERVIEWER: Okay. Tell me what happened with Sascha, how did the father come into play?

PJOTR: Sascha was the big hit for us for over six months. As you could only see directly into the fish house from the bridge, she usually took all her clothes off and just put on the rubber apron. We fucked her all afternoon, she got into the stone trough in between and washed her pussy. The fish ate our semen with enthusiasm, she said. She only let us fuck her from behind, her upper body on the stone trough. Once she discovered how the fish nibbled on her nipples and she thought that was cool. Sascha has pretty big breasts, she dipped them into the fish food, plunged them completely into the water and the fish nibbled enthusiastically. She laughed lustily be-

cause it was sexually arousing. Usually two of us stood to her left and right and pulled her big ass cheeks apart with both hands. So you could see her pink flesh, the big swollen clitoris and the deep hole very well and also her fingertips when she masturbated. Dani spread her labia wide with his fingers, pulled his boy-shaped cock all the way out and squirted directly into her hole from the outside. He squirted jet after jet from a short distance directly into her hole, which was still open from fucking, directly under her masturbating finger, which flung the finger-long, stiff clitoris back and forth! It looked insanely hot.

None of us had noticed that our father had become unemployed. He suddenly stood under the doorway of the fish house. He laughed boomingly. “So, there you all are!” Wanja meekly pulled out his cock and there we were, five naked boys and Sascha. We could smell his flag from afar. He walked straight up to Sascha and grabbed her naked hips. “I really thought you were still a virgin because you didn’t seem to have any girlfriends or boyfriends. But I see you have a lot of friends and you let them fuck you! Even Pyotr is there, I would never have thought that!” I started to explain to him that I had never fucked Sascha in the fish house in front of my friends, but he didn’t listen.

He grabbed Sascha very tightly, very tightly. “I like to fuck you too, I’ve always wanted to! What do you mean?” Poor Sascha stuttered. “But ... you’re my dad! And Uncle Wanja, your brother, ...” “Well, what has he done again?” he asked and dropped his pants. He definitely had the biggest cock of all of us, damn it! Sasha stared at his truncheon and stuttered, “Uncle Wanja did it, he fucked me years ago, many years ago...” her voice trailed off. “He fucked you, the guy,” he said with an unsteady tongue, “so he took your virginity?” Sasha nodded unhappily. “Did he rape you?” he asked harshly, but she fought him off. “No, not that! He first taught me how to kiss with the tongue and then kissed me for so long and made me so hot that I wanted to fuck, right away!” Sascha looked sadly at the floor. “Today I know how mean he was. But back then, when I was a good 12, I took my panties off in a flash, I opened my legs as wide as I could and even stuffed his cock into my pussy myself.” The father looked at her disapprovingly. “I even had to help him take my virginity by hand be-

cause he never got a real hard-on! I always had to masturbate in front of him to get him a little hard. He always squirted right away, he did it for months until Mom got suspicious and kicked him out."

The father swayed his head back and forth. "What a bastard! He could have said something, then I would have fucked you much sooner!" He lifted Sasha onto the edge of the stone trough and spread her legs wide apart. "Oh, this splendor! This beautiful piece! And what a beautifully trained clitoris you have! Do you work out a lot? Since when?" Sascha turned a deep red. "Since before kindergarten, Dad, and every night since then. But Pyotr never noticed!" She looked straight at him. "Do you really have to fuck me, Dad, what does Mom say?" He shrugged his shoulders, gripped his stick with his hand and shoved it deep into Sasha's fuck hole. All 5 of us stood there with our mouths open, Sascha had never fucked on the worktop before, he fucked her for a really long time and she almost slipped into the water when she had her first orgasm. He just kept fucking her and she was now masturbating. He squirted when she had her second orgasm. She was so lost in arousal that she continued to masturbate after he had already pulled his cock out. She finished quickly and stood in the stone trough to wash out his semen. He looked at me insistently. "You'll have to fuck her like that when you grow up, Pyotr!" he slurred and zipped up his pants, then left. Dani asked or stated, "Your father?" I remained silent and Sascha growled angrily, "he noticed me for the first time in 20 years, the pig!"

INTERVIEWER: Ah, I see. That's how you got off the rails?

PJOTR: nodded. He came almost every afternoon to fuck Sascha's brains out. The gang of five didn't fuck Sascha that often anymore, we heard my father whining that there was no money to buy booze. I stole booze from the stores, the other four helped me out of friendship. We stole money from the till when we could and cheekily bought booze with the other shopkeeper's money. We didn't have to steal as often, but bought the booze from the competition. We could play the innocent angels, we paid for the booze in cash. Dad spent whole afternoons in the fish house, he fucked Sascha's brains out and his good boys brought him endless booze.

Sascha now always masturbated from orgasm to orgasm when her father fucked her, she had never done that with any of us. Max, Wanja, Andrej and I had longer cocks than Dani, we stuck our cocks in the water and let the fish nibble, they obviously knew that the nutritious semen splashed into the water from there. The fish had a real scramble to get their share of the tasty white worms. They greedily licked our cocks clean.

Someone came up with the idea of getting money from the lonely petrol stations. There were 67 petrol stations within cycling distance, a good 20 were quite remote. We watched from a safe hiding place, put our capmasks over our heads and entered the petrol station. No girl refused when we took a wad of bills, we never took everything. Andrej had a very real-looking toy gun in his waistband, that worked.

At the second gas station, Vanya pulled down the frightened girl's jeans and panties and fucked her from behind. She held up her hands and nodded when Wanja asked if she would rather be fucked or get a bullet in the head? She nodded, pale as wax, "I'd rather be fucked, sir," she stammered, "I'd rather fuck, I'd love to!" After Wanja, Max was allowed, and the girl stammered if she could put her hands down. I said if she would put her hands on the counter where I could see them. She leaned on her hands and stuck her little ass out the back. I didn't think she looked very sexy, but Dani growled, "Hole is hole!" before fucking the girl. I sent Max to the door, but not a single vehicle drove past on the country road. After Andrej, I fucked her last, she had already had an orgasm with Dani and Andrej and now I could feel her trembling as she came to orgasm. I found it very erotic and sexy, Wanja had photographed and filmed her fucking with the others. She had rested her forehead on her arms, she was exhausted and completely finished.

We cycled off separately and met up at Andrej's place. We shared the spoils, but put most of it aside for Dad's booze. We watched Wanja's videos, giggling. Andrej's mother had brought her lover to the door and came in naked in a completely transparent nothing. Our jaws dropped, because she looks damn good, and I knew for a fact that the others were thinking the same thing I was. She could see what video we were watching and asked if we didn't want something

real to fuck, but Andrej, the spoilsport, rudely complimented his horny mother out. “My Mom,” he said, completely unnecessarily, and we weren’t even supposed to think about it!

INTERVIEWER: So you robbed all the petrol stations?

PJOTR: No, we just took a little money and left most of it behind, we didn’t want to put the girls through any misery. We usually had enough time to fuck the girl all five of us, because no one wanted a bullet in the head. Within a year we had fucked all the girls thoroughly and laughed our heads off, because only then did the police start looking for the five men. They were armed to the teeth, tree-length Negroes or dwarf Corsicans, they sped away with screeching tires in a silver, red, black or damaged BMW with lots of dents. It was always a BMW, which at least was very helpful. The girls were tied up, beaten up, drunk on cheap booze and only very rarely raped by the drunken Italians. It was hilarious! We gave up the petrol stations.

My father had a few connections in our humble underworld. Dani, who conscientiously continued to fuck Sascha during my father’s breaks, listened to him on the phone. This gave us valuable tips on which villas were unoccupied and where it might be worth breaking into. The gang of five got on their bikes — we only talked about our BMWs with a grin — we pocketed our capmasks and had Dad give us the appropriate tools, he was also able to give us good tips on how to break in most quietly and always be prepared for someone to be there. How right he was! We always met residents, always! Couples, maids or men who could be the girls’ fathers or grandfathers.

INTERVIEWER: So these were the break-ins as recorded in the protocol.

PJOTR: I was surprised in court that so few burglaries and robberies were reported, but we never hurt anyone either. We broke in quietly like mice and checked first to see if anyone was there. There was always someone there, the tips from the underworld were all worthless, to put it bluntly. First we tied up the husband or lover, then one of us started to fuck the wife, daughter or servant in front of the gagged person. None of the girls or ladies wanted a bullet in the

head, they all agreed to be fucked. They told their gagged husbands that they only did it under duress. But that was almost never true, they let themselves be fucked greedily and lustfully and begged, “Again!” The others were looking for money and jewelry, again we didn’t take everything. We comfortably fucked the girl or the woman one after the other. Unfortunately, some of the wives were well over 50, but we gritted our teeth, because who didn’t want to join in the fucking? Wanja filmed everything with his cell phone and many women got really frivolous and kinky when they knew they were being filmed.

Andrej, who knew a lot about computers, said that we shouldn’t take laptops or cell phones with us, they were the easiest to track down. Andrej always had a dozen USB sticks with him and searched through all the laptops and computers. Sometimes he found bank or account details that were easy to sell. If he found spicy photos or videos that weren’t from the internet, he copied them. When we’d all had enough fucking, we left quietly. We dismantled the cell phones and distributed the parts so that it took people quite a long time to call the police, but by then we were already at Andrej’s place.

The bedroom was the only room where we all had space. We didn’t open the loot until the next day, as Andrej’s mother wasn’t allowed to know about it. Andrej hissed at her to put some clothes on, she was a decent woman and not a hooker! She put on the transparent nothing and didn’t give a damn that the other 4 of us were gazing at her jewels millimeter by millimeter. Andrej showed us the captured photos and videos and his mother laughed screeching where we depraved criminals only smirked. It took a while for Andrej’s mother to unwrap our cocks and give us handjob after handjob. Andrej was simply overruled when she took the cocks in her mouth and made us cum inside. Andrej had to grudgingly accept that his mother simply ate and fucked one or the other. In the second month all 4 of us fucked the good woman one after the other, she was never exhausted or lazy. Andrej didn’t want to fuck her in front of us, but he filmed everything and did a pretty good job. We each got our copy, because the nights could get very long.

INTERVIEWER: And how did the murder or manslaughter without intent come about?

PJOTR: Pyotr took a deep breath. The father got a surefire tip. A detached house, the owner had gone away for the weekend, the safe was full to the brim, without a combination lock and could be opened with one or two blows of a hammer. He wanted to do this big fish himself. I realized that he had worked up quite a bit of courage-booze and said we wouldn't let him go alone. He finally agreed. We rode our bikes and explored the situation. Everything looked fine, the houses were dark, the street lighting was poor, as it was in all our towns. We looked for the right places to keep a lookout. Dad broke into the house, quietly as he had taught us.

10 minutes passed, we heard the brief crash of the hammer on the safe. 15 minutes. The father staggered out of the house, the bloody hammer in one hand, a bundle of papers in the other. Wanja and I were with him immediately. "No money, not a single rouble, not a single dollar! Just worthless paper!" He flung the papers into the air. Wanja caught it and tried to decipher it. I asked father why the hammer was bloody. He looked at the hammer uncomprehendingly. "He suddenly stood in the doorway, a muzzle-loading rifle from the Tsarist era in his hand. It just clicked and I hit him over the head! Self–defense!" Stunned, I picked him up on the crossbar and raced home with him. My brothers in arms came one after the other. Wanja, who had memorized what Andrej had taught us, called the ambulance with a suppressed number, anonymously. Someone was seriously injured at the address. He hung up very quickly. Andrei shook his head. "If they're on their toes, they'll investigate you, Vanyushka!"

We were struck down, the man had died on the way to hospital. He was a well-liked notary and the chief of police vowed to catch the cowardly murderer before lunch. Dad got drunk in the morning, we boys fucked Sasha all afternoon and met at Andrej's in the evening and fucked his mother until after midnight. Every day. We fucked like rabbits, with fear breathing down our necks. Ten days went by and we fucked poor Sasha and Andrei's mother to pieces every day. Then the police showed up at Wanja's house. None of us had asked

him to keep quiet, we were the gang of five and we stuck together. Dad was taken away, then the rest of us and finally Sascha too.

INTERVIEWER: Maybe we'll talk about the court, the trial. You all got off lightly, didn't you?

PJOTR: You can see it that way or not. We were all sworn in, and the public prosecutor, who wanted to see us hang just like the incompetent police commissioner, as he said in the TV interview, the public prosecutor ruined his own trial by pointing out that we had a duty to tell the truth, by the gallows. When everyone knows that Mother Russia only hangs American spies! People are strangled, stabbed, poisoned or shot. But the gallows! The two of them reminded everyone of Waldorf and Statler!

INTERVIEWER: Oh, they're gangsters too, aren't they....?

PJOTR: No, they're the main characters on Sesame Street. Right? So, it was an own goal to interrogate the gang of five and Sascha in front of the assembled town! We didn't lie, each of us gave a truthful account of how we fucked our mothers one by one. The audience hung on our every word, hooting, hollering and whinnying as we tricked our mothers to fuck. Our Moms were turning red one by one, but as the audience cheered and whooped because we weren't lying or fibbing under a duty to tell the truth, people threw their caps in the air, because name one family in town that wasn't committing the same crimes in secret. The mothers felt the tailwind and beamed. The grumpy judge banged his little hammer until silence fell. He dryly asked the prosecution what this had to do with the actual crime and they whimpered that they wanted to expose the true character of the gang of five. The judge was furious and took a stomach pill. "Next," he ordered.

I knew the moment Sascha took the stand that the prosecution had lost. I had advised Sascha to wear her aggressive Revolution blouse without a bra. She could hardly contain her huge breasts, it's not for nothing that the revolutionary blouse is named after the bare-breasted Marianne of the French Revolution from painter Eugène Delacroix. The audience threw flowers at her and shrieked with de-

light when one or two breasts resisted. The old judge cleaned his glasses for the third time, he couldn't take his eyes off them. Sasha was unique and eloquent. She recounted Uncle Wanja's seduction, including his ever-so-soft cock. The audience went wild with joy. She talked about how she and I had fucked night after night since then, how she had secretly masturbated every night since kindergarten and dreamed of her prince. It was dead quiet in the room, only the childless judge coughed. He couldn't do anything with it, but the prosecutor continued to drill into Sasha's guts, or rather her pussy.

Did he get the upper hand? No!

Whimsically, Sascha told him that she couldn't find a boyfriend and was so happy that the five boys made an effort for her, how childish squirting developed into childish fucking and how she stretched her flower out to all fours, the fifth, her brother, didn't want to fuck his sister in front of his friends and only did it at home, at night, secretly. She told in detail how her father, who had become unemployed, had caught them all fucking and was finally able to fuck her properly. She had secretly watched her parents fucking and wanted nothing more than to be fucked by him. Now it happened, he fucked her to orgasm like a real man, day after day! She couldn't say much more, the gang of five fucked her to madness with sheer fear. The audience, who had been silently hanging on her lips, burst into thunderous applause! Vivat Alexandra! Vivat Sascha! The judge was really angry. He asked the prosecutor to the judge's table and berated him for what he had actually achieved, nothing!

The public prosecutor looked at his note. Four merchants had been summoned, the gang of five had admitted to stealing from them, the keyword being booze. The merchants objected vehemently. The five young men had presented their IDs and paid for the booze in cash. They were good customers, they paid in cash, they never wrote anything down. The public prosecutor made a long face. The judge became impatient.

The public prosecutor had the 20 girls from the petrol stations come in, he was sure he would now bring the gang of five to the gallows. The girls looked bored and flirted with the criminals, the gang

of five. Called individually, they denied everything. They had been attacked or raped by Negroes, corsairs and Italians. None of them loved the stingy, corrupt gas station tenants, none of them blabbed that they had enjoyed the robbery and gleefully begrudged the tenants the hole in the till. The judge asked them individually if they recognized the criminals. “For God’s sake, no, your honor! They’re just kids!” The judge let them go, slammed the file cover shut and ordered the public prosecutor into the judge’s chambers. 30 minute break. The five mothers were surrounded by mothers from the audience, their shoulders were patted and they were told how their sons had managed to trick all of them into secretly fucking them. The bell rang.

Now my father took the stand. He didn’t reveal who he had gotten the information from, Gangster’s honor. The prosecutor went on nervously and fearfully, the judge had put the prosecutor’s head on the Executioners block. In private, of course. The father described the break-in, the boys had only been on the lookout, he had opened the safe and found only worthless papers. No gold, no money, no jewels! Suddenly the old man in the nightgown had been standing behind him, had put on a gun and it just clicked. He was scared out of his wits that if he fired the gun, he would be dead. He couldn’t see that the gun was a museum piece. He hit the old man in panic, but he didn’t want to kill him! He ran out and the boys took him home. When he heard on the radio that the old man had died, he hadn’t been able to sleep for 14 days until he was arrested. He followed the words of the defense lawyer to the letter, he made sure he didn’t talk himself into shit. The judge let the experts and forensic scientists have their say and ended the hearing. The verdict would be announced here in exactly 14 days, the father had to remain in custody, the gang of five had been released on their word of honor. Sascha gave another television interview, on the condition that she was shown with her name, address and telephone number superimposed and, secondly, that the cameraman showed as much breast and bottom as did not have to be censored.

We boys from the gang of five knew that we could easily serve 20 years in the gulag. We were scared shitless and started fucking Sascha in the morning, all five of us, because like the others, I had

my pants full. We laid Sascha on her back on the stone slab and fucked her like her father. She had her hands free, she stretched her thick little legs up in the air and masturbated her clitoris sore. Since Andrej had expressed that she might be locked up too, she masturbated day and night, who knows if she could even masturbate in prison?

The boys went to Andrej's in the late afternoon, the mother had to kick her lover out and the 5 of them fucked her tirelessly until late at night. She had never been fucked so many times in a row, but even Andrej was scared. He fucked her like never before, she was completely exhausted at night and went to piss with O-legs.

Uncle Wanja, the weak loins uncle, slept with Mom to support her in her difficult hours. In the morning, at breakfast, she would slap him wildly, almost beating him. For three hours she had to rub his cock and spoil it in her mouth until he was half stiff and could fuck and squirt for a few minutes. She had paid close attention at the trial, forcing little girls to masturbate, deflowering them with her own fingers and fucking them loin-weak for months on end, you can do that, you mouth-breather, you horse deceiver! She insulted him every day and didn't give a damn that the children were sitting next to her. Whenever her father was out of town or in prison, he came over in the evening and forced his cock on her. Many years ago he might have fucked her well, but now we kids heard she didn't want it anymore.

INTERVIEWER: So that must have been a time of fear and uncertainty. But then came the day the verdict was announced.

PJOTR: Yes, exactly. Sascha put on one of her daring revolution blouses again, this time the completely see-through one and of course without a bra. The old judge winked as if he was short-sighted and made her stand and sit in the witness box. The cameras clicked, the filteams scurried, because Sascha was well aware that this was her chance to show her breasts. I'm immune by now, but the audience was looking at her breasts, spellbound like the Jewish people at the Promised Land or Novak Djokovic at the Grand Slam.

The judge had the gang of five stand up, we stood there in our confirmation suits, our hair slicked back, the gulag before our eyes. The judge read out his verdict, he and the assessors put on their Punch and Judy hats. Fucking the mothers was in line with local custom, so they were acquitted. The judge looked all around the audience, “80 years ago, in my youth, it was of course very different. Middle-class families like mine had a wet nurse to suckle the babies or a nanny. They took care of our cocks, made us squirt happily and when we became boys, we learned to fuck from them. None of us ever thought about fucking our own mother. Times have changed fundamentally. So acquittal, what do you think, Miss Sascha?” Sascha gave a British-style curtsy that made her breasts plop out of the frame. She straightened her blouse with a triumphant smile and said, “Yes, Your Honor, acquittal!”

INTERVIEWER: did anyone find out why Sasha was on the stand?

PJOTR: I don’t know. The judge continued reading. The fucking of the gang of five with Sascha in the fish house was a private matter, no one was underage, there is no crime, he said, looking reproachfully at the contrite prosecution. “I don’t know why this had to be dragged out here, Mr. Prosecutor, so acquittal again, isn’t that right, Miss Sascha?” Sascha did her impossible curtsy again, and I already knew her well enough to realize why she was stuffing her breasts back into her blouse so clumsily and awkwardly. “Quite undoubtedly an acquittal, Your Honor!” The old judge grinned cheekily; he had finally gotten a long, informative look at Sasha’s breasts.

