

Lena A. Lien

Oedipus Behind Bars



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The Beginning

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My name is Bruno Prantner, I am 17 years old and went until recently at the notary Mayerhofer in the apprenticeship. I have started to write my Life story and hope someone finds this and give it to my mother or Uncle Frieder, who is a lawyer in the Maximilianstraße No. 47.

I am tired and have nothing to eat or drink. It is pitch dark and I'm cold. And if no one hears my cries for help, I will die here miserably.

I miss my mother very much.

The Nanny

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

On my first years of life in the state capital I remember hardly, just as little as my biological parents, who on a bright September Sunday during the vacation at Lake Constance with the on their grandfather's sailing boat and never returned. They never found out later more exactly, they had to capsized in the sudden storm and drowned; in any case, nothing has been found of them or of the boat. I was only a few months old when my parents died and stayed with my grandparents, where I grew up as their child. It was only natural that I called them father and mother. My grandfather had a well-established specialized in imports, and he did everything he could to keep the business going in the difficult post-war period, until the world economic crisis brought him and the Great Depression ruined him from one day to the next and drove him to his death.

We had several nannies, for a bourgeois family, even an impoverished one, which in the course of impoverishment had to move to a smaller apartment, could not get along without a nanny. There must have been several in the course of time, but I remember only one.

She was a black madonna, a beautiful girl with bronze skin and long raven hair. She was sometimes called gypsy and that she might yet bewitch everyone and also father would be bewitched, by the witch, that! And she was completely corrupted, although she was still half a child. Today I suspect that she was at most 14 or 15 years old and probably one of the many "rented" Roma children.

I loved her like I loved no other, was quite spoiled a pink prince in the pampering country. Secretly I was allowed to sleep with her in the anteroom: if the parents did not notice, I sneaked to her and begged until she let me crawl under her blanket.

Sometimes, when I crept into the anteroom, where she slept on a decrepit sofa, I saw her, as she, under her half slipped up nightgown, lying on the floor and peering under the door slit peering into the

neighboring master bedroom. Of course I was also curious and also wanted to see everything; but there was nothing but darkness and the sound of old bedsteads and the rustling of bedclothes, sometimes a soft, unintelligible word or a soft gasp in between. I wondered how one could stare into the dark nothingness for so long and understood nothing at all.

So we often lay conspiratorially on the floor in front of the door in the beginning and stared and listened, but I did not know what for. When I asked her once in a whisper, I got no real answer. But I was now allowed to sleep next to her more and more often, and and obviously she carried me back to my own bed every morning before I got, so that this remained our secret.

It was nice to smell her naked, fragrant skin and then blissfully fall asleep. With the time we played then mother and child, I was allowed to take her nipple in my mouth and suck and suck a little, usually she giggled then and withdrew me — it was wonderful games that became more intense every day.

Later I lay snuggled close to her back and breathed in her scent. Sometimes I felt how she, after the door-slit adventures, but always after the mother-and-child play, became restless and when she thought I was asleep, she would move her body from side to side and pressed a hand firmly between the thighs. But I understood nothing yet, of course, and only felt how she was busy with herself, but not with me, so I tried all the tricks to regain her attention.

When she was so restless in bed and had her hand between her thighs, swaying back and forth, up and down, and I could see her face and her closed eyes only dimly in the twilight. I was a little scared and snuggled up close to her. Then she immediately stopped, put an arm around me and pressed me against her side -I was then immediately calmed down. If I lay there quietly long enough, feigning sleep, I could feel her wiggling and shaking again in one go and shook a little and then breathed loudly. After that she stroked me sweetly and gave me a wet, heartfelt goodnight kiss, before I finally fell asleep.

I was very curious and wanted to know everything, of course! So I tried more and more often to put my hand on hers and wanted to feel what she did there, if it so wobbled. At first she pushed me away, but I was persistent and in time she allowed me to put my hand on hers: it was wonderful to feel that hand going back and forth and up and down and in and out, and then suddenly it would stop and only the abdomen twitched, while the hand remained pressed on it.

Evening for evening I dared a little more, only hesitantly she let me discover more little secrets. But soon she let me lie very close to her, my hand wandered along with hers and then all at once I was with my hand slipped under her hand and felt the warm, moist and sticky, which she loved to rub. I already wanted to take my hand back, but she held my hand under hers firmly on the warm, moist, until she stopped wiggling and rubbing. While I with my little hand could feel how “it” was similar to the dying snails in the garden, she hugged me sweetly until I fell asleep.

This soon became routine, now it was clear to me that she had to rub to fall asleep, she had to rub a little on her warm moist, and that was okay. One evening, after she had bathed me extensively and had also rubbed my cock clean with the washcloth, she looked at the little stiff one for a long time, but said nothing.

In that night we whispered very quietly, and she said that I really mustn't tell anyone about it, otherwise it would come out that I was sleeping with her, and the father would probably beat me up very hard. Then she began to feel my cock again and lightly pressing and rubbing it, so that it became stiff. When she asked how it was, I said with hot Cheeks, it was very exciting, but fine. Now she slowly took off the nightgown, which she did very rarely, I could see her small pointed breasts, which I loved so much. Then she also took off my nightgown.

I was embarrassed because it was so hard now, standing away in front, and also, because I felt a strong tingling and throbbing when she felt him, palpated and lightly stroked him. It was wonderful to feel myself naked to nestle against her naked skin. After some time she stopped with this game and said that we should hide him now,

and then she let me lie on her naked belly and pressed me against her: so, now he is well hidden. I felt him between our stomachs, while she already started a bit with her wiggling and rubbing. When I moved sideways back and forth, my cock was gently nudged. But then she rocked me back and forth during her rubbing on her back and forth on her belly, so that my little cock was firmly rubbed on her belly and became even stiffer and my heart began to beat wildly. Startled, I let myself slide sideways and I snuggled blissfully against her, while the hand-in-hand game continued.

So we played, more and more often I lay naked on her belly with my little stiffy, until one day she pushed me obviously very excited a little deeper on her belly, so that my little cock lie directly from the outside on her warm, moist snail. I felt exactly how she wildly rubbed the warm, moist with her fingertips and pushed the soft skin back and forth, while she pressed me and my little one firmly. After a long time she sighed loudly, the warm wetness began to twitch and to press against my little cock. It was a great game and a new secret, just for both of us. I felt this strong tingling and tension in my little cock more and more beautiful and instinctively began to understand that it must be unbelievably beautiful for her to rub against her warm and wet snail until it twitched.

When I realized this, our play was the same almost every day; first I rolled back and forth and up and down on her belly for so long, until my little hard-on got the nice strong feeling and afterwards I let myself slide sideways into her arm, pushed a hand gently under her rubbing hand and then felt, how she rubbed herself, until the warm wet began to throb and twitch — after which I got my kiss and also fell asleep immediately.

Never was I allowed to see her naked in the light, except when she was bathing, she would take me with her. I was smart enough to keep our secret until the end. Only when she bathed me, when I was dried by her and my cock stiffened, I looked at her conspiratorially, but she said nothing and pretended not to notice. I also invented a great game, namely to put me “stupid” when peeing then she had to hold my little cock with two fingers, her small fingers, look closely at the little pipsqueak and make sure that the jet did not miss, then she

shook and shook and cleaned it off very carefully, which I liked especially. I'm sure she had a little fun doing it but she did it as if everything was serious and businesslike.

I was very jealous of my father when he would lay on top of her and made our game. But she said that I should not spy through the crack in the door and not to say anything to anyone, or she would have a terrible row. I don't remember how long all this went on and exactly how old I was at that time. One day, however, she was no longer there, and in spite of all my crying she never came back.

She has decisively shaped my life, my sexuality, and I don't even remember her name.

The Master Spy

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

The time when my father was completely ruined and his heart broke, is completely faded from my memory, as well as the funeral and the strange relatives who did not know me, but kissed me and made out with me as if we were close. God knows how close. I also don't remember the first time I heard the word suicide, during a low whispering, which almost had a mocking undertone.

I remember few of the “uncles” who came and went with us and disappeared in the course the time disappeared. Only fragmentarily I remember an “uncle” and former friend of my grandfather, who offered us his help. Although my mother — actually my grandmother — a beautiful woman in her forties I did not understand at that time why Uncle Frieder — as he was called — patted me on the cheek patronizingly and was already very victorious because he was allowed to stay with us from time to time. As much as I was pleased by his souvenirs, I suffered from not being allowed to sleep with my mother and to sleep in the hated nursery. Of course I was jealous because Uncle Frieder was allowed to stay with her over night. My distraction must have had a very strong effect, because after some time the uncle stayed away and I was allowed to sleep with her again. At that time I suffered very much at night with my fears and accordingly tried to compensate for this during the day by being particularly brave. At night the fearful boy who clung to his mother, and in the daylight the intrepid master spy. Although until then still some years passed.

We played with the neighboring children almost exclusively gang games; whether it was Indians against cowboys, robbers against gendarmes or Rinaldo Rinaldini against the imperials, we were always in a large crowd on the road. But the most exciting games for me were the Secret Society games. Although dismissed as being too young, I understood it and managed to be admitted as a foreigner and a spy and to be tortured accordingly or hanging miserably at the stake, desperately waiting for Mother's call to the afternoon snack.

I was a born spy, who followed the secret allies unseen and was almost never caught. Probably that's why I felt like a master spy, because I was really spying on the others. And because I was interested in everything that had to do with sex. In retrospect I was really only interested in sex.

Often I hid in a basement, which, as I found out, was the Secret meeting place of the "Black Hand", the most secret Secret society of about 11 to 13 year old boys. I crouched on a pile of wood in the dark back room and held my breath. In this hiding place they never discovered me.

One day four of the "Black Hand" approached the cellar and dragged off a prisoner, Kiki, who was about the same age, behind them. I knew exactly what was going to happen now: those from the "gang of the Red Corsair" would soon invade, hooting and hollering and free Kiki with loud screams and scuffles, that was always the case. — Just not today.

One had to clearly stand to the entrance and keep a lookout. The others chatted back and forth and teased Kiki, who was kicking and kicking and kicking around against the bandits. All at once she was lying on the ground, two of them were holding her, and Franz, the eldest, pulled up the skirt of the wildly kicking up. He held her tightly and pushed her legs a little apart, and all three looked at her cleft, but did not touch her and were actually quite embarrassed. Franz now carefully groped for her cleft. Kiki, frozen with fright, lay there with her eyes wide open eyes and was stunned when the boy touched her cunt and labia and carefully pulled them apart to look inside. Franz looked puzzled when he suddenly saw a bright beam coming from the open cleft, a bright ray shot towards him and Kiki for all completely surprisingly pissing in a wide arc on the cellar floor. The fourth left now faithlessly his post and looked so that his eyes almost popped out. I could see only little from my point of view, but I became thereby nevertheless quite beautifully hot.

Kiki lay there quiet as a mouse, trembling and staring at the four of them with wide open eyes, while still a small trickle ran from her cleft. After a while Franz said, now it was good and that they would

release Kiki again. She got up and ran away as if driven by furies. My four gallows birds stood around helplessly, until Franz said that now a special oath was necessary, because they must never-never--never tell anyone about it.

That my existence as a master spy had its justification, became clear to me on these few occasions. The bigger ones, whose gang activities always revolved around all kinds of secrecy, but which had nothing excitingly sexual, always took a very long time before they would to get involved in playing with their cocks or pussies, and usually only half-heartedly. Nevertheless, I always tried to eavesdrop on these secret activities. That the adults had their secrets too was instinctively clear to me. I tried, I couldn't find out anything concrete, except for the one time when our janitor went into the basement and a short time later one of the younger women, Irene's mother, also went down to the basement, anxiously making sure that no one would see her. I followed an intuition, climbed out of the back of the house through the window and crawled, agent-like, behind some boxes. The janitor had placed Irene's mother on a table against the wall and stood between her open thighs. He pushed back and forth without a word, and she leaned against the wall, keeping her eyes closed and wiggled horribly on the dilapidated table, while the janitor stubbornly pushed back and forth. With all at once he stopped, puffed a little, then fiddled with his fly and went up without a word. Irene's mother tugged her skirt into place and, looking around cautiously looking around. I waited for a long time before I retreated. That "it" was this, I suspected, but I repressed it almost immediately.

Once I, the Master spy, the "secret society of the rose"; as the Girls whispered to each other: "Meeting place half past three with Irene." Since I had often visited Irene's brother Peter at home, I knew how to sneak in unseen before the meeting. In Irene's room, I hid in a closet, behind whose ajar doors I remained invisible in the midst of musty smelling curtains and and blankets and from where I could overlook the whole room. It took a while until Irene, Ursula and Evi came in.

The two or so 12 year olds and the about 14-year-old Evi chatted quietly and smoked only times together a cigarette, which they had apparently stolen. They sat in a circle, while the cigarette went

around, and I could sometimes see Evi's and Ursula's clefts under their skirts, because in those days girls usually wore nothing under their skirts in the summer. At first it seemed like a coincidence that while they were smoking, they plucked at their crevices here and there, apparently chatting. After the cigarette had been extinguished, Evi leaned back relaxed, pulled up her skirt and left her thighs open, grinning; she was thick and pimply and her cleft glowed red beneath the blond fuzz. "I think, I need it again," she said with a meaningful look at Irene, "I'm so insanely horny!" Her hand with the thick sausage fingers slid to her cleft and

And now, right now, the highly aroused master spy had to sneeze.

The three of them jumped up and dragged me out of the closet. They looked at each other with highly red heads and discussed what should happen to me now. Irene wanted to immediately betray me to her mother, but the other two saved me from this disgrace by talking about torture, severe torture and flogging. Evi, however, looked at me thoughtfully and said, "He has seen us naked, so let's take his pants off, too." which they did right away, even though I resisted briefly but bravely. I stood between two large Girls, who held me iron, while Evi took off my pants and I stood there with my small, frightened cock.

Evil they were actually not, but terribly curious. Evi carefully grabbed my cock, grinned and said, isn't he but cute! Then she kneaded him around, but she did not do too much. After that they guided me to Irene's bed, they pressed me down and held me in such a way that there was a fury on my legs and arms and I could not move. Strange it felt already, when I could feel their warm and moist crevices on my skin as they held me down.

Then all three of them groped my little one, turning him back and forth and giggling as they felt palpated my scrotum. Evi seemed to know more and pulled carefully back the foreskin, so that the glans slipped out. She showed the small gap to the others and said that the men would piss and squirt from this hole. One after the other, they fingered me, pulled back the foreskin again and again back and felt the glans, while my cock began to grow and soon stood small,

crooked and stiff to the sky. Although he was in the most miserable situation of his life, the master spy was getting a little horny.

Then Evi giggled that this thing, if it was so stiff, could be put into the cleft to make children, but she wanted of course still none. Thereupon Irene meant rather precociously that she already often watched Peter jerk off and squirt. Ursula looked at her helplessly, then Irene took hold and began to jerk me off carefully. I began to tremble, and Evi asked if it was coming already, I gasped, no, but that I had to piss urgently. Irene stopped immediately, reached under the bed and brought out the night pot. She looked at me demanding, only I could so, in front of the girls, I just could not piss. She bent my cock a little, so that it was now aimed at the chamber pot, and after a long wait long wait, I finally pissed, while the girls were watching from close range, as the jet from the meanwhile softened cock splashed into the chamber pot.

When I had finished, Irene wiped with a skirt tail rather ungently over my glans and cleared away the night dish. Then Evi sat down on my thighs, spread her legs and acted as if she would push my cock into her cleft. But of course she was only pretending; I was amazed at how pleasant warm Evi's cleft felt against my glans. Evi was older than the others and also more experienced. Now she tried seriously to get it in. However, my cock was not even half stiff, so that it remained only with these attempts. She was cautious and timid, because she was still a virgin, which I understood only in the course of their discussions. I scared me half to death, because I feared that she wanted to let my cock disappear in her hole and I was completely unclear how it would be in there.

Evi grabbed my cock again with her hand and rubbed until it became firmer, then she pulled it slowly up and down her cleft, while she used her other hand she pulled the labia slightly outward, creating a warm, wet slide for my glans. The two others gaped, and it did me an awful lot of good. As she moved faster and faster with the glans and brushed her cunt up and down, I flinched all at once. Now all three reached over to feel the twitching. Evi said, with her it would twitch just as coming, but then she fell silent and the three looked at each other in embarrassment. Irene said, oh what, he can't really

squirt like Peter and wiped off the glans. Then they watched giggling as he slowly went limp and retreated to the normal position.

I had to swear a thousand oaths not to betray anything and was finally allowed to leave. They teased me later sometimes, but nothing ever happened again.

