

Lena A. Lien

Pico Rizzi



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Pico flies to Mallorca

Pico was afraid of flying. His first flight, when old Mr. Cantor had taken him to Jerusalem, had impressed him very much. Later, when he was learning to sail, he sometimes flew on sailing trips, but he was scared to death every time, even though he would never, ever have would have admitted it.

Now he was sitting in the waiting lounge of the airport, feeling a deep fatigue and only more subliminally his nervousness. The impatience, it may finally start or be already at the end, astonished him as much as his impatience after the death of Lila, who had been the companion of his quiet and simple life. Even then, when his mother was buried, he could not contain his impatience for it to be over soon, he could not and did not understand. He felt that his life would somehow change again abruptly, suddenly and fundamentally, but it made him very sad that the impatience affected him more than the grief itself. That the uncertainty at his age still made him as nervous as the then thirteen-year-old, filled him once again with deep insecurity.

Insecurity. That was probably it, what had accompanied him all his life. The death of Uncle Rodolfo, his last direct relative took place almost simultaneously with the Disaster that Peter had brought him.

He didn't want to think about it now. He was in his late 50s, was receiving a good pension from the bank which had sent him into pre-retirement, and he had decided to take up his inheritance, his share of Uncle Rodolfo's estate in Mallorca. Nothing held him in Vienna anymore; the shy seclusion of the first decades and the rather clumsy attempts to find a connection thereafter, and the catastrophe with Peter encouraged him even more to leave Vienna. Perhaps he would have wanted to get out earlier. He had sent his luggage days ago, leaving only the large duffel bag made of stiff, dark-blue plastic wax cloth with him on the flight.

The waiting hall of the airport Vienna-Schwechat looked almost deserted, although some nightly Charter flights were being handled. Pico and a young, grumpy-looking musician were the only guests who had Geneva as their flight destination. The young musician listened grimly to his own sometimes fumbling with one hand for his earphones or the knob of his Walkman. Pico glanced at his watch again, he still had at least two hours to wait. He looked around again, perhaps expecting someone from the court or a policeman to show up. But nothing such happened, everything remained quiet.

The waiting rooms were like large glass cubicles lined up, one after the other. The flight to Mallorca via Geneva was written on the board above the exit with 03:25, in addition, the clock displayed the current time. Pico had to go to the bathroom, so he shouldered his blue duffel bag and scurried into the restroom. When he came back, a dozen or so sleepy-looking people streamed past him, swaying impatiently. Staggered past him, pushing and shoving impatiently into the nearest waiting booth. Pico glanced briefly at the scoreboard. Chisinow 02:10 was there, arrived. He did not know at the moment where this Chisinow was.

A stewardess passed him and quickly followed the crowds. Already, while she approached him, he looked at her body sympathetically and thought, “a beautiful, naked Russian girl in a uniform”, then he had to grin sourly, because this thought sounded very absurd when he whispered it to himself.

The stewardess had no expression because he was whispering to himself, but when he murmured “Kissinau” half aloud, she turned around and approached him with a questioning expression. Pico froze in his soliloquy. The stewardess looked at him questioningly, looked him up and down and raised her eyebrows in a friendly manner. “Kisino?” she asked.

Pico shook his head, then grinned and said, “Kissy now, or kissy later, as you like!” The stewardess only stared for a moment, then she had Pico’s gaze, which scanned her curves with unabashed frankness. With a somewhat haughty gesture, she stroked her hips with the

palm of her hand before turning away snappishly and continuing on her way.

Pico sat back down on his bench in the waiting room for the flight to Geneva, glancing sometimes unobtrusively over to her, but she did not dignify him with a single glance. Pico was inwardly turning more and more into the little boy he had once been and who was now ashamed because he had been a fool quite stupidly to a tall, beautiful and powerful woman. He hated this feeling, but it was a recurrent, almost compulsive experience that he had experience that happened to him when he approached a strong woman. He was painfully aware that he had developed a strange behavior in the past ten years since he had become a widower, quirky and idiosyncratic, and that his demeanor toward women had become even more shy and outlandish as a result of his seclusion. His inadequate attempts to contact women were often of an embarrassing penetrance and aloofness.

After a while, Pico rummaged in his duffel bag and pulled out the cardboard sleeve in which he kept some books; his mother's diaries and Lila's diaries had been with him for years. Lila's had been with him for years now. The bulk of them he had sent ahead, but as always he carried some notebooks with him and read them, rereading them over and over again. He had already read them all, but he read and read again in the yellowed pages, which remained his last and only reference to the past. It did him good to take himself back to the "old days" and to read again how everything had begun, how it had been, back then, back when he was still the little Pico.

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No Idea about Nothing and Spying Aunt Lila

Little Pico lived godly and for a long time knew virtually nothing about sexuality. Yes yes, of course he knew the miracle of the erection, but he knew nothing to do with it, awkwardly squeezed and palpated his cock.

From an early age, his mother had made it clear to him that it was not godly, fie! He developed a neat good guilty conscience when he played with his little one, but since nothing else happened, he was left with nothing but a bad conscience. The mother was saintly, and she got also no erection, however closely he looked. Sometimes, when he was allowed to sleep with his mother, he woke up at night and played with himself. When he was sure that she was sound asleep, he would press his little hard-on comfortably against her thighs or her warm buttocks.

He prayed a lot, he prayed often, and he liked to pray. He prayed silently, even when he lay in bed at night and played with his little hard-on. But he also prayed in the little church, had his regular place with his favorite saint, the Saint Teresa of Avila. Of course, he soon knew everything about her life and work, knew all the legends about her by heart. But most of all he liked to kneel at her feet, at the foot of the Statuary group that depicted her with the Crucified.

St. Theresa, was that a beautiful girl! The Artist had taken every pains to portray her with all the respect saintly, but also seductively beautiful to portray. The glowing, adoring look in her eyes with which she looked at the blood-covered Savior, the bouquet of white lilies that she held out to him – that contributed to the deepest piety. But the black tunic or the Order dress she wore was a true perfidy. It seemed to be spun of the finest silk, which fitted her body like a rubber glove – an invisible wind pressed against the girlish body, accentuating the virginally swelling breasts and the soft curves of the

thighs. If he looked long enough and prayed sincerely for it, he could see the gently curved mound under which her most secret part must be, see it clearly.

He prayed as he knelt before that statue, devouring it with the most unchaste looks, and then – still more deeply entangled in his carnality – to ask forgiveness for these terrible sins of gaze. Like the half-naked, bloody man on the cross of this statue group looked like, he did not know later, but he did know what St. Teresa looked like, and what she became his everything from day to day.

His mother – the young widowed Anna Maria Rizzi – saw it that he was developing into a God-fearing boy, and sometimes she would sometimes say, sighing, how wonderful it would be if he would one day become a priest. Aunt Lila, on the other hand, who used to live with them and whom everyone called “Auntie,” although she was probably not related to them at all by blood, often came to visit more often – and not always with the same lover – and scolded Anna Maria that she should not influence Pico so, not to put such papist fleas in his ears. The good widow Rizzi did everything she could to at least bring her son to the Church, even if her elder daughter Monika was not exactly a saint and did not exactly develop saintly.