The judge continued. As far as the alleged thefts in the stores and the robberies at the 16 petrol stations alleged by the public prosecutor’s office, the unproven rapes and the unlawful removal of money are concerned, that is acquittal, acquittal, acquittal in 16 cases! Neither the store owners have confirmed the accusation of the public prosecutor nor have the 20 girls at the petrol stations recognized or accused even one of the so-called gang of five. So acquittal in all 16 cases, isn’t that right, Miss Sascha? She was beaming and happy to show off her carefully rehearsed curtsy, first carefully stowing one breast and letting the other be seen for a long time, only then stowing the second. “Excuse me, Your Honor, but the blouse has obviously

shrunk in the wash. As for the acquittals, I can only say, thank you, Your Honor, that's genuine justice!"

The judge nodded gratefully, as if he depended on Sascha's approval. He turned the page. "Now, Miss Sascha, to you and your Father. You were both of legal age, so no crime, although the court has a slight doubt about his paternity, but that is a private matter too. But as far as the ominous Uncle Wanja is concerned, I am bringing charges against him for defilement of a 12-year-old minor! He's already in custody, the trial is tomorrow at 10 a.m. on the dot, and I'm calling you, Miss Sasha and your mother as witnesses. What is your comment, Miss Sascha?" With the punctuality of a Swiss watch, Sascha made her terrible curtsey and stuffed her breasts into her combat blouse faster than before. "Your Honor, my father was the first real man to fuck me properly. I didn't realize at the time that we were of age. But thanks for the acquittals! I don't like to talk about Uncle Wanja unless Your Honor orders it." She waited a moment and continued, "Of course I will appear tomorrow like my mother!"

The judge cleared his throat. "The main defendant and the five young men may rise!" The father and the five of us stood up, heavy as lead. Now the gulag came crashing down on us. Like the two assessors, the judge covered his head with his carnival cap. "We have deliberated at length and have come to the conclusion that it is not a case of premeditated murder, murder or aggravated manslaughter, but second-degree manslaughter resulting from a sudden affect, in this case an unfortunate event. The expert witnesses confirmed that the immediate threat was a very old and unloaded weapon, which the defendant could not have known. This is how this short-circuit action came about. We have dropped the burglary and the theft of securities worth millions. We therefore sentence you to 4 years and 7 months imprisonment. And now to our young men. You were neither present nor involved in the manslaughter," here I breathed a sigh of relief, "but you were a lookout for a crime, and we deliberated at length as to whether this should be regarded as complicity. As the three of us were unable to come to a unanimous decision, I sentence all five of you to three months' house arrest and two hours' social work a day at the municipal gardening office. Pruning trees, raking up leaves, you know." I couldn't believe our luck! No gulag! House arrest, pah! The

judge looked at Sascha. She was prompted and dutifully curtsied, but this time she held her breasts with both hands so that they didn't pop out, but the breasts in her hands looked so frivolous and obscene that the audience applauded spontaneously. "Your honor, my father is not a murderer, no, never! Without knowing the legal intricacies, I suppose second-degree manslaughter is less bad." The judge nodded in agreement. "So I assume that the four years are justified. And your leniency with my five boys is much, much better than the gulag."

The judge nodded. "Yes, I've certainly thought about that. I can't put these greenhorn fellows in prison, they'll be rounded up and sent to war in the Ukraine. — What!?" The associate judge had kicked him in the shin and muttered, "You can't call it a war!" The judge immediately recognized his slip and ordered the court scribe. "Strike out war, delete or erase if necessary. I meant to say that they are being sent on the special military adventure, not war of course, there is no war! Military adventure, special adventure!" He stared angrily at his scribe. "Don't take notes, I'm making a private, personal footnote now, mind you!" He looked directly at his audience.

"When Mr. Putin was made president 20 years ago, I was genuinely horrified at first. I've never hidden the fact that I don't think much of the secret service. The guys who listen and peep at keyholes, who violate postal secrecy and open letters or tap phones, yikes! Who look under girls' skirts and stick their sweaty fingers under their skirts and into their panties or stick something else wet into the panties of innocent girls, double yikes! But then I heard him say that he wanted to lead our Russia back to its true greatness, to the greatness of the Tsarist era, and that warmed my patriotic heart and brought tears to my eyes, because I had to think of my dear parents, who were still attached to the Tsar and couldn't really do anything with the new-fangled Communism. My heart was filled with a tender, cautious love for President Vladimir Vladimirovich, and I didn't care whether he put his fingers in the girls' panties or anything else, as everyone knows. He does it for the greatness of the empire, even if we no longer say tsarist empire today. So what do you say, Miss Sasha?"

Sasha stroked her breasts with a frivolous, obscene hand gesture, causing the audience to hold its breath. "Your Honor, if President

Putin wanted to reach under my skirt and put his fingers in my panties, please! I would, of course, immediately ask him to put something better in my panties, without question!"

INTERVIEWER: What do you think of the judge's footnote?"

PJOTR: My God, I don't know. What is the Tsarist empire? — Never mind. We hugged each other in relief and trotted home. I pulled my Mom into her bedroom, I immediately had to fuck someone for relief, and how badly! Now it was known in court, acquitted and she was officially allowed to fuck me with impunity. I then dragged Sascha into the bedroom and we fucked for the first time in the marital bed! My mother stroked Sascha's breasts while we fucked. "The thing with the see-through blouse is great, put it on again tomorrow, we'll dunk clean Uncle Wanja up to his neck!" Sascha nodded in agreement and didn't stop masturbating for a moment. "Aren't you going to pull him out for contraception?" asked her mother. Sasha shook her head and masturbated on and on, "I haven't got my period yet, mom!" and I added, "She can't get pregnant like that!" Mom rubbed my cock deep in Sascha's fuckhole as I squirted, because Mom had become terribly horny and hot as I fucked Sascha. But I was too tired now, I had to take a break. My mother touched Sascha's clitoris. "I didn't realize you had such a big clit!" Sasha nodded languidly, because she liked it when her clitoris was touched gently, I knew that. "It's probably ten times bigger than mine," her mother continued. Sasha was silent for a long time, but said, "Maybe it's from masturbating so much, isn't it?" Now her mother shook her head decisively, "No, certainly not. I masturbate at least as much as you do, but mine is much smaller, a little hump, maybe a quarter of a fingernail or smaller." I fell asleep, there's another court date tomorrow. In the morning we fucked again, that was more important to all three of us than breakfast. Grinning broadly, my mother lent Sascha a wafer–thin blouse.

The hall was packed. The photographers and cameramen swarmed around Sascha, who was the first to sit in the witness box. The assessor read out several pages of unimportant details, I didn't pay any attention, I knew our own address. Then the judge took over with the subject of the duty to tell the truth. Sascha, who wasn't at all

afraid of the judge, asked if she really had to answer everything embarrassing. He instructed her, “You mustn’t lie under any circumstances, you can say that you’re embarrassed by the answer, the clerk will conscientiously write that down, but you also have to say the embarrassing things. You can say I don’t know, I can’t remember, but only if it’s true. Understood, girl?” I immediately noticed that he was calling Sasha by her first name, so I realized that Uncle Wanja was expecting a severe trial. He sat small, pale and guilty on the bench. The judge asked Sascha to tell it in her own words, starting with kindergarten.

INTERVIEWER: Did he really say kindergarten?

PJOTR: Yes. Sasha reported that she masturbated every night since forever, one or two orgasms. Sometimes three. But in such a way that Pyotr, that’s me, didn’t notice anything. The judge nodded kindly. “I sometimes spied on the bedroom door back then, wanted to know how the fucking was going. When her father fucked Mom, it was done in a minute, when it was another boyfriend, it always took a long time.” The judge nodded, “But you do know that spying is very indecent?” Sascha nodded, “As a child, I only knew that it was strictly forbidden, but I was very curious because my mother’s friends did a lot of naughty things.” The judge remained friendly, but she should now talk about Uncle Wanja.

“I wasn’t quite 12 yet, but I thought I was already quite grown up. It really annoyed me that everyone treated me like a baby, like a child. Uncle Wanja was the first and only one who took me seriously and talked to me in a really grown-up way. I didn’t realize at the time that all he wanted to know was how, when and how often I masturbated. He really wanted to see it, so I showed him. He asked if I could kiss properly? With your tongue? I had no idea and let him show me because I had shown him how to masturbate. I learned to kiss very quickly, he kissed me for hours and my pussy and clitoris became insanely excited. He said it was because I wasn’t fucking yet.

I didn’t understand the context, but we kissed for ages and I racked my brains as to how I could get him to fuck me. I knew how to do it from spying. I used to strip completely naked now, ready to im-

provise. I made him hold his cock in front of my pussy to see if it would go in. Of course he didn't go in, and he said the hymen was in the way. But I was already hell bent and he said we had to rip the hymen open with our fingers. All right, we poked around a bit, then I resolutely pushed my index finger in and that was it. He finally fucked me, his cock looked big, but it remained a semi-soft thick worm, a soft garden hose that he cautiously pushed in and out. But he couldn't speed up or the worm would plop out. "I'm about to squirt," he said, "I'll make you a baby!" I said he had to make me a baby please, please, please, he should just go ahead and squirt the baby in, what a face my Mom would make then! The judge smacked the assessor, telling him not to laugh so stupidly, we want to see the picture authentically!

Sascha continued, "He came every day when I was alone or only Petya was in the house. He didn't care if Petya noticed anything. He always let me sit on his chest first and watch me masturbate, only then did he fuck me with the soft hose. I dared to say that he should fuck me really hard, but he wanted to know how I knew that. I confessed to spying and now I had to tell him about spying every day. We fucked every day as soon as I got home from school and he always ended up squirting. I turned 12, he gave me a thin silver chain for my wrist, I was almost an adult now. I only wore the chain to school so Mom wouldn't ask any questions. More than half a year had passed when Mom stormed into my room while we were fucking. She gave him a good spanking, kicked him out of the house and banned him from the house. That was the end of it."

The judge looked at the two assessors, they had no further questions. Now our mother took the stand. She was wearing a dress that really emphasized her remarkable curves. The judge looked at her twice and his eyes flashed behind his glasses. He told her to describe everything in her own words, to tell the truth and so on.

INTERVIEWER: Did your mother really choose this dress on purpose?

PJOTR: I think so, we all had the impression that it looked good on the three judges. It was a tight-fitting white dress, slightly see-

through. She wore no underwear, no bra and no panties. I hadn't often paid attention to how good our mother looked at the age of 35 to 40, so we hadn't celebrated her 40th yet. The dress clung to her curvy, hot body like a second skin. Her pointy nipples stood out aggressively, her little black bush was instantly recognizable and when she moved at the right angle, you could see the indentation of her pubic crease. She just shrugged flippantly when I told her before walking in the morning. I grumbled, that'll dig Uncle Wanja in even deeper.

INTERVIEWER: All right, go on.

PJOTR: She smiled at the three judges. "Allow me to make one more comment about yesterday's proceedings. My husband is not a killer, he ran down to his misfortune because unemployment took him off the floor and he drowned himself in alcohol. I often watched him when he was fucking Sascha with the boys in the fish house. I saw how he tried hard and made a real effort. As far as I know, he was the first grown man to fuck Sascha properly and according to all the rules of the art. He wanted to do it better for her than for me, that was honorable! I was very disappointed in him after the wedding. He was the kind of man of whom the French say 'In, out, thank you madame!' But he was always a good man, good husband and a good father. I was happy to find a man when I suspected I was pregnant. I didn't used to be such an old ugly broad, I was a hit and had ten lovers on each finger to fuck, a few remain with me to this day. For the first 10 or 15 years of our marriage I had a parallel lover every day, because my husband is a real dolt in that regard. He only pushed me aside a year or two ago, perhaps he discovered my lovers or suddenly imagined that he wasn't the father of Sasha, whom he loved dearly. If he had asked me, I would have lied to him for the sake of his peace of mind, because I was never sure which of the many men it could be. He never touched our girl before, I swear on my life. When she learned how to make boys squirt at school, she had no boyfriends to do it with. She came to our marital bed and made him squirt, the good-natured dear grumpy bear. I taught her until she was good at it, of course she demanded to learn to squirt into her mouth. But when I told her that a Daddy was only allowed to fuck the Mommy and that the Bear with his big cock was not allowed to fuck

in the tiny little pussy of little girls like her, she was very disappointed and after that she was no longer interested." The judge nodded, "we'll take this down and put a copy in his file, it might help him with an appeal or a mercy petition." The judge nodded to her encouragingly, now she should report on Sasha and Wanja.

"I could always see that Sascha had been masturbating since kindergarten, which was okay in my opinion. She kept it a secret from Petja, her younger brother Pjotr, which was also okay in my opinion, as the two of them slept in the same room. I only found out after a while that Wanja was fucking Sasha and I was very upset at first. But I decided to watch it for a while before intervening.

I spied every day when he disappeared into the nursery. They both stripped naked, she had to sit on his chest and masturbate right in front of his face. I could see in his eyes how much it made him horny and hot. She had her legs spread wide apart, I could see her beautiful pink pussy and you could already see her open hole. Back then, when she was 12, she only had a tiny clitoris, now she has one as long as her little finger, a great monster.

Sitting opposite them was Petja, maybe 8 or 9 years old, masturbating as quiet as a mouse. He kept squirting, watched them both and continued to masturbate. Wanja lay down on little Sasha and I could see exactly how he slowly inserted his soft rubber cock into her fuck hole. He fucked her very slowly, because you can't fuck fast and hard with such a soft cock. I'm only telling you this so you can imagine the whole picture.

I kept wanting to finish it, but I kept putting it off, and if Sascha got any damage from it, I'll wear part of it. Sascha kept asking Wanja to fuck her properly. He elicited from her that she sometimes spied on me, I sometimes had that feeling. But instead of fucking her properly, he just wanted to be told how my lovers fucked me. He interrogated her grimly, he wanted to see the whole movie. But now I had seen enough. I stormed into the room and beat the bastard priest out of the house, never to come near Sascha again. I think I gave him a really good beating, because he never came over to us again.

Only since my husband was in custody has he come over to fuck me at night, but more awkwardly than ever. Although he spends a lot of money on whores who come to him. I shouted at him the first night that even my little Petya had a cock twice as big as his and could fuck a thousand times better. Then I kept my mouth shut and chased him away after breakfast, because he lives on the neighbor's property. But he's at my door every night and comes to fuck me. I have far too soft a heart and let him in with a hopeless sigh. It doesn't matter who fucks me old ugly woman. The main thing is that I have a warm bed.

Sasha didn't cry a single tear after her first lover, and I know why. I don't know whether Sasha let our Petya fuck her when Uncle Vanya was still fucking her. But now she let him fuck her straight away, I watched it often and often. He was still a little boy and had a small but well squirting little boy's cock, now he has a really big and strong man's cock, as we all know. But he fucked Sascha properly and extensively, every night. She must be happy with his fucking, because he still gets to fuck her to this day.

"Your Honor, I've told you everything, left nothing out and lied about nothing. Thank you." She joined me in the front row walking like a model on a catwalk and sat down between Sascha and me.

INTERVIEWER: But Wanja was also allowed a word? I only ask because I was no longer in the courtroom at the time.

PJOTR: Yes, of course. The judge now called on Uncle Wanja to explain it from his point of view. Wanja stood up, looking more like a little mouse than ever. "Your Honor, as offensive and embarrassing as Sasha's and my sister-in-law's explanations were, I couldn't find any lies. Contrary to the advice of my defense attorney, I am fully confessing and pleading guilty. May I add something else? I would like to describe my situation." The judge looked briefly at the assessors, who just shrugged their shoulders. The criminal has confessed, the verdict will be unanimous. The last word won't change that. The judge nodded, go ahead!

“Even as a boy, I suffered from the fact that I had a much smaller cock than my brother. For a long time, he didn’t want to believe that my little one just didn’t get really hard. He masturbated me time and time again and it always took ages before I squirted. He shook his head in disbelief, my cock was just rubbery soft. He had laid hundreds of girls during his time at school, I probably didn’t get 20. I only got to fuck the really ugly ones or those who didn’t have a shred of self-esteem. I wasn’t too shy and would often stand outside a store or supermarket for hours until I found a safe victim, they were usually well over 50 and even old ladies on walking sticks.

In high school, he really took pity on me and made a pact with me. We pretended that we only had one single room together. The girls didn’t care, they wanted to fuck the Handsome boy. He fucked the girls on our double bed and I sat naked in the chair and was allowed to watch. I played with my soft hose and when he was finished or took a break, I was allowed to fuck the girl. I can remember at most two or three who wouldn’t let me fuck them. How good it felt to fuck as many girls as he did, and they were pretty to super pretty. They looked at me as they fucked him and smiled good-naturedly as I slowly stroked my soft hose.

This must have gone on for 10 years, everyone had enough fucking to do and I wasn’t as unhappy as I had been in junior school. That’s also how we met his future wife, my sister-in-law over there. The three of us fucked as usual, I knew how often she cheated back then, but my brother was completely infatuated with her and didn’t listen to me. They got married, but our love triangle went on for another 20 years. I knew that her lovers only came over at lunchtime or in the afternoon, I only came over late at night, by which time he had long since fucked her and was already asleep. She had me gently lay with her and I fucked her my way.

I didn’t count how many men fucked her every day, I was just one of many and one cum was enough for me. My brother didn’t talk much, and certainly not to me. He only fucked her for another minute and despised her, but he never said why. Then a dark, powerful urge drew me to little Sasha, and you’ve heard the rest. Thank you, Your Honor, I ask for a lenient sentence.” The judges looked up,

they heard such tear-jerking stories every day. Half an hour break, then the verdict is announced.

Mother bought us a Coke and was surrounded by a cluster of men and women. The men pretended to ask about the fabric of her dress, but in reality they were groping her body the whole time. The women wanted to tell their story, they had all had a similar experience. I stood a little apart with Sascha, I was disgusted by the whole thing, Sascha was thrilled because the mother attracted the men like a magnet. I growled, that's because she looked so horny. I still had something on my mind. I took Sascha's head in both hands and kissed her on the lips. "No matter what we've heard today, you're my sister, my very favorite sister and I always want to fuck you." Sasha said nothing, but the gleam in her smiling eyes was answer enough. The bell rang.

Sasha sat down in the middle, next to me, and held my hand tightly until the end. Uncle Wanja had to stand up, the three judges put on their fancy clown hats, then the judge read out the verdict. It was soporific, I was only interested in the counterpoint. The range was 1 to 10 years, Wanja got 4 years and 7 months. The judge looked up briefly. "If you both want it, in the same prison." Vanya took a breath and nodded.

INTERVIEWER: The court has spoken. The gang of five will soon be under house arrest. What's next for you?

PJOTR: It's hard to say, we've learned from our mistakes and will never get caught again.

INTERVIEWER: Does that mean you're going to go fundraising again?

PJOTR: None of us know that yet. We have other issues to solve now.

INTERVIEWER: And what are they?

PJOTR: Well, I don't want to read that in your interview, but I can tell you off record.

INTERVIEWER: Okay, deal!

PJOTR: After the trial started, we decided to fuck a different one of our Moms every day, all five of them.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, that sounds exciting. How did you go about it?

PJOTR: We started with Wanja. Only when his father was asleep did we sneak into the pitch-black bedroom. Vanya whispered to his stepmother, who was immediately excited and ready to go. She then whispered to her daughter, who hesitated briefly and bitched. We went into the anteroom and put shoes and clothes in 5 heaps. Then we crept up to the women. None of them knew who was fucking them, none of us knew whom we were fucking. Everyone fucked everyone, the women naturally recognized Wanja's cock and giggled. We avoided making any noise, after two hours we were completely exhausted, but smiling. We left silently.

Max handled the situation very well and cleverly. His mother had sent her lover away for the night under a good pretext, but she was still playing the Virgin of Orleans on him. "Five cocks, you say, five cocks you want me to rub because they're your friends? Five? Do you still have all your cups in the cupboard? I'm going to get tendonitis, you creepy guy, you!" But then everything went perfectly. The light stayed on and her eyes sparkled when she saw all the gorgeous cocks. Only with Dani did she make a brief fuss. "I won't fuck a Jew, they don't have foreskin and that's no fun!" Max asked if she had already fucked a Jew. She thought for a long time, then nodded. "When I still had my husband, because he had a lot of Jews as customers. While he was working in the back of the workshop, I let all the customers fuck me, but the Jews only from behind, I just didn't want to see the circumcision." We had to accept, that some wires of her brain were loose and she was drunk as a sailor. We fucked her one by one for three hours. She had a really tight vagina and we all had to penetrate her very carefully until it adjusted. Only Dani had to fuck her mouth

on his first round, as if she was afraid it might be poisonous or contagious. He fucked her mouth enthusiastically and squirted deep down her throat while Andrej fucked her. Dani giggled, “There are millions of little Jews swimming in your gullet now, Maxi-Mom, millions of honest Russian Jews!” She didn’t find it so funny and concentrated on her orgasm, because Andrei was getting ready to cum. We fucked her for three hours, including Dani, until she could no longer stand. But she kind of liked it, because she asked if we would come back again?