Times got rougher when in our neighborhood a wild loner, who was soon called only the man-eater, appeared. No one liked her, and she liked no one; she was much older than the big ones, perhaps already over twenty, and still not right in the head. We didn't play with her, but she would show up sometimes and interfere, cursing and swearing so that parents threw their hands up in horror when they heard our newly learned curses. She would hit and fight with the boys in an almost merciless rage, and could disappear as suddenly as she appeared. After that there were rumors that she was attacking little boys. One day, the master spy was assigned to scout the Man-eater out.

I was pretty scared and went accordingly cautiously at work. After a few days I knew everything, where she lived, where she had her hiding place. In the the old school, which had been empty for a long time and should have been demolished for a long time, she had made herself a small nest. Only when I was sure that she was on the way, I rummaged through her things. I stuffed stuffed my sacks full of the stolen goods and ran back to my comrades. I was the hero of the day, as many of the things that had had inexplicably disappeared, had now reappeared.

The man-eater did not reappear no more for a few days, soon we took care of our things and forgot about her. I sometimes crept to the boiler room, but didn't see her again. Until one day she arrived with Peter in tow. Peter was a lot older than me, a head taller and much stronger. She had his arm behind his back and dragged her prisoner into the boiler room. I could no longer get out, I hid behind the large big boiler and held my breath. She had to eventually discover me, it was only a matter of time, and I was already dying half with fear.

But she concentrated on Peter and made quite a bit of noise as she threw him down on the old mattress and tied his hands left and right to the heating pipes. Peter just looked defiant, he knew what was waiting for him and did not offer any significant resistance. Not even when the man-eater took off his pants. On the contrary, it seemed to me that he was grinning, the cursed guy.

Oh yes, that again! My heart pounded as she took Peter's semi-stiff cock in her hand and began to press and tug on it. Within minutes Peter's cock stiffened completely, and she rubbed it, giggling in between when he winced at her treatment. Soon the little red glans was stiff as the man-eater rubbed it around a bit, pausing every now and then to again and again to look at her work. The man-eater squeezed and squeezed his cock and grinned crookedly at him, then she let him go.

She went down over him and squatted, pulled her skirt up over her knees and thigh and gathered it together with one hand in front of her belly, so that I could see her bare ass. I looked fascinated at her white ass and the tuft of hair that was visible between her legs. She took Peter's cock in one hand, lowered the the black tuft of hair slowly over it and sat down carefully on it.

I broke out in a sweat when Peter's cock disappeared in the tuft of hair between her ass cheeks — my heart beat wildly! She began now, up and down in the squat, Peter's cock became half visible again and disappeared again in the tuft of hair, where her cleft must be. Now she was bobbing her bottom up and down and and spreading her knees, Peter stared at her abdomen and held still; I guessed that it must be terribly painful, because he was panting and stiffening quite violently. The man-eater grunted as Peter thrust firmly upward and she lifted her ass higher. She reached between her thighs grinning at his cock, which pumped firmly in her hole until it slid out and splashed onto her tuft of hair from below.

My heart beat wildly like a steam engine and I thought I was about to faint, but I remained motionless at my post and held my breath. The man-eater wiped herself with her skirt between her legs and went into the neighboring basement room, where she farted loudly

before grunting. I took advantage of the moment, slipped out quietly and ran away as fast as I could. I ran home to our gang and breathlessly told Franz, the leader, that Peter was captured and being tortured. She would pinch him by the cock and so, I said rather embarrassed, because I didn't want to say the terrible word.

Franz and the pack moved off to free Peter. They returned after half an hour with Peter, who presented the matter quite differently from me — as a heroic deed, of course — .

Well, anyway, I was for days the laughing stock of the troops.

Wilfried

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

My mother — who was, strictly speaking actually my grandmother — resisted bravely against fate and held the city apartment as long as she could. After some time, however, she had to give up the city apartment and moved with me to a village on the outskirts of the state capital, for she was completely destitute father's death. That time must have been very, very difficult for her, I understood only much later. For a long time we had to find shelter for days at a time with this or that acquaintances, until my mother finally found a small one-room apartment with a kitchen, but there wasn't much room. We had only a small bed, a table with two chairs and a kitchenette with a sink. For a long time it was not an issue to use the provisional cot, which was lovingly in a corner, because at night I was still scared and slept with my mother. That my mother gave us from my father's nest egg escaped me completely; also her panic when everything was used up after a few months.

I still had quite great fear of loss and clung to my mother at night. She also missed father very much, because when she sometimes cried for him, then she held me very, very tightly against her. After some time, she no longer cried, but she continued to hold me close, gently and naturally. It seemed to comfort us both when our bare skin touched each other. We wore at first long nightgowns — she had specially shortened one of hers for me — because that was somehow the way it was supposed to be, but it was quite natural to get rid of the annoying tissue in the dark under the annoying tissue, at least partially.

I loved to snuggle up to her and was restless until the nightgowns were pushed up fully and I could feel her bare skin. I lay warm and comfortable in the hollow, feeling her skin against mine and pressed my back against her belly and her thick breasts. I loved it when she pressed me like a little ball against her frizzy hair tickled my buttocks while she cradled me gently. When she touched my little penis as if by chance I would slide back and forth a little bit, because it was was

very pleasant. I usually got wild palpitations, but I also soon fell asleep. It was a nice, carefree time.

The change of school didn't bother me I didn't mind the change of school, it was rather exciting, especially as I was able to successfully fake the "city dweller." I had no trouble keeping up at school, even though I burst in in the middle of the school year. In that one class there were 9-15 year olds, and the teacher must have had some trouble with that. Also because of the common way to the school, a close friendship developed with one of the big, 15-year-old lad, and Willi, as the lad was called, benefited at school from the clever little fellow, just as the latter had more courage, knowing that he had a real Goliath behind him.

When summer came, my mother decided to leave me with Willi's family, while she took care of the recent move to the city — she didn't want to stay in our village forever. I moved into my quarters at Willi's, came for the first time into close contact with chickens, goats and a large, shaggy farm dog, to whom I had only previously encountered with fearful distance. Willi had an older adopted sister, Hildegard, who was deaf and dumb and a little brother, who with his two years rather into the category of "annoying fly" and usually stayed with relatives. I saw his mother only once, she was always ill and bedridden. The silent father managed the farm with Hildegard, whose pride and joy were the 15 or so cows. Willis family was poor, but content and had with the farm their living.

Willi taught me to smoke, to spit contemptuously and climb trees. I learned drive the tractor and to look for the distance immediately, if Willis father came loudly scolding and the behemoth turned it off again. I learned to turn the hay and load it onto the cart, despite child-friendly small pitchfork a heathland work. I learned to drink cider and to dismiss the slight feeling of dizziness as a buzz; I heard from Willi but also any gossip about this and that, even that Hildegard was only a half sister, because his mother initially had no children. That the mother never got up again after the birth of the little one, and that the father was now doing it with Hildegard. But that was all right, the farmer's wife was ill and and Hildegard was not clever anyway and a bit mentally retarded.

Willi had, like many of the village children, an interested and not at all prudish attitude to sex. I was relieved, because now I did not need to conceal my insatiable curiosity, on the contrary, we got right down to business without any start-up time. Already on the first evening, when we were supposed to go to bed, he simply sat up in our bed and said: "I'm going to do it now" and started rubbing his cock. I was at first stunned, but as I watched, I became curious and horny, but I didn't dare to do anything with my cock, although I felt how stiff it was. Willi squirted after a short time and wiped the semen in the grubby sheet. That was the prelude.

He was, as mentioned, a big and simple-minded fellow, nearly 16 years old and was intensively engaged in sex; he jerked off daily two-three times and sometimes more. Besides, he knew about everyone and everything, he liked to tell me sex stories only to get horny from it, which in turn resulted in jerking off and semen cum as a result. Pretty soon he asked me to join in, and after some initial hesitation, I took out my little cock out and rubbed him, but at that time could not yet squirt. Sometimes I had the twitching already, but more than just one drop did not come. Willi pretended to be clever and said that this was normal for my age, that will come yet. Of course Willi and I also played all the other games that children of our age play and which do not have to do directly with sex, but about that another time.

His favorite place was the upper floor in the hayloft. There we sat for hours, smoked the stolen cigarettes and jerked off diligently. Willi thought and then said that today was Thursday, when his father and Hildegard here in the hayloft to fuck. I almost swallowed, when he said that so incidentally, and wanted to run away, but he held me back and laughed at me. "You'll see," he said, "they're coming here after work. He'll go to the well to wash first and she'll go ahead to the hayloft, then they'll hump." He paused to savour with relish my impatient suspense. "And we will watch them from above!" he continued with a grin. Hildegard was in her early twenties, short and stocky, but had large bouncing breasts that sometimes showed through her blouse, when she was sweating. Willi had told her that she had already once had had a miscarriage and since then could no longer have children.

I stood the first time indeed fears of death, but it was just as he had said: in the late afternoon Hildegard and the father came up the path, the father went to the well, and Hildegard came straight to the barn. The barn was built as an extension of the stable, and the constant noises made by the animals were too loud for anyone to hear us, there up there, in our airy hiding place. We held our breath anyway, when Hildegard sat down on the old mattresses, after a while reached under the skirt and felt the tuft of hair between her legs slowly and circularly began to crawl.

Hildegard stopped with the rubbing and pulled her skirt back into place, when the father came through the barn door. The farmer stopped in front of Hildegard, slipped back his suspenders, let his pants slide down and pulled out his cock. Hildegard grabbed the large, semi-stiff cock with one hand and rubbed it gently for a while until it was completely stiff and the red glans protruded steeply from the foreskin. He pushed up her skirt, stroked her ass cheeks a few times and over her ass cheeks a few times and then slowly and carefully pushed his stiff cock into the tuft of brown hair. Hildegard sighed as the farmer began to thrust rhythmically into her. They did not speak a word, only a short gasp or sigh was sometimes heard. All at once they stopped, the farmer stood stiff and motionless, and one could see by the rhythmic contraction of his ass cheeks that he was pumping deep into Hildegard. Then he pulled his cock slowly out of Hildegard and dressed again; nodded silently to her and walked out of the barn.

Hildegard sat up, wiped between her legs and leaned back with her eyes closed. After a long pause, her hand crept slowly over her chest and belly to her thighs, and then came to rest on her tuft of hair, but only briefly; then she began to look at the slit in the tuft of hair, bobbing her thighs and rubbing them faster and faster until she was panting loudly and rubbing like crazy fast. All at once her abdomen reared up and her knees knocked together violently. Then she went limp and lay there, breathing heavily, her bosom heaving. After a long pause, when she had caught her breath again, she got up, straightened her skirt and went out.

Willi explained to me again everything exactly, as if I still had no idea; that with fucking and then how Hildegard had jerked off, yes, only that women just did not squirt out semen. Hildegard would do it almost every time after fucking, but sometimes she would also come to the barn on other days and jerk off. Then came Willi's obligatory wanking and jerking off again, fast and wild. While Willi was still panting, he said that he also sometimes fucked Hildegard, yes, and if I didn't believe him, he would arrange it so that I watch them do it. Willi was much too simple-minded to lie to me.

He told how Hildegard had first taught him how to jerk off and then how to fuck. Screwing she had taught to him. He was still a young, inexperienced bastard, maybe only 13, as he happened to pass by the barn and had caught her jerking off. With open mouth he had stood there and stared at her, as she squatted in front of the hay bales and rubbed with her hand under the skirt. But she was already very horny and just laughed, then she continued and let him watch. He had been very excited by watching, had his little one and rubbed it awkwardly while Hildegard came to the end. He was half crazy with lust, when he saw her orgasm for the first time. Afterwards she had watched him for a while, smiling as he clumsily and hastily rubbed and tore at his cock, then Hildegard had grabbed him and had really jerked him. Very quickly she had him squirt into the hay.

From then on she jerked him many times always with the same procedure: first she let him watch her masturbate, pushed up the skirt and spread wide, so he could see everything. Then, when he had become really horny and her orgasm had already subsided a little, then he was allowed to between her thighs, and she jerked him off quickly, let him squirt in the hay or on her thigh. This went on for months, often and often he stood between her thighs, until it pushed him pushed him more and more to her. He no longer wanted to squirt on her thighs, more and more often he tried to squirt on her pubic area or into her vagina.

One day she masturbated him, as she always did. When his cock already started to throb and the first tiny drop appeared, she smiled and pulled him to her, embraced his buttocks and gently pressed his cock carefully into her vagina. He exploded immediately, without

having fucked her. She held him gently while he squirted into her warm, soft vagina. Later, he would sometimes hold back and fucked her with a few thrusts, as often as she would let him; but most of the time she jerked him until he squirted, and only then into her vagina only when he was already bursting to squirt. Often she jerked him on purpose too long, so that he was already squirting violently and continued squirting into her vagina when he penetrated. For many months they would have jerked until her father took her, from then on Hildegard rarely let him fuck her. It goes without saying that Willi had to squirt his hard-on immediately after this story.

Already a few days later it was so far, Willi ordered me to hide me above in the hayloft hide, just above the old mattresses. I waited an eternity long, until finally the gate was a little pushed open and Willi and Hildegard came in. Hildegard looked a little indecisive, but Willi went purposefully to the old mattresses and pulled her behind him, gesturing her to sit on top. He stopped in front of her, opened his trousers and pulled his cock out, stretching it directly towards her. Hildegard smiled a little, looking at Willi's thick and stiff cock. Then she grabbed gently slide the foreskin back and forth, and sometimes, when the red glans was protruded, she gently ran the tip of her thumb over it. She jerked him with abandon and already I thought that Willi would soon no longer be able to stand it, then she leaned back with a sigh and let her knees slide apart, opening her thighs willingly. Willi pulled her skirt up to her belly button with one hand, spread her hairy slit with his fingers and pushed his cock in with a jerk. Then he looked briefly in my direction and winked.

Hildegard had leaned back, stroked with both hands under the blouse her stiffened nipples and let himself be fucked by Willi. But after only two or three thrusts Willi had to squirt, Hildegard embraced his buttocks and pressed him firmly against her. I saw how his pelvis twitched while he squirted deep inside her. Hildegard waited motionlessly until he had squirted it all in, then she pulled and back and forth and fucked herself for quite a while, until he shook his head with a sigh of relief and gasped his panting, pulled out his flaccid cock. His viscous white slime dripped from her half-open vagina. After a long, silent pause, they slipped out of the shed.

Later Willi came to me on the hayloft and bragged mightily how fine the fucking had been, how great it was to put the cock in the vagina and to squirt in, that was much better than jerking off. And Hildegard was still a slut, because she had already jerked him again before fucking almost to the point of jerked off, she still does. Almost embarrassed, he confessed, that sometimes he could not even hold out until he fucked her, she was so good she could jerk off, like no other.

Except perhaps Anni, who wanked each cock masterfully, said Willi. And while Willi now further and further told and the miracles of the fucking described, we two had long since our cocks again in the hand again in the hand and jerked, only the squirting, that I had to leave to him. In contrast to Hildegard, said Willi, Anni herself would not jerk off so gladly, she rather wanked others, he said with a grin. And to fuck she was still too small and too young.

Hildegard fucked regularly with the farmer; with Willi, however, she fucked only rarely, maybe two or three times a week. Once she stayed after fucking on the mattress until Willi had left, in order to masturbate long and lustfully afterwards. Otherwise, she would often sneak into the hayloft, squat down in the corner and did it very quickly, one hand jerking back and forth under her skirt, then she puffed loudly and left again after a minute, not suspecting that two spies watched her from above.

A First Time

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

The mother had come back a little dejected, because she had had no success in the city. At that time I did not know that she had in fact visited Uncle Frieder and borrowed money from him — on his terms, as I was to learn later. In the evening I had to go to the room that seemed large and dark and I was afraid; sleep was out of the question. I slept naked like mother and stroked my cock a little to dispel the fear.

Later the door opened quietly and mother came in; I posed asleep and watched her undress under almost closed eyelids. How much the time with Willi had changed me! I must have seen her naked a thousand times, but I had never looked at her as I did now. She was a small, roundish woman of about fifty, her ash-blond hair already interspersed with a few silver-grey strands. When she turned around, two small, funny dimples could be seen above her beautiful, white buttocks. That she had been very slim in the past could be seen from the fact that neither her arms nor her legs nor her buttocks were fat — only her breasts were really round as a ball. In the daytime, when she wore a brassiere, the breasts stuck out in front like attack spurs of a war galley. They were the largest and most beautiful breasts I had ever seen. Once I had seen an opera diva on a lithograph, and she looked almost the same as Mother, with a delicate abdomen and huge breasts jutting forward. In the evenings, when she undressed, her breasts hung heavy and plump over her belly, the fingernail-sized nipples standing sometimes steeply erect or were completely sunken. Right between the navel and the frizzy, light-colored pubic hair, she had an oval, small, almost black birthmark on her belly. The pubic hair hid the slit, although I almost looked my eyes out, desperate to see everything.

I had wild palpitations like never before as I watched her undress and rolled back and forth hornily. Mother lay down next to me,

turned out the light and murmured, “Shh, shh, now sleep!”, then she gently stroked my forehead.