Pico was glad that his mother knew what he was supposed to do later on or should do and left it at that; priest was probably not so bad. Praying and being God-fearing was so easy for him, and whether he could believe everything Aunt Lila said, he was very uncertain.

Aunt Lila was anything but God-fearing, although she could hardly be older than 35. When Pico and his mother prayed together, then Aunt Lila unobtrusively withdrew, not to disturb, but also because she never prayed herself. Moreover she was not, like his mother, a shy young widow and a decent mother, but had already had a lot of problems with her husband before they separated and was also not faithful, but brought her lovers with her, at least when her husband was at home and the apartment was not storm-free. It made his mother kind of embarrassed, but she was soft and yielding and always let Aunt Lila win. Sometimes it seemed to Pico as if the two women had a secret agreement in that regard.

Then the room next to the bathroom, which many years ago was still a kitchen, was cleared for the guests; between the two rooms there was a small pass-through for the Dishes, but it had since become non-functional. From here a few times, he spied Aunt Lila and her lover making love during their hours of lovemaking, pressed his eye to the slit of the wooden sliding Pass-through and watched in the dim light the undulating cuddling, fucking and masturbation games of the two. Only dimly he saw the two bodies, but in his mind everything became colorful and alive. He felt how stiffened his cock was and pushed it a little bit, but then he let it go again, heart pounding. After all he got nothing more than an inkling of what sex was like.

Sometimes the two of them left the bedside lamp burning. Was that a heartbeat furious, when Aunt Lila lasciviously stretched out there and he made his push-ups, only with the cock in her belly sticking! Or when she rubbed her lover's big cock and let it squirt out of him! Or sitting astride his belly and bobbing up and down, back and forth, rocking back and forth until he cramped up. Once she sat straddled on top of him and bobbed up and down for a long time until she paused and Pico could see the lover slide his cock halfway out of Lila's slit and pumped into her from below.

From now on, he knelt on the prayer stool, heart pounding, looking up at St. Theresa and saw her in the spirit with an imaginary lover in bed and immediately regretted these terrible sins of thought. St. Theresa and a lover! Oh my God, he became more and more depraved and sinful, he quickly hasped down the Avemarias and also included Aunt Lila and her lover in his prayers, so that they also would be washed of all guilt, amen! Amen! Reverently he kissed St. Theresa's plaster sandals and implored forgiveness before he went home.

Once again, as he slipped into the bathroom to his observation post his mother was standing in front of the hatch, which was open a little gap wide open, and peered in at the two of them. Pico immediately darted out again, but then stopped defiantly and turned back, wanting to watch, too. His mother watched the two with a reddened face and now looked over at him very fearfully, as he defiantly approached and stood in front of her to peek through the slit just as she

did. The widow Rizzi was perplexed and at first covered Pico's eyes, so he wouldn't see, but he shook his head clear. After that they did not move, the mother holding Pico's shoulders tightly and looked in at the two of them with her heart pounding. The lover was kneeling with his stiff cock in front of Lila, who was One hand stroking between her legs. Pico sensed the terrible insecurity of his mother, while he felt ashamed of his hard-on, and tried desperately to hold it in his pocket with his hand to flatten the unruly little boy so that his mother wouldn't notice. Mother of course nothing of it noticed.

Her hand clenched ironically around his shoulders Lila's lover disappeared with his head between Aunt Lila's thighs. Pico could feel her arousal over that hand until Lila pulled her lover up to her, cooing. As the lover slowly approached Lila, half kneeling with a stiff cock slowly approached Lila and gently inserted it into her, Pico felt his mother rubbing her intimate parts through the fabric cloth. Pico was fascinated as the cock disappeared like a long sausage, disappeared into Lila's belly and was slowly pulled out again, moist and shiny, wet and shiny. The lover made it go faster and faster and the maternal hand tightened around his shoulders. The body of the mother shivered at once very hard, she stopped the rubbing and kissed Pico's mop of hair lovingly.

First, as the two lovers wedged themselves into each other, making a great deal of noise as they did the fast nailing, Pico and his mother slipped out quietly and went into the living room. She put a finger to her lips and said that this was a big secret, that he should never talk about it to anyone. These were things for adults and not for little boys. Pico felt that she would rather not come at all to spying and nodded somberly. After that he never sneaked there again to spy on Aunt Lila, when he knew that his mother was standing there.

From that day on, he was certain that the two women had a Secret agreement. Since that day, he distrusted everything, because this all did not fit together, because aunt Lila let his mother watch and because the saint and the sinner had a secret pact.

Maybe, Pico thought bitterly, St. Theresa also had a secret lover.

Pico is Bathed by Aunt Lila

Aunt Lila, who may not have been his real aunt at all, came to visit at least every few weeks. She wanted to separate from her husband (once again), because he had no use for her sexual recklessness and her urge for freedom. Pico thought; she was also not so prudish and naive in matters of life and lovemaking as his mother. Aunt Lila was expecting a lover to arrive the other day and was correspondingly cheerful and exhilarated. Often and often she shook her head when Pico went to church again to pray or knelt beside the bed to pray. She said quite openly that she thought nothing of priests and the like.

His hitherto impartial intercourse with her had changed this year – a year full of exciting events, although he had known Aunt Lila all his life. Pico was now incomprehensibly embarrassed when she hugged and kissed him. Desperately, he tried to hide his excited hard-on. After all, he was already almost 14 and felt big and strong, but he was very embarrassed by the hard-on. She, however, laughed as bright as a bell and grabbed onto his pants, turned to his mother and laughed happily: “Your little one is already becoming a real man!” The next day, when Pico came home after school Lila hugged him again, he pushed her with his body against the door frame and pressed himself firmly against her. She pushed him back with a smile, then wrinkled her nose and said, “You smell awful!” She conferred with his mother that the boy needed to be bathed more often, while Pico stood stubbornly under the door and scowled. His mother and Aunt Lila joked back and forth, then the aunt decided he had to be bathed now, immediately!

The young women shoved him jokingly and laughing into the bathroom, where Pico resisted the aunt for a long time until she vigorously undressed him. With red ears, Pico stood there with red ears, trying to hold his cock, which was stiff and awkwardly from his body, with his overlong arms and big hands, while the hot water ran into the bathtub. Only the blind could miss what a misconstruction the male body as a whole was. Pico knew it and was terribly embar-

arrassed. The mother had become somewhat embarrassed because of his hard-on and said sighing to Aunt Lila that Pico was so easily aroused at the moment and told her, to his horror, that he had had a wet dream a few weeks ago, when the Ambuschs were staying with them and he had to sleep in her bed.