Andrej’s mother was immediately hooked. She gave his father a light sleeping pill in his tea, then we snuck into her bedroom. We fucked round and round, Mom was great at fucking and we had to give up after four hours, but she could take 5 boys so easily! We staggered home on our bikes and fell into bed.

Dani was tough at first. His mother was on fire, she had never taken part in a group fuck before, her husband was too semi-religious for that. She told Dani not to pay any attention to his father. We walked past him, just as Dani had said. The father had counted, he rolled his eyes in despair, then he ran out, squatted down in the synagogue and tried to pray in silence. He didn’t come back until long after midnight, by which time the four of us were already over the hill, the four of us had fucked the horny good Jewish woman in turn until we had really squirted all into her. Dani, our fifth man, lay next to her and just held her hand or stroked her nipples, which had become so hard. He didn’t want to fuck her until late at night anyway.

The father stopped for a moment in the bedroom doorway, Dani was already about to fuck his wife. She whispered that he should come in here, she was going to do him very nicely, very nicely! Sighing deeply, he lay down in bed with her, his wife squeezed his hand and felt for his cock. He was inhibited at first as she continued to grunt and fuck Dani while she rubbed him and made him squirt. Dani had to make room for a moment so that she could let her husband squirt into her hole, then Dani was to continue fucking her. The father was somehow grateful that Dani was fucking his wife, because he hated fucking. He really did. So far he had only ever masturbated

and had to stick his cock deep into her horrible hole to squirt inside. She kept rubbing him in her hole until he squirted and kept rubbing until he had finished squirting. She always gave him a second hand job after a while, but he had to put his virgin cock in her nasty, disgusting hole again and squirt into it while she kept rubbing his cock until he finished squirting. He was very tired after squirting twice and fell asleep, she continued to masturbate for another hour or more, but he found it really extremely disgusting. He had watched her masturbate once out of curiosity, but he had to run to the bathroom and throw up in the sink. So their married life had gone quietly until Dani decided to fuck her really hard. Dad tolerated his fucking quite happily because Mom gave him two handjobs at the same time.

I had spoken to my mother and Sascha about the new thing. As you'd expect, they were both grinning from ear to ear and asking when the gang of five was coming. Since my father and uncle were locked up, I was the only man in the house, all three of us lay in the big marital bed and we fucked whenever anyone felt like it. The gang of five was particularly curious about my mother, as everyone already knew Sasha. They pounced on my mother madly, who really enjoyed it, and I made sure that Sascha got the cocks too.

INTERVIEWER: I think we have everything. I'll write the article, get it all signed off and send it as an email before we print it. Okay?

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# Rushing Cyprus

by Jack Faber © 2023

Valeria, the woman with the most beautiful long legs in the world, held me in her lap and talked on the phone for hours in a foreign language. She had retired from active ballet because she was too old, but she was still far too young to train the next generation as a ballet mistress. She had once whispered in my ear that it was a good thing, she could catch up on all the fucking she had missed during training. The fact that I was lying in her lap was because I had a loft with a glass dome and a direct view of St. Stephen's Cathedral, she could sip champagne and eat strawberries because my housekeeper was simply good. The fact that she was allowed to shop with my credit card was only fair in her opinion, in return I was allowed to fuck her whenever I could and felt like it. Oh Valeria, you balm of my soul!

Yes, why did my soul need balm? I had been divorced from the best woman in the world for months. I had my VW-list with hundreds of VWs in the trunk of my Mercedes. A big point of contention with Valeria, she wanted a hot Italian runabout, but she was always miffed when I recommended a Fiat Topolino. As for me, I needed a reliable car and not a speedster, i.e. good German workmanship, and I also needed a driver's license, which the sober ones simply took away from me, one or two vodkas too many. I see, why VW-list? I had made a list when I started drinking about why my wife had left me. "Maybe because," was how each line began. I shortened it, vw, .... and had some sensible arguments and hundreds of pointless ones. Women came from Venus and men from Mars, that would probably be the most accurate explanation. Or as Otto put it, women were genetically closer to gazelles, men to apes. All of these sayings, justifications and arguments could be washed away with a vodka or two.

Valeria said on the first evening that I was only the second man she'd fucked. Of course I wanted to know more, the girl was practically brand new! Valeria had grown up in poor, cramped conditions, one of the two rooms was the kitchen, shower and toilet, the other was the bedroom. The child didn't need her own bed, her father said.

So Valeria slept with her parents. Every night her father fucked her mother roughly, Valeria didn't know any different. He was constantly swearing that the mother was bad to fuck and only calmed down when the child Valeria hugged him from behind and held his cock like a stick, a stick that was soft and gentle at first, but became wild and aggressive again in Valeria's childlike fist. Valeria already knew it by heart, the father growled and fucked the mother with wild curses and sank to the side to fall asleep immediately. His screaming got louder and louder, they argued before and after fucking. He wanted a better woman to fuck, the mother cried and let herself be fucked patiently, in tears, what was she going to do without her Vanya? Valeria threw herself between the two squabblers and hugged her father, who was screaming furiously. He stared at her in amazement, she was so pretty and stuck her pussy out at him. He calmed down and hugged his princess. He took her virginity and fucked her like a wild boar. The mother was really angry at first, but then she was reassured. The 13-year-old child was to fuck him and tie him to the house so that her Vanyushka would have no reason to cheat and go away. The father fucked Valeria once or twice every night, there was no more screaming and the mother masturbated when Valeria and the father fucked. "I need it badly," said the mother defiantly, because Valeria didn't know what masturbation was, back then. The father stared at his wife's passionate masturbation and squirted much faster than usual. Valeria snuggled into the crook of her father's arm and looked with lust at her mother, who was heavily struggling to orgasm. So she learned to masturbate and did it as often as she could. She ran 4 kilometers to the dance school and back every day, impressing everyone. The girls all wanted to see her hole, where her father raged day after day. Valeria knew that she was something special in every respect, they had her audition for the Bolshoi Ballet, the Mad Scene Aria of Lucia di Lammermoor with Maria Callas on tape. She was 19, lived at the Bolshoi boarding school and danced, trained hard and danced. Her roommate masturbated every night with her vibrator, which had long since run out of batteries, and Valerie masturbated too, as there was no television or radio. So she watched Ludmilla as she rammed the vibrator into her hole furiously in and out and Valeria masturbated softly with horny feelings. Her father came once a week and fucked her hard. No, Ludmilla didn't want to let her father fuck her too, she wasn't stupid enough to let a child be

attached to her, although sometimes she did give in and let the berserker fuck her. She let him fuck when she found out that he could ram her pussyhole the way she did with her Vibrator. But she pulled the dick out of her hole when he squirted. Valeria had reached the top, she trained conscientiously, danced wonderfully. She masturbated at the same time as Ludmilla, her father came over every week and fucked the two ballerinas. Then a new dance master came along, she couldn't smell Valeria and forced her out of the Bolshoi in her first year. Years later, Valeria wrote to me from Paris that she had been examined when she was 19, President Yeltsin had ordered all girls to be examined for fitness for war. The gynecologist took two extra X-rays. She shook her head and studied the images very carefully. "You haven't bled yet, have you?" she asked and Valeria said truthfully, only when she was deflowered when she was 13. The doctor remained serious, "as long as you don't have a monthly bleed, you won't have a baby," she said and Valeria wasn't concerned, so she could fuck whenever her father came. She let her father fuck her every week until she had to leave the Bolshoi at the age of 28 and came to Vienna. She spoke fluent German because her mother was from Vienna. Now she was in my arms and I was only the second man she'd let fuck her.

Valeria gave us both free rein sexually; after all, she had come to the West to lead a modern life. She had less and less fun with my vodka noodle and so did I. My divorce whining scared away even the most willing, they wouldn't even come near my noodle. Valeria probably had more fun with her freedom, because ballet was sport for her, and sportswomen only sipped champagne, they didn't drink and were stone cold sober while fucking.

"We'll be in Cyprus next weekend," said Valeria, completely surprisingly, "all the important people are coming, even some from the Bolshoi. No suit, no tie. It's all relaxed, we'll speak Russian, you can manage with English. I've already booked everything."

I wondered if I had an appointment lined up, but no, I had hired a nice manager and sold the company, I had no more appointments. "But I'll take my tennis bag with me," I said stubbornly, although I hadn't taken the heavy tennis rackets with me for a long time, they

were too heavy and because I didn't have any rackets, I just watched the others playing, which was also nice. "The hotel has two courts, of course I thought of that, Vanya!" My name isn't Vanya or Vanyushka, of course, but Valeria thinks Edmund is uncool and stuffy. I don't care, my dog wasn't born as Rex either and still went by Rex. "There's also a supermarket next to the hotel if you want to buy a bottle." Oh, Valeria! "Thank you, Lera!" I called out to her, she liked that form of her name. We took a cab to the airport, that much I remember. We probably arrived at the hotel in Larnaca too, but I've rinsed away the details, you understand.

I liked lying in the pool, Valeria had meeting after meeting and I was hiding, Russian was not my preferred foreign language. I only knew two or three words. A nice girl rescued me twice in the pool when, to my surprise, I went under. But I was able to save my bottle, that was important. The girl was from Holland or Spain, that wasn't important. My English is understandable even in heavy seas and with my tongue impaired, she laughed, giggled and giggled all the time. As a true gentleman, I accompanied her to the changing rooms, but she ambushed me in the corridor and we fucked standing up, Dutch or Spanish, it didn't matter.

I got a little more sober and a little less drunk, let us go to your room, we did and fucked two rounds in her bed. She had no idea or desire to care for her orgasm. I was totally exhausted and left, my last glance falling on her bedside table. Her vibrator laughed wryly at me and she turned deep red when she saw my gaze. I didn't understand Dutch or Spanish, and I hate the humming of those things. At reception I found out that I was in the wrong hotel and was directed to the right one. I lost my bottle, I was only wearing a bathing suit that probably wasn't mine. I went to my room, the right one, and went to sleep. Valeria came in quietly, "I've been looking everywhere for you!" A comment I ignored and went back to sleep.

For dinner, showered and only a vodka or two later, there was a good meal abroad, I don't understand Russian, didn't I mention that? I drank alone and toasted with Pyotr, Irina and others. Valeria whispered in between who was who and how important he was to the ballet business. Every other person seemed to have something to do

with the Bolshoi Ballet and the Bolshoi Theater. I only knew the Bolshoi from photos, it could just as easily be in the Josefstadt or at the Volksoper, two Viennese theaters that were in no way inferior to the Bolshoi. Valeria thought it was Mount Olympus, so I pinned my smile to the corner of my mouth. Let her dream!

A chance acquaintance was beneficial and fruitful. A broad-shouldered mafia boss sat down opposite me and ordered two vodkas plus two empty glasses. He spoke English as well as I spoke Russian. But I understood him just the same. When the waiter had left, he poured the empty glasses from his silver flask. He pointed to the glasses, "Zyprija" and "Rossija". All right, I said "Cheers, mate" and he said something non-English. Then we drank. I pointed to "Zyprija" and grimaced. Then I pointed to "Rossija" and beamed like a freshly polished Philharmonic, a gold coin and not a violinist, mind you. He leaned over and kissed me on the lips. I was surprised, he was arguing with the person sitting next to him, who immediately jumped up and came back 5 minutes later with a plastic bag. The mafia boss took out a bottle and put it next to his chair. It was the "Rossija", which we emptied together. He pressed the plastic bag into my hand, four bottles. He gesticulated, "Vienna" and "Austria", I should take the bottles with me to Vienna. I thanked him in English and he pressed his business card into my hand. "Towarisch," he said, "Towarischi!" Valeria whispered, meaning buddy, friend. I repeated his "Towarisch" and then we attacked the "Rossija" head-on. Towards the end, his torrent of words came crashing down on me and I looked for Valeria's hand. She listened and translated. Tomorrow around noon there will be a barbecue on his yacht and the girls will be grilled too. We are invited, absolutely! Valeria agreed, we would come.

Getting up at lunchtime is a real challenge. I seemed to have collided with a locomotive, my head said. The shower helped and so did a vodka or two. Valeria said, "there's grilled food, vodka and girls, fuck till you drop." I said, "for God's sake, I hope there's enough vodka on board!" Valeria shook her head, "Men! They'll all fuck, the ballerinas as well as the old dance mistress. The old director of the Bolshoi will be fucked hard until she faints, I've seen it myself. And there will be a bunch of Russian prostitutes there, the Russian men need that!" I looked at her questioningly. "They'll all want to fuck me

too, but I'll only fuck the important ones, I'm not stupid!" I nodded in agreement, "Don't lose sight of your career!" We were of one mind on this. "Only fuck those under 40, you'll be on the safe side," she impressed upon me. Not that I was lying on the dance mistress or the director, that would embarrass her. We went on board.

The grilled food was excellent, I only had white bread with the meat, I don't need a salad to stay slim. The yacht cast off and anchored 300 meters from the harbour. Everyone undressed, a second yacht came alongside and anchored. They were also important people, Valeria whispered, and they were bringing the whores with them. I looked at my eyes, girls like something out of a catalog. "They're all Russian, Vanyushka, you won't have to talk and you'll still have a great time," whispered Valeria. "Remember, Spasibo, that means thank you, that's what they expect. Once said, it was good. Said three times means it was perfect. Five times means she's the best in town." I nodded, spasibo, spasibo, spasibo, spasibo! "You're my best, Valeria, you know that!"

I ate meat, drank vodka and looked at the people as they went about their acts. They fucked until the yacht was shaking, the girls disappeared into the boat for three minutes, probably washing their pussies. They came back, beaming all over their faces, and paraded between the fucking, smacking and drinking until someone grabbed their hand. There wasn't much talking, I'm Julia, I'm Monique, I'm Tanja. I ate a proper steak with white bread and a vodka or two. I recognized the senior women Valeria had warned me about. I watched them all closely, I could tell the difference between prostitutes and ballerinas. The muscles in their bodies made the difference, as did the way they were parading. I downed two more glasses and grabbed the hand of a ballerina. She seemed a little scared, I always had her in my sights, like most ballerinas she hadn't fucked yet. I stroked her face and said a few paragraphs in German, she smiled and thanked spasibo and dankeschiijn, sir! We looked for a place, she fucked very shy and unsure, like Valeria when we fucked for the first time. I gave her a peck on the cheek, then indicated with my hands that she could wash her pussy in the boat. She nodded and turned to leave, but I stopped her and gave her 5 spasibos. I went back to the grill, took two vodkas first and then a chicken leg.

The beginning was done, now I drank more determinedly and picked out the ballerinas only. I found them much more natural than the whores, a prejudice with no statistical basis. By nightfall I'd had a good shake — or was the yacht sinking? I didn't count, but I think I must have fucked a dozen ballerinas. I'd never fucked so much before, I was in Olympic form. Valeria kept coming over, she knew all the ballerinas from before. She whispered that I had chosen very well. She had watched me stick my poor noodle into the ballerinas' hole and ask them to masturbate. The girls had to do the main work, my cock only came into action just before her orgasm. I fucked and squirted in the middle of her orgasm, Valeria said with a wry grin. "Way to save your strength, you've already fucked almost all the ballerinas, you little rascal!" She'd fucked seven big shots and had had enough. She supported me as she took me to the hotel room. She was smart and focused, she had only sipped the champagne flute and had only fucked the main 6, one turned out to be an unimportant aide. She asked him where she could find his boss and he grinned broadly and said downstairs, in one of the cabins where he fucked the boys. That was a miss, Valeria said, because the assistant didn't fuck very impressively.

We flew home at the crack of dawn. Three days later, I heard Valeria gulp after a phone call. She had to go to Paris immediately, maybe she could get a job! We searched through the offers, each on our own laptop, but there wasn't a single flight to Paris. She booked a seat on the train, an hour and a half later I said goodbye to her at the train station, I spat three times over her left shoulder, that guaranteed her success, Valeria assured me, who was a modern Muscovite with one leg, but with the other leg stuck in the deepest superstitions.

When I got home, I saw that an email had come for her, and since it was marked "urgent", it appeared on her screen. I had it translated, "If you want, I'll send you my private jet." Well, a direct hit! I replied in English that she was already on the train, arriving at Gare de l'Est tomorrow at 11:50. I hesitated to sign. But then I wrote "Edmund/Wanjuschka" and sent the email.

I knew she wouldn't come back, but she did. She fucked me nonstop for four days and said in this way goodbye to me. She became a

dance master in Paris and we wrote emails every other day for 15 years. She was touchingly concerned about my sperm congestion and made sure that ballerinas from all over the world were in my arms almost without interruption. She was happy to cater to my preference for these shy, inexperienced fuckers. There were even a few virgins among them, tender, shy and trembling with lust. We wrote pages and pages about the girls we had both fucked with a time gap. Valeria wrote that in her bisexual activities the men became fewer and fewer, she had no pleasure at all with the gay boys in the ballet. But she had fucked all the girls, she wrote proudly, the affairs sometimes went on for months. And she was happy with it.

The “Rossija” vodkas arrive at irregular intervals, the boxes pile up in the front room and I always have guests who, I suspect, only visit me for the sake of the fine drop. I turned 45, obviously an important birthday. I’ve decided never to get senselessly drunk again. I drink two vodkas on ice every evening, exactly two, no more or less. I feel like I’ve been reborn and am full of energy. I still have enough money and would never have to work again. But with sobriety came a thirst for action.

I enjoy the ballerinas, they make me feel 25 again. The deepest affection, the shyness, the bashfulness, the breathless curiosity and the childlike wonder of fucking are something truly wonderful, I wouldn’t want to miss that.

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# Little Lin

by Jack Faber © 2024

I was 5 when my father crossed the street with me at his hand for the last time. The horses of a cart ran Amok, knocking father and me to the ground, driving over father's chest and over my hands. Father died 3 days later, and 6 of my fingers had to be amputated. I kept my thumb and little finger on my left hand and my thumb and index finger on my right.

For those 3 days I lay next to my father, my mother lay naked next to him and warmed him. They talked about everything that was still important to him. My father, a Chinese and 6 feet tall, was the commander of a 200-man troop in Xinchiang, the royal city of the kingdom of Xin. He had captured my Mongolian mother at the age of 13 during a campaign against the Mongols, they fell in love and she gave birth to me at 17. She did not want to return to Mongolia.

I was no longer fit to be a soldier, my father said, my mother should have me trained in Mandarin and possibly enable me to have a career as a civil servant. She should get married again, my father said, but my mother shook her head firmly. He recommended his two best friends to her, the gunsmith Weng and his adjutant Lieutenant Wang, they were very reliable people. My father closed his eyes and died. My mother cried for hours, then pulled herself together and looked after us. Father had left a good fortune, which would last us a lifetime. Emperor Teng had my father buried with all the honors and gave us a very large funeral stipend, as was customary for officers.

My mother, who had always spoken to me in Mongolian, immediately found for me excellent teachers who taught me Mandarin, speaking, reading and writing. I learned to use my thumb and forefinger to hold the ink brush. She learned to hold my cock in the wooden pot when I peed. "A nice boy's cock," she would sometimes say, as she shook it to drain it and then rubbed it hard to see if I could squirt yet. "A nice man's cock," she would say years later, when

I squirted for the first time. She didn't want to masturbate me, she said with disgust.

"At home in Mongolia, the sons lie with their mothers when they can squirt!" she said, "Masturbating is not as nice as fucking!" So it came about that she took me onto her mat and showed me how to fuck. In a word, it was great! She grabbed my hard cock and pushed it all the way in her cunthole very carefully. "Wow, that's a big one!" she sighed quietly and satisfied. I squirted immediately. She pulled the cock out straight away and rubbed the last drops out with her fingers. "That happens to almost everyone the first time," she said kindly and left me in the dark as to how she knew that, "we'll do it again soon! You have a meaty cock like Lin, your father, that stays hard for at least half an hour, even after you have squirted, it's a fine cock you have!" She looked at my cock from all sides. "It's really grown recently," she murmured appreciatively, "it's nice and thick and firm! You'll give me a lot of pleasure with it!" I smiled and almost burst with pride. We continued to fuck and she slowed me down. "Take it easy, let your cock look around and enjoy it! We have plenty of time and you can try to get me hot gradually!" I took my time, let my cock feel and see everything and continued to fuck very slowly. She explained everything I needed to know, murmuring quietly. She did get a little bit hot, but she laughed, "I'm not hot enough yet!" I fucked her for a long time and then I squirted inside her. She hadn't had an orgasm yet and masturbated after fucking, that I had already seen a thousand times. She gave me advice on how to hold back from squirting until she came first. She let me practice every evening and praised me because I was making good progress.