I hugged her tightly and tried to sleep; my little hard-on touched her and I still saw the image of her naked body. Mother held me gently, said “Shh, shh!” and rocked me gently to fall asleep. As I did every night, I hugged her tightly and slid up and down impatiently. After some time, she gently and lovingly affectionately pushed my abdomen back, touched very gently my little stiffy, as she carefully pushed it away over the thigh and held him as protective in her hollow hand, until I fell asleep.

And I dreamed the wildest things, Hildegard and Willi jerked each other off, then again I lay on the nanny who gradually turned into Hildegard. I held Hildegard’s wonderfully soft body tightly and dreamed I was inside her. She suddenly looked like my mother, I pushed and pushed and wanted to squirt in one go. With one blow I woke up. The bedside lamp was burning and my mother had sat up sat up at the headboard, her head resting on her arms wrapped around her drawn knees, staring at my cock out of dark, burning eyes.

I had been stomping the covers off in this wild dream, as there was something strange was happening to my tail. Finally, I had apparently scooted to the foot of the bed and was still dreaming of Hildegard, mother looked at my red swollen cock, which stretched hornily towards her and from which my sticky semen had splashed twitching towards her. Half I was still dreaming, half I was awake and yet I could not move — I remained paralyzed during the whole time.

Mother looked at me and my cock with wide eyes while the squirting subsided; but even after the squirting had stopped, she stared at it, which, following gravity, hung half off to the side and continued to pulse in rhythm with my heartbeat, scattered white droplets still running from the tip. Mother stared unblinkingly at it, and I, under half-closed lids, at her cunt, which I had never before seen so close, never so clearly. I was embarrassed, but also curious and excited at the

same time and did not move. I was embarrassed because I had rubbed myself against her, because I was now lying there so defenselessly open and had squirted, because she had witnessed it all and because she continued to look at me curiously. And I was excited because I felt pleasure in showing myself naked.

Now the mother rose, knelt down beside me and took my hand quickly from my cock. She first wiped the sheet clean with a cloth, then faltered for a moment before drying my thighs and gently touching and lifting my cock. She didn't touch the glans, just dabbed it carefully with the cloth, but of course the whole guy twitched in the process, which apparently made her a little embarrassed. She blushed a little, immediately let go of him and quickly covered me. Then she kissed me tenderly and lovingly on the forehead and said, "You're becoming a man now, you'll always get those wet dreams, but that's good!"

After this exhaustive enlightenment, she turned out the light and gently embraced me. She held me close, pressed me against her and caressed me tenderly, probably also with conflicting feelings about seeing her baby mature into a man. I, however, was proud because I could now finally squirt properly! I felt the comforting warmth of her body as I had not felt in years, felt the tickling of her breast against my back. I lay securely in her lap and slowly fell asleep, while she rocked me still long in a gentle rhythm softly humming and I rubbed my butt comfortably against her warm, swaying body.

The next night I couldn't fall asleep, had an insane erection and felt an indomitable desire to masturbate. Carefully I rubbed my cock, not realizing that the mother had woken up in the meantime and had turned on the bedside lamp quietly. I had to squirt very quickly, spread the semen with the flat hand and stroked my cock gently further. Only after quite a while the light penetrated through my closed eyelids, and when I opened them I saw that she had sat up at the headboard like the day before and was watching me masturbate. Uncertain, I stopped rubbing for a moment because I didn't know exactly what she had meant yesterday. With a man this wet thing is quite normal, she had said yesterday. She looked at me curiously and said nothing when I looked up. Was I mistaken, or was she nodding

imperceptibly at me? I turned my head and pretended to close my eyes. I hid my face under the pillow, as if I were ashamed; in truth, however, I looked under my eyelids again at her nakedness, looked in the protection of the pillow from below to her cunt, which seemed close enough to touch, and felt the desire in my cock swelling again irrepressibly.

I lay there panting and with my heart beating wildly, unable to stir, looking at her silhouette illuminated by the bedside lamp, seeing the shadow of her breast, the light hair in her armpit, and between her erect legs the curve of her thighs, her pubis and her buttocks. Excited I was because I was lying in front of her and well protected by the pillow right between her legs, mother obviously did not see through this perfidy and I was getting hornier and hornier my excited cock intentionally put on display, excited her with it and seducing her to a careless exhibition of her nakedness — yes, that was my motive! But so it was: I little criminal lay there with my eyes almost closed, looking out of the slits of my eyes at my mother's cunt, looking feverishly horny at her nakedness, of which she seemed unaware, while she was still gazing with wide, curious eyes at my deliberately displayed cock. I suddenly found the display of my nakedness so arousing that I turned back to have my cock pointing skyward again — this swift movement made Mother to flinch slightly, her eyes following the movement of my little cock. I pulled back the foreskin — first tentatively, then faster and faster — and all at once all my inhibitions fell away.

I watched greedily, hornily and feverishly under half-closed eyelids the growing restlessness that my jerking off caused her. It excited me a lot that she was watching me, but also because she was getting more and more restless. She sat with her knees drawn up at the head end and I turned my head under the pillow a little more until it was right between her legs. I glanced shamelessly between her thighs at her pubic area, saw under the small, wrinkled bulges of fat on her belly the slightly open slit that was otherwise hidden by her pubic hair. For a split second I thought how big it all was on her; big, dark red, and wet shiny. Later, when I had seen other clits, I kept thinking that hers was really big and somehow seemed sexy too. Everything undulated about her — the massive body, the large breasts

and the roundish, hairy mound with the deep furrow, all of this trembled as she rocked back and forth, pressing a hand to her pubic. The clit peeked out pertly between the fingers that spread the dark, swollen labia. They hung out of the slit like flaps of skin and trembled a little because mother was bobbing back and forth on the pillow rocked back and forth on the pillow and seemed to be cheering me on — rolling back and forth on her bottom in unison, as it were. She kept rocking on her butt, clit coming out of the crack again and again, pushed out in time by the rocking between the wet labia, nodding like a snowdrop in the May wind. When we were still little snots, we sometimes stuck out our tongues, but only a little, because you weren't allowed to do that. So similarly, the clit, like the tip of a tongue carefully stuck out, peeked out in the gap between her fingers. Although it was only as small as the tip of my little finger, it still fascinated me because it peeked perkily out from under the hooded fold of skin as she quickly pulled the ridges left and right of the cleft up and down with her fingers. I stared at it, fascinated, because by now it had become visibly stiff and was thrusting and thrusting and thrusting between her fingers like a tiny little penis in the air. I jerked a little faster, whereupon she stopped with the asswiggle and rotated with the fingers very fast and short between the bulges. She convulsed and breathed "Uaah!", pulling the bulges back tightly and letting the little guy wriggle pointedly and perkily between two fingers. After that, she remained sitting motionless, only the bulges still quivering a bit.

Now I knew she was doing it all the same as Hildegard and while I had to think about it and squirt, she held her breath and stared at my twitching, squirting cock. I stretched out towards her and squirted long, thin threads of mucus over the sheet.

She wordlessly wiped it all away and turned out the light.

Anni Joins Us

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

Almost every week, the mother had to go again to look for work and an apartment in the city — and for Uncle Frieder to be there, but I did not know at the time. I went again to Willi, who grinned broadly, when I told him hastily and and beaming with joy that I could finally squirt properly. He did not believe me, however, that I had dared to jerk off I had dared to jerk off in front of my mother, and his incredulity made me very insecure. That I had also observed her doing so, I therefore concealed.

So the days passed, with adventurous games after the common work, long stories and splashes on the hayloft, eavesdropping on Hildegard fucking and jerking off, secret smoking and must drinking. In between we sneaked we two also like spies behind other yards around and tried — always unsuccessfully — to catch something horny behind the sleeping chamber windows. Then one day Anni was back from vacation and we had a third playmate. There Willi made a secret out of the whole Hildegard-thing, we always met with Anni in the tool hut, not in the hayloft, where Hildegard jerked off and was fucked.

Anni was a little younger than Willi, very small, very skinny and almost without breasts, but was a really fine buddy. Besides, she was regarding sex like Willi, interested in everything and always and visited us quite often. I was already plenty confused and anxious when the three of us sat together for the first time and Willi suddenly bared his cock; but Anni immediately reached for it and jerked it proficiently and vigorously, making it spurt high into the air. Then she turned to me, unbuttoned my fly and took out my little cock. She pulled and pinched it a bit, grinned, and then said expertly, “I’m sure he can’t squirt yet, he’s much too young” and jerked me around anyway. I was all the prouder when I squirted almost immediately!

Anni had sat down and told about some people who were doing it with each other, and what they were doing with each other, and how

they were doing it. She was probably making it all up as she went along, but she could think of the most incredible orgies. Willi had meanwhile stared all the time with bulging eyes under her skirt and now got a hard-on again, there she spread her legs wide, so that Willi saw her slit even better and got even hornier.

Willi grabbed her under the buttocks and knelt with his cock in front of her slit. Anni had half straightened up again and looked between her legs, watching Willi kneeling in front of her pussy, rubbing his cock quickly. As Willi became aroused and erratic, she grabbed his cock and jerked his jerking semen onto her thighs from the outside, rubbing it with the tip of his flaccid cock until nothing came.

Then she turned back to me, pulled me to her and jerked my little one, rubbing it against her warm abdomen. I felt the wetness of Willi's seed and her impatience, but this time nothing came, for I was afraid, an indefinable fear, as she sat thus before me, her legs spread wide, her seed-spattered slit along with her little wet hole. — That was about the standard-cum-situation. For fucking Anni was still much too young.

Sometimes, after squirting, Willi simply laid Anni on her back and flipped her skirt back. Her slit was usually all wet, the little hole pink, and Anni waited to see if Willi would now jerk her off, which he sometimes did. Mostly he just shook his head, spread Anni's legs wide and dabbed very lightly with one finger on the little pink button above the cunthole. After a while, he told Anni to go ahead and do it herself. Hesitantly Anni began to rub the little clit, slowly the little labia swelled and she drove in between into her hole to make the finger wet. Unlike Hildegard, however, she now bent far forward, watching herself jerk off, and when she then got to gasp and twitch, she nevertheless remained quite still and continued rubbing until it slowly subsided. Anni looked up a little uncertainly at Willi, but he just nodded and said, "You're already good at it!"

It was rare at first that Anni jerked off herself; once-twice she let Willi finger fuck her and jerked off in the process, but it didn't seem exciting. It was a pity that she had no bosom and no tuft of hair like Hildegard, who remained my dream woman. Besides, I liked Hilde-

gard's jerking off far better, because she got really excited and could get out of mind; Anni, on the other hand, remained calm even in the climax. And while Hildegard knocked her knees together ecstatically and tossed her head back and forth, Anni pulled her legs apart during orgasm and bent her head down low to watch herself as her vagina opened and closed sucking.

Anni invented horny stories again and again, with her detailed fuck- and screwing tales she could arouse Willi one and the other time and so it happened that not only Anni jerked him off, but he also squirted several times himself, while she told tales of Horniness. Anni tried to make Willi squirt as often as possible and laughed.

Often he was already tired, but when she saw that his cock was stirring, she immediately took him in her hand and made him stiff with a firm grip and rapid movements. When he then squirted, she pulled his foreskin with a firm grip over the red-hot glowing glans back and forth, squeezed and milked him straight out all the semen. Anni beamed and said in a worldladylike manner, she loves to jerk men off. I rubbed and squirted and hoped Anni would do it to me more often, but she had lost interest in me, I was for her just a small-cocked extra.

Once Willi suggested (and really persuaded her) that she satisfy herself as often as she could, he just wanted to know how often it would go. We were amazed when Anni jerked off a dozen times in a row and only the late hour kept her from continuing! That late afternoon, she was lying on a bale of hay across from us, opening her thighs, holding the slit and the hole wide open so that we could see well inside. She quickly teased herself, rubbed vigorously and made it twitch quickly, while Willi and I looked deep into her pulsating hole and sucking slit and wondered how she kept jerking off after only a few minutes break. She didn't take as long as Hildegard, sometimes barely a minute, to reach orgasm. We were much too curious and excited to count properly.

Only a few days had passed and Anni got more and more often the desire to jerk herself off. Sometimes she put the rubbing finger in the little hole to make it wet, she developed over time the habit of rub-

bing the pink clit with one finger and put the thumb in the little hole and fuck herself wildly. It often happened that Willi knelt down opposite Anni, who was jerking off with both hands, jerked off his own cock and jizzed on her. I was mainly a spectator in all of this, and rubbing along as well as I could, and I still found that that were insanely exciting and exciting games.

Anni also invented the two-dick game one day: I had to hold the tip of my dick against Willi's dick tip while she jerked us and him, respectively. She found pleasure in wanking two cocks and rubbing the glans against each other. When Willi then squirted, my cock was also squirted on and vice versa. Anni rubbed the wet cocks against each other, head to head, like two wet red mushrooms. I got very aroused by this too, although I got red ears just by touching Willi's cock. Anni liked this game very much, maybe also because she thereby became horny and desire to jerking off; which she did immediately fast and violently.

The thing with Hildegard had never told her by Willi. I stupid blabbermouth but betrayed this obvious secret somehow without ever understanding the secrecy reason, which had the consequence that Anni insisted to be there next Thursday in the hayloft. So there were three of us in our hiding place Thursday, staying quiet as mice as the farmer fucked his stepdaughter. Anni pressed a hand between her legs while Hildegard slowly jerked the farmer's cock stiff. She stroked her little vagina as the farmer fucked and thrust Hildegard. Now, as the farmer spurted thrust after thrust into Hildegard, she wrenched her eyes and mouth wide open and looked down, at the farmer's flaccid cock and at Hildegard's slit, from which a little semen dripped. When he had gone and Hildegard now began to jerk off on her own, Anni did not take her eyes off her and began to masturbate lying on her stomach under her skirt. As Hildegard gave a croaking moan and reared up, Anni bit her lips and her hand jerked back and forth quickly under her belly, so horny she became at Hildegard's orgasm.

Anni, who had jerked off rather rarely and half-heartedly in the beginning, learned a lot by watching when the father fucked Hildegard or when we watched Hildegard jerk off. She was eager to make

Willi squirt or jerk off enthusiastically herself. Willi and I were so horny from watching that we jerked off together, Willi squirted his semen in the direction of her slit and continued to jerk off while her thin little legs twitched and she had now apparently finally acquired a taste for it.

Willi grew and so did his cock; after Anni was there, his visits to Hildegard dropped out, he was now allowed to ride a moped and sometimes Anni and I stayed alone, peeked Thursday father and Hildegard fucking and when the father had gone, we jerked off all three — Hildegard below, we both above — as fast as we could. Anni knelt on all fours and I behind, between her legs and watched her, what and how she did it exactly. I had to squirt a long time before her and watched spellbound as my semen slowly trickled down her buttocks cheeks.

When my mother returned home from the city for a few days, I stayed home and snuggled up to her at night, thought of Willi and Anni and fell asleep. Because I dreamed too much about Anni and Willi, I got a terrible hard-on and my mother noticed it too, because I pressed myself against her and began to poke with my hard-on in her pubic hair. As always, the limit was reached when I touched the cunt. Gently she turned me on my side and fended off my cock with her hand; she held the cock firmly in her hand. But my cock swelled in her warm hand and I felt it grow between her fingers. She gasped angrily and seemed to protest, but she held the culprit in her hand firmly so I wouldn't press it elsewhere. Soon I just couldn't take it anymore and wiggled my pelvis, thrusting my cock back and forth in her hand until it squirted. She smiled and held him patiently until I had calmed down and cleaned me with the towel.

Mrs. Ogawa

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

When I went to town with Mother for a few days, we regularly stayed with Mrs. Ogawa. The mysterious stranger must have come from the Far East, was tall, slim and elegant. I did not know how old she might be, but it seemed to me that my mother was a little younger than she was. At that time I was not yet able to judge her true age correctly from the fine wrinkles. She was always very well groomed, nicely and fashionably dressed and made up, and always looked like the models in the photo magazines. My memory for names is not very reliable, so it could be that her name was perhaps not Ogawa at all, but just something like that, but that is not so important. What was important was that we had a neat, clean room, two floors above Mrs. Ogawa's apartment.

Once I was walking down the stairwell, Mrs. Ogawa was just coming in, carrying many bags and stumbling on high-heeled pumps over the old tiles of the entrance hall. All at once she stumbled and a bag fell to the floor. I immediately rushed down helpfully and picked up the bag. As I was about to hand it to her, I realized that she couldn't possibly carry that much at once, so I offered to carry it up for her. In her thin, high-pitched voice, she thanked me and led the way. I was amazed, as always, at how well she spoke our language.