Auntie just nodded and went back and forth busily, checking the water temperature, rearranging the bath towels and kept looking furtively at Pico, at his stiff cock and at the whole misconception. At last he was able to get into the water and sat there motionless and intimidated, hiding his stiffness with his hands. Pico was completely passive, feeling at the mercy of Aunt Lila and silently prayed to all the saints to forgive him for his emerging carnality, for eternity, Amen!

“He can wash by himself, you don’t have to mother him!” said his Mother and went back to the kitchen when she got no answer. Aunt Lila left him to soak in the hot water and went to her room, which was right next to the bathroom. The door remained open, and although Pico sat with his back to her, he could watch in the large bathroom mirror, heart pounding, as in front of the open wardrobe Lila was examining her naked body in the large mirror, turning left and right repeatedly. Twisting and turning, and after a while slipped on a light house dress – with nothing underneath – ... When she returned, he was sitting in the hot water, but his heart was pounding, and he struggled to hide his hard-on. Confused, he rattled off one intermittent prayer one after the other, without thinking long about their meaning: “You saints, forgive me, but I feel so helpless with my hard-on and the flesh is so weak when she posed naked in front of the dressing mirror, Amen!”

Auntie sat down on a stool and chattered and washed his back, shoulders and legs, then she carefully washed the torso around the cock sticking out of the water, ran the washcloth around it in a careful circle, and then down low to wash off the sack as well. Then she let some of the bath water out, so that Pico was just sitting in a hot puddle, stretched out. Lila slipped on the bathing glove again and lathered him once more all over his body. In the meantime, she chattered blithely that the cock would be later cared of.

She asked in a funny chatty tone if his cock would now just stay so stiff all day or whether he would collapse by himself! Pico was speechless and embarrassed and croaked something nonsensical and Aunt Lila thought he was in a bad state of distress. All the going to church and praying would still make him completely twisted; he was a normal man and did not have what it takes to be a priest! Pico shook his head vigorously in denial, but Auntie nodded knowingly and continued to soap him up all over his body with the foam, and now she rubbed the soft foam on his cock and the bag. How should she, Pico asked himself and was confused, because of course he was getting more and more excited. He looked up at her uncertainly, but she looked past him at his lathered cock and he into her Cleavage, at her beautifully curved breast appendages. Oh Holy Theresa, how beautiful her Breasts are!

While Pico stared into her cleavage out of the corner of his eyes, Auntie gently stroked, then more and more vigorously the foam over his cock, his thighs and between his legs. Again and again the slippery, foaming bath glove slid around his sack, cock and everywhere; he was getting hornier and hornier and could do nothing about it. When Pico saw his mother come back in behind her, he wished he were dead, but Auntie was lathering up and rubbing all over his whole body normally. The mother seemed irritated and remained undecided in the doorway, looking over Aunt Lila's shoulder, who was sitting with her back to the door half-covering Pico; she looked over at him, at his red towering hard-on. Aunt Lila looked up at her only briefly and continued to treat him with the bathing glove, hypocritically rubbing his chest and belly, toiling more and more with him. He could see through her cleavage sometimes her beautiful breasts, which swayed to the beat and certainly not just by chance danced up and down in front of his face. Pico realized with rising panic that it was about to come to him and blinked at his mother, wondering how she would react. Aunt Lila touched his cock as if by chance, only to realize with satisfaction that the time had come. Her mischievous smile and his panic-stricken look met; his silent prayers went unheard and his passive helplessness amused Lila. The mother looked uncertainly and perplexedly at her boy, whose cock stood stiffly red and bursting hard in the white foam of the bathing glove.

At that moment, in the midst of a routine all-around lathering motion, aunt Lila embraced the cock as if casually with the foamy bath glove and made one swift, firmly stroking up and down motion: Pico immediately exploded and splashed up high. Aunt Lila calmly held his cock, out of from the clasp of her bathing glove only the red glans could be seen and squirted, squirted and squirted. His mother turned turned away for a second with a reddened face, but then furtively looked over again, as his cock in the bathing glove in the bathing glove, how his semen was splashing into the bathwater. Pico sat there panting, trying in vain to overcome his paralysis and helplessness. “Oh you Saints, what a sinful worm I am!”

Aunt Lila’s soft frotté-bathing glove held his cock tightly and only let go when it had stopped spurting. She put on an astonished face and said over her shoulder to his mother, “Well, that must have been a bad emergency!” and the mother murmured, her face flushed, that the boy was really easily excited and how embarrassed she was, that he could not control himself. Had she had not seen through who had caused what? Aunt Lila said lightly that she thought it was quite normal. If a boy was in a state of emergency, then he would splash at the slightest touch, she said a little from above. The mother wanted to say something against it, but Lila said that she didn’t mind, really, she knew about men and their plight! Anna Maria left the scene with her head held high.

Aunt Lila hissed after her, then reached for Pico’s cock again and with gentle fingers carefully and in long, stroking movements pressed the last drops of semen from his glans and casually washed it clean, dried him off and let him go.

Pico later overheard his mother discussing with Aunt Lila what was going on with the boy (the spying boy listened, grinned mutely Pico). The quick Italian of his mother and Aunt Lila caused him some difficulties, but he to understand everything. How about the wet dream when the Ambuschs came to visit, Aunt Lila asked. The Ambuschs stayed with the Rizzis for several days while they waited for the new apartment – they had the misfortune, like many others, that the completion of the publicly subsidized apartment was unexpectedly delayed. His mother responded to Aunt Lila’s questioning hesi-

tantly at first, then more and more briskly, and finally reported everything in detail and in great detail. In the past she had not noticed it right away, but he had crawled half on top of her and had on her the way young dogs scratch at people's legs. She was frightened when he once stuck his small little sting in her frizzy hair; from then on she always lay down on her side, with her back to him. But even if he chafed insanely, she thought he couldn't squirt yet, he was too young, so she didn't do anything about it, even though she didn't like it... she racked her brains whether and how she should do something about it.

But for some time now he has been pressing himself more and more strongly against her in his dreams and rubbing himself against her body. How then, Lila inquired, and his mother answered in an embarrassed evasively, well, in a clear way. Well, tell me Lila urged, and his mother became even more embarrassed. He dreams like a dog and chafes his little sting on me, said his mother, although she gently pushed him away when his penis touched her bottom. Yes, and?, Lila asked curiously further, but the mother remained silent. So he fucks you in the ass, Aunt Lila stated dryly. The mother lowered her head blushing and remained silent for a while. But this time it was different, she continued quietly; he had not let himself be pushed away anymore and had continued until he had splashed all over her nightgown. The nightgown? Lila asked stretched and raised her eyebrows in surprise; then they both laughed, knowing that Anna Maria had never worn a nightgown in her life.

Come on, tell now, how it was, urged Aunt Lila. His mother added after a pause, blushing again, that the little dwarf had kneel down behind her, hold her by the waist, and then he had squirted wildly. Anna Maria paused for a moment and was silent; then she continued, lying about how disgusted she was he had gone wild and squirted everything into her ass.