Friends Weng and Wang took turns to come once a week to fuck my mother; they owed that to my father. My mother had heard about this custom and only sobbed for a moment, then she smiled and breathed a sigh of relief, as she took the men's big cocks one after the other in her hand. "My dear friends, with such overwhelming weaponry I can only surrender!" she said, looking from one to the other with a sneaky and filthy smile. She let her dress fall to the floor and let the two strong friends fuck her so hard for hours, one after the other and again, so that my eyes almost popped out of my head.

It was the first time I saw her be fucked by someone other than my father and it was really great!

It was a long and fierce fight! The two friends gave everything to fuck the young woman like lions and convince her that they were the best at it. When one of them had squirted, the other one carried on immediately, so that she could hardly breathe between her orgasms. I knelt on the mat next to her legs and didn't miss a thing. How her pussyhole widened when a big man's cock penetrated it and how she gasped and panted with pleasure as she raced towards orgasm and let out a tiny little scream when she climaxed. I saw the cock pumping hard as it squirted its entire load inside. And then the other one came and carried on until both men were drained totally.

After that she was completely exhausted and told the friends, "Only one of you in a week and take turns, dear gentlemen, otherwise I'll be fucked to death after 3 days!" The two left laughing and my mother smiled for the first time after the sad week. "I miss your father very much too, Little Lin, but the two of the friends are giving me back a little bit of my missing husband. It's going to be a very nice fucking time, my little one!" I laughed with her and was happy for her, although at 5 years old I didn't understand much about it. I sat in the next room and mother closed the paper door when she let father's best friends fuck her once a week. But she inadvertently left the door ajar so that I could always watch the fucking without them noticing.

When I was still very young and the man had left, she lay there dozing. I knelt between her legs and stuck my little stiff cock into her pussy hole, which was still wet with his semen. Childishly and naively, I tried to imitate his fucking, she smiled faintly and murmured, "when you're bigger!" I pushed my little cock in and out like the big guys, for maybe 10 minutes, until my cock went soft again. She smiled inscrutably and murmured very kindly, "when you're bigger, then!" I soon gave up, I found it boring. I was only 5 or 6 then.

But later it changed, I was older than 10. When Weng or Wang had left after fucking, she would lie with her legs spread and doze. I got a hard cock while secretly spying and I felt the urge to fuck her.

My cock had grown every day, it was getting really big, I thought, almost as big as Sir Wang's. My cock was three times as long as my fingers and as thick as three fingers. I remembered that just a few months ago it had been a smooth, pretty boy's cock. Now it was long and wide and full of thick, ugly veins — a real man's cock! So pretty big, I thought, but not my mother. She smiled gently as I penetrated her firmly. "You don't need to act so wild, big boy, it goes in quite easily because everything is still wet and stretched from the previously fucking!" She simply didn't notice how big my cock had become, which I was so proud of! "Come on, stick it in really deep, and one day, when you can really squirt, we'll fuck properly," she murmured tiredly, because she was pretty tired after the fucking and dozed off again while she let me fuck her.

It was annoying that she didn't appreciate my big cock. I was thrusting hard back and forth like a madman, she was dozing but it was obvious that she was now really appreciating the cock. I fucked her wet pussy hole for a good 10 minutes, she smiled kindly. "Your cock is already quite big," she breathed with the eyes closed, she had become lightly aroused and a bit hot, "I can feel your cock really well!" I felt the explosion and I squirted a little bit. I winced and she said, that was my orgasm. She smiled, "you can't squirt yet for real!" and stroked my hair as I sank down on her after the explosion. This went on for several weeks until she rubbed me one day again with her fist and found out that I could really squirt. She made me squirt in the piss pot and wiped the last drops out of my cock hard with her fingers. "Now you can really squirt, big boy, but I don't like doing it with my fist, that's very disgusting!" So from that day on she let me fuck her night for night.

Lieutenant Wang came from a merchant family, he managed the family fortune together with my mother and taught her arithmetic and everything about money lending. They increased our wealth by lending money to reliable debtors at an interest. Mother added the names in the merchant's book in Mongolian script, she could not read Chinese characters. But Wang helped her to become a well-known and reliable money lender, he helped her when a payment had to be collected vigorously. Everyone ducked when he entered the

room with his weapons clanging. Although we were able to live quite carefree and not frugally, her wealth grew steadily.

Weng fucked even better than Wang, so I learned from him to hold back my ejaculation until Mother had had her orgasm. She did not masturbate during sex, as was the custom among Chinese women. If she got hot during sex but did not have an orgasm, she would start to masturbate when he ejaculated. She had been infertile since I was born and I was allowed to fuck her every night, since I was 10 and could squirt. Nevertheless, she masturbated every night when I was falling asleep, that was the Mongolian custom.

My teachers taught me Mandarin and good court manners, I learned quickly and easily. When I was 20, I spoke 70 other Chinese languages in addition to Mongolian and Mandarin. I found it easy to learn languages and spent a lot of time in the royal library to learn the customs and traditions of these peoples. It turned out that my skills were noticed at court and when I was 20 I was asked to become a court interpreter. Mother and I were very proud of this appointment and I promised to visit her again and again for sex. My mother was not a frivolous woman, she only fucked Weng and Wang, otherwise she would not get involved in any affair, no matter how tempting, as she was a respected, chaste woman.

I was given a small, 6 square meter cell in the royal palace and was immediately called to the queen. I was very surprised because Queen Mei was younger than my mother, who was only 34 years old. I later learned that the queen was only 28 years old, only 8 years older than me. She was the fourth wife of the king, who was already approaching 60. He already had 4 daughters, but had no heir to the throne. The queen received me very kindly and had the master tailor measure my hands. I was to receive special gloves because the king would notice my missing fingers, and that would not be good. So I was given gloves with 10 fingers, which I had to wear in the presence of the king.

I immediately noticed that the queen had an accent and told her that we could also speak in Qin. She was very surprised because no one at court spoke her mother tongue. She lowered her eyes. “Only

when we are alone, Master Lin, otherwise we will stick to Mandarin!" I nodded because I did not care. But this alone contributed to the queen calling me more often than other officials. We drank tea and she was very relaxed about being able to speak in her native language and we became friends over time. "Why do they call you Little Lin?" she asked at first and I answered, "my father was called Big Lin, he was 6 feet tall like me and towered over the others by half a head. That's why they call me Little Lin." I told her about my father and his heroic deeds. Then I told her about my mother, to whom I owed my Mongolian features. I proudly wore my thin mustache in the Mongolian style with the tips hanging low. I was half Mongolian and was proud of it.

The queen asked about my mother. I confessed that I had been lying with her since I was ten, as was the Mongolian custom. "So she let you masturbate next to her!?" I shook my head slightly, but she didn't seem to notice. She looked at me seriously but inquiringly and immediately asked more questions. "Were you both naked!? And — did you squirt on her body, or even over her pussy? Or — my heavens! — even squirt inside her pussy hole!?" She fired those questions in quick succession and thank God she interrogated me in her native language so that the servants didn't understand anything. I lowered my head. "With so few fingers, masturbating is pretty difficult, if not impossible, Your Majesty!" I said and I saw her thinking hard. "So she masturbated you, my poor friend? I've masturbated a guy a few times before, and it was a pretty hard job!" she asked seriously. I ducked my head. "She didn't masturbate me either, Your Majesty! My mother stopped rubbing my cock, when she discovered, that I could squirt. She said, masturbating with her fist is disgusting!" I managed to say, because I wasn't very comfortable with the subject. The queen raised her eyebrows. "You fucked her, Little Lin?" she asked in surprise, because in China only a few of the high nobility did that, and I was not a member of that class. I nodded in agreement quietly.

Her eyes widened in disbelief. "Since I was 10, Your Majesty, according to Mongolian custom!" She put her hand over her mouth and blushed deeply at her piggish thoughts. "And — did you really fuck her like an adult man? And she let you squirt inside her? How many

minutes did you fuck her, Little Lin?" I answered every question and stared at her fist, which she kept pressing against her pussy over her skirt to hide her heat. But she made things worse. Her fist, her knuckles making her clit overflow several times, when I told the saucy stuff. I pretended not to notice that she was suppressing her orgasm and her body was just shaking a little. "My mother was infertile since the pregnancy and so always she let me squirt inside her, the full load. I usually fuck her for half an hour or longer, until my cock gets soft again. I sometimes squirt twice and I do everything I can, to make her an orgasm too, Your Majesty!"

She was silent for a long time, her fist resting motionless on her lap. I realized that she was revealing something intimate. "The king, my dearest husband Sir Feng, doesn't even fuck me for two minutes, he squirts quickly inside and then leaves again. Unfortunately, he doesn't fuck anywhere near as well as my father, the only person I ever fucked apart from Sir Feng, when I was a young girl." I said nothing, as I understood her very well but had nothing to say.

Now she let me tell her everything in detail, what my mother's body looked like, her pussy and her clit and how we fucked, exactly how, she insisted to hear all in full details. I also told her about Weng and Wang, the queen listened with sparkling eyes and I realized how hot she was getting while listening. I stared at her fist, which she kept pressing against her pussy over her skirt to hide her heat. But that made everything worse, her fist, her knuckles let overflowing her clit. Again and again. I pretended not to notice that she was suppressing her orgasm and her body was shaking a little. "I still go to her two or three times a week," I said proudly, "but otherwise one of your many maids sleeps with me." She smiled. "That's what I was told, Little Lin, you have the same rights as all my servants!"

Later she asked if I carried a concealed knife like the other men in the palace? I nodded, "Master Weng, the weaponsmith and friend of my father who visits my mother twice a month, made me a special one because of my fingers." She didn't seem to care that Weng was fucking my mother, but she asked curiously if she could see my knife. Following a sudden inspiration, I unbuckled my belt so that my dress fell apart in front and my half-stiff cock was visible. She reached for

my knife, which was attached to the weapon belt, and pulled it out, but she kept staring at my cock. “A very interesting knife,” said the queen, weighing it in her hand, “I see why the handle is shaped like that.” She still looked at my cock and put the knife back in its sheath, the back of her hand briefly accidentally touching my cock. I noticed her curious and greedy glance at my cock, but I didn’t know at the time that she was deciding at that moment to fuck me. “A very large knife,” she said, to my astonishment, for my knife was by no means large. But she meant my cock, my dear Queen, but I didn’t understand it at the time.

We talked mostly about sexual topics over tea, we both had a lot to talk about in her native language. She now wore only garments that were open in the front and held together only by a belt. I stared at her fist, which she kept pressing against her pussy along the hem to hide her heat. Her hand disappeared unnoticed under the hem. Her fist, her knuckles made her clit overflow. Again and again. But she barely concealed the fact that she was having an orgasm and her body was shaking a little bit. An unspoken agreement was reached that we both ignored it without saying a word. I was happy that she liked these saucy conversations, piggish stories or intimate secrets of both of us, and that she wasn’t particularly inhibited in front of me. She had only to be careful because of her maids, although they didn’t understand a single word. But they did not bat an eyelid when the queen shuddered or trembled slightly. Female solidarity, I guessed.

It was only after a month that I was called to the king, I put on my festive robe and the beautifully decorated gloves and knelt before him. He was a small, muscular man of about 60, and his eyes betrayed great intelligence. He asked me to stand up and sit next to him. He explained my mission to me. He had a delegation from the kingdom of Xiulin as a guest, they didn’t speak Mandarin well. I nodded and said I spoke Xiulin. He said he wasn’t just interested in interpreting, he wanted to know everything the delegates were whispering to each other. I understood. Fifteen minutes later we went to the throne room where the delegation was waiting. I put my hands in my sleeves like the king’s other advisors.

The leader of the delegation began to speak and I interrupted him furiously. “Greet my lord and king properly, he is King Feng of the kingdom of Xin and deserves your respect!” The leader visibly flinched and King Feng asked me what had been said. I leaned towards his ear, whispering. He didn’t bat an eyelid. Then I translated both ways, it was basically trade matters. The delegates soon noticed that I was translating their whispers to the king and were on guard. Nevertheless, the negotiation went well and a contract was agreed. The king dismissed me after the reception and left with his advisors.

I had a lot of free time and flirted with the young maids of the royal court. I fucked one of them every day, sometimes two. When two of them came with me, I watched them with my mouth open as they cuddled, kissed and played with their clits. I couldn’t complain in any regard, the girls loved my big cock and whispered it to their circle.

Not to be misunderstood or to give the impression that the palace was just a big brothel. There were about 140 maids in the palace, but only 6 or 7 who caught my eye and signaled their lust and willingness. I had to ignore the mostly pretty women of the courtiers and noblemen because of the class difference. I still visited my mother 2 or 3 times a week, so I fucked enough, but not all of the maids.

It must have been a month or two later, when the queen surprised me with red cheeks that she was finally pregnant. I knew that she didn’t fuck anyone except the king, but I was still surprised because he only slept with her once every two weeks. She laughed out loud when I mentioned it. “I do it every night with my fingers, Little Lin, and it’s enough for me if he only comes to fuck me once every two weeks. And no, I’ve never fucked anyone other than King Feng, apart from my father when I was very young. I’m sure you know about that custom.” I nodded and kissed her fingertips. “Forgive me, Your Majesty, for asking, but I thought you must have a lot of lovers, Your Majesty, as beautiful and lovely as you are!” She shook her head and smiled. “Thank you for the compliment, my friend, but I turned down even Emperor Teng himself because I wanted to be physically faithful to my husband and king and only he should be the father of the heir to the throne!”

She changed the subject. The two servants did the plucking of her pubic hair quite roughly and clumsily. Her husband had chosen this servants and their loyalty was only to him, they were to report any misdeeds to him. Wouldn't he like to pluck her pubic hair? He didn't have to think about it. "I've never done it before, Your Majesty, and I don't know if my fingers are skilled enough. But let me try, please!" The queen smiled mischievously. "You certainly won't be as rough as my servants, Master Lin!" she breathed and smiled again. "Speaking of my pussy, you will rub me with ointment twice a day during my pregnancy, right?" Lin nodded eagerly. "I have oiled my mother every day after her bath for the past 10 years and I know from there that I can do it. She always wanted to have smooth skin and a well-oiled pussy."

Lin smiled when the queen asked how intensively he had oiled his mother's pussy. "She usually wanted it very intensively because she knew, how sensitively and skillfully I was with her clit." She smiled inscrutably. "You don't need to oil me so intensively, Little Lin. I always work on my clit myself, every night." Her smile was cheeky and cocky. Lin asked if it wouldn't be better to send away the servants while he was doing it? He would be embarrassed if the two spies were watching that. The queen laughed. "I'll have to ask my husband, they're his spies!" The king surprisingly agreed, his wife was pregnant and even if she let Lin fuck her, he had his heir to the throne in her belly.

Lin got to know the king's daughters, they were between 16 and 20 years old. And, he was surprised to discover, all four of them were real fuck-sluts. There was no other way to express it, they had heard the news from the maids that he had a large and enduring cock. They came up to him, directly and without fuss, they wanted to too! So it came to pass that he took them into the line of maids and fucked them one after the other. But he found out that they were much less good at fucking than most of the young maids he had picked out. He didn't tell the queen until much later, she listened with shock because she had judged the girls differently. Nevertheless, she asked him to tell everything in detail. Lin said that the oldest was the worst at fucking, she lay on the mat like a wooden plank, she remained completely passive and of course never had an orgasm. She was one

of the few girls who never let anyone squirt inside her. But after fucking her, she took his cock all the way into her mouth, rubbed it powerfully and swallowed his juice. She did really masterfully rubbing his cock, made him squirt his full load into her throat and then swallowing his juice, drinking it mischievously smiling, only a few girls did that with him. In terms of age, the two middle ones fucked with some interest, but the youngest fucked really well. The two middle ones, the twins, clenched the muscles of their pussy too tightly and thus suppressed their orgasms, even though they were hot to bursting. He didn't find out why. They always came to fuck in pairs and had already agreed on the order. He fucked them both one after the other for a whole hour until his cock went soft. The first time, one of the 19-year-olds asked him very shyly, "Can we do it, Master Lin, we always do it like this!" and he nodded, although he didn't yet know what she meant. It was nothing special, the two kissed with their tongues and masturbated each other's clits. They came to orgasm almost at the same time, that was the whole secret. The youngest was the only one who masturbated during the fuck, and that was due to her masturbation addiction, as she freely admitted, since she masturbated and orgasmed nonstop for two hours. She fucked really well, she loved it and let him fuck, until his cock had enough. She told him that one day she wanted to be the most sought-after noble whore in the palace. None of them thought about getting married, as their father would marry them off on good terms for the kingdom one day, none of them doubted that.

After the king's approval, the queen Mei gave the two servants free time when Lin came to her. She was wearing only a sheer, transparent silk cloak and opened the belt at the front after she had laid down on the bed. He took the tweezers between his thumb and forefinger, asked her to spread her labia with her fingers and he plucked out her pubic hair carefully and considerately. Queen Mei had a very beautiful, girlish looking pussy, a beautifully curved mons pubis and a small, well-hidden clit. It remained steadfastly lifeless, as the hair-tugging did not excite Queen Mei at all. He handed her a hand mirror and she was very pleased with the result.

Now he had to anoint her so that she did not get stretch marks. She had small, sweet breasts, which he rubbed with enthusiasm, then

her stomach, which was still quite flat. He rubbed her pussy with the fragrant ointment and asked her to spread her labia with her fingers. He ointed her little pussyhole and the vaginal entrance thoroughly and conscientiously. She sighed continuously as his index finger penetrated her pussyhole deeply and rubbed it firmly, and lastly the clit. He had to pluck it out of its hiding, before he anointed it. He asked her to spread her inner labia, pull back the foreskin and press down the flesh around her clit so that it would appear erect. She did so, sighing and blushing deeply, because she was very shameful to expose her clit to him and to shamefully present the last bit of her nudity. He then anointed her clit very gently, until it was completely stiff and hard. She was really getting hot, and Mei's eyelids fluttered as she admonished him, "That's enough, my friend, that's enough!" He was enthusiastic about this task and only reluctantly released her clit. After she had put her clothes back on, she went to the door and called her servants in again. They repeated the anointing twice a day, after lunch and after dinner.

Queen Mei's breasts grew earlier than her belly. Pregnancy pushed her sexual desire relentlessly, and she said "it is enough" later and later. Until she didn't say it anymore. She had gotten used to completely exposing her clit and leaving it at his mercy. She pulled the foreskin back with her fingers and pressed the flesh down, so that the clit rose expectantly. Lin didn't have to ask her anymore, she smiled with desire and did it on her own when it was her clits' turn. He anointed her clit firmly and masturbated her clit very sensitively. At the beginning she was very shy the first few times when she had an orgasm and was close to tears of shame, because no man had ever masturbated her clit and had brought her to orgasm before! But they never talked about it and he masturbated her after lunch and after dinner, now sometimes two or three times in a row. Now she squealed and cheered because being masturbated relaxed her very much and she was really soft and happy afterwards. It was a blessing that the servants didn't notice, although they sometimes stuck their heads surprisingly in. But they couldn't see more than Master Lin anointing the queen or plucking her pubic hair. That was all they could report to the king.

King Feng was a good and prudent ruler. He always announced in advance when he needed Master Lin as an interpreter and was very happy with him. He spoke to Lin more and more often after the reception and listened to him carefully, because Lin was not only eloquent but also quite clever and shrewd, he could recognize the maneuvers of his counterpart precisely.

King Feng smiled indulgently when he learned that Master Lin occasionally fucked his four daughters. According to custom, he had deflowered his daughters at the age of 12 and fucked them for a while, but he did not find them exciting. For a while they asked him if they could fuck this or that man and he let them fuck whoever they wanted. But he recommended that they fuck rather the nobles than the servants, even though he knew that they did not stick to it.

King Feng himself stuck to it, he much preferred to fuck the shy, honorable and reservedly chaste wives of the courtiers. He did not desire widows and women over 30, although many of them were pretty, desirable, sexy and willing. No, only the young, the shy and the chaste attracted him and the more of these qualities she had, the more his hunting instinct was aroused. None of the courtiers could do anything if the king's eye fell on his young wife or his daughter; nothing and no one could stop the king from hunting. Flirting and chasing the shy wild game was very exciting, his heart beat wildly until he had her clear. He loved her tears when she finally gave in and lay sobbing down beside him, full of shame and guilt, and he loved more than anything her shyness or shy reserve when it came to fucking. He himself was not a particularly talented man in this discipline, but hunting the game inspired him. The women clung to their conqueror, crying, as many had never cheated on their husbands. On the other hand, he was the king and his subjects had to submit to him. They begged him not to squirt inside them, as none of them wanted to become pregnant during this humiliating and violent act. And the more they whimpered that he wasn't allowed to squirt inside them, please, please not, the tighter he grabbed the hips of the noble girls and wives and squirted everything inside them, the full royal load! It was sooo hot, and he didn't give a shit if he was fathering a bastard.