Even today I remember how she walked ahead of me with her hips swaying, under the thin silk dress that was highly fashionable at the time, a slit silk skirt, the outlines of her panties were clearly visible. As she climbed the stairs, she lifted her skirt so as not to trip. I glanced up furtively and saw the white glowing under her skirt. As she set the bags down in front of the apartment door, unlocked it, and bent down to pick up the bags again, I looked along her legs and again that whiteness flashed briefly. Mrs. Ogawa smiled inscrutably at me and my ears went hot and red.

She went to the refrigerator and squatted there to put away the groceries. I stood in the kitchen doorway, sweaty and heart pound-

ing, while she stowed milk, butter and cheese in the various compartments, moving gracefully back- and forth — I had never seen so much beautiful leg before! Yes, I saw again that white panty that had flashed at me a few times before. My heart was pounding and my pants bulged suspiciously. Mrs. Ogawa looked with her eyes on my short black gym shorts, which I always wore in the summer; I'm sure she also noticed the naughty bulge caused by the cheeky fellow, but she turned back to the refrigerator smiling.

Then Mrs. Ogawa came to me, so close that our bodies were almost touching, and took the remaining packets from me. Under the thin blouse her nipples stood out clearly and yet dimly, one did not wear a bra at that time. "Why don't you sit down," she said, gesturing kindly with her head to the seating area, "I'll bring you a glass of lemonade in a minute." So I trotted obediently to the sofa and sat down, on the little table were newspapers and magazines, but also an envelope with photos, some looked out of the envelope. I looked again at Mrs. Ogawa, who was tending to the kitchen boxes with her back to me, sometimes bending down very low, showing a lot of leg and panties; it was the time of slit Japanese skirts and sheer chiffon blouses and I could see from a distance wink into Mrs. Ogawa's cleavage a bit when she bent down low enough.

When I had sat down, the envelope with the photos had slipped a little, and now my gaze, which I was bashfully trying to get away from Ms. Ogawa's long legs, round buttocks, and delicate breasts, fell on the black-and-white photos, some of which had slipped out. The top one showed an otherwise invisible photographer's cock poking into the cleft of Mrs. Ogawa's small, sparsely hairy black triangle, and Mrs. Ogawa smiled into the camera, at me, wonderfully open and lovely. My face immediately turned flaming red and my little hard-on became a big hard-on, I thought I would have to suffocate, so violently now my heart began to beat and my cock to throbbing. At the same time I panicked, because the light fabric of the gym pants not only bulged violently, but also began to get wet.

Mrs. Ogawa must have finished now or noticed my final inflammation, because she came over to me, followed my gaze to the photos, and smiled mildly. Then, without further ado, she sat down next

to me, put an arm around my shoulders, and asked if everything was all right. I barely made a sound and tried to croak out a “yes” with a ghastly dry mouth and swallowed hard, almost choking on my own breath and feeling my Adam’s apple roll violently up and down. Mrs. Ogawa pulled my head soothingly against her bosom and said only: “na, na,” while she stroked my hair.

How to describe it, there I am sitting next to Mrs. Ogawa, who towers over me by at least a head length, gently pressing my face against her bosom; my eyes squinting into her décolleté and I see how the delicate fabric stretches around her bare, flat chest. I squint through the gap between the blouse buttons at what little of the bosom is visible there. Mrs. Ogawa’s arm embraces and presses me once again to her bosom, she kisses me on the hair and murmurs “na, na,” while her hand rests on my thigh, my God! and right next to it my hard-on, standing like a queen’s guard and erects a small tent roof under the pants. All at once, Ms. Ogawa reaches under my waistband elastic and grips my wet, throbbing cock with her warm hand, from above, like a curler grips the handle of an ice curling stick. She just holds it tight and I freeze. Freeze, even though I would rather have run away or died. She very gently pushes my pants down more than a bit.

So a short eternity passes, just a small heartbeat long, then Mrs. Ogawa moves her hand gently and rhythmically up and down and strokes my foreskin up and down in infinite slowness, pulls my head to her bosom in the same rhythm and I see how her small, round breasts under the blouse quiver in the rhythm of her hand and the small light brown teats of the nipples protrude pointedly. Only a tiny further heartbeat later, I gratefully squirt myself into Ms. Ogawa’s hand, my semen running in hot waves over her wrist and sticking to her thighs. I spill so quickly and surprisingly that Mrs. Ogawa stops and raises an eyebrow in indignation as I continue to squirt violently into her hand, eyes wide open like a calf. “Ouch, that was quick,” says Mrs. Ogawa, while little droplets still spilling into her hand with a quiet throb. “You don’t have to come so fast, you can delay the squirting,” says Mrs. Ogawa, but doesn’t tell me how to do it or what for; she strokes and squeezes my glans with a gentle hand and waits patiently until the thrusting throbbing slowly ebbs away and nothing

more pours into her hand. I had squirted, but it wasn't a real orgasm, somehow.

Then Mrs. Ogawa slowly pulls away her hand, with semen clinging to it like long, thick spider threads, and takes a handkerchief with two pointed fingers to wipe herself off. With light, gentle pressure, she also wipes my pants and cock clean. "I don't mind if you squirt in my hand," Ms. Ogawa says as she does so, gently pulling back the foreskin and dabbing dryly at the glans, "but I'd rather you didn't." I sit there dumb as an ox and have red, burning hot ears. Stare at the tabletop in front of me, not daring to look at Mrs. Ogawa. I don't understand what to do, how to splash and yet not splash at the same time.

Later she fetches a lemonade and places it in front of me, I still dare not to move or look up at her, I have sinned just as I did when I was with my mother and I feel miserable. Furtively, out of the corner of my eye, I see that both teats are now stiff and firm through Mrs. Ogawa's blouse as she leans over and puts down the lemonade glass. We sit there for a minute or a quarter of an hour, both keeping our eyes lowered. She looks with lowered gaze at my half stiff cock, I look at her beautiful pointed breasts under her gauzy blouse. I feel miserable because I'm sitting there so stupidly with the half-stiffy and don't dare to tuck it away, to touch it in front of her. I feel funny at the same time, because I had almost felt no orgasm, although I had squirted after all; that's why the semi-stiff cock, which does not shrink as usual. Time passes slowly, embarrassingly slowly.

My gaze wanders further off and falls again on the photos. Mrs. Ogawa sees it, now calmly picks up the envelope and flips through the pictures. Says that it is quite all right, her husband — since when has Mrs. Ogawa had a husband? — would like to take such pictures with her (and only much later I was to meet the old photographer who photographed the beauties of the night — and of course Mrs. Ogawa — too). She shows the one or the other briefly here and looks inquiringly at me, sees my increasingly reddening face and smiles, because I get a little excited and embarrassed, because I have never seen such pictures before.

The minutes pass as she shows me the pictures. “That was funny,” Ms. Ogawa says, “there’s his cock right between my breasts,” and she presses the picture into my hand, puts her hand on my thigh and then lets it wander up, briefly touching my semi-stiff cock, which, tucked into the waistband of my pants like a little garden gnome. Then Mrs. Ogawa takes the other pictures, sorts out some that she doesn’t want me to see apparently, and hands me some again, one after one by one, commenting on what was so funny with or about Mr. Ogawa; lisping a little when she says the word dick. She points with a finger to where it is stuck in her hair triangle, deep inside in this picture and pulled out further in that one and feels again and again for my cock, which gradually begins to stir. I see very clearly that the cocks were all different and instinctively know that Mrs. Ogawa lives without a man, but she talks all the time about Mr. Ogawa’s cock and that it is so nice and stiff and firm and what they both do together. I still look and listen and swell more and more.

“Let’s make you more comfortable,” she says and starts to take my gym shorts all the way off. I have to lift my ass cheeks as she slips my pants off, then I sit back with my arms crossed over my lap, trying to hide my already stiff cock as she carefully folds my pants and puts them aside. My heart is pounding up to my throat again, I have a dry mouth and still don’t dare to drink the lemonade. Mrs. Ogawa caresses my thigh again, her long red fingernails lightly scratching my skin, and she gently pushes my arms aside. I sit there unprotected with naked lower body, arms hanging down willy-nilly, and my cock now lies sideways on my sack like a thick, ripe banana. Ms. Ogawa strokes my thighs and cock again, very finely and very delicately, and says she will stroke and rub it again finely to make it nice and stiff again, but she’d rather that I should stop squirting on her hand and hold it back, please!

I don’t understand the meaning of her words, but nod and once again my gaze flits shyly to her cleavage, catching a glimpse of her breasts briefly and immediately looking away again, lowering my gaze to the table. Mrs. Ogawa smiles very mildly and slips the strap of her blouse over her shoulder with one hand. Under the falling fabric, a beautiful, small and circular breast becomes visible; ah, that is already something different than with Anni! My cock becomes even

stiffer, the thick banana begins to stand up, heart pounding. Mrs. Ogawa smiles again, gently and slowly stroking her nipple with one hand, watching my little one stiffen with a smile.

I probably would have sat there like that for hours if Mrs. Ogawa hadn't moved again. She now strips off the blouse completely and lets it slide carelessly to the floor. From sleepy, half-closed eyes I look at her beautiful upper body, the beautiful round breasts, the sharp protruding teats. Then she slides back towards me and gently strokes my cock, pulling the foreskin back from the glans and teasing it with her fingertip. Mrs. Ogawa is now very restless, her dark eyes burning like Mother's eyes did back then when she watched me masturbating, and she slowly strokes my glans in a circular but infinitely gentle manner, then says she wants to be careful because otherwise I will cum on her fingers again.

Mrs. Ogawa lets go of me and says with burning shiny feverish eyes, we might do this later and I make myself comfortable in the meantime. Then she starts fiddling with her skirt, undoing the button and side zipper; skirt and panties sink to the floor next to the couch. I catch a brief, unchaste glimpse of her short, black pubic hair before she places her hand over it. My heart is pounding in my throat, I'm lying naked next to a naked stranger!

Mrs. Ogawa nods to herself and says, "I'm just playing like this now, with no Cock rubbing, only with the tip of the glans, otherwise you squirt again so fast!" and presses a hand between her thighs. She makes gentle, circular finger movements on my glans and presses her hand firmly between her closed legs, and I look at her pointed breasts and suspect that she is jerking off a bit, because her breasts gyrate rhythmically in front of my face. Then her hand creeps with infinite slowness to my cock again, grasps it firmly and vigorously pulls the foreskin back from the glans, rubbing now with a gentle, slow rhythm as I stare at her breast bobbing up and down in time with her hand, at her fingers gently caressing her pubic area. Then Mrs. Ogawa, who is rubbing my cock slowly, gently and carefully, says "that's it, I can feel it getting firmer, but don't squirt any more into my hand, please!" I nod and involuntarily thrust my pelvis forward a little, my cock towards her hand.

She becomes more and more restless with her other hand on her pubic between her tightly closed legs and mumbles with half-closed eyelids a “not” with each hand movement that you must not not not not not squirt, no, please not not not not not squirt! Mrs. Ogawa's hand glides thereby with gentle pressure over her pubic area and I have to think of Hildegard's and Anni's jerking off, and Mrs. Ogawa's eyes are getting darker and feverish. Her hand becomes more erratic, uncontrolled and then makes a clumsy movement and pinches my glans, so that I have to wince involuntarily painfully.

As she does so, one of the magazines on the table slips out of place, and underneath are the pictures she really didn't want me to see. Mrs. Ogawa now gently strokes my glans, while the other hand massages the cunt with slow and gentle movements. On top a rather blurred and out of focus picture, on which a laughing Mrs. Ogawa spreads her pubic with one hand and at the same time sticks a candle deep into her slithole. This image races through my retina straight to my brain and from there somehow immediately back down to my cock; in the same split second I feel that I am about to squirt. Now, right now.

Mrs. Ogawa is completely surprised at how quickly I come to squirt again and stops abruptly so that I do not splash; but she notices immediately that it already pulsates and throbs too violently and already squirts out a little between her fingers. “Oh my, if it must be,” murmurs Mrs. Ogawa and clasps briefly my cock to jerk me very hard, but fast and very well. She seems to be indifferent to the fact that a bit of semen splashing on her chest as she jerks my cock vigorously and brutally; dazed, I look at her chest, which bobs wildly along. She pulls back the foreskin painfully tight a few times, causing the semen to spurt up high — another another thick, viscous jet spews over Ms. Ogawa's beautiful, naked body, then jets squirt and shoot out in wild bursts over her body. She rubs me brutally, jet after jet on her body!

As the cock goes limp, she stops and waits patiently again while I gasp and wince, letting the last droplets spill into her hand. Forgive us poor sinners, Amen! I whisper silently the incantation of gratitude.

She spreads the semen with her fingers on her belly first, but then takes the cloth again to clean herself and her hand. She dabs with the cloth the splashes of her breast and her belly and means, “I rubbed nevertheless so easily, so that it would again become strong again, but not so that you can splash me all over again right away!” She angrily pushes the photos aside and says they upset you too much and goes on to say, “you’re not allowed to cum so quickly, so give yourself more time, we do squirt later!” I look questioningly down at me, felt no more excitement arise and obediently shake my head, because today I would certainly not cum on her anymore.

For minutes we lie silently next to each other, Ms. Ogawa holds me embraced and caresses with the other hand infinitely gentle her own cunt. I am totally confused and exhausted, because to jerk off somewhere alone and secretly or in a strange apartment of a beautiful adult woman to be jerked off properly, that’s something different! However, I do not understand, why you should not squirt when you have to, but only when she wants it, and why at all only later, and: When later? I keep my eyes closed and doze off, fearful and lustful, but in any case infinitely tired. The first, gentle outpouring could perhaps have been followed by others, but with this wild, brutal rubbing she had jerked my soul out of my dick.

Mrs. Ogawa, who had been quietly stroking herself, suddenly stops and looks at me with a strange expression on her face. “You may squirt again in a moment, my little one, squirt very finely,” she coos hoarsely, “I’ll just make you a little comfortable — you may lie with me, won’t you?” I move away a little and must panic-stricken thinking of my mother, when I see how Mrs. Ogawa bends the legs slightly and opens, so that I can see her opened cunt.

Sighing deeply, she lifts her buttocks, opening and closing her legs as she does so, like long spider fingers, and murmurs, “you sure like to make love to me, make love really fine with me!” My throat is like constricted, while she cooing with pleasure slowly caresses her labia. “Come on, make love to me,” she mumbles all at once suddenly and pulls me on top of her with her other hand. Panic fills me as my soft cock touches her warm wetness.

I was insanely afraid of what could have come and fled. I jump up, grab my gym shorts and slip into them, then I quickly run towards the door. Before I close the door very quietly, I catch one last, cowardly glimpse of the small, pink slit in the sparsely wooded black triangle, and of the finger that was moving slowly in the slit.

A Real Secret

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

When my mother tried to earn our meager bread somehow in the surrounding houses, I stayed at home and did what all boys do at that age. And I savored that as often as I could. Once she came home earlier than usual and caught me masturbating. Only when it was over and I was wiping myself to clean I looked up and realized that she had been standing under the door watching the whole time. I got a little embarrassed and red-faced despite our familiarity, though she nodded at me with a loving smile before heading into the kitchen.

Incessantly, the wheel of fate continued to turn. The further development of things was only possible because it was slow and gradual, and because my mother was fundamentally kind. She loved me more than anything in this world and could not deny me any wish. I suspected that my mother — who was in fact my grandmother — looked forward to the further development with mixed feelings and would have liked to put a stop to it if she had seen a way out of the dilemma; and her dilemma was all the more complicated because she had to visit Uncle Frieder again and again when we were out of money. Probably the fact that all the other family members had already died and I was the last one still alive was the reason for her loneliness, which made her love me so idolatrously. And even if she had been aware of the slippery slope we were sliding down, it would not have helped, because she loved me deeply and with all devotion. She would have done and has done everything for me. Only good that I was not so clearly aware of this, otherwise we would not have slid slowly, but in frantic speed into disaster.

We still slept naked, even though I was no longer a baby and because I had raved to her over and over again about how beautiful it was when our bare skin touched. She wasn't particularly convinced at first of that skin thing, but we had slept all the time naked since the beginning. She sometimes half-heartedly whispered that I was old enough to sleep alone after all, because by now she seemed em-

barrassed when we cuddled naked in bed. But she, too, had grown accustomed to the touch of our naked bodies. I was a dear little boy who led his mother step by step down a devilish path.

When I was younger, she simply held out her hand as a warm shell in which I tossed and turned and blissfully poured myself out. Sometimes I did try to press myself against her and my cock into her frizzy hair, but since I could squirt, she was on guard and careful that I did not turn around to face her. She pressed my back against her as much as I struggled. Because I was so hasty and demanding, she reached around my waist with a sigh and held my abdomen. That was absolutely fine with her, she said, and every night she held my hard-on firmly in her hand as I excitedly squirmed back and forth in the warm tunnel in her palm. When it squirted, she held her breath.