The women were silent. Aunt Lila, because she could picture it all so well that it was almost like a movie in her mind; and Anna Maria, because she felt ashamed and she recalled it with shame and despair, how it had really been and how guilty she still felt. No, she couldn't

tell Lila the whole truth, she thought, full of shame and fear, or she would never be able to look her in the eye again.

Pico squirmed inwardly, for all of this was immensely embarrassing to him and besides, he could not remember this particular situation at all. He had heart palpitations, but since his mother did not tell anything about his wanking at that time, he later believed for years that that she had forgotten everything. He was glad that she didn't say anything about what had happened back when he slept naked beside his mother for weeks.

She had wondered, his mother cleared her throat loudly, because he was only 14 and she had believed that the squirting would not come for a few years. But now he is no longer a little boy, from now on he may never again sleep with her.

Then the women returned to the original topic, bathing. The Mother wondered if that was right, and she meant no, Aunt Lila should not bathe him anymore. She was obviously convinced, Pico thought that Aunt Lila's foaming had nothing to do with it... because she said she was very embarrassed that the boy had to squirt just when she – Lila – was bathing him. The mother said that since then he had also not been allowed to sleep with her, and she does not bathe her son anymore, just because of that. Lila said she shouldn't make such a fuss about it, it was important for the boy to get used to his body, because only when the need was no longer so great could he control himself like a man. Mother nodded absentmindedly again and again, for she obviously did not know much about these things. Pico realized how fundamentally different they were from the bottom up. His mother murmured that it all reminded her too much of the war and the young women were silent for a time.

Lila thought that sons in puberty were just like that and his mother shouldn't make such a fuss about the ejaculation, after all, that was the healthy normal case and no pathological special case. Pico's mother protested and said that what Lila did with her lovers was her business, but it is simply not appropriate for a mother. She didn't know anyone who did, and that she couldn't do it, she could never do that, she was his mother! Aunt Lila laughed and said that it

didn't matter, then he would just have to find a girlfriend who will do it for him! It was more important that the boy was bathed clean every day. And she would find nothing embarrassing if he ejaculated, it would certainly do the boy good, and she, Lila, thought it was normal for his age. Pico's mother found it all very embarrassing and from now on sometimes stayed ostentatiously in the bathroom door when Aunt Lila dealt with his distress. Pico never knew if his mother ever understood that Lila was simply having fun in doing it. In any case, afterwards he immediately looked up a lexicon what ejaculation, puberty and masturbation meant. What his mother might have meant by the memory of the ass squirting remained to him further a mystery.

These bubble baths were now repeated regularly when Aunt Lila came to visit. Pico was torn between excitement and helpless embarrassment, but Aunt Lila always won – his fears, vaguely related to his mother and Aunt Lila's lover, turned out to be proved to be completely unfounded. His mother disapproved of Aunt Lila's self-sacrificing helpfulness apparently and usually stood indecisively curious in the doorway, while Aunt Lila now proceeded according to plan and purposeful and allowed herself to be disturbed less and less by Anna Maria's presence. When the mother stood under the door and watched them, he could see very clearly that she rubbed herself very quickly under her skirt until she shivered very violently and stopped rubbing. Lila first washed Pico, the skunk, carefully, then drained almost all of the water from the bath and let him sit in the hot puddle for a long time. It was clear that his cock became completely stiff in the process. Then he was lathered with the foamed bath glove, from top to bottom. Aunt Lila gave again plenty of foam on the glove, rubbed the belly, the thighs and the sack, in large circles, until the cock was throbbing and twitching high up towered and he almost burst with horniness. His mother seemed indecisive at this moment, but mostly did not go, but remained under the door and watched bashfully and with red cheeks continued to watch, although from there she could see the essential details, bathing glove and cock, because Auntie Lila sat directly in front of Pico on the bathing stool. When the mother stood under the door and watched them, he could see very clearly that she rubbed herself very quickly under her skirt until she shivered very violently and stopped rubbing. And now the

exciting moment followed: Aunt Lila had patiently soaped him up and soaped it until it twitched, now she grabbed the cock with the foaming glove and made him jump with one or two lightning-fast movements to squirt.

He suspected that his mother never noticed Lila's little tricks: for example, the usually just casually buttoned house dress he stared at. When the finale came and she leaned over to grip his dick more tightly, Aunt Lila's legs opened involuntarily, just a little bit... a very little bit, so that he could see one thigh, some of a thigh, some frizzy hair and sometimes vaguely a little more, which then led to immediate squirting. Not infrequently the house dress gaped wide open when Aunt Lila bent over carelessly just before the main event to grab his cock with the bathing glove. At the same time, Aunt Lila's thighs opened only very briefly. Pico sometimes saw it flashing in her frizzy hair, felt her quick movement and immediately squirted, as if frantic, high into the air. When his mother stopped shivering, Lila's bathing glove slowly massaged the shaft, making him squirt longer and harder.

One afternoon they were alone in the apartment as Aunt Lila bathed him. She had not even bothered to button the house dress at all. As expected, the dress fell apart when she sat down on the stool and exposed the beautiful bosom and the slightly spread thighs, which were ended high up in a black ruffle bush. She soon put the bathing glove aside and masturbated him with her bare hand. With so much bare skin, Pico was instantly ready, so that he was already squirting at the first touches, when she rubbed his cock gently. She paused, smiling, while he looked with wide eyes at her nakedness, at her pubis and squirted, squirted, squirted in her warm hand.

While Aunt Lila patiently washed him, he listened with half an ear to her chatter and dreamed with closed eyes of her body. For a long time Pico in the warm water, resting as she gently washed him. She asked him what he was up to, and bit by bit he reluctantly and hesitantly revealed what he sometimes did, the little and the big onanism, but he said nothing about Mrs. Weber or Monika, nothing. She washed him for a while, then she noticed how his cock stiffened again.

She stopped for a moment and with a swift movement over her shoulders let the housedress fall. Pico held his breath, she was beautiful and completely naked. Then she sat down in such a manner that Pico could see everything and she asked all sorts of questions in the direction, whether he had not already played with girls and so. Hesitantly and half-heartedly he “confessed” to having seen a few times under Monika’s skirt, but there he could see almost nothing. After some time Pico blinked at her again, when she stopped asking, but then he bashfully looked away again. But Aunt Lila said with a smile, “Just look, quietly, you must know what a woman looks like!” If she knew what he had already seen in Mrs. Weber, Monika and Alice! Shyly, Pico looked at her.

Pico looked furtively at her beautiful naked body, which wiggled along as she masturbated him again with bare hand. When she saw that he was surreptitiously staring at her pubic she opened her thighs with infinite slowness, until he could see the entrance to her vagina in the cleft. It flashed through him like a flash, and he had to squirt instantly. She held the cock calmly in her hand, while the squirting slowly subsided and then gently pressed the glans until finally nothing more came.

This one time remained the only time she was so permissive. Pico knew that she had become quite horny herself, because she had locked herself hastily in her room immediately after bathing. For a long time he was still standing in the bathroom drying himself while he listened to her little noises from the neighboring guest room.