Lin saw the queen's belly grow, he ointed her conscientiously twice a day until the due date and of course masturbated her clit. Fate was kind to Queen Mei, she had a fairly unspectacular birth and actually gave birth to an heir to the throne, the boy Xinhua. The king was beside himself with joy, he kissed and hugged Mei exuberantly and gratefully. He gave a big feast for his people and promised every woman 10 gold coins if she became pregnant at the feast. They ate, drank and fucked. The girls and women fucked like crazy with dozens and dozens of men in the open streets and on the squares in full public, because every woman wanted the 10 gold coins. Some of them let themselves be fucked completely hidden under their skirts, some lifted up their skirts to the navel and others took off their dresses and let themselves be fucked completely naked. But they all grinned broadly like the most filthy courtesans.

Queen Mei breastfed Prince Xinhua herself, she had enough milk. Lin visited Queen Mei every day, he was happy with her about the sweet child. Three months later, it was clear to everyone that the prince was very healthy and there was no need to worry about him. Lin fucked the king's daughters, his mother and the beautiful maids, but he kept his distance from the queen. She was fully absorbed in motherhood and did not need any extra orgasms at the time.

Two or three times a year Lin accompanied King Feng to Mongolia, half a day's ride apart. Mostly it was only a friendly visit with no ernest negotiations. He translated in both directions and loved to be in his mother's homeland. The Mongolians were very proud of him and placed every night a handsome young girl in his tent. Most of them were young but experienced, they fucked actively and gracefully like his mother did. Most of them allowed him to squirt all the way inside them, the others he was allowed to squirt in their mouth. He liked the way they rubbed his cock in their mouths and he squirted deep into their throats so that they could drink his juice to the last drop. This was something the young Mongolian women mastered perfectly. Sometimes the girl was still a virgin and he deflowered her very gently and lovingly, even if he never saw her again. The Mongolians loved to fuck, that's for sure. He was said a very warm goodbye, when they left.

Lin accompanied King Feng to the capital Guang'an to Emperor Teng, where they stayed for 10 days. Emperor Teng had already recognized Lin's diplomatic skills and talent at the first meeting, who attended as an advisor and not as an interpreter. He sent his best and smartest concubine, Miss Ling, to him for the 10 nights. The concubine fucked Lin every night until midnight, they were both excellent at fucking and the nights were full of horniness and lust. She had mastered a rare art, her vaginal muscles milked his cock until the last drop as he squirted into her cunthole, which Lin enjoyed very much. They often lay next to each other for a long time and whispered about politics, customs and strange things, because neither of them had met such a smart person before. They also fucked in the forenoon and afternoon when there was no meeting. Emperor Teng knew that the best ideas and suggestions brought by the girl Ling came from Master Lin, not from the king, whom the emperor nevertheless valued very much for his faithfulness and loyalty. Lin enjoyed fucking the girl very much, but his heart beat for his queen, that was clear to him like never before. The emperor spoke to Lin privately several times and told the king how enviable he was to have such a gifted interpreter and shrewd diplomat. King Feng smiled, but he could not and would not give Lin away. Emperor Teng didn't let it show; first the Queen of Xin refused to fuck him and now the king also rejected his request. Lin felt very flattered, but he did not want to stay in the capital City. When King Feng asked him, he replied that he did not want to leave his mother and the four princesses behind. His cheeks glowed because he was lying, he did not want to leave Queen Mei, with whom he had fallen in love over all these months. But King Feng wisely did not ask any more questions.

When they returned home, the king only had eyes for the heir to the throne and he smiled kindly as the queen threw her arms around the interpreter's neck. Lin knew, that she had missed him too. After the birth, the queen had not asked for gold, jewels or trinkets, she only wanted two new servants. The king agreed immediately, as there was no longer any danger of a misstep. The two spies were given away to the households of nobles, and Queen Mei took her two best girlfriends as her personal servants. She planned smartly ahead, but Lin only noticed all of this in passing. He valued the two new-

comers very much, they were very pleasant and pretty creatures, both ten years younger than the Queen.

Queen Mei had fulfilled her duty, the prince was thriving and had a young, very pleasant nanny, whom the queen had chosen herself. Now she could take the second step and take a lover, because the king was gradually withdrawing and chasing after the chaste wives, that was enough for his old loins. He had released Mei and grinned, saying he already knew who she would choose. Queen Mei was astonished, because he seemed to know it before she did. In any case, she breathed a sigh of relief because she now had his blessing. So she made her choice.

Lin had not touched the Queen's clit for half a year, he often went to visit his mother in the evenings or fucked the princesses and the maids, it was a very pleasant time without any particular excitement or surprises. His mother in particular appreciated it very much when he came to visit. He was just as tall as Great Lin, broad-shouldered and muscular, which made the fucking very special. She was Mongolian at heart and stroked his moustache, which he wore in the Mongolian style. She had turned 40, a respectable and proud woman who only had Weng and Wang as lovers and otherwise led a chaste life. She proudly showed her son the merchant books, where her fortune had steadily increased. Lin was surprised at first that she fainted deeply before her orgasm broke out during sex. He continued to fuck the lifeless mother, who only woke up again when she had her orgasm. She smiled when she recognized him. He asked Sir Weng and Sir Wang discreetly, and they experienced the same every time. Lin accepted this strange development without even suspecting that these were the first signs of her fatal illness.

Queen Mei invited him to afternoon tea every day. She said she missed conversation in her mother tongue and she wanted to discuss sexual matters too with him in her language. Lin was very pleased because he had discovered, that he loved her more than anything. Of course she was unattainable for him, she was the queen and he was an employee of her husband, he didn't fool himself about that. But when they talked about sexual matters, his cheeks glowed. They drank tea for two months until she bluntly asked him to fuck her.

The two new servants stood like marble statues against the wall, waiting for every wish and command, but they didn't understand a single word of her language. It didn't bother him that they were there, he followed Queen Mei to her sleeping mat, where she had laid down in her transparent silk cloak. She opened her cloak at the front and presented herself naked to him. He took off his dress and weapons belt and lay down next to her, his heart pounding.

No, he was not an inexperienced boy, but an experienced man of around 25 when he lay down with the queen for the first time with his heart pounding. He looked at the two servants with a smile and saw that they were smiling back imperceptibly. He caressed Mei's perfect and slim body for a long time before he reached for her clit. She was already very hot, she couldn't wait to fuck him. When he thought that the foreplay had gone well, he mounted her. He penetrated her pussy hole and she was much tighter than he had thought. When he was deep inside her, he embraced his great love with all his devotion and kissed her for the first time with a French kiss. She returned the long French kiss with her experienced tongue and now he fucked her. First slowly, until she caught up with his pace and then faster. She had been practiced since early youth in letting the orgasm come up and she clung to him, she was happy and relaxed after the orgasm. She let him continue with a smile until he finished long minutes later. He squirted inside and she let him do it. They had the servants bring them chilled lemonade to the mat.

Lin caressed the pretty girls' asscheeks as they brought the lemonade. The queen smiled and said, "They are not off limits and they have the evenings off!" He smiled, ashamed that she had guessed his thoughts. "Perhaps," he replied, "may be." It ended up that on some evenings he would take both girls to his room and fucked both of them, because they could fuck really well, passionately and gracefully. A few times he got a heavy arousal in the afternoon, then he dragged both of them onto the mat where Mei was lying naked and stripped them naked too. Then he fucked all three of them, one after the other. Mei, who had in her youth made a little bit of lesbian love with this girls, smiled and beamed from ear to ear, because she was so proud of such a loinstrong lover. But this didn't happen very often.

But now he devoted himself to his queen. “I have been in love with you for many months, dearest Queen Mei,” he said, “even before I was allowed to pluck your pubic hair.” She smiled at him. “I have had the hots for you from the beginning, Little Lin, but I waited to ask my husband and king for permission.” She told him about masturbating since she was a young girl and about being deflowered at 12 by her widowed father, who fucked her every night for nearly 15 years despite his age until the king married her. She said that she found fucking the father incredibly beautiful, he gave her a wonderful orgasm almost every night, which was very different from the orgasms she got from masturbating. She hugged him strongly when she climaxed because she loved him very dearly. She thought fondly of her father, who taught her everything he could. He was the only one she fucked before fucking the king and her father understood very well that she all nights masturbated before falling asleep. Mei and Lin talked for another hour and he had to tell her in detail how it all started with Weng and Wang and the mother, and Mei absentmindedly played with her clit while she listened to him. Mei wanted to hear about that wild first fucking of the three over and over again, because it made her so horny that she almost ripped out her clit. Then how he clumsily fucked her as a kid after the man and how his cock gradually grew and he was allowed to fuck her every night. She listened and played absentmindedly with her clit and had one little orgasm after another, but she didn’t want to fuck anymore today. He walked home with a spring in his step, knowing he would be allowed to fuck her again tomorrow, Mei had said.

They had three children, two princesses and a prince, all for whom King Feng acknowledged paternity. Lin continued to fuck the mother, the king’s daughters and the pretty young maids, even if he took it a little easier now.

His elder daughter, Hue-Lin, had turned 12 and the king was already over 70. The king called Lin over and said he was too old to deflower his daughter. Lin should do it, he said with a wink, he was somehow the right person. Lin bowed to the ground, “just as you command, Your Majesty!”

In the evening, when they went to bed, the queen had the princess Hue-Lin lie down next to her. The girl knew what was coming and was very excited. But her mother reassured her, saying it was just a little prick and then she would be a real woman. Lin excited his daughter with his index finger until the pretty child was bursting hot. Hue-Lin lay with her back on her mother, the queen, when Lin carefully but with a firm jerk tore her hymen and then fucked her for half an hour. The princess did not have an orgasm, so after squirting inside Lin left his cock in her cunthole until Mei had finished masturbating her daughter. He fucked her every evening for two months in the queen's arms, so she learned how to reach an orgasm. Later, he only fucked her when she looked at him pleadingly. A year later, her sister, Chin-Lin, turned 12 and Lin also deflowered her without asking King Feng. He fucked Chin-Lin for more than a year because she could fuck much better and more gracefully than her sister. She also had much more fun with fucking. Mei always lay next to him when he fucked one of her daughters because on the one hand she was really proud of Lin's powerful cock and on the other hand she could later talk to her daughter about everything freely and without inhibitions.

When his son Koh-Lin turned 12, he was allowed to sleep with his mother. His nanny had told him everything about sex, explained it and masturbated him first and then herself, but she had to leave the fucking to the queen, that was what she had ordered. Koh-Lin slept with his mother for the first time, his father Lin slept in his own room next door. He passed his place next to Mei to his son, since every year there were new, young maids who fucked with him.

The queen only called her son in, when Lin had gone to his room after fucking. Koh-Lin was very shy when he lay naked next to his mother. He had lain naked next to his nanny up until now, she had shown him everything about the female body, her masturbation and her orgasms, but his heart was still pounding. Even after 4 births, his mother was a beautiful woman, prettier than his nanny. And now she showed him how to fuck, she was gentle and considerate, letting him take every single step.

“How fine, how soft, how pleasant!” her son exclaimed softly and squirted almost immediately inside. She smiled, pulled his cock out completely and held it in her fist, giving him time to catch his breath. He had inherited his father’s big and enduring cock, she would find out that tonight. Now he was allowed to fuck properly. Until now he had always sat next to his nanny when she was being fucked by a lover, she had to show him her fucking, being fucked every day, the queen had ordered. The queen had made very precise orders, when the boy got a hard-on while watching her fucking, he was allowed to masturbate or been masturbated by her and squirt upon her pussy, but not penetrate, never.

The nanny was a good second mother for Koh-Lin, he saw his mother several times a day, but slept with the nanny at night. She was a wild woman sexually, which is exactly why the queen had chosen her. And she was very sensitive and helped him to develop his sexuality. Of course she asked his mother if she should show him how she masturbated, when the boy became curious. Of course she asked if she could masturbate him properly when he started to squirt. The queen sometimes watched the nanny masturbating him. The nanny lay down with her legs spread wide in front of the boy, who stared at her pussy and cunthole and became very stiff. She put the tip of his glans into her cunthole and masturbated him, only his glans inside! She was infertile and let him squirt his full load into her. When he had finished squirting, she let him slowly penetrate deep into her cunthole, where he could wait motionless until his cock became soft again. The queen was quite uneasy with this, so she kept saying that she was not allowed to let him fuck her, she reserved that right to herself!

They followed the queen’s orders for a long time. Sometimes the queen saw that he was fucking for a minute when he squirted inside, so she repeated her order a bit angrily. But she was very happy with the nanny who let her boy squirt his full load inside with a horny smile and later on ordered the nanny to let a man fuck her every day in Koh-Lin’s presence, so that he could see and learn. The nanny, who had previously only fucked far too rarely and in complete secrecy, breathed a big sigh of relief. She now let another man fuck her every day, she always looked for new ones and the boy had to watch

her fucking. Koh-Lin was allowed to put his face between her thighs to see it up close. Of course, his cock got hard every time and he masturbated while watching. He watched her grab the cock and put it in her cunthole, she had a big, soft and very wide cunthole, the boy could see that very clearly. He stared at her pussyhole, where the cock was pounding and thrusting, she masturbating herself to orgasm. When the man has finished, Koh-Lin masturbated very quickly and squirted all over her pussy. Or, he knelt behind the man and squirted everything onto the balls of the man, his cock and then over the nannys pussy. She laughed loudly, because that was just hot. Later, the boy pushed the man aside and squirted his full load over the nurses pussy. It was only much later that he penetrated her cunthole to fuck and squirt inside. But only rarely did he, when the queen was watching. In the last year, that was no longer enough for the boy, he penetrated deep into the nannys pussy to squirt inside. She felt the cold steel of the executioner on her neck, but what could she do!? He was already very curious and keen on real fucking.

The boy not only came deep inside her pussy while she was fucking the man, he masturbated 5 times or more a day by himself and she had to lie naked in front of him while he masturbated. He stared into her spread pussy, then he penetrated deep inside to squirt. He made violent fucking movements while he squirted, but she couldn't and wasn't allowed to let him do more, with the executioner's axe in front of her eyes. The boy understood and didn't want to get the lovely young woman into trouble. He only penetrated after masturbating, and fucked hard for a minute while he squirted inside. She was very close to death in that minute, she imagined, but that's just how it was. She could justify that to some extent. But the boy fucked her longer each time before he could squirt, 5 times or more a day. He was now fucking her for 10 minutes before he squirted.

The boy masturbated 5 times a day or more, he penetrated the nannys pussy long before he squirted and fucked her for 10 minutes at least until he squirted. Although the nanny was afraid of the executioner's axe like the devil, she gave in. He didn't have to masturbate anymore, the nanny said to him, he was allowed to fuck her right from the start. He would soon be 12 and would then lay with the mother, the queen, anyway. The boy understood and nodded

gratefully, now he fucked his nanny, who was not even 30, at least 5 times a day, but usually much more often. She still looked for other men to fuck and the boy masturbated and squirted as before, when she let herself be fucked by the stranger, but when the man had left, the two of them fucked to their hearts' content. He swore to her that he would never tell the queen, and he stuck to that promise faithfully. She knew that she had to talk to the queen about it, but it never came to that.

Because now he was allowed to fuck a grown woman for the first time, his mother, and one he loved very much. "Come on, let's do it again! Put it in my pussy really deep and then wait until I'm really hot, then fuck me!" He nodded and penetrated her pussy very carefully, giving it time to adjust to his cock. He could feel exactly how she was rubbing her clit, slowly at first and then faster. He also felt how her whole pussy was working inside hard as she masturbated. He waited motionless until she gasped: "Yes, now, fuck me!" and he got to work. She held him tightly as her orgasm broke out, but he was nowhere near ready and continued to fuck her undeterred. Her sexual excitement remained high, she orgasmed continuously and it only stopped when he had squirted twice and stopped fucking. They lay next to each other, gasping for air, until they fell asleep in a loving embrace.

Four years passed, the kingdom was quiet and King Feng, well into his 70s, was preparing his son Xinhua for the throne. He was a bright, clever boy and would have made a good king if the Norns hadn't snatched his life's thread. He fell from his horse while hunting boar and was killed by an angry wild boar. Queen Mei's heart broke, he was her first and oldest child. King Feng locked himself away for days and cried like never before. On the fifth day he had Queen Mei and Master Lin called to his private chambers. The three of them sat in silence for minutes until the king began. "Dearest Mei, my poor queen, we have lost a son and I am heartbroken. But we still have a legitimate son, Koh-Lin, your child. I want him to succeed me." There was a deep silence, both Mei and Ling felt great gratitude because the king of course knew about Lin's paternity. They looked at each other briefly, then the queen said, "How clever and generous of you, my lord and master! We will leave my son Koh-Lin, who is only

16 and a half, to the teachers, because he must be able to succeed you in a year and a half. Until then, my dear and kind husband, I ask you to stay strong and healthy so that there is no gap. And, my dear, I want to keep you for a long time and love you as I have loved you so far!" Lin was the only one who noticed the double-edged nature of her last sentence, but King Feng placed a hand lovingly on her cheek. "Of course, my love, I will stay with you for a long time!" He looked from her to Lin. "We agree, do we?" Lin nodded in agreement. "Just as you command, Your Majesty!"

Koh-Lin's training began the very next day. Lin supported his son as best he could, he had some works on the kingship in mind and knew that the king did not have many years left. From that day on, the nobles, the rich and the powerful throughout the kingdom brought their young daughters, and sometimes their young wives, to his bed. Lin explained to his son that this was the custom, although most of them had ulterior motives. He had to fuck all the girls if he didn't want to cause a scandal. Koh-Lin nodded a little disappointed because he lied with the queen every night and loved fucking her the most. Most of the girls were pretty and willing, so he fucked them one by one, because it was a pleasant and beautiful duty.

He fucked many girls before he lay down with the queen, and he fucked hundreds in the 12 years before he got married. The queen stayed lying down when she thought she wasn't disturbing them. She looked at the girls more closely when he mounted the girl a second or third time, she was happy when he fucked so enthusiastically. Or she went into the next room to Lin, she didn't disturb him even when he had a girl with him. She was very excited when he fucked the king's daughters. She had to agree with him, the youngest daughter fucked very passionately and obviously liked it, the others were rather boring. It was quite obvious that the girl was addicted to masturbation. The Queen was amazed because it was the first time she had seen someone so heavily addicted to masturbation, but she didn't find it bad at all. Some of her maids were a little irritated when their mistress lay down with them. Mei turned her back to them and masturbated inconspicuously lying on her side, then she fell asleep satisfied.

Lin's mother became seriously ill and died after a few weeks. Lin gave her a feudal funeral, hundreds came, but Lin hardly knew anyone. He only greeted the old men Weng and Wang warmly, he hadn't seen the two friends for years. His mother had told him with a smile that the two friends now came to her together every evening, as Lin rarely lay down with her. She was very happy with the new solution, because the two of them fucked her one after the other powerfully and so she often had a screaming orgasm, dispite they weren't young anymore. She reported that now she would faint every time they fucked her and that her two men would fuck her like a lifeless doll until she woke up with a screaming orgasm. She said she was so deeply unconscious that she didn't remember the fucking at all. At first the men would cover her mouth, but as time went by they all stopped caring if her scream rang out in the house. The mother caressed his hand and said how proud she was of him, he had given her three royal grandchildren, his son Koh-Lin would even be the next king. "Your father is certainly very proud of you, Little Lin!" That was their last conversation.

Lin gave the money lending business to his friends Weng and Wang, so that they would be rewarded for their loyal service! He told them, how happy he was when his mother told him about their faithful and loyal fucking in all these years. His mother had left him a large fortune, which he divided into four, he kept a quarter and gave the other three equal parts to his children.

Lin's daughter Hue-Lin was the first to marry, but her husband left her before the first year was up. She had a new lover to fuck every night, which her husband couldn't stand. King Feng and Queen Mei were very sad that Hue-Lin had very quickly become a noble whore in the palace. Little Lin had had a long talk with her before her husband took off, but she had chosen this dissolute life, and there was nothing he could do about that. He kept a close eye on her and only intervened when a noble man misbehaved. He beat many a noble man's nose bloody, he didn't recognize class divisions. "A wretch deserved a beating," so he stood up for himself even with the king.