As I got older and masturbated quite often, she lay quietly next to me and tolerated my nightly shenanigans in the dark, with which I was also satisfied for a while. Initially she was a little bit surprised that I masturbated two or three times in a row, but she soon realized that I was very excited when I touched her. I felt her beautiful, round breasts more and more often and pressed my hard-on against her body, squeezing it everywhere and only giving a rest when she repelled me while I was poking her frizzy hair. Surrendered I rolled to the side, because after this excitement I wanted nothing rather than immediately jerk off again.

Once we both could not fall asleep, so she asked me about Willi and there I told her everything little by little. Maybe she liked me even better after this confession, because she caressed me shyly and carefully while I jerked off again. I knew now that I had to tell something, that I had to reveal something sexual to get more. But when I told, I couldn't jerk off at the same time, I said as much after a few days, begging her to jerk me off, to which she shook her head violently. She couldn't suppress her curiosity for long, though, because I stopped jerking off and didn't continue telling until she pressed me against her chest and reached down with her hand down to my cock. She slowly and deliberately slid the foreskin up and down as I whispered the secrets. As my confession neared its end and I stopped, she waited, perplexed. I whispered impatiently that she must continue,

but she shook her head at first. Only after an infinitely long time did she give in to my begging, sighed deeply and shook the cock very quickly from the wrist that it only splashed magnificently! Then she immediately turned to the wall as if she was ashamed. But from now on I wanted nothing else and tried to tell her something as often as something happened or I invented something.

Slowly her shyness faded, at least a little. My God, was she good at it! I became almost addicted to getting the cock shaken out of her wrist, to get shaken! Unfortunately, I too often lacked the narrative material, and once, when I was too impatient, she sat up cross-legged and pulled me energetically to her, then she held her hand over it so that I did not squirt all over. Anyway, I immediately shared the stories about Hildegard, Willi and Anni into small portions, so that she did it to me quite often. That all this had to remain a secret, I instinctively suspected, because she never talked about these things during the day.

Since the summer at Willi's, at the latest, I looked at her with different eyes. As curiously as I watched her, however, I never found out when she did it either and why she hid it so carefully from me. I often thought of Anni or Hildegard, but my mother seemed different from them, was busy and industrious during the day, but quiet and secretive at night; but I could only imagine quite well in my fantasies that she did it. I really wanted to watch her do it, but at night, after she had masturbated me two or three times properly, I regularly slept away.

As time passed, I crawled onto her belly, nestled my feverish face on her neck, and placed my hands delicately on her large breasts, her wonderful breasts, feeling pleasurable shivers as I touched her wet slit with my cock. She rocked me back and forth, humming softly, my little one pressed against her thigh, pushing up into her frizzy hair, heart pounding. I lay on top of her longer and longer, crawling back and forth like a little seal baby on its mommy and stroking her, feeling her body become softer and softer. As long as it went she tolerated me on her belly and allowed me to caress her breasts and suck her nipples, that my little hard-on pressed into her pubic hair and

also touched her slit. Only I was not allowed to become overconfident and advance too far.

But of course I tried again and again, because I only needed to cuddle her long enough and knead her nipples, then she became soft and pliable, but she actually didn't like it at all that I penetrated deeper. But I did. As I slid deeper into her vagina, she held me for a few moments and whispered that we weren't supposed to do that, that fucking was a great sin and gently but forcefully pushed me back. I mewled defiantly that we didn't go to church at all and therefore the sin didn't apply to us, but still she insisted that we weren't allowed to do that, the fucking (I didn't like that word, because Willi and Anni said screwing or haggging, but never fuck, because we thought it was a mean word).

I feared the darkness, but it was also my ally. More and more often the baby seal lay down on its mama's belly and crawled up and down. More and more often she gave up the defense, because she also liked this crawling around very much, but especially when the seal baby gently caressed and sucked her nipples. When I was gentle and careful she became very soft and tilted her thighs relaxed to the side. Sometimes I managed to push the cock a very tiny bit into the vagina, but only a very tiny bit. The subsequent careful wiggling around excited me immensely, but she was usually on guard and took him out before he could squirt; rubbed him quickly out of the wrist and muttered that we must not fuck each other.

Once, as we cuddled for quite a long time, she lay there quite relaxed, enjoying me teasing her nipples with my fingertips, and she became increasingly softer when I sucked the teats. She spread her legs wide and seemed to be just waiting for it. Still, she gave a startled sigh when I tentatively pushed in a tiny bit further than usual. She held me tightly for a few moments while I was inside her, heart pounding, and whispered reproachfully that I was not allowed to fuck her. Carefully she pushed me back a little, but I persisted and she was also already very soft and yielding, so I continued to grind around in the vaginal entrance. She mewled and growled like a big cuddly bear and squirmed, apparently because it was so fine for her too. I whispered how much I needed it now and now she reached

down and rubbed me even though half of my cock was still in her hole. Only when she realized that it was about to come, she pulled it all the way out and let it squirt onto her thigh.

I whispered in her ear how nice that had been. She smiled and stroked my hair, then whispered what a tease I was, and that yes, it was almost like fucking, but when I said that, however, fucking was quite different I felt her laugh softly. So it happened that from now on we always did it that way. She liked the cuddling and grinding very much, but mostly she kept me at a distance and made sure that I did not penetrate too deeply. Mostly before she masturbated me, she pushed me into a kneeling position and made it so that I would splash on the sheet. Sometimes it happened that she became very soft and yielding and growled with pleasure like a humming bear, mostly because I worked on her nipples. Then she spread her legs as wide as never before, wiggled her ass with pleasure and rubbed my cock against her pubic. I loved this intense feeling when she rubbed her labia with the tip of my cock, which gave her obvious pleasure, or brushed the cleft with the glans for minutes before she remembered me and quickly masturbated me. Sometimes she was so amused that after masturbating she continued to brush the clit with her cock, even though he was already squirting. Or she was so amused, that she didn't seem to notice that it was already squirting a bit before she had it out. I was surprised that she didn't always notice, because she usually pressed the tip of the glans between the labia only until it squirted, and had an almost unmistakable feeling for how long she could rub and when it would squirt. She always pulled it out only at the last moment out, so that it squirted only in the pubic hair or outside on the gap. But I often had squirted long before that.

Before I fell asleep from fatigue, I usually put one hand awkwardly around her body and listened to her for a long time. Now, when I dozed off, I imagined, half asleep, that she was moving and wiggling violently, like Hildegard or Anni, and that she was doing it now. But I always fell asleep, so I didn't find out if it was just in my imagination or if it was actually happening.

During the day we never talked about these things, because I had learned very well that it was all taboo.

Still A Secret

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

It was that afternoon when Anni had lolling horny and lascivious on the old mat for a long time before she had masturbated to madness. I knelt in front of her, had my little one in my hand and horned up on her masturbating. My first squirt stretched as a thin thread over her belly before I squirted it all splashed on her skinny thighs. Suddenly Willi grabbed her under the buttocks and pushed his cock into the open little hole in a flash. Anni flinched in complete surprise and screamed “Hey!” as her hymen tore now completely; but Willi was now lying heavily on top of her and his thick cock drove deep into her little vagina, she cried out again and had to spread her legs painfully wide, because Willi was big and wide. “But please don’t squirt inside!” whimpered Anni horrified, but he penetrated again with a push deep into her slender abdomen, she sighed and twitched, as if in orgasm, and listened with wide open eyes inside.

I leaned forward and looked spellbound at her vagina, at the labia that clasped his cock taut to the breaking point and slid down it like a frog’s mouth when he pulled out. Willi thrust into her a few more times, thrusting his cock deep into her vagina and still holding her with a vice. He pulled the cock almost all the way out again before thrusting it all the way in. I watched in fascination as her hairless, bloody reddened slit closed tightly around his thick cock and sucked on it while he pumped jerkily a few more times and just squirted inside her. Anni’s eyes snapped open and she shrieked, then she pushed him away and rolled to the side. Willi knelt there with a stupid face and splashed the rest on the floor. The whole thing had taken only seconds.

Anni was terribly angry and howling, sobbing over and over how mean he was, then she squatted down with her legs straddled and let the slime and let the mucus run out, running her finger in to get it all out. Willi’s head had turned red and he just grinned stupidly as Anni finally ran off crying.

As much as I struggled to squirt that night — it just didn't work. When the mother noticed my desperation, she pressed me tenderly to her chest and tentatively and shyly groped for my cock. She asked again what was wrong. I evaded, but she persisted, and gently stroked me gently, up and down, while I told her everything — or almost everything — about Hildegard, who had masturbated very violently that afternoon; because that had also very excited me. I squirted after only a few moments. She continued to ask, listened and kept silent, and I had to tell her the rest as well, during which she again rubbed the foreskin back and forth very quickly until it squirted. But it wasn't enough, so after a while I whispered that I really needed it again, then I crawled onto her belly and hugged her fiercely. She began to tremble violently because my cock, which was impatiently looking for her slit, was still dripping wet from squirting and her slit was soon completely smeared with my semen.

I had to tell her again once again tell her how Hildegard had done it exactly, while I slid a little deeper than usual into the slit. She reached for me to stop me, but she pressed her abdomen trembling against me at the same time and asked in a whisper how it was with the Anni and she pushed the tail firmly back and forth, although the cock was already pretty deep inside. Hoarsely, I reported anew what Willi had done with Anni, and while Willi dug his cock faster and deeper into Anni, she pressed my cock firmly with every movement of her jerking hand firmly into her trembling vagina. In between she paused and rubbed the glans firmly on her clit, at the same time rotating her ass in circles. When Willi thrust in hard and squirted it all in, she continued rubbing with hasty strokes from her wrist and pressed the whole cock firmly into the slit again. I was silent with excitement while she continued to jerk me harder and harder. She had her eyes closed and jerked me as if it were her cock that she was jerking wildly. She rubbed so frantically and so furiously that it squirted juicily a few times while she was doing it to me and I was still inside, but she kept jerking as if she hadn't noticed. She was shaking badly when she stopped and pulled it out half-heartedly, leaving the tired residue spilling out of the squirting little monster over her pubic.

I lay panting next to her and whispered excitedly that it was almost like real fucking. She flinched a little and shook her head. "No,

no, that was not fucking, because fucking we are not allowed!” For the hundredth time she whispered powerlessly that we had to stop all this because otherwise it would end in disaster. Then we hugged each other for a long time, and I was now quite sure that she had not noticed from all the excitement that I had really squirted inside everything. I felt the trembling of my mother for a long time and smiled because we had almost fucked properly and because it had squirted in a very small bit. No, because it had squirted all inside. Mother was still trembling and sat down at the table, where she slowly drank one glass after another, while I gradually fell asleep.

At dawn I awoke because it seemed to me that I felt hasty movements beside me. Suddenly I was awake, felt the rapid, violent movements and her excitement. I smelled the pungent smell of liquor she gave off and felt her heart beating furiously, the fire blazing under her skin, like Anni’s, just before she orgasmed. Driven by curiosity, I turned to her in the darkness and palmed her greedily, but she didn’t like that at all now and turned away energetically, toward the wall. She was instantly frozen when I touched her, when my groping fingers touched her sweaty, feverishly trembling and shivering body. I continued to palpate her, even though she had curled up and turned away. She wanted to continue and was already pushing against the wall, but when I stroked her nipples and then her cunt, she started to sigh deeply again and no longer resisted. Slowly she turned back and opened her thighs again willingly. Despite my excitement, I instinctively got that this did her good.

I lay diagonally behind her, pressed myself against her buttocks and grasped with my hand around her waist to bury the fingers deep in her wet pubic. I stroked and rubbed, she groaned and moaned, but after a while I stopped irritated when our fingers suddenly touched. I had never seen her so aroused, her masturbation was new and exciting for me and this excitement had a contagious effect. With the wet hand that had just been rooting around in her wet pubic, I began to wank and pushed my pelvis quite horny forward, along the fold of her ass, until my cock touched her pubic, where I felt quite clearly how her labia danced back and forth with the rapid movement of her fingers. I didn’t stop until I was between her labia and suddenly had the image of Willi and Anni in front of my eyes. Finally, I thought ex-

citedly, finally we fucked properly, but she seemed to have forgotten me completely and continued masturbating impatiently panting. I pushed the cock only a few centimeters in and out, because further I did not dare, and insecure I was also, because she was was completely absent and masturbated furiously fast. After a few minutes, she orgasmed loudly and pressed her butt down hard to jerk it over my cock until it was in deep, which scared me terribly. It felt like a warm, wet slug was wrapping itself around my cock and licking it off with a hot tongue. Like a mouth it pulsed around my cock and seemed to want to swallow it convulsively. She thrust at me a couple of times; I flinched as if struck by lightning, but she pressed me ironically and firmly into her orgasm. I screamed and squirted, I squirted and screamed and heard her moan and whimper; and only now did I thrust deeper inside, let it squirt in further and further pulsating. Her whimpering became quieter.

As if struck down I lay there and crying because I had done such a despicable thing. My mother hid under the blanket and cried as well. “My God,” she sobbed softly, “my God!” After a while, she dragged herself into the kitchen, and I heard her washing her hole, crying. I felt so miserable that I wanted to die. How could I do this to her! When she came back in, with hard looking eyes I cried again, my heart full of fear and anxiety, until she broke the silence and whispered that it wasn’t my fault. I understood nothing and howled myself to sleep.

The next morning we had breakfast in silence and in a very depressed mood, and I felt that there was a rift between us that would not heal for a long time.

Anni Enjoys It

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

My mother had been silent for days and then sent me to Willi — I was glad to escape the oppressive mood and my guilty conscience. At Willi's I forgot everything immediately, because we were fully immersed in our little world again. I didn't tell Willi a single word about all this — he would not have believed me anyway.

After a few days Anni was back, and we made up. Willi had to promise high and holy never to fuck her again. Nevertheless, she remained much more cautious towards Willi now. Tentatively we resumed our wankings, the lust was stronger than the mistrust.

Willi did not keep his promise, of course. As soon as Anni was back with us, he fucked her again. I had initially suspected that the crybaby would finally leave, but to my amazement she endured everything with angelic patience. She became softer and quieter the more Willi put her down without a word and pushed his cock in. They no longer jerked at all, but fucked as often as they could. I sat a little alone next to them and mostly just watched; because jerking off alone was not much fun. That again displeased Willi, who really wanted to see me squirt. I just shrugged my shoulders and continued to watch as he fucked Anni. The moment when he pumped Anni's smacking pussy full fascinated me the most. We knew about the danger of pregnancy and had a vague idea about contraception, but Willi rarely thought to pull out his cock in a timely manner. Often he was puffing away like a steam engine, seeing and hearing nothing until he had poured himself into Anni. Anni seemed to have surrendered to this fate and held on to him even though she should have pushed him away long ago. She did sometimes paw around in her vagina with a handkerchief to get Willi's seed out, but I didn't think that was very effective. Well, we were just kids in the country and all three of us were actually pretty simple-minded. The good Gods apparently had mercy and wisely prevented.

Willi was not so insightful. In his simple mind it wasn't right to have me only as a spectator and apparently it seemed to him also not fair that only he fucked with a girl. Slowly and awkwardly he came to the point. I ducked with red ears and Anni immediately spread all ten fingers defensively, because that would be out of the question for her. At the same time, she blinked curiously at me from under her eyelashes, trying to gauge my reaction. Days passed until Willi got his way.

It was late one afternoon in the hayloft, Willi just had Anni under him and paused in the middle of it. Then he half turned and beckoned me to come closer. I crawled obediently closer, as he grabbed me quite firmly around the waist and pulled me towards him. "Go on, do it!" he hissed, and pulled his thick cock slowly out of Anni's vagina. I was panic-stricken, even more so when Anni saw the disaster coming and tried to wriggle away from him. But Willi held her tightly and hissed in my ear that I should finally do it. Now! Tentatively, my little hard-on touched Anni's outer labia, but I didn't dare go any further. Willi rolled even further to the side and pushed me forward.

I was inside Anni. Amazed, I felt the moist, warm tightness that surrounded my cock, amazed, I thought, that the sky wasn't falling and I didn't need to be afraid. I did not move until I felt Anni uncramp and laugh. "He can't," she sneered, "he can't!" Now I was getting kind of angry, and trying to be wild like Willi, I pushed and stomped into Anni, who soon held still and looked at me in amazement. I had to thrust for quite a long time before it came. She felt it jerking and spurting out of me and tried desperately to wriggle out. I tried to pull it out too, but Willi's leg was heavy on me, pinning me down. I just looked at her with dull calf eyes while it all squirted inside. My God, I was miserable, I thought all the time about my mother, where I had also squirted everything in.

After that there was silence at first, we lay in a wild tangle on top of each other. Willi was the first to stir and grinned, "Now, big boy!", then he winked at me buddy-like. Anni sat up snorting and pretended to be angry for a minute. It wasn't until we let a cigarette go around that Willi told Anni that the little guy was finally no longer a

virgin, and Anni had to laugh, but I was still a little depressed, because all the time I was thinking about my mother and the fact that I now had been involved in another great wrong. That was of course nonsense, because from then on we stopped jerking off almost completely and only fucked Anni, both of us.