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Old Mrs. Weber Seduces Young Pico

Pico's mother, who despite everything still saw in him the innocent child sent him unsuspectingly into the next adventure. She had become quite weary because the Ambuschs had been living with them for weeks and the end of this siege was not in sight. She prayed repentantly, shaken and ashamed, because her house had been degenerated into a veritable sink of sinning. The Ambuschs, that were her friend Sara and her husband, fucked night after night so devotedly and loudly that she almost couldn't go back to sleep. She almost couldn't fall asleep again because of her palpitating heart. Monika had nothing but nonsense in her mind and also worried her ever since Anna Maria knew that she was playing more than just childish games with the two girls, more than just childish games. She had noticed with rising displeasure how Monika had seduced the two girls, aged 11 and 8. She listened at the door to the girls' room in the evenings and heard the giggles when Monika lay with the girls and they all sinned lustfully. Pico, too, had to get his mind off things, had to work hard during the day, so that he would not suffer so much at night from his excess erections at night. Make yourself useful, she used to say to him, don't just stand there! She thought he could, for example, help out the old Mrs. Weber next door a little bit with the shopping, for example. When he heard that! Shopping, for the 13-year-old a degrading duty.

In fact, in the next few days, the widow Rizzi said to the old woman shuffling by, "My son will be happy to help you gladly to carry your purchase bags, Mrs. Weber!", and already he was paired up. Mrs. Weber was a very old woman, surely already about a hundred years old, Pico was sure of that. She seemed to be very frail and usually walked leaning on her cane, and when she had a lot to carry, she was really poor. At the same time she was a little strange in the mind and giggled with every sentence. Reluctantly, Pico went along and took the parcels from her. Her breath smelled sternly of alcohol

as she nodded delightedly and said she would give him something for it, hihhi; he was happy about the prospect of earning some coins.

So Pico went shopping with the old woman several times a week. She came shuffling down the stairs and through the long hallway to the Rizzi's apartment and knocked on the window with her cane; then Pico went out and accompanied her. It was really not a great accomplishment, but he was glad of the money. When they arrived back at her apartment, he usually stopped in the doorway and handed her the things inside, because her dark apartment was horribly dirty, smelly and frightened him.

Later she offered him cold water, he drank and only saw afterwards how dirty the glass was and felt terribly disgusted. He had to but sit down, the old Weber moved the the porcelain bowl with the 6-month-old Christmas cookies closer and told him this and that, poking and prodding him with her crooked fingers and giggling all the time. Pico contorted his face into a forced smile and took another cookie; the giggling went on endlessly until Pico became restless and she finally gave him the coins.

The next few times it was even worse, the giggling and poking went on again, Mrs. Weber puffing and fetching a bottle of eggnog from the cupboard beside the door and poured two small glasses in. Pico shook his head, so she drank them both, and then later he got his carrying wages.

Each time this procedure repeated itself, and Pico slowly got used to its peculiarities, meanwhile remained almost casually sit. He endured the giggling and being poked with the thought of the pocket money and suppressed his tendencies to flee. Mrs. Weber was a funny old woman, rather twisted and tactless. His panic disappeared with time when she patted him on his thigh or accidentally tapped his fly with her finger. She was just not right in the mind, but harmless and if she had to grab him, then she should just; the main thing was that the cash register was right. Sometimes Pico would get cocky and carefully sip the eggnog. Mrs. Weber also got cocky sometimes and tapped more and more often as if by chance against his fly.

Every day the same, again an eggnog, the giggling and puffing did not stop today at all! It was a hot summer day and Mrs. Weber was sweating terribly under her worn summer dress, which was quite dirty and threadbare and gave an unintentionally generous view of her emaciated breasts, or rather the wrinkled remnants that had once were breasts, offered. While Pico dutifully drank his eggnog, she shuffled into the next room to change her clothes. After a short while, she came back, wearing a similarly scuffed house dress. The two or three buttons that were supposed to hold it together in front were very unreliable and gave the view of her naked, withered body. Now she was not so hot, the old Weber lied, and shuffled back to the table again. Pico sent up a cleansing prayer to St. Theresa and resolved to stop staring under Mrs. Weber's dress.

She sat down opposite him, but not chastely and demurely like most of the women he knew, but grinning and wide-legged, like the market women in old paintings, and left deliberately the dress open a little, enjoying his dismayed and bewildered glances at her wrinkled breasts and at the gray ripples between her emaciated, wrinkled thighs. She giggled confusedly again about the girls and the boys, tapped her cleft with an index finger and then again on his pants, which bulged out unseemly. Pico remained sitting as if nailed and could not take his eyes off her body; he quickly quickly got up and left, ran the last few steps up to the apartment and hid himself in his bed. Prayed sobbing after masturbating, begging God and St. Theresa and all the saints for forgiveness because he was such a weak and sinful man, because he had become so aroused at Mrs. Weber's, because he was constantly looking at her gray dimpled cleft, Amen!

After the next purchase, Mrs. Weber sat down after the third glass of eggnog, moved closer to him on the bench closer, puffing Pico continuously in the thigh and laughed giggling, such a crunchy boy like him would have certainly many girlfriends, giggle giggle giggle! Her ragged dress was front again completely open and attracted his eyes magically. That made him very embarrassed, cookies were also no longer there, only the glass eggnog before his nose. Pico did not know how to hide his stiff little one, where to put his all-too-big hands and played for distraction with the shot glass.

Mrs. Weber giggled and told Pico to drink, he felt incredibly embarrassed because she kept pinching and groping his thighs, pinched and groped, her finger sometimes exactly on his little one and he didn't know if she was provoking his hard-on and his horniness or if it happened purely by chance. Her favorite topic was him and the girls from his street, well, with them you've probably already done I don't know what, giggle, giggle, giggle! Pico could do absolutely nothing against the fact that his cock became even stiffer and his ears burned hot. Maybe drink the eggnog.

It immediately poked him in the brain, at the second sip he had to cough spasmodically and Mrs. Weber patted Pico on the back, giggled endlessly and again felt his thighs, while he desperately tried to hide his hard-on. Mrs. Weber tapped again with a finger on his shorts, giggled and tapped again teasingly against his bulge. Yes, yes, the girls actually only want that, hihhi! Thereby she stroked her emaciated thighs and pointed grinning at her gray-hairy cunt.

Pico remained sitting as if paralyzed, blinking at her nakedness. When she again tapped his hard-on directly, he felt hot Horniness rising in his abdomen. In a reflex of embarrassment he downed the booze, immediately feeling the liberating Dizziness rise. Yes-yes, and the girls want actually that, too, hihhi! she giggled and grinned, running her fingertip across the cleft, and Pico stared at this finger and almost burst with horniness. Mrs. Weber poured again, drank another glass of eggnog and then said, giggling, that boys like him surely had a lot in his pants, hihhi, and again her hand her hand nudged his thigh, his crotch, his hard-on. He drank his eggnog much too quickly and noticed how he was now neatly dizzy from the alcohol.