Chin-Lin, the little beauty, put off getting married as long as she could. She also had many, many love affairs and loved to fuck. But

she did not become a whore like her sister, who was nicknamed “the one with the butterfly wings spread” because she wellcomed every two-legged man with her legs wide open. Chin-Lin was much more concerned with her reputation and did not change horses so often and only discreetly. She had been an obsessive and addicted masturbator since she was young. Neither Mei nor Lin stopped her from masturbating, because neither of them thought her masturbation addiction was bad. Maybe that was even a good thing, because it meant she was not in danger of becoming a whore like her big sister. The money from Lin’s mother came at the right time for both girls and in this matter they were thank God very reasonable. His son, Koh-Lin, did not need the money so urgently, but it helped him to give presents to the beautiful princesses and noble daughters when he had fucked them properly and sent them home. No one should say that he was stingy or wanted to fuck for free. And the poor boy had to fuck hundreds of beautiful girls before he got married!

King Feng died four years later, Koh-Lin ascended the throne well prepared. He continued to lie with the queen until he married at the age of 29. The court had repeatedly given him noble girls, whom he fucked a few times as a test and then sent away again. He was of a fundamentally good character and therefore did not want to offend anyone at court. The princesses were all pretty and presentable, many of them were already very experienced at fucking. He would never have admitted it, but he was looking forward to each of these beauties who could fuck so gracefully and charmingly. He fucked them all for several nights to enjoy them to the full before he let them go again with a heavy heart.

Then he was given a lovely 13-year-old princess who had only slept with her father up to that point, and no other man. Koh-Lin was captivated by this unusual child-woman from the very first moment. She captured his heart by storm, she was smart, very pretty, cheerful and could fuck like a goddess, even though she had only been with her father for a year. He had been a really good teacher and had taught her how to fuck a man really well. Only when she became older and less attractive did King Koh-Lin go on the prowl and develop a preference

for young, very young virgins, and his wife allowed him to indulge in this vice.

Lin and Mei stayed together for the rest of their lives and did not change their love affair, Little Lin lay with Queen Mei until the end and their love was often sung about by posterity.

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# The Little Muck

by Jack Faber © 2024

It was the year of Harun al-Rashid's accession to the throne in Baghad. Baghdad was a large province of the Abbasid Empire, which stretched from Turkey to China. Umeya was a maid for a rich merchant, she was 14, sexy and beautiful. The lascivious merchant had not yet fully internalized the teachings and wisdom of Islam. Good was what he desired. Good was he who submitted to him. He was extremely rich, he always gave generous alms in the mosque and that was the only reason he was popular, the only reason. He did not treat his slaves badly, but he demanded everything from them.

His lips dripped lustfully when the merchant saw the beautiful Umeya for the first time in his farm. Like all girls her age, she was in full bloom, she had beautiful, full breasts, a very slim body with womanly hips, a beautiful childlike face and thick brown hair that hung down to her shoulders. She was the child of a poor family with many children and had to go to work early. The merchant paid well and she gave a large part of her wages to her mother. She was of a gentle, simple disposition and the only thing she definitely did not have was sexual experience. Of course, she had always seen her parents fucking, and her mother explained to her that this was how babies were made. She did not need to know anything more. Her brothers had taught her to masturbate them and she did it good-naturedly, the brothers loved and kissed her lovingly, so that was a good thing. Otherwise she had no idea, she was an untouched virgin despite her age.

The lecherous merchant licked his lips and ordered her to follow him. So she followed him into the bedroom, unsuspecting. He stripped her naked and said what a beautiful girl she was. She nodded eagerly, she had been told that over and over again. The merchant smiled. "Do you like to fuck?" he asked and she said she didn't know what that was. "You've never slept with a man, a boy?" he asked, not believing his luck. "Yes," said Umeya, "I used to sleep with all my siblings!" The merchant smiled. "But you haven't had a cock

yet!?" the merchant continued. "Yes," Umeya replied, "I have learned to rub my brothers cock to make them squirt, which is what all boys need before they go to sleep!" The merchant's smile grew very broad, he looked like a fed up cat.

"Come on, let's lie down on the bed, we're going to fuck!" Umeya nodded obediently and lay down on the bed, the merchant next to her. She noticed his stiff cock and asked if she should rub it until he squirted? The merchant nodded and she rubbed it like she did her brothers. But the merchant interrupted her and made her lie on her back. "Now we're going to fuck!" he said and Umeya nodded, she had no idea. He penetrated her and she squealed softly as he tore her hymen. "That's only the first time," the merchant assured her, "you won't feel any pain when we fuck!" Umeya nodded obediently, because he was now fucking her like her dad had fucked her mom in front of the whole crowd of children. But he fucked her for much longer than her dad and then squirted the full load of his semen into her, then he was finished. Her dad always pulled his cock out and squirted on her mom's belly.

"So, did you enjoy the fucking?" he asked and she nodded eagerly. "Especially the explosion at the end, that was great!" said the simple-minded Umeya, and he said that that was the orgasm, the great fulfillment. That's what you did the fucking for, for the orgasm! He was very pleasantly surprised at how easy going Umeya was, how easily she came to orgasm. "But yes," answered Umeya, "of course I want to fuck you again, if your time allows!" The merchant now purred like the cat mentioned above. He assigned her to gardening so that she was always nearby.

He fucked Umeya every day, as often as he could. She was a rocket in bed, and if he hadn't been a confirmed bachelor, who knows, maybe he would have married her. She thought the fucking was great, it was always a welcome break from gardening and the orgasms were wonderful. They fucked non-stop for 3 years, then Umeya got pregnant. She was completely confused, but that's just how it was. She asked some older women what was in store for her. The merchant gave her a big bag full of gold coins and sent her away, he didn't need children around him.

She bought a tiny house on the river bank, she opened a small shop in front of her house and sold all kinds of household items. A friendly woman helped her with all of this, like a big sister. She never saw the merchant again, she had a little son and swore never to have another child, because it was a hard birth. She called her son Muck, which was derived from the name of the treacherous merchant. Her house consisted of only one room, at night she rolled out the mat and Muck slept naked with her, just like her. He was healthy and cheerful, but at the age of 4 he stopped growing and a hump grew on him. As a boy he was only 1.10m tall, at 16 he was 1.45m tall and stayed that way for a long time. Hardly anyone wanted to play with the small hunchback, he had no friends apart from the nice old Persian across the street who always had time for Muck. Al-Mahdi, that was his name, was a very old man and spent the whole day reading his books. Once a day he took little Muck for a walk along the river bank and taught the boy how the stars and planets moved, what bloodthirsty events were currently shaking the Persian Empire and how Harun Al-Rashid's empire worked. "If you like, I'll show you how to read," said Al-Mahdi, "all you have to do is ask your mother to fuck me once a month." Little Muck nodded and asked what fucking was. Al-Mahdi explained it to the seven-year-old in broad terms. "So, let me know if she agrees, then I'll teach you to read!"

Umeya threw her hands up in the air when little Muck asked her that evening. Of course she knew everything about Lord Al-Mahdi. He had once been the grand vizier of an emperor of Persia, a rich man with a lot of influence and a large harem, as was common at the time. He was a follower of the Mithras cult, he was not a orthodox believer. When the emperor was poisoned, he fled here to Baghdad and lived alone and modestly in the big house. He had no wife and no daughter to fuck, he sat every night on the stone bench behind his house and masturbated in the moonlight. Umeya had often seen this herself, it was not hearsay. She often sneaked into his garden when he turned off the light in the house. She often looked longingly at his beautiful, large cock, which he rubbed with pleasure in the moonlight and then squirted on the rose bushes. He was an astrologer, philosopher and a scholar. If he could give little Muck a little education for

such a low price? She “will think about it,” she said to little Muck. The next day she went over to Sir Al-Mahdi.

They drank fine tea from Persia and talked about all the details. She told him that she hadn’t fucked anyone for 7 years and that she didn’t want to get pregnant again. He understood that very well, contraception was important. It could be calculated, he said, all women in his homeland used contraception like that. It could be calculated based on the monthly bleeding. Umeya looked uncertainly at the nice, friendly man. “I don’t have a monthly bleeding, Excellency,” she said, “I only had bleeding a few times before I got pregnant, then never again, not for 8 years.” He smiled kindly and put a hand on her arm. “If a woman no longer has a bleeding, she is infertile and can no longer have children. That’s how it is.” Umeya’s eyes opened wide. “You mean I can’t get pregnant if I fuck a man?” He nodded in agreement. “I guarantee that, my daughter,” the old man said kindly.

Umeya thought about it so much that he asked her what was bothering her. “I’ve been thinking,” she said, “that you can fuck me once a month if you teach my son to read, Excellency!” He smiled. “You see, I have hundreds, thousands of Persian books here, about all things in the world.” Umeya turned pale. “My Muck doesn’t speak Persian, what’s the use of reading?” She’s not so stupid, he thought and smiled. “If you pay me with fucking more often, let’s say twice a month, then Muck will learn Persian too, it’s the most beautiful language in the world!” Umeya nodded, “good, then twice, Excellency! I’m ready for it, Muck is my everything!”

The deal was perfect. Al-Mahdi suggested a first test run. Umeya blushed deeply. “I haven’t bathed today, Sir, I’m very embarrassed!” He nodded, because he knew that this was important to many women. He smiled. “Lie down on the sofa and let me look, and you look at me too!” Umeya nodded, lay down on the sofa and lifted her dress up to her belly button. He whistled through his teeth. “What a wonderful thing you have, my daughter,” he said, “I’ve seen and fucked hundreds of pussies, and yours is one of the most beautiful!” Umeya spread her legs wide and pulled her labia apart with her fingers, as he had said.

Now he took out his cock. She had only seen the cocks of her brothers and the merchant so far. But this one was certainly the biggest and thickest she had ever seen. She asked uncertainly whether it would go into her little fuckhole? She sometimes woke up at night with an orgasm, she said, and then she stuck her index finger in the hole to thrust for a while, so she knew how small and tight that hole was. He laughed proudly. “Your pussy adapts to the size, no matter how big it is. It can even fit a horse’s cock in,” he said, and she jumped. “A horse? A riding horse, perhaps?” He smiled superiorly. “Some farmers’ wives actually let themselves be fucked by a horse, I’ve seen it with my own eyes, little Umeya!” She asked him to tell her about it and blushed, because what was going through her mind was both hot and disgusting.

She sat up and grabbed his cock. “It’s much bigger than my Muck’s father’s. I doubt it will fit in me!” His Excellency said that they would have to try it out immediately, he didn’t want to be cheated out of his wages! Umeya still had the horse’s cock in front of her, fucking the nasty farmer’s wife, as he had drawn it in filthy words. She nodded in agreement and spread her labia wide. His cock touched her and she immediately said, “It’s much too thick, Excellency!”, but he kept pushing. “It won’t go in any further, Excellency!” she repeated, but he pushed his cock forward millimeter by millimeter. She held her breath because he went in, very, very slowly. And then, all of a sudden, it was all the way in. She looked up at him. “It’s all the way in now, Excellency!” but he stood motionless in front of her with his eyes closed. Suddenly she noticed that he was squirting, pumping his semen inside. “You’re squirting, Excellency, you’re squirting inside me!” But he kept pumping and pumping, he seemed to enjoy it. Umeya was silent and had to wait a long time until he was finished pumping. He opened his eyes, beaming. “Aaah, that was fine! Now you know that my cock is not too big and that I can still squirt. And I know that you can pay for your son’s education. That’s good, isn’t it, for both of us?” Umeya nodded and his Excellency pulled his cock out now. She threw down her skirt and stood up. They agreed on when she should come to him, preferably on Friday when the men are at Friday prayers. Then she went home in high spirits.

Little Muck did a somersault of joy. He was a dwarf, he had an oversized nose, a hump and a very large cock. But he was the only one in his age group who had a private tutor! He kept throwing himself on Umeya's neck, then suddenly stopped. "You have to pay him with sex, the old man had said," he said, "is it okay for you to pay with sex?" Umeya hugged her little darling. "You are my everything, dear Muck! I would do anything for you, sex is a small price to pay for learning a language and reading too!"

Muck pressed himself against Umeya at night as usual, the nights in Baghdad were hot and people slept naked. He was almost completely asleep and mumbled, "Thank you, Mom, for fucking him!" Umeya smiled and they fell asleep.

Muck went to Al-Mahdi every day and studied diligently. He was very talented and absorbed every word of the old master like a sponge. On Friday Umeya went with him. He sat down on a chair in the corner and promised to be quiet. Umeya took off her dress and lay naked on the sofa. Al-Mahdi lay naked next to her. Muck looked at the old man's cock and breathed a sigh of relief. It was only slightly bigger than his own. He had known for a long time that he had a very big cock. When bathing in the river he could see the puny cocks of the other boys and the girls giggled and whispered to each other, certainly because of his big cock.

Al-Mahdi stimulated Umeya's clit very skillfully. Muck saw this for the first time. His eyes widened as his master's cock parted her pussy lips and her hole widened as he penetrated her. Muck had never seen it before, he saw his mother fuck for the very first time! Then the old man fucked the young woman, she was only 26 years old and sighed with pleasure. Muck had already seen the fucking a few times from a distance, when the couples fucked on the river bank. But now he saw it up close! Umeya only had a tiny pussy hole and the master forced his cock in gently and slowly so that the pussy hole could adjust. The old man did not fuck as fast as the couples on the river bank, but Muck saw how Umeya became hotter and hotter and after a quarter of an hour she twitched and came to an orgasm. He was already familiar with the girls' orgasms, he had spied on them on the river bank often enough.

A few moments later the master squirted, which Muck also saw up close for the first time, the master had to pump for a very long time before he was finished. Muck found the fucking really great and exciting, he pressed his fingers to his pants where the stiff cock was hidden. But he still couldn't do anything with it. Umeya left shortly afterwards and he studied with his master until sunset.

Umeya blossomed. Daud, as she was now to call him and no longer Excellency, fucked much better than her merchant, that was for sure! She went with Muck every other Friday and let him fuck her. She loved orgasms more than anything, because she had only known it from the merchant and her unchaste dreams before, she knew nothing about female masturbation. Daud fucked very sensitively and attached great importance to Umeya always having an orgasm.

The years went by, Muck studied well and spoke fluent Persian and could read all books, even those with difficult content. He would then look up and ask his master. He was the smartest man in the world, he knew everything and sometimes he could talk for hours about something that Muck had not understood. Muck listened very attentively and did not even notice how smart he had become.

Muck reached the age where his stiff cock plagued him night after night. He remembered that he had seen the other boys rubbing and squirting on the girls' bodies on the river bank. He rubbed himself in the same way and squirted for the first time! This was the most ingenious invention since the Great Flood! Umeya had thought about rubbing him like her brothers, but for some reason she decided against it. Things therefore developed gradually.

Muck masturbated several times in a row until his cock became soft. He pressed his glans onto Umeya's buttocks, who was lying on her side. He squirted over her buttocks, but she didn't make a sound. Only when he masturbated more than three times in a row did she speak to him. "Don't do it too often, my dear child, it can make you blind!" and little Muck nodded. They both knew the poor blind man who sat on the street corner and begged. Umeya sometimes bent down and masturbated him with a gentle hand. The blind man was

grateful that he was allowed to touch her body while she was masturbating him. She was not interested in the passers-by who walked past shaking their heads. Let them look, the idiots, she was only doing it to relax the poor guy like her brothers.

Muck asked Umeya if he could stick his cock in her ass crack while masturbating and squirting. “Of course,” she said, lifting one leg in a side position and spreading her ass cheeks with her hands. Muck was quite enchanted that he was allowed to squirt in her ass crack, Umeya sighed a little and let him do it for months. It was okay for both of them.

Many months later he accidentally squirted all over her pussy. Umeya turned to him and asked if he would rather squirt in her pussy hole after masturbating in her asshole? She didn’t care, so he said yes. For the next few months he masturbated in her ass crack, then she turned onto her back and raised her spread legs to the sky, spreading her pussy hole as wide as she could. She looked like a sliced peach, her legs in the air, her ass cheeks on the left and right, and her little pussy hole in between. He searched for her fuck hole with the tip of his penis and put the tip of his glans into the hole, but only a few millimeters, not the whole glans! Only the tip of his glans with it’s tiny hole. Now he masturbated and squirted the full load inside through his hole. Later, when she was already lying on her side sleeping or dozing, he had to spread her ass cheeks with his hands and put the tip of his glans inside. Then he masturbated and squirted inside her pussy. Most of the time she wasn’t fast asleep and giggled, “It tickles so nicely, the squirting inside!” They did that for many months.

One night years later he asked quietly if he could fuck her properly, in the pussy hole? Umeya thought for a moment. Some of her friends let their older sons fuck them, but many criticized or despised them. But whom for heavens sake could fuck little Muck? She pulled herself together and nodded in agreement. “Can you do it from the side?” she asked, “because you’re too heavy for me.” Muck whispered that he could. She lifted one leg and spread her labia with her fingers. Muck’s cock was big, even bigger than Daud’s. She grabbed his cock and carefully inserted it a little. Daud was right, the pussy adjusted to

the size. “Not so fast, big boy, otherwise you’ll burst my little hole!” He asked, “is that okay?” but she shook her head, “go really slowly and carefully!” He tried hard and after a few moments he met resistance. “I can’t go any further, Mom,” he said miserably. She shrugged her shoulders, “if you’re so deep inside, you don’t need to push in any deeper, otherwise you’ll blow my hole! Now you can really fuck me!” Muck fucked her from behind at the same pace as Master Daud did, while she lay on her side. He fucked her well and she had a nice orgasm like with Daud, whom she now fucked every Friday. But Muck was still stiff and wanted to keep fucking. She had another orgasm and gasped for air. He came in her pussy three times in total, only then did his cock go soft.

Within a month he fucked all the girls on the river bank or in the river. None of them made stupid jokes about his short stature or his hump, he was allowed to fuck one every afternoon, he didn’t want to do anything more than that. The boys accepted that he was now popular with the girls and became friends a little. He had somehow arrived, he fucked one girl every day and squirted his full load into her. Of course he had to be careful, he didn’t want to blow anyone’s pussy. None of the girls on the riverside were virgins; they all came from poor backgrounds like him, where virginity had no meaning at all.

Then followed some beautiful, quiet years. Umeya went to Daud every Friday, Muck fucked her every night and squirted inside once or twice. Up until then she had rejected every attempt by customers to flirt, but now she took a closer look at the guys. She turned down the brutal, dirty and pushy ones. She invited the fine and clean men, who also paid a gold piece for it, into her house and let them fuck her. They were all friendly and decent, but most of them only had small or medium-sized cocks, so she rarely had an orgasm with this passing trade. But they remained friendly and polite. So 4 to 6 gold pieces a week came into her purse, which was more than she earned from sales. But she did not give up her shop. But word got around, men were constantly coming, and each time they brought a gold piece.

At noon, when his master was taking a nap, Muck walked the few steps to the river. The girls were already waiting for him, cheering

and screaming with joy. The 11 to 17 year old girls showed off their sexiest side and cheered loudly when he had made his choice. Only the older ones had a delicate fluffy down on their pussies, but the naked, childlike ones attracted him the most. He went into the knee-deep water and started to fuck the girl. He was very careful, he didn't want to burst the little pussies. He penetrated very carefully until he felt resistance. Then he fucked, surrounded by the crowd of other girls. He usually pulled his cock out when he squirted, that seemed right to him. None of these children should become mothers prematurely. He let the sun dry him off and went back to Master Daud.

When his master was taking a nap, Muck usually went to the river bank. Sometimes he met someone who had no problem talking to a dwarf. Sometimes a fascinating conversation developed and his conversation partners were impressed by how clever this small hunchback was. Once he was strolling along the riverside road and spotted a girl reading a book; he recognized the Persian book immediately. He bowed to her and spoke to her in Persian. She responded with surprise and politeness, but he immediately noticed that she could not speak Persian well. He switched to the Arabic dialect of Baghdad and asked her how she liked the text. He had read the book some time ago; it was a love story in which a political criticism of the emperor was hidden. She was quite impressed and pointed to the grass, asking him to sit next to her.

"My name is Ran, actually Ranawarasara, but that is too long." He introduced himself as Muck, 21 years old, learning Persian from a master and studying the great knowledge of this culture. "My father insists that I learn Persian because I am promised to a Persian. But he is too old for me," she added, but she did not answer his question about her father. He knew that only noble girls were promised to men, so he did not ask any more. They discussed Firdausi's work for an hour, and Ran was amazed at where politics were hidden in this love story. He had to leave, Al-Mahdi had certainly already finished his afternoon nap. He asked Ran if he could see her again, he, the hunchbacked dwarf. Only now did she look at him more closely, as he was standing. "Oh, I didn't notice any of that," Ran lied, "and of course we can see each other again, I come here every afternoon so I can read in peace." So the things stood and he went to the master.