I was often the superfluous third and had to wait for my turn to fuck. Sometimes I was already so horny from watching that I hardly had to touch me to squirt. Anni was sometimes quite funny about fucking; she was completely infatuated with Willi and that flattered him a lot; at the same time she categorically refused to fuck me. But Willi was always generous, then he stubbornly insisted that I fuck Anni, even if she didn't want it. So I waited impatiently until they were done. Anni was usually already pretty tired when it was my turn or simply didn't want to. But Willi did not tolerate any contradiction and scuffled with her until he had grabbed her tightly. He bent her arms firmly backwards and spread her thighs with his knees. Now she could no longer resist when I went to work. I didn't mind that she looked dull and impassive until I was done, even though I fucked quickly and hastily and it was usually very quick. Anni was already very aroused and got her orgasm before I squirted everything inside. Willi didn't know why I fucked so furiously sometimes, but I always had to think of squirting inside my mother when I squirted inside Anni.

At the end of the summer it was then called to take leave for the time being. But before that, the farmer sent Willi and me with a small herd into the next but one valley, where he owned a small pasture. That meant four days on the road with a dozen cows and heifers. In a few brief words the father explained to Willi and indirectly to me how important this assignment was, what responsibility we were taking on and that he had to look after the "Boy" — meaning me — and should have to take care of him. Thus began quite unspectacularly the adventurous conclusion of our summer vacation. Until late at night Willi and I stayed awake and talked about our adventure. Only, that Anni would not be there, was a pity, Willi said. Then he was silent for a moment and said that if we really wanted to fuck, then the calves would be there. I became blushing, because I knew that the Willi led no loose speeches, if nothing was behind it.

At dawn Willi woke me up, hung an old, hundred times sewn canvas backpack around my shoulders and told me to follow him. We drove the cows and calves named by father the night before out of the barn, rubbed the lead cow's coat with a brush, and went from cow to cow with the brush, calf to calf, to teach them the scent of the lead cow once again, and then they went off, out to the farm, down the hill. At the bottom of the last gate, the farmer and Hildegard were waiting for us. The farmer checked our backpacks, put his hand on Willi's shoulder again, and then trudged wordlessly up the hill. Hildegard hugged Willi fiercely and croaked "Good Bye!" in her strange deaf-mute voice, then yanked me up and kissed me left, right and all around, her tears still burning on my cheek for a long time. The farmer coughed again and got impatiently from one leg to the other, and Hildegard let me go, silently following her master uphill.

The Rape

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

Meanwhile, my mother had banished me to the cot on the living room floor — she seemed to be serious that I was too old to sleep with her. My begging look pained her greatly, and she stroked my hair with her hand, murmuring that it was not my fault. But it was no consolation, for she seemed unable to forgive herself — and perhaps me — that we had really fucked. Even with Willi I found no consolation, because he was with all his thoughts only was busy with fucking. Anni, whom I raped again and again with Willi's help, probably despised me. I went to her and Willi less and less often, because in the meantime I also began to despise myself.

I became angry at the whole world, especially at the women who led me only to the bad — Hildegard, Anni, Mrs. Ogawa and my mother as well. I was really angry and despairing when I lay in the improvised crib and guessed the outline of her body in the night darkness. When the moon shone, I could see everything. I lay awake half the night waiting to see if she moved. Usually she turned around several times in the dream and pressed herself against the ceiling as if against a lover. I would look at the dimly visible outline of her back and legs; but my favorite thing was to look at her buttocks when she was lying on her stomach and masturbated softly. Sometimes I would stay awake for hours when she was lying on her stomach and sticking her butt out, and masturbated two or three times. It was very lonely and very sad. One night I couldn't take it anymore and lay down next to the sleeping one.

"What is it," she asked rising from her sleep and pushing me away until I had to sit down on the edge of the bed to avoid falling off. "I can't sleep," I said, and stroked the blanket with one hand over the blanket, feeling the outline of her body. "Don't do that" she hissed, pulling back even further; "stay in your bed, and that's final!"

"I can't sleep," I said the next night, as I sat down on the edge of her bed. "What is it," she asked, pulling the covers up under her chin.

“There are so many things happen,” I whispered intermittently and waited patiently. “What’s happening,” she asked promptly, and I said that I could lie down next to her and tell her everything. She hissed at me not to even think about it and pulled the blanket even tighter around her body. I was frozen, remained silent and waited. After a while, I felt that she was no longer so dismissive and began to tell the story of Mrs. Ogawa. My mother whispered angrily at first that she hadn’t thought that the old Japanese woman had let herself be fucked and she had to say really bad things about the old Japanese whore who fucked young innocent boys, virgin boys, and so on. But then she listened again until I stopped in the middle. Of course she had already become very curious how it went on, but I now begged her to do it to me with her hand. She shook her head in denial and vigorously insisted that I get back into the cot. I obeyed sadly and defiantly. Now I was again lying lonely and rejected on my floor cot and wept with self--pity.

In the first light of morning I woke up and stared over at her. She was lying naked on her stomach with one bent knee across the blanket. She lay like a rider on the scrunched up blanket and stretched the soft curve of her butt back. I straightened up and saw the light curl of pubic hair under the fold of her ass. She stirred sometimes like a dreaming dog and pressed her abdomen against the blanket. I suspected that she was dreaming of fucking. I was electrified and crawled to the foot of her bed and stared at her slit, which she kept pressing tightly against the crumpled blanket. I bent over as far as I could and looked at her half-open cleft. Her clit had come out again and was as long as half a finger limb, now she kept thrusting it firmly and hard against the blanket while she was dreaming. Suddenly she rammed furiously and wildly against the blanket for a few seconds, then her abdomen twitched uncontrollably. My heart was pounding wildly because she had had an orgasm in the dream! For the next few weeks I slept almost not a minute and watched her all night; mostly nothing happened, but two or three times a week she had her dream-orgasm at night. It was a surprising and exciting discovery.

Spring was slowly turning into summer, and it was getting hot and humid. In the evening, when we went to bed, it was still light, and mother read in the evening until dark. I was for many weeks re-

mained an inconspicuous observer of her dream—orgasms for many weeks, she no longer looked so stern, and when she read she did not pay so much attention to the position of her legs, so that I could always see into her vagina or vaginal fold. It upset me more and more and I began to masturbate secretly, although it was still quite light in the room. After some time I noticed that she was watching my masturbation inconspicuously. Although I usually fell asleep immediately afterwards, I soon woke up again because she was masturbating quite loudly. Immediately I understood the connection that my masturbating could trigger violent arousal in her. From now on I gave up all secrecy and masturbated for all it was worth. And then put me asleep, lying in wait like a spy.

Frequently the calculation worked out. She would read on for a few minutes, blinking over at me to see if I was fast asleep yet. Of course I was, sound asleep. Already while reading her fingers played a little with a nipple, glided to her cleft or clit. Then she put the book aside with a deep aroused sigh, spread her bent legs wide and masturbated. When her arousal increased and she closed her eyes, her head cocked to one side and her fingers quickened. I sat up or crawled closer at the foot of the bed, very carefully closer to see everything up close. At Hildegard I had guessed more than seen from a distance, and Anni had a tiny vagina with a tiny little clit that you almost couldn't see. But now I looked at everything very closely, how it looked and how she did it.

Where Anni had two little bulges protecting her vagina from prying eyes, thick flaps of her skin hung down; two large, thick and wrinkled skin flaps. Between them, a long, hood-like fold of skin stretched down from above, under which the clitoris was normally hidden. To masturbate, she pushed this protective skin fold all the way back with her thumb, so that the clit came out like a little fingertip, and she rubbed it with her index finger, very quickly and lightly. The clit became hard and stiff and nodded back and forth like a little ball that won't and won't submerge in the bathtub, but she kept going and kept the little ball dancing until it came to her.

As she approached orgasm, her flat hand circled in an oval motion, her splayed fingers pressed on her clit, and at the end, when her

abdomen began to undulate, she sometimes pressed two fingers of the other hand into her vagina and fucked herself, hard and furiously. Now the orgasm broke loose, she gasped her pressed suppressed “Uuuchs!” and “Aaachs!” and pressed the fucking fingers only irregularly and jerking into the vagina; but now it was also time for me to disappear again inconspicuously in the crib and pretend to be asleep, but I had to be fast, as long as she still kept her hand pressed on her pubic and let her arousal fade out gasping. Of course I couldn’t fall asleep, not after such excitement. Soon I heard her breathing deeply or snoring a bit, so I could still get a quick release.

I watched her as often as I could, and slowly a plan matured in me. I also already knew exactly how I would execute my plan. We had already fucked once and so the big sin had already happened anyway, so it didn’t matter now if we fucked again; this sin would be the same mortal sin, and you can’t be dead more than once.

I only had to wait until she had become so aroused while masturbating that she was no longer aware of her surroundings. Then I crawled quietly and infinitely carefully to her on the bed. She was already rubbing herself very quickly and noticed nothing. She also did not notice that I knelt down and carefully pushed my hard-on closer and a bit into her vagina. She was puffing restlessly because her orgasm was getting closer and I held my breath, because now she was rubbing so fast that I thought she couldn’t stop, but during my careful thrusting she cringed.

“What are you doing,” she cried in startlement, groping for the bedside lamp, which lit up uncomfortably bright. She struggled free and, of course, knew immediately what I wanted to do. I knelt stiffly and irritably in front of her, holding onto her knees with both hands. “Don’t do it,” she whispered hoarsely, as I slowly bent her knees apart again and looked closely at her wet cunt in the bright light. I hesitantly reached out a hand to her excitedly trembling cunt and spread it a little, whereupon she stopped gasping and held her breath because she was still so insanely horny. I curiously palpated the large, hard swollen clit that protruded boldly from its skin fold. She jerked as if electrified and drove me not to touch her there.

I lay down on her belly, stroking her breasts as I used to do before and gently rocked back and forth, my hard-on pressed firmly against her cunt. I thought of how many times we'd done it before and said so. "Don't do it," she whispered fearfully, "you can't fuck your grandmother!" Yes, I can, I thought dumbly, seeing in her eyes fear, horniness and despondency. She had tears in her eyes, tears of fear, as she said, "No, don't fuck me!" It also irritated me that she so persistently called herself grandmother and that she kept saying "fuck". I reached down between us with one hand and stroked the tip of my cock up and down her slit a few times. I sensed that she was still aroused to the breaking point and that her body was thinking differently than her head. I felt, as I had so many times before when I had done violence to Anni, the cold wind in my heart. "Don't do it," she whispered, looking anxiously into my face, "please don't squirt inside!" as she half-heartedly tried to close her legs again. She reached for me and seemed to want to push me away, but I grabbed her forearms, bent them backwards and pushed them down behind her head. Damn it, she should let me do it! I got angry because she tearfully whispered that she didn't want to be fucked. It was her nonsensical talk about fucking that made me so so fixated on it. It rushed in my ears as I pushed her thighs apart with one hand and my pelvis and slowly penetrated her — infinitely slowly as I watched her gasp for air and draw it in deep with a wail. When I had penetrated all the way, she turned her head to the side and closed her eyes in despair. She gasped and whispered tonelessly that she didn't want to be fucked, but she didn't really resist as I turned firmly up and down gyrating; she just looked at me fearfully and cried just a little more.

I suddenly felt sore for doing this to her. I put my face to her neck and plucked her nipples with my fingers, because she usually liked that. I lay restlessly on top of her and stroked the nipples, poked a little with my pelvis and could feel the nipples gradually hardening. In contrast to Anni's tight, hard little vagina, hers looked large and soft, but was surprisingly tight. It felt like a soft, warm glove wrapped lightly around my cock, as if I were in a tight cave. Anni's vagina had always seemed like a tight tunnel to me; now, however, all I felt was soft warmth and a gentle, passive embrace. It was arousing and amazing at the same time.

Now she stopped moaning softly and gasped, because I held her down firmly and fucked her properly. Her fear and tears had driven me wild, I pushed and pushed as hard as I could. Then a transformation took place with her that I had already noticed earlier with Anni before she orgasmed. She suddenly became very soft and yielding, pushed along with her abdomen in time and smiled. After some time, she panted just like Anni, when she fucked me to orgasm and pushed from below wildly with. Suddenly she made her “Uaah!” as she always did when she got the orgasm and rolled her abdomen in short, violent waves. I felt it coming up slowly and fucked faster and faster. Her whole body quivered along with my thrusts and she whispered, though still thrusting me violently, “Please, don’t squirt inside!”

It was far too late. I clenched my teeth and hurled the first jet deep into her soft, warm abdomen. She gasped and squinted, my pelvis thrusting convulsively against her pubic mound, spraying jet after jet inside. Although I was already slumped over her, I still held her by her forearms and did not let go. I felt my cock gradually shrink and slide out of her vagina with an inaudible plop.

I felt depressed and anxiously waited for thunder. But she remained lying, just as I had slid off her and gently stroked my hair. “Silly boy,” she reprimanded, and I breathed a sigh of relief, for it didn’t sound evil, “you mustn’t fuck your grandmother!” I was relieved to see that she smiled graciously at me as she did so, and I closed my eyes for a few minutes, for I was terribly tired and happy.

It was a few days later that I awoke from my dozing because I felt her groping for me and touching my soft cock. Slowly and gently she stroked it until it straightened up, then continued to gently stroke up and down until it stood hard and stiff. I half sat up and looked at her; her eyes smiled in a feverish gleam. She continued to stroke me invitingly with her hand, then leaned over and whispered in my ear, “Want some more?” I didn’t understand right away and looked at her questioningly, but she looked rather embarrassed and now I asked whispering back, “fuck again?”

It was rushing in my ears, my cock was stiff to bursting and my tiredness seemed like evaporated. Hurriedly I lay down on top of her,

rested my head on her shoulder and played with her nipples. She reached down and quickly plugged my cock into her vagina, then hugged me. I fucked her as hard and as fast as I could. Soon she closed her eyes and gasped, thrusting along with her abdomen as I ticked like clockwork in her tight vagina. She grew more and more excited and thrust harder and harder, then her face contorted, and after a long, heavy gasp, a little cry escaped her throat, an “Ooooh!”. I wasn’t ready yet and kept going, she kept rearing back in her distress and expelling air loudly as I fucked her hard and fast. It rose hot inside me, then the orgasm tore me wildly back and forth. She held me tightly pressed against her, while I squirted and squirted and squirted until I calmed down. She held me sweetly and gently in her arms afterwards, while I dozed off again. Then she whispered in my ear that I was her little bull from now on. Sleepily I mumbled that I was not a bull after all, but she smiled and gently rocked me to sleep.

The Thing with Uncle Frieder and Anni

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

From then on, everything went differently than I expected. I was surprised that my mother always made the crib clean and neat, although I slept with her again. She noticed my questioning look and murmured that it was in case visitors came. I did not ask what visitors could come to us and we left it at that. Although she didn't seem to be angry anymore that we had fucked properly, it went on as before, as if nothing had changed. Or at least not in the way I had thought, namely that we would fuck every night now, as a matter of course. No, it didn't turn out that way. She remained completely passive and I had to conquer her again and again when I needed it.

I turned around so that I was between her thighs and palpated her body, stroking her breast and feeling for her cunt. Desirously I looked at her cunt, from which the clit barely peeked out. I knew how stiff and hard it could get, so I stroked it as she would have done it, although it seemed mostly for a brief moment as if she wanted to resist. I touched the clit as gently as I could, stroking it lightly until it grew a bit and became hard; soon it stuck out dark red and as big as half a little finger phalanx. It took quite a long time after that for her to relax and spread her thighs willingly so that I could better reach the clit, but at that time I still had to learn how to do it right and stopped after some time with the stimulation.

But somehow it was already right so, this stimulating. Because now I could crawl again on her belly and knead her nipples until she mewed with pleasure like a cat and the thighs spread very wide. Now it was as clear as daylight that I was allowed to put it in and fuck her so often until it was no longer possible. At the beginning, when I was still thinking about pulling out, she smiled and said that she was already too old to get pregnant and whispered that I was allowed to squirt in. At the same time she stroked my hair tenderly and said what a good boy I was. And how good it did her when I fucked her

two or three times a night to orgasm. She kept saying “fuck”, because in her opinion that was not a bad word. In the beginning, on many a Sunday, we stayed in bed all day and fucked as often as we could.

And so they lived happily ever after. So or so similarly the story should end now. But it doesn’t end like that, not our story. Only fairy tales end like that.

Shortly before my 16th birthday, two things happened: first the one with Uncle Frieder and then that with Anni, but now one after the other.