Even later, Pico would not have been able to say why he had remained stiff as a board at that time and not run away, away from this old hag, who was now pouring him the next glass of eggnog and kept chattering that the boys liked it as well as the girls too, hihhi! Pico was paralyzed; although he wanted to run away, he remained motionless while she continued to giggle her insinuations. All boys have a a stiff dick, hihhi, her hand suddenly slid along his thigh, from down along his thigh, from below into his pants, and with the dickie

they all like to play, hihhi! Panic seized him, when she now completely unexpectedly touched his cock! He wanted to jump up and still remained sitting as if paralyzed. Mrs. Weber pushed up the gym shorts a little, clutched firmly Pico's cock and triumphantly pulled it out of his pants.

Oh God, Holy Theresa, what was he going to do now!?

Pico watched her grin, for an endless thousandth of a second, then she licked her lips and jerked her wrist a few times briefly and deftly from her wrist; almost immediately a hot jet shot up and she quickly withdrew her hand. She laughed, pushed the edge of her pants all the way up and watched unabashedly while Pico spurted his semen into the air and onto his thighs with a racing heartbeat. Mrs. Weber watched his throbbing spasm with a gloating throbbing cramp. Pico would have jumped up, run away, would have preferred to be dead; but it squirted, the semen dripped onto Mrs. Weber's hand, which had seized his cockshaft again. She bent forward greedily and short-sightedly, rubbing it now and then with a firm jerk that it once again squirted horny and giggled, giggled time and time again: "That's fine, hihhi! So is it really fine!".

Pico was still sitting there as if paralyzed, lying half sunk back on the worn out sofa and felt that his cock, which Mrs. Weber was clutching, was still hard and stiff, that he was still very aroused inside and helplessly at her mercy. She pulled and tugged him up by one leg, until he was lying on her thighs, adjusted him until he was lying crosswise on her half-naked lap. She giggled, she knew that all boys like that, hihhi! and continued to masturbate further his dick. She chattered about Fritz and Peter, who had also been with her, hihhi! and liked her to make them squirt... let them squirt, yes yes, those two! Curious horniness conquered his fear, willingly he lay there and allowed everything, wondered about her strength when she pulled his pants down over his knees, giggling.

She squeezed and stroked his cock and testicles, Pico felt the deliciously hot rising arousal and surrendered like a sacrificial lamb, he spread his thighs wide, stretching out his stiff boy against her willingly. Skillfully she rubbed and masturbated him chatting further –

... and then your sister Monika, who was really interested in everything – Mrs. Weber giggled again and murmured, murmured that Monika had often lain like this on her lap! In his imagination a praying Monikatheresa figure appeared who lay naked on Mrs. Weber's lap and immediately his cock twitched steeply upwards. His sister Monika, On Mrs. Weber's lap!

That's right, my little one, hihhi! she giggled and now began to downright to masturbate. Pico stared excitedly at the hand that was masturbating him and felt his naked buttocks rhythmically pressed against her frizzy hair. Hihhi, the old woman went on chattering about Monika, all sorts of things had already happened! And she, the Monika, had wriggled, she didn't want to stop! Giggling and cackling, she let the image of naked Monika in front of his inner eye, chattering about labia and clit and how the Monika squirmed with horniness. When in her murmur Monika wriggled under her jerking hand and against the finger that the old woman pressed into her vagina.

Pico had to squirt instantly.

Mrs. Weber giggled merrily as a few drops splashed onto her hand. She squeezed and squeezed the cock and palpated the glans as the squirting and erection subsided.

Now only was his inner torpor easing as well. Although the cock still throbbed and some drops agonizingly slowly came, he jumped up and ran out, not paying attention to the drops of semen that ran down his thighs and ran hurriedly into the apartment. Pico was almost ashamed to death and never again went shopping with Mrs. Weber. His mother noticed that something was wrong, but Pico kept silent and she did not ask.

When he jerked off at night, he kept seeing Mrs. Weber in front of him, felt her fingers around his cock, felt her hand jerking and saw her greedy eyes watching him squirt. He saw Peter and Fritz and Monika alternately lying on her lap and squirming hornily back and forth – oh God, oh Theresa! She was sinful because she had touched him hornily, and he was sinful because he got horny and squirted

into her hand, twice, Mother of God! Had happily squirted, twice, Mother of God help us poor sinners, Amen!

Only after some time did he stop thinking so intensely about Mrs. Weber.

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Pico flies to Mallorca

Pico woke up when the stewardess nudged him lightly. Questioningly, he looked up. Quietly she explained to him that a dense fog was hanging over the Alps and that they had now diverted not to Geneva, but to Basel. The plane would land in a few minutes, and that he should please fasten his seat belt. Confused, Pico asked how the connecting flight to Mallorca was, but she only said, about it he should not worry, she would take care of it at Basel airport of course.

Pico looked around and smiled involuntarily at himself – of course, it was the same 5 or 6 passengers with whom they had departed from Vienna. Discomfort and fear rose up in him as he reconsidered the words of the stewardess. Fog, diverted to Basel. He glanced briefly out the window and saw only fog. His fear grew even more, became a throat-tightening panic. Pico called himself to order and held on ironly to the armrests. No, the pilot could surely handle this problem – besides, modern planes were equipped for equipped for flying blind. In Pico's brain, some magazine articles he had seen on television at some point pulled flashed through his mind at high speed: Autopilot, blind flight, radio guidance system. As if to confirm, the on-board loudspeaker was turned on. The pilot or pilots spoke in mumbling, rapid English to the tower. the tower, one could hardly understand one or the other word. But it had a very calming effect.

Half an hour later, Pico stood in the almost deserted hall of the airport and looked around him in a hurry. The other passengers had followed a young woman from the airport company and were probably getting their accommodations; but he was waiting: the stewardess was going to take care of his connecting flight after all! He was about to desperate to go to the information desk, his foot stopped, because the pilots and stewardesses of his flight were walking through the hall through the hall towards one of the side aisles. Pico quickly ran to meet them and waved his ticket from a distance. The stewardess who had awakened him stopped until Pico reached her.

She seemed a little annoyed, probably because a colleague was already probably because a colleague had already taken care of the passengers and she had forgotten all about Pico, who had been waiting for her like a little lost dog. Then she made a phone call with someone, asking Pico in between how he was going to get to town; the passengers had all left. When she saw the desperate look on Pico's face, she covered the phone with one hand and said that here at the airport there was only the was the Swissair Hotel. Should she put him up there? Pico nodded vigorously, because he wanted to get to Mallorca as soon as possible. The stewardess nodded, then she negotiated in fast Schwyzerdütsch. When she hung up, she told Pico he was staying at the same hotel as the crew and could go with them now.

As he walked beside her across the parking lots to the hotel, a thought flashed through his mind briefly; but then he remembered how she had walked the concourse with the pilots; no, she was surely with one of them, he didn't need to get his hopes up.