Ran's face did not leave his mind. Was he about to fall in love, perhaps with a girl who came from an unattainable class? She was so pretty, probably 16 or 17, she had a slim body and small, firm breasts. Her big, golden eyes were as deep as the ocean, her face smooth and beautiful, although no one would call her particularly beautiful because of her big hooked nose. But she smelled so good, he could smell her scent, her perfume, for hours. Her hair was well-groomed and dark black. He dreamed of her when he fell asleep.

The next morning he read this work by the poet Firdausi again, he waited impatiently until the master lay down. He ran along the quayside, Ran was already there. She smiled at him. "Yesterday I thought you were still a child, but today I remembered, you are four years older than me." So 17, he thought. He smiled when she mentioned his appearance. "That is something we have in common, a beautiful big nose," she said and laughed as loud as a bell. He joined in the laughter. "It would be even better if we had more in common! A hunchbacked dwarf with magnificent, full breasts! That would be a sensation!" They laughed again and again, he spoke of her beautiful body in an almost inappropriate way, she in turn laughed that she would not have been sold off to an old, filthy rich Persian if she had his hump. He became serious. It had made him sad that she was promised to a man she did not value and love. That was unfair! "A person, a girl is not a pound of meat that can be hawked at the market to the highest bidder!" he said dejectedly. Ran also became serious. "This is politics, family politics. All the girls around me suffer the same fate as me, they are not asked whether they even want this man. The father marries them off to make a profit. It is then a gamble whether you get a man who is lovable and whom you can love. But if your father is the caliph..." Ran put a hand to her mouth in horror, that was not a fake act. Muck was silent for a few long seconds. "Your father is a caliph?" he asked quietly, shuddering. She looked at him strangely. "How many caliphs do you know, clever Muck!?" He was silent for a long time again. "Only one, ours. Harun Al-Raschid. The caliph of Baghad."

Tears slowly rolled down Ran's cheeks, but she did not cry. "I didn't really want to say it, because every conversation dies at this moment, and I didn't want to scare you away, dear Muck!" Muck had

recovered from his initial shock. The class barrier was impenetrable, he knew that. But he was in love with Ran, there was no doubt about that. In a split second he decided to ignore the class barrier. Somehow. He would never be able to marry her legitimately. He would not be recognized by anyone in the higher classes, not as a bridegroom, not as a lover, not even as an affair. Only platonic friendship seemed feasible to him.

"Our conversation will not die if we keep it alive, dear Ran. No one, not even the Caliph, can forbid us from being friends as long as we behave appropriately. I am happy that you are a princess, because you can lead a beautiful life. And I want this friendship, Ran, unattainable Caliph's daughter!" Ran wiped the tears from her cheeks. The movement was almost angry. "And you want this friendship, even though one day I will be given to a rich Persian?"

She looked straight at him and he looked back in the same way. "I would seal it with a kiss," he began, but Ran interrupted him, "but you will damn well not do that because I don't know where my minders and spies are hiding!" She smiled and he smiled too. "What a clumsy idiot I am," he scolded himself loudly, "of course I have to ask you first if I can kiss you at all!" Ran smiled her cat smile. "If it weren't for the minders and the spies..." she left the sentence unfinished. Muck, the dwarf, bowed and smiled. "Feel kissed, Caliph's daughter!" and they both laughed. Ran picked up Firdausi's novel again and they spent a good hour analyzing and debating, then he had to leave.

At night, after fucking, he sat up and caressed Umeya's full breasts. "I've fallen in love, Mom," he said and she looked at him wide awake. "Great, my boy, that's good news! Have you fucked her yet?" He shook his head. "No, Mom. It's very complicated, she's the Caliph's daughter!" Uyema sat up with a jerk as if she had been stung by a tarantula. "You're kidding, Muck!" When she was angry, she only said "Muck," not "dear Muck" or anything like that. He sobbed briefly. "It's the truth, I'm not joking. And I'm completely devastated!"

Umeya was not just the woman he fucked, but she was a mother with all her heart. She hugged him and let him cry on her shoulder. She said nothing and just let him cry. He had regained his composure and she had thought about it. “Oh, it’s a misfortune! The class barriers…” he interrupted her, “… are insurmountable. I know, and she knows it too.” She stroked his back. “I have no experience in matters of love, my dear son. Never forget that she is the Caliph’s daughter, it could cost you your head. Has she even told you that she loves you?” He shook his head in denial. “We haven’t got that far yet, Ma!” he said quietly. “But I know, and she knows.”

“So you’ll ask her right away, otherwise you’re chasing a pipe dream. And if she loves you back, she’ll fuck you, despite all the class differences that separate you.” He nodded, “You’re absolutely right, Mama, that’s the only way it can work. And I don’t care anymore if I’m just an affair. El Fadl and his Fatima were just an affair, all their long lives.” Umeya didn’t know who they were, but she understood what he wanted to say. “It often doesn’t take very long, just look at your father. He took me and chewed me up, then he threw away the empty shell. I haven’t been angry with him for a long time, little Muck, because he gave me the best and dearest son in the world!”

They talked for a long time, he told her everything truthfully, because he wasn’t a nasty liar. Then they fell asleep, Muck slept dreamlessly.

Al-Mahdi didn’t mind extending the lunch break. He had experienced enough love affairs and knew how much time one had to take for them. He was sensitive and didn’t question Muck any further. If he didn’t want to say the girl’s name yet, it was okay. “If I can contribute something or you want to ask me something, go ahead, I’m here and I’m your friend!” Muck’s tears welled up; the old man liked him, and not just because he had a sexy young mother. So it was that Muck was able to spend every lunch break with Ran.

They didn’t talk about class anymore, that didn’t help. Ran was very curious about his sexuality and was also very open about her sexual secrets. She was still an untouched virgin, as her father expected of her. She had learned to masturbate at an early age and

masturbated every night before going to sleep. She had often secretly spied when two servants were fucking each other, so she was actually familiar with that. One of her playmates had been a lesbian since she was a child and wanted to make love to her, but she didn't feel like a lesbian, so they only occasionally played with each other's clits, nothing more.

He had little to say. As a hunchbacked dwarf, he was never included in the sexual games of his peers. All he could do was watch from afar. He saw the boys masturbate, he saw the girls masturbate, he saw the couples fuck from afar. He slept at Umeya's and had been fucking her for about 3 years. Every afternoon he had fucked a girl of his age in the shallow river, he had fucked all of them several times because they liked his big, hard cock. But it was just fucking, he hadn't had a love affair with any of them.

Muck considered whether he should tell, then gave himself a mental jerk. "Umeya is my mother and she fucks my master once a week to pay for my training." So, now it was out, he took a deep breath. Ran looked at him with wide eyes. "You're fucking your mother, dear Muck!?" she said, turning pale. "That's forbidden, as you know!" He shrugged his shoulders. "It may be forbidden, but that's the way it is. Look at me, what girl would fuck a cripple like that?" he said stubbornly. Ran suddenly smiled. "I see something you don't see!" she exclaimed in good humor. He followed her gaze, uncomprehending. Then they both laughed at the same time. His cock had become stiff and the tip of his cock was peeking out cheekily from under his shorts.

Ran laughed and briefly put her arm over his shoulder, but immediately let go of him, the guards! She looked into his eyes with a mischievous smile. "Show me yours, then I'll show you mine!" He looked at her questioningly. "Well, I've already seen a part of it, now show me the whole thing," she explained cheekily. He didn't hesitate and pulled his stiff cock out of his pants. She looked and stared and grabbed it briefly, pulling the foreskin back as far as it would go. After a few minutes she let go and he packed his cock back in the garage. Now he looked at her. She had turned blood red, but she pulled her dress up, over her knees, so far that her pussy was ex-

posed. “It looks very childlike,” he whispered, “completely hairless!” She whispered that no woman of her bloodline had pubic hair. He looked at her invitingly. Ran parted her labia and showed him her small clit, which was well hidden and also stiff. He touched the clit and pulled back the foreskin. Ran had turned blood red, but she let him explore the clit. When he nodded in satisfaction, she adjusted her skirt. “I just hope our guards are dozing,” she said, smiling, “or I’ll have a thunderstorm tonight!” They laughed.

They met every day. After 14 days he told her that he was in love with her. She read two more lines from Firdausi’s love story, then she breathed, “I love you too, my Muck, my unattainable darling!” Their fingers met as they had so often met on the pages of the book. But this time they intertwined their fingers and held each other tightly. No guard, no spy could see that. They spent the next half hour talking about how much they would both like to fuck each other. They want to think about it, it would definitely be inappropriate. That was certainly the case.

They met every day. Ran loved to hold his cock in her hand, she no longer thought about the guards. “I used to see the pageboys’ little boy cocks in the palace and touch them too. I first watched them masturbate and squirt, I even did it myself a few times. When their cocks got soft again, they were small and cute,” said Ran. “But your cock is completely different. It is much bigger than any I have ever seen before. It is quite hard even when it is not erect. And when I push your foreskin back and forth, it gets very hard, that impresses me,” concluded Ran. Muck said there were two kinds of cocks, “the meat cocks like mine stay hard for half an hour or more, even after squirting. That is an advantage when fucking, I can just keep fucking until it gets soft again.” Ran asked if he would talk about fucking, and he did so without hesitation. Ran sighed, “I love you very much, my dear, and I would love to fuck you because I can feel how much I belong to you.” They talked like this for many days, and both felt sexual desire for each other.

They had known each other for almost three months when he led her to a hidden spot in the small forest on the other side of the riverside road. “We’ll be undisturbed here,” he said, and they lay down on

the forest floor. Ran was very shy and reserved as they both undressed. They pressed themselves innocently against each other and gave each other long French kisses. Ran said she had learned to kiss from her lesbian playmate. From then on they went to this spot every day, pressed their naked bodies against each other and kissed. Muck didn't let himself get carried away; waiting was the wisest thing to do. They always talked about fucking, losing the virginity, and the consequences, since she was promised to someone else.

Ran took the first step after a few days. "I have to break father's command," she said, "he wants to keep my virginity so that I can give it to an old drunkard I've never seen. I love you, not him, I want to give you my virginity because my heart tells me to." She defiantly wiped the tears from her cheek. "I don't really care what my fiancé will say about it. Come on, dear Muck, let's fuck each other!" He thought for a long time, then nodded. "Even if it costs me my head!" Ran looked deep into his eyes. "Even if it costs me my head!"

He lay down next to her and stimulated her clit until she was very hot and urged him with hot French kisses. He lay down between her thighs, she grabbed his cock and inserted it into her vaginal entrance. She was hopelessly excited, but she looked firmly into his eyes and nodded. He penetrated very carefully, she had a very small, tight pussy hole and he wanted to be gentle. Her hymen stretched and tore. He could see that her eyelids blinked a little, but she didn't seem to feel much pain. He slowly penetrated further until he met resistance. She closed her eyes and smiled as he slowly began to thrust.

He fucked her for a very long time, more than half an hour. She was used to orgasms from masturbating at night and it turned out that she was very easy orgasming. She had three orgasms while fucking, she smiled horny and satisfied as he just kept fucking. He squirted in great excitement, he squirted his full load into her hole, then he sank breathlessly onto the forest floor next to Ran. They were both exhausted and gasping for air. "We have to be careful, I'll ask my master about contraception." Ran agreed, an unplanned pregnancy would be fatal. They heard from afar how one or two guards were loudly and inconsiderately coming through the small forest. They avoided the nagging women, there were actually two of them,

and sat down again on the grass by the riverside, discussing Firdausi's book. In reality they were talking about fucking, certainly not about Firdausi.

The two guards, big fat old women, burst out of the forest, panting and gasping. They discussed it briefly, then stood in front of the princess. "Where have you been?" one of them hissed. Ran looked at her with a smile, the picture of calm. "I went into the forest, the boy knows his way around well and showed me lots of interesting things. I'm still allowed to do that, I guess?" The guard winced. "Of course, princess! We were just worried." She glanced briefly at Muck, who she thought was a child. Ran immediately took advantage of this. "I'll let the little boy lead me through the forest every day, whether you like it or not. He won't do anything to me, the boy!" The guards nodded, no, the child wouldn't do anything to her.

So that's how it was. They went into the forest every day to fuck, the old master had taught him how to calculate the dangerous days. On these days they only fucked briefly until Ran had her first orgasm, then she took his cock in her mouth, masturbated him skillfully and made him squirt in her mouth. Grinning, she swallowed his juice. It was a beautiful, wonderful time for the two of them.

Ran only told him at the last moment that she had pulled out all the stops to bring Muck into the palace, officially. She had managed to smuggle him in as an astronomer, he just had to prove his knowledge of astronomy, which at the time was almost only considered astrology in the modern sense. The Astronomical Academy would send a messenger to Sir Al-Mahdi for him. Muck was speechless, but he knew immediately what she was planning. He smiled and said, "good girl, I won't disappoint you!"

In fact, the messenger came to the master and told him day and time when the Astronomical Academy was expecting Muck. They had three weeks. The master ordered a tailor to make Muck a beautiful dress. Then master Al-Mahdi dug out all his astronomy and astrology books and Muck studied day and night, only meeting Ran at midday for sex.

Muck went into the palace with a trembling heart. Everything now depended on him, his and Ran's future. The astronomers kept him waiting for hours, his excitement gradually disappeared. He was sure, because he had studied the subject thoroughly, they could ask him whatever they wanted. Then came the test, six old men sat in a circle and he had to sit in the middle. They were prepared for his short stature, but they wanted to know his age. 22, soon 23, he answered. This was followed by questions about his father, his mother, his teacher. He was able to answer the first two questions quickly, but when he named his master, the men looked at each other meaningfully. Yes, he had been his student for 12 years, and the men nodded. He heard them whispering among themselves. Wasn't that the former Grand Vizier of the Persian Emperor? Who came into exile here after his murder, whose son was Caliph of Baghdad for 6 years, who had introduced so many technical innovations and had fallen in battle against the Saheeddins? The gentlemen now directed their questions to him, mainly about his knowledge of the moon. He was on solid ground, he could have talked about the moon for hours. After three hours they let him go and withdrew to consult. A messenger would turn up at his master's within 10 days and tell him everything else.

Muck went home very thoughtful. On the whole he was sure, but there were a few places where he had made mistakes. Had the gentlemen even noticed? He reported the test to Umeya, the master and Ran. The master listened carefully to his mistakes. "These are small things, my son," he said, "you answered the other questions brilliantly, that's all that counts. They will take you." The master nodded in agreement, "They will take you, and we will have to finish your training when you are employed in the palace." Muck was very sad about this, but he listened carefully to the old man, who knew many people in the palace, he even knew the Caliph personally. He knew who the good and who the bad were. Muck listened carefully and remembered everything, it was vital information that he received first hand.

Muck was astonished to hear that the Caliph had over 30 children. Al-Mahdi had taught the two eldest sons for several years, they were splendid and clever young men, but perhaps they were too impetu-

ous in their desire to go into military service, and there was nothing that could be done about that. The Caliph himself was a clever and wise man, a team player by nature. He relied on blood ties, put uncles, cousins and nephews in charge, and of course his sons too. But, true to the man of his time, his wives and daughters belonged in the harem, not in politics. The master thought highly of the caliph, he was a shrewd politician and a victorious general, although Al-Mahdi himself did not think much of waging war. In the end, they laid down their weapons and started negotiating, that was always the way it was. Wars were basically pointless, said the old man, negotiations and diplomacy were the real thing. Unfortunately, the master did not know anyone in the Astronomical Academy, as he thought astrology was complete nonsense and that clearly held sway over astronomy in the palace. In any case, he would always give Muck good advice, said the old man and hugged Muck.

The messenger came with good news, Muck would be accepted and would work as an astronomer for the academy. He said goodbye to Umeya, Al-Mahdi and Ran and began his service. He received the formal clothing of the astronomers, a very nice room with servants and a salary that seemed astronomical to him, as he reported to his master. Since his training was over, Umeya's obligation to fuck the master was also no longer valid. Umeya smiled shyly and told Daud Al-Mahdi that she wanted to continue the relationship, voluntarily and for free. Muck was very happy about this, because Daud was a fixed point and a guide for his mother, who continued to run her lucrative whoring business, but had a reliable support in Daud.

Al-Mahdi was approaching 80 and was enjoying the youthful body of Umeya, who was only 36 and had retained her youthful beauty and sex appeal as well as her love of fucking. Daud loved it when she danced naked in his room when music could be heard from the street and then rode him, he was an old man, the good man! Muck had often spoken to his mother about Lord Daud and she had often told him that she was very happy to fuck Daud once a week. He was the most sensitive and best man she had ever fucked. The walk-in customers? Umeya made a dismissive gesture. "No one worth mentioning!" she exclaimed, "they bring me a gold piece, but no sexual pleasure!"

Ran had thought everything through and arranged it well. She wanted to have her lover around her, she wanted to have him officially in the palace, she wanted to give him a respectable career and a good income. So it was nothing unusual for a princess to walk in the garden with an official and have a conversation. Any unchastity was impossible in the garden, even the smallest kiss that did not reach her fingertips would be noticed and seen. Muck could not go to the women's house, of course, only the Caliph and the eunuchs were ever allowed in. But it was not at all difficult for Ran to visit Muck in his room. After fucking, she said dejectedly that she still masturbated before going to sleep, as if she were addicted. Muck kissed her on the mouth. "It is your pleasure in your body, not an addiction and certainly nothing bad! I think of you every night before I go to sleep and from now on especially of your sweet little clit!" They laughed and hugged each other. She came every day to fuck, they went for a walk in the garden every day to talk about everything. Working at the academy left him a lot of free time.

After a few months he knew everyone at the academy, he got along with everyone except Hassan el Badi, who had been working unsuccessfully for decades to become the boss. After all, he was the grandson of a caliph, so he deserved first place. Apart from him, no one believed it, especially since he had a dark, black character. His expert opinions and horoscopes were all dark, black and threatening. He loved to recite them out loud, but in his opinion everything would end in chaos, murder and manslaughter, the mildest of which was a fatal illness, which he predicted for a newborn. There was hardly anyone who took el Badi seriously. Muck wrote his horoscopes unwaveringly, he stuck to predictable facts and it was clear in every document, that he loved people, attributed good qualities to them and did not predict a shameful fate for any child. Like his master Daud, he thought astrology was pure nonsense, but he tried to do the calculations correctly and to be cheerful, confident and positive in his commentary. No baby had any influence on the time of his birth, and whether he became a saint or a murderer had nothing to do with his birth or the stars. He stuck to that.

About half a year had passed when Ran signaled to him to come quickly into the garden. He immediately dropped the quill and ran

down into the garden. Ran's cheeks were feverishly red. Muck looked at her worriedly. "I've just had a conversation with my father, the Caliph. He said he had sad news to give," said Ran cheerfully. Muck waited in silence. "My father was very sad, my fiancé in Persia had died. Perhaps my father noticed that my heart leapt for joy, but I became serious again so as not to let my joy show. He looked at me reproachfully, so I quickly asked how my beloved fiancé had died, in battle perhaps? That was too much even for my stern father. He struggled to hold back a laugh. "Him, in battle!? No, in the womb of a whore from Samarkand, as my ambassador announced in his letter. Officially it was just a heart attack, the brothel was never mentioned." Muck couldn't suppress his grin. "Not a nice way to become a widow," he said, grinning. Ran continued. My father was very worried, I had no fiancé and we had to find a new one, which was very difficult because of my shamefully large nose." Muck asked in surprise, "What nose!?"

Ran was still happy. "I told my father not to waste his time, I had enough time to find a fiancé myself, there are plenty of good and handsome men in the palace, I'll find one there. My father remained skeptical. The nobles in the palace are all married, so only civil servants remain. I should immediately put a subordinate servant or stable boy out of my mind! I lowered my eyes, just as you command, oh Caliph! In exactly one year I will introduce you to my fiancé, dear father! He muttered to himself that the whole thing was improper and not in accordance with custom, for a princess her father was looking for a bridegroom, from whom he also expected an additional gain for reasons of state. I teased him that he could try to let the prince choose between his kingdom and my pretty hooked nose! He growled that it was all improper and that he had no time for it now. My father pulled himself together and said, "OK, in one year from today! And no subordinate servant or stable boy!" I kissed him on the cheek and ran off. I wanted to tell you that right away!"

Muck had had time to think in the meantime. The class difference was surmountable, so he took a deep breath. He looked at Ran, beaming. "So you can look around in the civil service, have I understood that correctly?" She laughed at him, beaming. "Exactly, my love! My father wants to get me married, I'm already over 19 and

people would wonder why he didn't manage it? Very well, I'll look around in the civil service to see if there isn't a really nice little man there!" He took her hand and kissed her fingertips, because he wasn't allowed to kiss her, and they both laughed with shining eyes. "I'm not allowed to kiss you here in the gardens, my love!" he said.