Even in the seclusion of our small village, I couldn’t help noticing how often and regularly my mother drove to the city. One late evening, when she returned home, I was waiting for her under the front door and gave free rein to my sadness and jealousy; she had not just gone to Uncle Frieder’s, but there was more! When she said nothing, I followed up with a bile-bitter voice that she was his mistress.

Mother looked at me with a horrified look, then she rushed past me without a word and immediately closed the living room door. Defiantly I waited outside, hoping she would come out and set everything right, because I must be mistaken, it could not be true! But no matter how long I waited, she did not come, and I heard her crying softly in the room. My bitterness vanished instantly and I quietly scurried in to her. I immediately became very sad because she was lying on the bed sobbing as if she had been cast down. I crawled to her and hugged her, whispering over and over that I didn’t mean it and more along those lines.

After a while she stopped crying, sniffled a few more times, and then said very softly that it was true after all and that she was very ashamed of it, to him and to me. I was struck by the blow and kept silent for a long time, then I buried my face sadly against her breast. It could not be true! She stroked my hair and whispered that she wanted to tell me everything now, the whole truth. She blushed and started to confess.

Silently and haltingly she told me that after grandfather's death she had been left completely penniless. Within a few weeks she was faced with the ruins of her previous existence. She trusted some of her grandfather's friends who pretended to want to help. But she mostly found out only in the course of time that they wanted nothing else than to fuck the deceased friend's wife. She always broke away from these fake boyfriends when they stayed for a few nights, without seriously thinking about a responsible relationship, because she was not the kind of woman who let herself be fucked by everyone. In any case, Uncle Frieder was the only one who made a serious effort for her; but unfortunately he was still married and his intention to divorce was sincere, but proved to be protracted, because his wife was terminally ill and clung to him.

She made a small pause, and there I asked her with a depressed face, whether she had fucked with all. She looked a little embarrassed and whispered "no, not with all!" But I asked and drilled stubbornly further, and then she admitted that she had done it with all who were courting her at the time. There were about 150 or more, she said, blushing. I kept silent, depressed, because I had always watched them fuck when I was a small child. I watched them fuck through the crack in the door which I had secretly opened a bit when she had taken me to the children's room. Mostly, though, I lay naked in their bed and they always waited until I was asleep. I watched them fuck at close range without her ever noticing.

The little genius had moved to the end of the bed "in his sleep", from where I could secretly look directly into her open vagina. Mother slapped a hand over her mouth as I told how excited I was when the stiff cock entered her hole, drove in and out a few times, and the guy thrust wildly and squirted inside. I watched the fucking and the squirting up close without her ever noticing. She blushed like a virgin when I described in great detail and quite piggy words what the little genius could observe then. She continued: of course she noticed my stiff cock, she was staring during being fucked at the little cock as it slowly became stiff and the little sleeping boy stroked it in his sleep. After the man had gone, she pulled her sleeping child onto her naked lap and stroked the little cock until it was quite soft again. Infinitely gently, she rubbed the foreskin over the glans with her fin-

gertips up and down until little translucent droplets signaled the end and the little penis softened. I always fell deeply asleep during her soft and tender stroking, dreaming beautiful erotic snatches of her fucking. She held her breath as the squirting sputtered slowly over months. I emerged from sleep for a fraction of a second when I squirted, she said, but instantly fell asleep again. She told me now, haltingly and blushing, that she then had me squirt carefully every night for years. Soon she had to have me gently rub twice and squirt twice before the penis softened again. I couldn't remember at all, but she said I was only startled half asleep and then went right back to deep sleep. But when she noticed that I had learned to masturbate and squirt with Willi, she stopped playing with my penis from one day to the next.

For a few years she fucked another man every day, but when I was 11 or 12, no more men came to her bed, from then on she was mine alone. She listened in horror, her face red with shame, as I told her everything I remembered. She had never known that, she said, and we were silent for a long time. Then I asked how it had gone on and she continued after a while.

Uncle Frieder was a lawyer and knew perfectly well that they could not afford to make a mistake, because the divorce could ruin him if they did not proceed wisely. So he got mother and me this little one-room apartment far out of town, and they agreed to see each other only once or twice a week to fuck until the divorce, secretly, of course. For that he gave us some money so we could make ends meet.

My tears had long since dried as I cuddled up to her. It was bad for me, but I could do no more than escape to the safest place in the world, her warm lap. Slowly she undressed me and caressed me before she undressed too. I waited meanwhile and pondered full of jealousy, then I asked the question, how that was, with the uncle Frieder, how that was with them fucking?

Mother smiled and lay down next to me. This is nothing, she said and pulled me to her chest, Uncle Frieder is already very old, and therefore it is not like with me. How, not like that with me? I asked

defiantly and full of mistrust. Mother cleared her throat first and thought about it for quite a long time, then she explained to me that he was already very old and that he ran out of breath when fucking, long before she could reach orgasm. That was finally over, she usually only does it to him with her hand or with her mouth, that he liked most. And that is quite different from the two of us, isn't it? I had to agree with her that with us it was really different. She rubbed the old man, but I took care of the real fucking. Somehow I was reassured and almost relaxed, but I still asked how it was done, with her mouth? She thought again quite a short time before she explained to me how to do it to a man with the mouth. My confused look and my questioning eyes made her laugh, she hesitated only a moment before diving down and taking my cock in her mouth. My curiosity turned to horniness, the horniness to arousal and then I breathlessly whispered it was coming to squirt, but she was not deterred and continued with the head nodding continued until it squirted, then she sucked it all in, swallowed the semen and sucked until nothing more came. It wasn't as fine as fucking, but squirted is squirted.

From now on she didn't have to lie to me when she went to town, and I tried to cope better with my jealousy. When I went on to ask if she went only to Uncle Frieder's or to someone else, she remained silent until I asked again. Then she admitted that sometimes she also went to one or the other, you know, with whom she had done it a long time ago. I had guessed it and nodded affectedly. And that Uncle Frieder must not find out all the details, she added, because she liked him very much and wanted to marry him. I wanted to know which of them she really enjoyed it with. When I continued to probe, she blushed all over and finally confessed that she had once met two friends, young and strong cocks, with whom she had sometimes fucked through the whole night with heavenly orgasms until the morning. No, not at the same time, she smiled with answering, always only one after the other. But that had been over for a very long time.

Despite this, I continued to ask her out and did not give in until she told everything in great detail. She didn't want to hide anything from me and squirmed uncomfortably, but finally she told everything, a bit jumbled. That she drove from Uncle Frieder directly to

her former admirers, usually she visited four or five in a row and all of them had to give her money. She blushed again, when she admitted, that she let herself fuck every week by 10 to 15 guys and — here her face turned deeply red — she loved it very much to be fucked by so many different cocks. Every fucking was different to any other. There were only a handful of the more than 100 lovers that fucked her to a proper orgasm, but she always reached a high and intense sexual arousal which she would not miss, not for all the Gold of the Kings. I asked, what about us? She looked me in my eyes, clear and honest. “We fuck a good 15 times a week,” she said firmly, and “you are the only one I love deeply with all my heart, and the only one who could give me a real orgasm anytime.”

Most of the admirers didn't want to believe that she was already 48, most of them thought she was in her mid-thirties and she was very proud of her beautiful body. (She had accepted Uncle Frieder's marriage proposal only on the condition that she could continue to visit the friends who fucked very well and keep the money for herself — she wanted a self-determined life and Frieder had agreed.) She would usually be invited for afternoon coffee or dinner before she did them. No, she never did them with her mouth but only Frieder, most of them wanted to fuck her properly, she said, and if they were struggling she would do them with her hand first until they were stiff and able to fuck. Only a very few fucked her so long that she got her orgasm, never did she masturbate in front of them, not even in front of Uncle Frieder. But, she continued firmly, she only did it because we needed the money so badly, and she was no whore. Then she burst into tears. Startled, I hugged her and stroked her back soothingly; of course she wasn't a whore, I said, she took care of us as best she could. So that was the thing with Uncle Frieder.

The thing with Anni was quite complicated. She began to prefer me to Willi when I was with them and drove him quite crazy with it. Sometimes she teased me by whispering in my ear that Willi fucked her so—and—often now because he was so jealous; I, on the other hand, had my head completely elsewhere and tolerated Anni's caresses, but at the same time I was thinking about the fucking with mother. When Anni became pregnant, I stayed away and left her completely to Willi, because they would have to get married soon

anyway. Whenever I met Willi, he avoided me and I had the impression that he was not happy with Anni and being a father. Soon the contact broke off completely, except for the home evenings with the Hitler Youth, for it was already 1938. Later I heard that Willi came via Hamburg to the nautical school and the submariners. He wrote once–twice funny field postcards, made mischievous insinuations, how great the women there were, how cross–fit one was and that one allowed oneself here and there more than only a glass.

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When I heard that Anni had had her child and named him Bruno Wilhelm, I was delighted at the unexpected honor, but it was several weeks before I could visit her. At the municipal office she had stated that the father was unknown, which earned her scorn from the villagers. I, too, was stunned, because it was as clear as daylight that Willi was the father, and why she made such a secret of it, I did not understand. No, of course I also wanted to confront Anni about it, because it seemed cowardly to me. Willi had moved in for the Reich, for all of us and did not deserve this denial behind his back.

When I first entered Anni's apartment, Bruno Wilhelm was already a few months old. Anni, who now better looked as before, welcomed me with a radiant smile and embraced me. She chattered away and showed me her little darling. She gave her mother a serious look, and the grumpy old woman got up after a moment and went out to visit her neighbor. It was just as well, because we wanted to be alone.

When I spoke out my reproach concerning Willi, Anni looked down at the ground for a few moments, affected, then she looked at me very directly and asked the counter–question why I was so sure that the child was Willi's? I remained silent, concerned and astonished, because I had not known until then that she had also screwed around with others. We were silent and the tension was only released when she took Bruno Wilhelm out of the cradle and we sat down on the sofa. I looked at the two of them while she breastfeed him and it created a warm feeling in my heart. Admittedly, Anni had developed pimples and blemished skin, and her hair was sticking out like yellow

straw since she had her blond braids cut off, but her eyes were shining just like the eyes of the little one, whom she held incredibly gently and sweetly in her arms. Also, her bosom had grown beautiful and large and was plump with milk. My glance at her new bosom did not escape her, of course not. She put the little one in the cradle after he had fallen asleep again and sat very close next to me.

She talked about Willi and the time of her pregnancy and that Willi had volunteered so surprisingly. I didn't know that, I muttered over and over again, because if all the other things she told were true, then he had made off as soon as it became serious. Surprisingly, she put her arm around me and kissed me, right on the mouth. Then she laughed brightly, because I was visibly perplexed. Come on, she laughed conspiratorially, we haven't done it for many months! She kissed me again, and now I kissed her too, although I was astonished; for then I had abused her, and then she had nothing but contempt for me. When we paused, breathing a deep sigh of relief, I said as much, but Anni only said "Fiddle-dee-dee!" and kissed me again.

"I've liked you more and more each time," she said, "you were always so serious and closed off, and you've suffered from Willi's dominance, too." She paused for a long moment and looked at me frankly. "You're very wrong," she repeated, "in the end I actually liked you a lot!" I thought about it and had to admit that it had really been like that, although I had completely repressed that beautiful time and remembered all too clearly my meanness toward her. And, because Willi had practically pushed me out of our three-way relationship, later, when she was already pregnant.

"Your breasts have become beautiful," I said and felt them under the blouse. She blushed a little and said it was because she was breastfeeding Little Bruno. She looked at me with wide eyes and asked if I still liked her. Again I was surprised and mutely answered in the affirmative, when she smiled very gently and whispered, "Well, come on then!" and leaned back on the sofa. So it came that we began to fuck again, and I obediently paid attention at the beginning, because she had said that I was not allowed to squirt inside because of the breastfeeding period and the pregnancy. When Little Bruno started to cry in the middle of it and she put him to her breast, we

continued with the peck on her breast and there it happened again and again that I squirted into her. Admittedly, I did it later on purpose, because Anni could not defend herself with the little one at her breast. Anni smiled gently, although she was always quite restless because of it.

Anni's mother was a little gray mouse who constantly whined about the bad world, the bad times and the bad people. When she came to it once, as we were still in the middle of fucking, she acted God knows how horrified and shouted that he could finally marry her, the cowardly brat! Anni shouted angrily at her and she immediately withdrew, but we had to start all over again, because we had lost the joy of fucking.

It depressed me very much that my mother had to fuck with several patrons to bring us financially over the rounds. And because she went to the city more and more often, I also went to Anni and the little one quite often. My sexual desire grew the more often my mother stayed away, and there I had to stick to Anni. I liked it best to fuck her when she put Bruno Wilhelm to the breast, then I held my two treasures gently and fucked Anni gently. It was so nice to hold them both tightly and let it squirt in very slowly, without any wild fuss. She loved it most when after the first time she lolls a bit and I fucked her the second time, hard and firm. That way she often got a wonderful orgasm, but not always could I last that long. I was then always annoyed, but once she brought it up, we discussed it for a long time. She blushed and confessed to masturbate only very rarely and secretly, because of the little one and because of the bigot mother. We laughed because that was actually stupid, and then of course she did it quickly when I was tired.

Anni was very grateful that my mother had somehow managed to keep me from being drafted. She often sighed that it was enough for her that Willi had been taken from her; and no, not now me too! She didn't talk about marriage at all anymore, because I had told her that I first had to finish my apprenticeship at the notary's office and find a job, only then I could think about something like that. I hadn't told her that I was also still quite insecure, because she never said any-

thing about whom else she had fucked and who the father of little Bruno Wilhelm really was. So that was the thing with Anni.

A Blow to the Stomach

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

I had already two years of apprenticeship with our old notary behind me, cycled day after day the 8 kilometers to his office. The good old Mr. Mayerhofer himself came from a tiny village and had worked his way up. He often looked at me with his clever, kind eyes behind his glasses and said that I was working my way up just like he was, and how much that pleased him. Since I did the clerical work quickly and accurately, I had plenty of time to read the books on his shelves. In the third year of my apprenticeship, he got me a half-time position half a job with a notary friend in the capital, and I could now travel with my mother and study two days a week with this notary. Dr. Fenderl, that was the name of the notary, was of a completely different opinion than the notary Mayerhofer and told me that I should study at university, only then I would become a good notary. I always did willingly, but I knew very well that I could never afford the University. What was important to me was that I learn a good profession and later earn enough to provide for my mother and myself. Maybe also for Anni and her little one.

In the city, of course, I got to hear more about the war, and the more I heard about it, the more grateful I was that Uncle Frieder and some of his friends achieved my provisional exemption from military service. I was almost ready to forgive him for having had a relationship with my mother for so long. On the other hand, I was very worried about Willi, because I had not heard from him for months.

We still lived with Mrs. Ogawa when we were in town, because the house actually belonged to Uncle Frieder and Mrs. Ogawa had to give us a room without paying rent. As time went on, I understood how things fell into place seamlessly. I had grown up in the meantime, and when my mother stayed away, I scurried down to Mrs. Ogawa, who never rejected me. On the contrary, she was no longer quite young and hardly ever had any lovers and if she did, then at most a few old veterans. She had told me so herself, and since she was quite

addicted to fucking, she came to get me — as often as she could — and made me sweat profusely. But she was always good for fucking!

Since I was reading the Iliad, about Prince Paris, the three Goddesses and the Golden Apple, I was thinking about who I would give the apple to, and that's when Mrs. Ogawa came right after my mother and before Anni, because Anni was tender and sweet, but not very nerdy refined when it came to fucking. However, if I were to ranking according to how exciting was the visible of the otherwise invisible, then Anni and Mrs. Ogawa would have to exchange places, because Mrs. Ogawa had the smallest and tightest slit of all and such a tiny clit that it was almost always invisible. Even Anni's clit was often hard to find, but Mother's could grow almost as long as half a little finger limb and straightened erect stiffly like a small penis as soon as she vigorously pulled back and rubbed the hood-like fold of skin with her fingers. I loved her breasts, each of the three pairs, but even here Anni would be ranked between Mother and Mrs. Ogawa. If I had to rate the willingness separately, then again the old Japanese woman would be in first place, because I only had to knock and enter, and she would lay down spreading wide without a word; even Anni sometimes wanted to be conquered, or rather, to be won over. As I pondered back and forth like this, it occurred to me that the age of the women in no way came to mind as a criterion. As I pondered further, I was sure that I would rather not choose after all; all of them were right, right for me. And the thing with Paris went also rather wrong, as one hears so.

I concealed my affairs with Mrs. Ogawa from my mother, but Anni saw it in my face right away and told me so. I squirmed inwardly, but I admitted everything, because Anni was never jealous for long. I was a rascal, Anni sometimes breathed in my ear, a rascal, yes, who fucks old Japanese women! I grinned because she knew nothing about me and my grandmother. Actually, she always wanted to know in detail what the old Ogawa and I were doing, because she got terribly horny from it and had to be fucked right away, so I good-naturedly told everything and after fucking again and embellished it even more so that she got even hornier. I did that on purpose, although I was usually already too tired, because she had to do it herself right away, and meanly I made her horny exactly when her little treasure was lying

on her breast. She jokingly scolded me a horny prankster and left me smiling the little one, so she could masturbate undisturbed.