On arriving at the room, he took a long shower and then sat sleeplessly on the bed; he rummaged through the old diaries for a long time before falling asleep.

Anna Maria Experiences the War in Vienna

Anna Maria Rizzi had come to Vienna with her almost-sister-in-law Lila just months before the end of the war. Riccardo had sent them to the safest place he could think of: to Vienna, to Uncle Aldo and his wife Hermine. Even in the days of the monarchy, Vienna was a place that magically attracted the Rizzis. But poor Riccardo did not know that Vienna was already half bombed at that time. Uncle Aldo, in earlier times a famous concert pianist, had long ago got stuck in Vienna; although he would never have admitted it, it was mainly because of his Hermione. They lived in Elisabethstraße, just a few steps from the opera house, in a large apartment overlooking the leafy, shady courtyard. Aldo gave piano lessons, as long as his fingers still allowed it, because their meager pension was simply not enough at the back and front, and they both resisted putting their hands in their laps and becoming fully impoverished. Recently, Aunt Hermine had passed away, leaving Aldo, their crazy little Aldo, alone. She had been a good ten years older than him, yet he loved her dearly and was now wasting away mentally and physically since she had passed on. Less reticent people would probably have said that Aldo had simply snapped after she had left him. But of course Riccardo knew none of that at the time.

When Anna Maria gave birth to Giuseppe's daughter, it was nothing unusual, there, in sleepy Parma. No, not the big, historic city of Parma, but the small hamlet of Parma del Rio, located northwest of Trieste, nestled in the mosquito-infested marshes of the Isonzo river which is now part of the eastern municipal area of Monfalcone. Giuseppe was drafted shortly after and they both cried when he said goodbye. For a long time after she had given herself to him, they sat mutely in the meadow, while the autumn sun sank into the dusty horizon. Anna Maria shuddered as she saw, as if through a misty cloud a coffin laid out in the chapel of the small cemetery. Never had

a vision been so real, but all at once she knew that Giuseppe, her Giuseppe, lay there.

It was barely two weeks after Monika's birth when the telegram came. The Colonello was very sorry, also in the name of the Duce and the whole Italian people, that her fiancé Giuseppe had fallen in the service of the fatherland and for the good of all in the defense of Fascist Italy. Anna Maria's heart stiffened, she could not and would not cry. She had known it since that afternoon. She concentrated all her thoughts and all her strength on little Monika and on helping her mother out in the little store. It was much harder now, in the middle of the war, than it had been before, to get them three through with her little general store.

Day in, day out, she stood in the little store, taking turns with her mother to quickly go upstairs in between to check on the baby. Sometimes, when she sat beside the little bed to sing a lullaby or hum softly until little Monika fell asleep, she was overcome by a strong, powerful feeling that this was not all. Since her pregnancy, she had felt quite grown up at the age of 17 and believed that life would continue unchanged and end the same way. But this time she felt great anxiety and the certainty that everything would still change. Everything.

As she went back downstairs, a young soldier stood by her mother, interrupting himself in mid-sentence as she came down the stairs. He looked open-mouthed at Anna Maria, who had stopped on the landing. Anna Maria had to look twice to recognize him: Riccardo! She quickly descended the last steps and walked towards him. Her eyes filled with tears when she saw the pain in Riccardo's eyes. Riccardo Rizzi, Giuseppe's best friend and brother of her best friend, Lila! Sobbing, she threw herself against his chest, clutched his neck like a drowning woman and wept without restraint; letting all the tears that had not been cried in all those weeks run. Riccardo stood firm in this storm of emotion and swallowed dryly, for Anna Maria's sudden outburst of emotion was hitting him hard.

Anna and Riccardo had gone to the bank of the Isonzo to leave Anna's mother alone in the resurgent grief; she had stammered, sob-

bing out, terrible things about God and fate, about the evil in the world that had robbed her and Anna and Monika of their husband, father and breadwinner. Riccardo listened to Anna Maria, waited patiently until her tears dried, and comforted her. Anna Maria could finally talk to someone about her grief and finally, finally cry.

The more she went down to the Isonzo with Riccardo, the more she detached herself from Giuseppe and his death. Once, as she dried her tears and rested her head on his shoulder, Riccardo, that serious and silent boy, began to talk about himself and his feelings toward her. That he had to hide and conceal his love for her back then, when she had chosen Giuseppe, his best friend. Told of the turmoil in his chest when he learned that she was pregnant and Giuseppe had been had been drafted. Of his pain and burning sense of guilt when Giuseppe fell. Of his own wound that sent him to the military hospital and now back to Parma for a few weeks of convalescence. Of hope and rekindled love when he was back in her mother's store. Of — but he could not speak further, for Anna had embraced him fiercely and kissed him on his lips, held him fiercely desiring and caressing him.

During the few weeks Riccardo had recuperative leave, they made love incessantly. Riccardo thought further and told her she had to protect herself, Monika and her mother to safety from the turmoil of war, for he believed that soon all of Italy would fall and that Parma, too, would be occupied. The only safe place seemed to him to be Vienna, since the Duce and Hitler both spoke of the Alpine fortress as the last bulwark of the nation. For someone from the province of Trieste, it was not absurd, since Trieste had belonged to the Habsburg Empire for about three hundred years. Riccardo didn't know much about these things, but at the time he thought it best if she went to Vienna, to Uncle Aldo. His older sister Lila would also go with them.

Two days before Riccardo's departure, it seemed as if the Allies would advance into northern Italy. His predictions seemed to come true, so it took only more less words to convince Anna Maria. Her mother did not want to give up her home and the little store at any price, and gruffly waved them off, saying that they should go, that they were still young and had everything ahead of them, but that she

was already much too old to start all over again in a foreign country. Riccardo got the tickets and took Lila, Anna Maria and baby Monika to the train station in Trieste. When the train pulled in, she had that funny feeling again, that vision, just like that time with Giuseppe. She quickly closed the compartment window and huddled on the seat, crying. No, please don't, dear God, not him!

Uncle Aldo had lost Aunt Hermione more than a year ago; since her death he had apparently been out of sorts and let himself go completely, also he probably drank too much when he wasn't playing the piano sentimentally. Nevertheless, he made room in the apartment as best he could. Lila and Anna Maria got a room together and put the crib for Monika, which Aldo had found somewhere, in a corner of the room. For the frizzy old man, it was a relief that the young women could take care of the household together, queue for hours for groceries and, despite their poor knowledge of German, they were able to find some delicacy or other. Little Monika developed well, while Anna Maria waited for her next period with a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. Then she was sure: she was pregnant again.

Lila and she kept it a secret until one day Uncle Aldo raised his eyebrows in surprise and broke off mid-Debussy; he raised his head and asked Anna Maria directly, who lowered her eyes and nodded slightly. Riccardo, she breathed, Riccardo! But Aldo only laughed and said, yes, yes, that's how we are, the Rizzis! Then he jumped up lightly on his feet, grabbed Lila around the waist and did some elegant dance steps. "Do you remember, *mi cuor*, back in Abbazia?" asked the mentally confused man, kissing the completely surprised Lila affectionately in the middle of the mouth — probably mistaking her for Aunt Hermi.