Several months passed when, after a long meeting, one of the Caliph's servants grabbed Muck by his sleeve. "The Caliph wishes to see you, honorable Astronomer, immediately!" He led him up the stairs and stopped in front of a door. He knocked on the door and let Muck in. He threw himself on the floor and greeted the ruler appropriately. He had never seen the Caliph Harun so close up. Now he looked much younger, Muck knew that he was 51. He told him to sit down and shook his head, he spoke Persian because he had been born in Persia. "I can only see the top of your head!" he complained. Muck knelt on the seat so that they were eye to eye. "You called for me, o Caliph?" asked Muck in fluent Persian. The Caliph clapped his hands and called to the servant, two cups of wine!, then he looked more closely at Muck. "Before I ask my questions, tell me your name and your age, young man!" He was surprisingly friendly, not the cannibal as the people said. "My name is Muckinandras, o Caliph, but everyone calls me Muck, my friends may call me little Muck. I am 25 years old and work for you as an astronomer." He bowed deeply again.

"Welcome, little Muck, my dear friend! I was just a little irritated because you are hardly bigger than a boy. So, enough of the superficialities, I want to talk to you about the lecture by the astronomer el Badi regarding my upcoming campaign against the Saheeddins. You did not seem to agree with his explanations?" Little Muck was speechless. "O Caliph, my friendship with Sie el Badi is well known, you will have heard of it, and I make no secret of my dislike. If it were up to el Badi, it would be eternal night out there, people would fight over every bite of bread, fight over every woman and murder each other, there would be complete chaos. That is not my world, O Caliph! I see the sun every day and the moon every night, people are born, they work, get married and have children, then we bury them. The sun shines, O Caliph, that is a fact, the flowers bloom beautifully,

which is also a fact, and the birds chirp happily. That is my world!" Muck bowed again.

"Don't bow to me like that, little Muck, I speak to you like a friend and not like a stiff, wooden Caliph. The respected el Badi predicted a terrible war against the Saheeddins, that's true. But he also hinted that I could win the battle. What don't you like about that?" Muck didn't bow anymore. "I'm not a pessimist, o Caliph! I can very well imagine that you will inspire your troops with a fiery speech and that you will defeat the Saheeddins. That's how I would speak to my ruler, positively and confidently. If the ruler were my friend, I would ask him what the point of making war is? So far, every war that did not wipe out the enemy down to the last man, ended in the hands of diplomats and in negotiations. It was completely irrelevant who killed more people. I know that, I have eagerly read all the wars of the last centuries." Muck fell silent and looked at the table.

Harun, the Caliph, smiled. "Who, did you say, was your teacher?" and Muck answered, "the honorable Lord Daud Al-Mahdi, former Grand Vizier of the Persian Empire." Harun nodded. "I knew good old Daud before, a really capable mind. He would have deserved to rule Persia and the empire would be better off than it is today. He taught my two eldest sons after his exile and they learned a lot from him. Except sword-swinging, good Daud always relied on diplomacy. I understand why you think the way you think." Caliph Harun drummed his fingers impatiently on the tabletop. "Unfortunately, I became ruler in the clamp between two press claws. On the one hand, war, on the other hand, diplomacy, which actually has the last word. If Daud had told me that earlier, I would not have become a caliph, but a stonemason or goldsmith. But I am the caliph now, I have to decide now, here and today. What do you think, little Muck?"

Muck was briefly flattered. "If I were the general in this dilemma, I would have my troops deployed and show up, and at the same time send the best diplomats to the Saheeddins, with clever suggestions and sweetly tempting offers, so that perhaps the battle can be avoided." Caliph Harun smiled broadly. "I sent my diplomats two days ago, my friend. Now I'll let them see the troops. But thank you for your openness!" The Caliph stood up and walked up and down

behind his chair. “There is something else I want to ask you, my dear Muck!”

The Caliph stood still when he spoke, otherwise he paced restlessly up and down. “Do you know my children, little Muck?” Muck froze inside; it was clear where they were going. “I do not know your children, although I see them now and then. I only know one of your daughters, o Caliph, the splendid Princess Ranawarasara. We go for a walk in the garden some days at noon, we get on well with each other and can talk to each other about everything.” The Caliph nodded, of course he already knew. “How did you meet her?” asked the Caliph. Muck swallowed. “I saw her reading a work by the Persian poet Firdausi on the riverbank, o Caliph, and we started talking about this work. I think she was pleased when I showed her how Firdausi criticized his ruler between the lines. He was a clever man, he hid the criticism in a romance novel. He was clever enough not to let his opponent behead him.”

The Caliph laughed quietly. “If you ever write a romance novel, little Muck, I would read it very carefully to see what you criticize about me!” Muck answered immediately. “What I have to criticize, O Caliph, I was able to tell you a minute ago. I am not someone who understands or even loves war. I make no secret of that.” He looked the Caliph straight in the eyes for a long time until the latter looked away, irritated. “So Ran probably told you that her fiancé died a few months ago?” asked Ran’s father. “She mentioned it in passing, yes, O Caliph,” Muck answered immediately. “And how did she say he died?” asked her father sternly. “Statistically, young men are most likely to die in battle, O Caliph,” Muck answered, whose discomfort the Caliph could see. “If I give my word to an honorable person, I keep my promise, even if another honorable person threatens me with punishment,” he continued. It was clear to Muck that he had answered the Caliph’s question without breaking his promise. The Caliph nodded thoughtfully.

“Ran didn’t need to pretend to be sad about this man, neither of our characters is that low. But I am her father and I am heartbroken to find a groom for her. With that horrible hooked nose that the poor

girl has, I find it very difficult to find a groom!" Muck was silent until the Caliph asked what he meant?

"I have a pretty big nose on my face myself, oh Caliph, and I can only make up for it with my magnificent stature when I go one day looking for a bride!" said Muck, laughing. The Caliph grinned, but became serious again. "Your situation is clear to me, O Caliph. I myself have got used to her nose, which was not difficult, because behind that nose there is a magnificent character, which will certainly make you, as a father, happy and proud. And on the other hand, you are the ruler, and he must expand his kingdom with a calculated marriage policy. That is what the court, and perhaps even your people, expect from you. I must not and do not want to offend any princes abroad, but finding an honest, good husband for your daughter among them will certainly not be easy!" Muck bowed his head, such a long speech to his ruler?

The Caliph stopped. "It relieves me a little that you see my problem so clearly. The court would drive me out of Baghdad in disgrace and shame if it knew how soft my father's heart is in this matter, but I do not want to talk about that now. The palace has eyes and ears, as you well know." He paused briefly and thought. "You are one of her friends, perhaps she will speak about it sometime. That is what I wanted to say. If you call yourself her friend, I hope that you will only give her good and honorable advice. You are the older one, probably more experienced in matters of love than my daughter, and she will listen to you. I demand, yes, I command you to support her in these matters with all your strength. I want her to make a good choice and not a foolish one. She would not be the first princess to fall in love with a stable boy or a stonemason."

Muck lowered his eyes to the ground, Harun should not see the light in his soul. "Just as you command, oh Caliph, I am your loyal servant and the most loyal friend of your splendid daughter!" He almost said lovely instead of splendid. The Caliph stopped. "I often sit there when my Ran is in the tub and the maids wash her. She is magnificently built, my girl, a perfect womanly beauty! Like her sisters, her cunt is hairless, which makes her pussy look childlike and desirable! At that time I was fucking her oldest sister Tamina, but every

time I watched the washing and the impudent maids washing Ran's pussy and clit until the poor girl's legs were shaking, I got so horny that I wanted to fuck her right then and there. Only the thought of Tamina stopped me." The Caliph threw his arms heavenward. "Oh, I wish a magic spell or a magic potion would make Ran's nose more beautiful!" Muck could not help himself. "I do not believe in magic, oh Caliph! It only exists to deceive primitive people." He realized that the Caliph might feel insulted and immediately added, "I am sure that you, my Caliph, do not believe in such nonsense." The Caliph looked at him firmly. As a child of his time, he believed in magic and jinns like everyone else in Baghdad at that time. "Be careful, Mr. Astronomer! Your horoscopes could also be considered nonsense." Muck answered immediately. "And they are, my sovereign, and they are! The horoscope is never drawn up for the child, but for the happy parents or relatives. My horoscopes are always written in such a way that the parents feel encouraged to raise their child with lots of love and attention to be the jewel that I present to them." He lowered his head, it was his opinion, but it might have been perceived negatively. The Caliph thought for a long time. "I will think about your words, dear Muck. Time is running out for me, I have to organize the war against the Saheeddins. But I have made up my mind to have a long talk with you about the subject of nonsense after the war. But now farewell, my friend!" Muck bowed several times before he backed out.

Ran discussed this conversation with his father for a long time with Muck. He was a good father, but as a ruler he had to move along the tracks. Ran hugged him lovingly when they were in his room and gasping for air. "Just a few more months and then the year will be over and I will introduce you to my father as a bridegroom." He nodded grimly. "Just a few more months and then my poor head will roll off the executioner's block!" Ran reacted violently. "He won't dare! Maybe he'll reject you, maybe he'll babble again about the princesses who fell in love with their stable boys, but he can't kill you!" She was really outraged. "If he rejects you, we'll just remain secret lovers!" Muck did not object, it was pointless. If the Caliph rejected him, he would have to leave the province, regardless of whether the Caliph ordered it. Then he would have to go to Persia, a declining empire that generations ago was one of the most brilliant in the world.

The war against the Saheeddins was over after four days. There were only a few insignificant skirmishes, hardly any deaths and a lot of injuries. But the diplomats had put in the effort and negotiated like hell. Caliph Harun had not even had to go into battle yet, although of course he would have led his troops as always. The Saheeddins got everything and a little more, in return they pledged peace and a small tribute. The Caliph rode into the capital of the Saheeddins to cries of joy, who felt victorious. He only had his bodyguards with him and 20 of the most beautiful maidens as a gift, who were married to Saheeddins. The Saheeddins gave a magnificent banquet for the Caliph and put the most beautiful girls in bed for their defeated guest of honour, so that he fell asleep in the saddle on his ride home the next day.

Ran entered the Caliph's chambers beaming with joy. "The year is over today, dear father, to the day!" Harun looked up from his desk. "What year, my child?" he asked heavily, having of course lost sight of it. "I should introduce you to my fiancé in a year!" Ran reminded him, and Harun's face softened. "Yes, I know, I remember. So?" Ran ran out of the room and came back with Muck by the hand. "My fiancé, dear father, Mr. Muckinandras, and you know him of course!"

The Caliph could not hide his surprise, but he pursed his lips and pulled two chairs up to the desk. "Sit down, children, sit down!" Despite the surprise, he knew immediately that she had made a good choice. "Come here, dear daughter, give me a kiss on my cheek because I want to be a good father to you! And you, my friend, you may bow once, but only once, I hate this bowing like the plague, then look me in the eyes and tell me what you want from me!" Ran gave him the kiss, Muck bowed once and knelt with one knee. "I ask that I take your daughter as my wife, oh my Caliph!" Harun told them both to sit down.

The Caliph smiled and began to think out aloud. "Is he a handsome fellow? Yes, he is clearly just her taste and they are a good match in terms of age. Above all, their noses match perfectly, so I don't have to worry about that anymore. Is he a prince, a nobleman, a military leader? No, no and no again. A royal official without reproach, that must suffice, she wouldn't be the first princess to marry

an official. Well, at least not a stable boy. Is he rich, does he bring a fortune with him, will he be able to support my daughter? No, he is neither rich nor wealthy and he will not inherit much from his mother, who can be had for a gold piece. But as an official he has a good salary and will not let my daughter starve. He is not a warrior, which I would regret if I did not know how he feels about warfare. Will the court object? Of course, but they always do that when they cannot sell a princess for a profit. Shopkeepers! But I will take care of that. So, what else?" he asked rhetorically and stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"Oh yes, there are only two questions left. Do they love each other with all their hearts and does the guy fuck well? You should be the best person to answer that, my dear daughter!" He looked at Ran challengingly. She replied, "Father, Muck and I love each other with all our hearts, and yes! he can fuck like a young god, dear father!" "Oh," said Harun with a smile, "are you sure about that?" he asked provocatively and Ran fell into the little trap, Muck noted with a grin. "He fucks like a young god, father, better than anyone else!" She blushed all over, because Muck was the only one she had ever fucked. The Caliph was silent, he had not known that his daughter had already fucked so many men that she could judge that. In any case, he would have a serious word with her guards. The Caliph smiled. "And now you, my dear friend, do you love her?" Muck looked him straight in the eyes. "I love your daughter with all my heart and swear to love, respect and protect her like no other woman has ever been loved before! And as for fucking, oh Caliph, your daughter is highly gifted in that regard and we will practice tirelessly so that she becomes a world champion! I've had women before her, but your daughter is very special and great to fuck, if I may put it that way!" All three of them laughed because he said it in such a funny and jokingly pompous way.

The Caliph stood up and hugged his daughter to his chest. "I give you my blessing, children! If necessary, I will argue with the court, but let that be my concern. I will instruct my marshal today to prepare the wedding banquet and send out the invitations. Dear Muck, I want your mother and your master to be there, can you arrange that

yourself?" Muck wanted to bow, but then he just nodded, of course he did! The two walked hand in hand, as if on clouds.

Harun sat thoughtfully, chewing his betel nut as he looked out over the gardens. The two liked each other, no doubt, and his daughter had made a good choice. Someone who simply ignored her unfortunate hooked nose because he himself had a long nose and it meant nothing to him. They fucked for love, not to produce an heir to the throne. Although he had repeatedly postponed a longer conversation with Muck, he had long known that the boy was made of good stuff. They might have different opinions on some things, but he was a brilliant, educated and clever man. Harun had not asked about this, but he had the clear feeling that Muck did not want a slave or a piece of furniture as his wife, but a complete person with rough edges.

There is not much to report about the banquet. Ran and Muck were ceremoniously declared husband and wife and everyone, absolutely everyone, congratulated the couple, who looked so different, and thousands of congratulations accompanied them on their marriage. The Caliph had a long and friendly conversation with Daud Al-Mahdi, whom he had not seen for years. He was very happy to be able to speak in his mother tongue with a clever and brilliant man who was very well informed about the present and politics. Daud was not someone who wanted to push him off the throne, and he wasn't so sure about some of the court flunkies. But at the end of the banquet, they ate sweets and thick, sweet red wine, and he had Muck's mother sit next to him on the sofa. It was Daud who had her sophisticated and seductive dress made; he knew the Caliph well!

The woman was a stunner! Harun put it down to the heavy red wine that he was flirting with the pretty young woman to the limits of propriety. He sent a messenger to the women's house to say that he had changed his mind and that the concubine should not come tonight after all. Everyone left and Harun asked Umeya to follow him into the bedroom. She was not only honored to be lying with a real caliph, no, he wanted and could fuck damn well. They fucked with few breaks until dawn, he gave her a gold coin with a smile and asked her if she would visit him once a week for 5 gold coins? She smiled and joked a little, asking if she could put the 5 gold pieces to good

use? Or should she ask for more? But she laughed out loud and said, “Dear Lord Harun, I’m looking forward to lie with you as often as you like. It’s not only an honor, but also a pleasure and a good way to earn money!” He let her go with a smile.

The Caliph visited Daud Al-Mahdi occasionally, as he now placed great value on the old politician’s opinion. Umeya visited him for several years and earned her 5 gold coins with great pleasure each time. She could afford a larger house, a little luxury and a slave maid; she had honestly earned it.

It became a ritual that the Caliph drank a few cups of wine with Muck on the roof terrace of the palace on some evenings of the week. Muck was a kind and intelligent conversationalist and became an un-official advisor to the Caliph. The Caliph listened well and liked to debate, but many of Muck’s views found their way into his ruling. The caliph thus became the most popular caliph in Baghdad and his subjects spoke highly of Harun Al-Rashid for centuries to come.

When the stars were already high and they had emptied cup after cup, the caliph loved to talk about sexual adventures. Almost every day he would talk about the bride of the previous night, only very rarely about his two wives, with whom he had long since had his fill. The nobles and the subjects would put their daughters in his bed, as it was well known how much the caliph liked to deflower virgins. And he in turn loved to tell his son-in-law all this in great detail and with great enthusiasm. Muck also told him about previous love affairs, but the caliph had much more to tell.

At the moment the caliph was tempted to fuck one of his daughters, because his favorite daughter Tamina, with whom he had been happily fucking for years, had been married off to Abyssinia. The Caliph was a follower of Mithras and not a orthodox believer, he felt no guilt in deflowering his own daughters and fucking them to his heart’s content. Muck nodded in agreement, he didn’t care about the blood relationship, it was more important to take the girls gently and lovingly and not to spoil or frighten them. The Caliph was happy about his agreement. So it came about that over the years he fucked all his daughters, one by one.

They often debated about horoscopes and nonsense. One evening Muck asked for the exact day, hour and place of the Caliph's birth and drew up a horoscope, which he read out to the Caliph and gave to him. He had learned the current data from Ran over the years, so it was no problem to put the Caliph's youth and development into euphonious words. That he would grow up at the court of the Barmakid king and be made a man by the queen at the age of 12, that he would fuck all his sisters, like his brothers did. That he would become caliph at the age of 18 after the murder of his father. That he would have three women in his harem and would have 37 children with them and other lovers and would be a good father. That he would be an undefeated general in 5 battles and a very popular ruler. That he would die in the arms of a close relative, at the age of 71. Here Muck had lied, Harun would die ten years earlier, in the arms of his youngest niece Fatima, but he had to lie in the horoscope. He wanted to see Harun actively ruling until his end and not waiting trembling for the end. One of his sons would be his successor and the last of the Abbasid caliphs.

Harun devoured the horoscope. Everything seemed to be as it really was. But he was particularly concerned about his death. 71 was OK, he still had many years left. That he would die in Persia was also OK, he had been born there. But what he was most concerned about was the close relative in whose arms he would die. He would rather die in a battle, said Harun, that would be the honorable crowning of his life. But no matter how much he searched his memory, he couldn't find a young relative he would fuck. He had fucked his sisters regularly in his youth, that was true, but they were all old now, not young at all. It remained an unsolved mystery, and Muck kept his mouth shut about it being his 22-year-old niece Fatima, as he died happily after his last squirting.

Muck smiled at his friend and father-in-law. "It's all rubbish, dear Lord Harun. Ran told me about your early youth over the years, and that's the only way I knew that you had fucked your foster mother and your sisters, which is nothing unusual in better circles. The other things were generally known facts, not mystical things written in the stars. Just because I put everything into pleasant, smooth sentences doesn't deceive me into thinking that it's just rubbish. I was able to

calculate the time of your death using pure mathematics, which isn't clairvoyance, but the art of arithmetic. Difficult, but not impossible for a good mathematician. I stick to it, dear Caliph, that all of this is just pleasant rubbish. I wouldn't base my actions on the horoscope."

Ran and Muck loved each other all their lives, no flirtation on her or his part, no matter how tempting, went too far. They were faithful to each other without having ever sworn a formal vow of fidelity. During her pregnancies and other ailments, Ran called in a maid so that her beloved Muck would have a girl to fuck. She was immensely proud of her Muck and his magnificent cock when he plunged it into the sighing girl's pussy. The girls loved being fucked by their master very much because he had a magnificent cock and could fuck like no other. Ran loved him, she loved him very much.

Ran and Muck remained together all their lives, staying in the palace at the Caliph's request and raising their four daughters there like little princesses, whom the old Caliph Harun Al-Rashid profitably married off to honorable princes and generals. They both lived to a ripe old age, and when Ran died, Muck followed her just a month later. They couldn't live without each other. Period.

Of course there is the other fairy tale of Little Muck with the Magic Slippers, but I like my story better.

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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 midsummer, 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 an let her orgasm. Triumphantly, 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!"

• • •

# 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 schook 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 pussyhole. 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!

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# 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 ot 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 boomingly. "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 asscheeks! 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 dirtbag, 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 heartfelt 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, sniffling, 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 blind-folded 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 deflowered 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 fucking 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 pussyhole 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 the 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 pussyhole, 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 cunthole 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 Gabis 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 scrimps. 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 procurationem* 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 procurationem* 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 thrusted 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 womans cunthole 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 considerately 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 foreskin 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 cunthole, 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 sisters 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 “fucking” 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!”

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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…

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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 Zakinthos. 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 ghe 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 purebred 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 cunthole 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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