Once or twice a week I stayed overnight with Anni. Her mother then had to sleep on the couch while we made ourselves comfortable on the big bed. We waited tensely in the dark until she fell asleep, but I sometimes noticed, that she was watching us fuck. Somehow I didn't care and on many a Sunday morning we secretly fucked under the covers even though she was already awake. Anni was afraid and endured hellish fears, although her mother pretended not to notice anything. Sometimes the oats stung me, then I uncovered Anni and made her horny with my fingers until she forgot her mother and only thought about fucking; now I swung myself on top of her and did it so that the old woman had to watch everything. I sometimes grinned at the old woman, who looked over at us with a red face and fidgeted suspiciously under the blanket.

My mother was deeply affected when Uncle Freder's wife died. She felt guilty toward her and at the same time anxious whether Uncle Frieder was likely to make good on his serious intentions. She was also depressed because Uncle Frieder's only son reacted rather angrily when his father told him about his relationship with my mother. In the meantime, he had become a youth leader in the Hitler Youth and was an ardent uniform wearer. At their only meeting so far, he had told my mother bluntly to her face that he despised her and that she was dishonorable for him.

At this point the gods should have intervened, but they were bickering in Olympus and did not care about the Catastrophe into which we were plunging. The gods are courting the favor of beautiful goddesses or snacking on beautiful Earth children; in any case, they all have more important things to do than worry about our fate. Perhaps they sit bored on their gilded marble benches above the clouds and watch the hustle and bustle of the people. When they have finished all the grapes in their gilded fruit bowls, they get up and shuffle off to the next orgy at Zeus. — Humans, pah! A truly failed experiment!

Long before the end of the year of mourning, Uncle Frieder announced that he would marry my mother. He presented the papers

and was sure everything would be all right with that. But everything was not all right. My mother had to bring a new ancestor passport, a new Aryan certificate.

One evening, just as I was about to cycle to Anni's coming from the old Mayerhofer, mother stood in front of the house and beckoned me to come to her. Wordlessly and with a stony face she put a Letter on the table, I should read it.

It was like a punch in the stomach.

My grandmother and I were not Aryans.

We were Jews.

Hitherto I had not been aware of being Aryan. Yes, of course "the Jews" were always a topic, but I parroted what I had learned by heart at the Hitler Youth without thinking long about the meaning of the words. It was somehow a ritual far removed from reality, one ranted about "the Jews" and "world Jewry" and "Zion" and that was that. There were no Jews in our village, and in the city I minded my own business and paid no attention to the gray figures with the yellow star.

My mother put two yellow stars on the table and whispered that we now had to wear them whenever we left the house. Then she lay down in bed and howled.

I ran to the youth leader, but he already knew and advised me never to come to him and the meeting evenings again; my departure from the Hitler Youth would take place quietly and secretly, so that no bad light would fall on him.

I ran to Anni, but she already knew too. She had completely teary eyes and backed away from me at the door. She hid Little Bruno against her chest and howled, "What have you done to us, what have you done to us!". I hugged her despite her fear and stroked her back until she stopped crying. I kissed both of them on the forehead and quickly ran home. I had done nothing to her, but I, I had been murdered.

The next morning I cycled tear-blind to Mr. Mayerhofer, and he already knew. He kindly let me in and asked me to the table, where he offered me a cup of tea — the first time in over two years of apprenticeship.

“The world is a madhouse,” he murmured, taking a sip of tea. “That’s where you do your work and learn dutifully and diligently, to become a good and conscientious notary later, and there come these uneducated half idiots and make a Jew out of an honest Christian man, because it suits them just now. And besides, Jew — what is that supposed to be?! Have you become a monster overnight?”

I sat at his table, not touching the tea and squinting compulsively at my lapel, on which the yellow star was pinned. I understood nothing and muttered that I was now losing all my loved ones and no longer knew my way in and out. Mr. Mayerhofer drank his tea thoughtfully and pushed the porcelain cup with the cookies closer to me.

“I can’t do anything for you in such a little backwater, Bruno,” he said, “I can’t do anything for you here. But maybe your uncle Frieder or Dr. Fenderl can help you.” He thought for a while, then said, “I called both of them this morning and asked them to help you. I don’t know if they want to, and I don’t know if they can. It’s definitely problematic!”

I listened only with half an ear. The old man muttered to himself for a while, lamenting the prevailing circumstances, but I silently cried up to Olympus where they were, the gods, and where their help was now, which they had once so generously granted to Odysseus and Philemon and all the others. The gods, I thought I saw quite clearly, continued to sit on their gilded marble benches above the clouds, eating grapes from gilded porcelain dishes, looked down at me stonily with their blue Aryan eyes and waited to see what I would come up with.

Old Mayerhofer shuffled to a dresser and returned with an envelope. “Your certificate and your money,” he muttered, pushing it toward me on the tabletop, “your money I’ve paid you in advance until

the end of the year, so be smart and don't knock it all at once!" He looked at me sadly from behind his glasses, and when I thanked him dutifully, his eyes lit up for the first time that morning. "That's all right, my boy," he said, and he made a placating gesture with his hand, "I suppose it's the least I can do for you!"

I lay on the bed dressed for hours, staring at the ceiling. I couldn't think a clear thought, I was completely overwhelmed with these facts. I held my mother tightly and warmed her, for she had lost all courage to live, was crying and freezing.

We locked ourselves up for days and stayed in bed. We held each other tightly, we hugged each other and we made love without cheerfulness and without lust, but full of sadness. With the loving fucking we comforted each other like lost souls on their last day, full of fear and full of despair.

Our lives had been shattered to pieces in a single moment.

The Catastrophe

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

My apathy and sadness evaporated the moment I suddenly realized that I had to write down our story. I was so sure that I did not hesitate for a second and started immediately. For more than a week, I sat at the kitchen table almost day and night and wrote one notebook after another full, about to the point where I regularly went to visit Anni and Little Bruno. But after that, the events came at such a rapid pace that I no longer had time to write everything down. I am aware that I do not have much time left, so I only tell what is important for the outcome of the story.

About a week went by in which we, my mother and I, remained paralyzed at home and had no idea how things would continue. One morning my mother decided to go over to the merchant and call Uncle Frieder. When she came home, she was a changed woman. “Come on, quick, we’re going to Uncle Frieder’s!” As if the disaster didn’t exist, she put on her makeup and her best clothes. I quietly got ready to go and shortly after we were on the autobus. I had my leather briefcase with my papers, Mr. Mayerhofer’s report card, and my writing notebooks. Maybe, I thought I would be able to start afresh somewhere right away.

Hours later, we hurried through the streets toward Uncle Frieder’s house. The first thing that aroused my suspicion were the two uniformed men standing outside his house, just as if this were an official residence. We slowed our steps, and I noticed that my mother was suddenly freezing again. I put my arm around her shoulders and held her tightly as we walked slowly toward the house. The guards ignored us as we passed.

As we climbed the stairs, I took the small bronze statue with the small marble base out of my briefcase. Uncle Frieder had given it to me for my birthday, it was Hermes, the Messenger of the Gods and the God of Merchants. He knew how much I was fascinated by Greek mythology. But now I wanted to throw it at his feet, him, the traitor

who had abandoned my mother in the deepest distress. I know now how unjust I was to him, but at that time I still thought so.

My mother walked purposefully toward Uncle Frieder's study; she obviously knew where we were expected. She opened the large, heavy wooden door and we entered. The room was darkened; someone had drawn the heavy curtains. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I saw why. Uncle Frieder was standing behind the big desk, trying to hide his face. Someone had beaten him and messed up his face badly.

A small movement in the background alerted me and directed my gaze to Volker, Uncle Frieder's son. He was more than two years older than me, but small and lanky. It was only the second time I had seen him, but his uniform and strapping demeanor again made me uneasy and anxious; for he always seemed like an irritable tiger, ready to pounce. I was afraid of him because I felt that he was insidious and dangerous.

My mother spontaneously walked up to Uncle Frieder to hug him in greeting, but stopped her stride when Uncle Frieder took a step back. He glanced briefly at Volker, then looked at her long and hard. He embraced her and whispered in a low voice, "My love!" Mother bowed her head and wept silently.

"Nothing will come of marrying!" barked Volker, coming toward me with the soles of his boots cracking, "I will not allow my father to marry a Jew-whore!"

And at the very moment I heard this word, I saw flashes before my eyes, struck wildly and impetuously into that hated face, blindly punching the word. I will never forget the ugly cracking sound when Hermes broke his nose. Blood shot out of his nose, he screamed like hell, and I let Hermes fall to the ground. Horrified and full of panic I stared at my mother and Uncle Frieder, she had fled to his chest and looked at me with her eyes widened in terror and in horror.

Volker was screaming like a banshee, yelling that he was going to kill me. I took one last look at my mother, then turned and ran out.

Volker staggered out into the stairwell behind me, yelling “Robbery!”, “Murder!”, “Stop him!” and “the Jew bastard is fleeing!”

I fled, flying like a bird down the stairs and past the stunned uniformed men into the street. Anger and fear gave me unimagined strength as I sprinted down the street and into the maze of alleys. I hooked like a rabbit and soon stood on the banks of the Isar river. I ran along the bank to the next exit and ran down the steps. Above me I heard the shouting of the pursuers and the patter of their boots. I looked left, I looked right, but I could not decide. I ran a few steps further, turned around again and ran upstream. As if the gods had heard my desperate plea, a black limousine majestically turned into the river road on the opposite bank. The sun was reflected on the windshield, the beam blinded me for a moment, and then shone onward, onto the seawall, a long, golden index finger of the Gods pointing to a tiny, dark entrance. Then the light disappeared again, the hint had sufficed and the Gods turned back to their Goddesses or seduced earth girls and forgot all about me.

As I ran, I raised my bloodied hand and thanked them. I squeezed through the narrow entrance and carefully felt my way along the dark corridor. It ended after only a few meters, but there was a small chamber to the left. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I discovered the heavy iron grate next to the entrance with which the room could be closed. Without thinking long, I stepped into the room and pulled the grate shut from the inside. It was very difficult, and when it was finally closed, I heard a bolt click into place from above. I did not think about the bolt, because I was probably safe here, and that had priority now. The stone floor was cold and damp, I sat down anyway, pressed my briefcase against me and waited.

Outside they were making noise, running up and down. After some time I heard that they had brought dogs with them. The dogs found my scent only after some time and led them to the dark corridor where my hiding place was. I hid in the corner behind the entrance and held my breath.

They came closer, the dogs barking like crazy.

The torchlight shone into the hallway, getting brighter and brighter. One came up to the iron grate, shook it and called over his shoulder that he was not here, go on, go on! He shook the grate again, and I heard the bolt sinking creakingly deeper and snapped with a bright sound somewhere. The hasher once again shone his light into my space and calmed his German shepherd, who growled low and confident of victory. "Silly dog, what are you growling at, there's no one around," then he turned and ran after the others.

Soon the sounds died down, my thumping subsided, and I sat back down on the ground and waited. The little bit of brightness came from the daylight, but in the evening it became pitch dark. I fell asleep sitting up and didn't wake up until the next morning. I waited while it got a little brighter and began to think about my situation. My pursuers had been looking for me for a few hours in the afternoon, but then had apparently given up. Now it was quiet, actually too quiet.

I inspected the iron grate at the entrance to my hiding place. A heavy iron construction, no part thinner than a finger. And then there was the bolt, hidden somewhere above and not visible from the inside. I wouldn't be able to get the door open without tools. I tried for hours to find the bolt.

It had to have somehow slipped from the top of the outside wall in front of the grate. I could reach a finger or two through the grate, but not all the way to the bolt. Even when I pushed a pencil through with two fingers and felt everything at the top, I couldn't find and reach the bolt. The hours passed, but I could not get hold of the bolt. When darkness fell again, I cried.

I was trapped.

I slept very fitfully and woke up in the middle of the night. It was pitch black. I pondered and thought about my situation. Perhaps I was lucky and could be freed without that Volker and his henchmen got their hands on me. I screamed for help and listened strained, but I heard nothing and was not heard.

I could comfort myself for a while with the fact that somebody would still hear my calls and free me from my shitty situation. I had no wristwatch, tried nevertheless to develop a sense of time and I called for help three times every quarter of an hour, then listened for minutes. In between, I sat down again and continued writing as best I could in this twilight.

The End

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

My name is Bruno Prantner, I am 17 years old and until recently I was apprenticed to the notary Mayerhofer. I have started to write down my life story and hope someone finds this and gives it to my mother or Uncle Frieder, who is a lawyer in the Maximilianstraße No. 47. I am tired and have nothing to eat or drink. It is pitch dark and I am cold. And if no one hears my cries for help and I can't somehow get over the bars, I will die here miserably.

I miss my mother very much.

My cries for help went unheard. I don't know if I will ever see my mother, Anni and little Bruno Wilhelm again. I doubt it, because I have been in hiding for over a week in my hiding place, which has become my prison. A prison into which fate and the gods had brought me — I am not angry with Hermes for that.

I screamed until my voice failed me. In desperation, I even agreed to sign up for the resettlement program to the East — they said that one day all Jews will resettle to the East and be able to build a new life there. I thought that was a pipe dream at first, but now all is lost and I am locked up here. Now I would gladly go to the East and settle there as a settler. It would be better than perishing miserably here, anyway.

The last two chapters I have scribbled with a pencil, which I had to sharpen with the teeth, in the hazy twilight. Sorry if you can't read it well, but you can hardly see a hand in front of your eyes here. There was a lot I couldn't tell you about. What it was like when my mother was sick and I took care of her, how I heated up soup for her and went shopping and made her tea. How much she loved me and cared for me when I was sick. How attentively she listened when I learned to read and read to her about the Greek gods and Odysseus and the whole Trojan mess. I would have to tell a lot about Anni, too. I'd like to ask Anni if I was the father Little Bruno, a question I never dared

to ask. I'm sorry that it's all over now. I no longer see any chance of getting out of here in one piece.

I'm really sorry for Anni and little Bruno. We have grown together almost like a little family, and Anni really likes me, although she never wanted to tell me who little Bruno's father really is. "Silly, big silly boy!" she only used to reply, fondly tussling my hair. I liked that and kept asking her, even though I knew she wouldn't tell. But she did tickle my hair, at least.

And Willi, the big Lad, I would also have liked to see him again sometime after the war. Maybe I could console him about the fact that he was not Bruno's father, but my dearest friend and a great buddy.

There was one thing that surprised me a lot. Some of the things we learned in the Hitler Youth must have been wrong, fundamentally wrong. Volker, that rotten pig, was Aryan and had black hair and piercing black eyes. Anni, little Bruno and I had straw-blond hair and light blue eyes, mine were more precisely light gray like those of my mother, who is actually my grandmother. She too had once blond hair, which is now ash blond and a bit gray. All the nonsense they told us about racial characteristics and racial affiliation must be complete bullshit. Otherwise, all that would remain would be that the authorities had been mistaken, thoroughly and cruelly mistaken, in not issuing my grandmother and me an ancestral passport, and that we had been turned into Jews.

I miss my mother very much. I can still see her in front of me the last time I saw her. She stood next to Uncle Frieder and leaned her head against his chest. She liked him and felt safe and secure with him, although that may be different now. Nevertheless, she always stood by me and did not betray anything to him either. Again and again she had impressed upon me that people considered it a mortal sin if we fucked each other and that we had to keep it a secret from everyone. She to Uncle Frieder, I to Anni, and we both kept that secret. The uniqueness of our love remained our secret.

I really miss her a lot.

I know that the Gods have guided me here. It always amazed me with what ease and arrogance the gods arrogantly interfered in human destinies, they manipulated and cheated for all they were worth. They could sometimes be quite nasty and destroy an earthling, so incidentally and without much fuss. If a God or a Goddess was so really rutting, then the earth man or the earth girl had to serve, all the same whether he or she died thereby. Some days ago in this darkness I imagined quite firmly that I can talk with Hermes. It was because of Leda and there he says nevertheless actually that the girl can count herself lucky and fortunate to have done it with Godfather Zeus himself. That Leda got into quite some trouble because the other people didn't recognize Zeus and only saw that she was fucking with a swan, Hermes didn't care. We then did not speak to each other for a few days. The intrigues and deceptions that the Gods made because of a little sex were often pathetic.

I know that the Gods guided me here, that they directed my destiny and my steps to this dungeon — in the pitch dark dungeon, blinded by the gods, who were jealous and envious of my beautiful love and because of it they have let me become what I have become.

I know that I am the blind Oedipus.