Anna Maria and Lila had known each other since childhood, were best and closest friends during their school years, and shared all secrets with each other. Lila, who was a few years older than Anna, had let many boys love her, but she had never gotten pregnant; she never told anyone, but somehow she knew for sure that she could not have children. Curious at the time, she had asked Anna Maria about Giuseppe and making love, wanting to know everything down to the smallest detail. Sometimes she stroked Anna Maria's belly, in which

little Monika was growing, and thought it was terribly exciting. Lila found everything terribly arousing and satisfying her arousal in Anna's presence. Anna Maria was much more reserved on this point, because she had known since her earliest youth that this was one of the worst of all mortal sins and that she was terrified of hellfire. It was only during her pregnancy that she had begun to masturbate again — first hesitantly, then violently and compulsively — presumably because she had been infected by Lila's permissive masturbation habit. Later, when her belly became thicker and thicker and every movement gave her trouble, she stayed tired and let Lila touch her body, abandoning herself to her fearfully and shamefully. It was not the first time that Lila touched her, but she felt even more guilty because she experienced these orgasms stronger and more intense than her Secret ones. She was grateful that Lila had no shyness whatsoever and obviously enjoyed making love to her and making her masturbate.

Lila had not been at all shy about asking her about her lovemaking sessions with Riccardo, either. And Anna Maria, who had a great longing for him, talked about him, about their relationship, about their lovemaking and lust. She confessed to Lila, haltingly, that she had felt no more physical desire for him that she hadn't have for Giuseppe, at least not a physical one. She was in love and full of longing for the creature man and for a family of her own, but physically she felt nothing, almost nothing.

But she knew she felt pleasure, Lila said, alluding to masturbation. Anna Maria remained silent, for in the past she had rarely masturbated and now whispered broodingly that now it was certainly that she had to do it so often and almost compulsively. She said haltingly that her pleasure came mostly from watching, she felt no other pleasure. Lila laughed and said that it didn't matter how, the main thing was to feel pleasure, and that was crucial. From now on, Lila was aware of her role and played it for Anna Maria, but also for herself, because she felt an additional new thrill.

The turmoil of the end of the war was now fully upon Vienna, one had one's hands full to procure the bare necessities for the baby and for oneself, because the same questions had to be solved as the day

before: how do we survive all this? When things got really bad, because Aunt Hermine's carefully hoarded food reserves were running low, Uncle Aldo deliberately looked the other way when Lila took men to get money, alcohol or reference cards for food or clothing for them. Anna Maria usually went for a walk in the courtyard with little Monika in her arms. However, if it was already late in the evening, she stayed with Uncle Aldo in the kitchen and played cards with him until Lila came in to join them again. It was not her idea at all, but Lila's, because one day she casually said that if she wanted to, she could watch from the bathroom through the little crack in the hatch when she was doing it with the man. Anna Maria blushed terribly at first, because that didn't fit in at all with her rural, arch-Catholic upbringing, but then her curiosity won out.

Immediately after the man left, Anna Maria quietly slipped into the room and, heart pounding, lay naked next to Lila's warm body, snuggling close to her and thinking longingly of Riccardo; Riccardo who still hadn't contacted her. She clutched her friend's beautiful body lustfully and only let go when her arousal raged in wild waves. Afterwards she felt terribly ashamed, as always, but she just couldn't help it.

For a while Lila tried to contact her family, but the phone stopped working even at the main post office. The days passed, and Lila was about to drop everything to make her way to Parma, when they received mail from Trieste. Riccardo had already been dead three weeks after their departure. His mother, Aldo's sister and Lila's mother, survived him by only a few weeks and died of a broken heart. The well-meaning neighbor still wrote this and that, but they didn't read it anymore, although he saved to the end the good news that Anna Maria's mother and her store and also the chickens were doing quite well.

Anna Maria felt sadness, pain and an infinite emptiness. But she was not surprised, because she had known it since they had left Trieste. The child would have no father, and she would raise it alone, just like Monika. Lila, who had cried out and then completely collapsed, lay on the bed sobbing to herself. Anna Maria could do nothing but talk to Uncle Aldo or talk to Lila, who had taken hours to re-

gain her senses. Anna gathered all her courage and went to the cellar to steal some bottles from the wine stock of a neighbor who had not been seen for a long time. Uncle Aldo wordlessly accepted the bottle and drank it silently and furiously empty, then fell asleep at the kitchen table, his head on his arms.

Anna Maria gave Lila sip after sip to drink until she slowly calmed down. She stroked her face long and gently until Lila was drunk and fell asleep. The next morning Anna Maria went back to the cellar cellar and now stole all the bottles, stacking them in the kitchen. Lila picked herself up, tried to put the cruel blow of fate and threw herself wildly and doggedly into contributing to the household; doggedly and single-mindedly, she brought in men, one after the other.

Anna Maria had withdrawn silently, sitting for hours at the window with little Monika in her arms, looking out over the shattered city while Lila was away or was fucking a man. Anna provided for her family as best she could during this time, trading household goods for food and spending much time with Uncle Aldo and Lila, who — each in his own way — quietly vegetated. Lila was now often gone for hours, Uncle Aldo often sat naked at the table, and in his drunkenness did not care that Anna looked irritably at his dangling dick. When he touched it playfully and when it became erect, she became even more confused and quickly disappeared into her room, fearing that he would masturbate again.

It had happened for the first time a few days ago: she sat by the kitchen table and gave Monika the breast. Since she thought it was the most natural thing in the world, she didn't mind Aldo watching. She was not at all aware that the short, thin undergarment she wore in the apartment during the summer heat showed more than it hid: he was Lila's uncle after all! She concentrated completely on the sucking child and did not pay attention to the fact that the undergarment, under which she wore nothing, shifted completely. So she did not notice that he was secretly masturbating under the tabletop while he stared at her nakedness and greedily absorbed the image of her full breasts and her exposed cunt. Then, as if to sleep, Uncle Aldo rested his head on the arm that lay on the kitchen table and masturbated with the other without paying any further attention to her.

Only now did he make a telltale movement so that she looked up. Her initial anger immediately dissipated because excitement rose up in her — excitement and curiosity, because it was the first time she saw a man masturbate. Fascinated, she watched as he masturbated and, pointing his cock to the ground, abruptly sprayed in thick jets onto the floor. The blood rushed in her ears as he stroked up and down again thoughtfully, letting the last drops of semen ooze out. She felt the irresistible compulsion again, but she was far too ashamed to do it in front of him and didn't dare until she was lying in her bed later.

Obviously the alcohol and increasing mental confusion caused his strange sexual outbursts. Nevertheless, he was always quite bouncy in his buzz, patting Anna's belly affectionately, muttering drunkenly something about the next Rizzi, and continuing to drink. She, driven by some indefinable inner compulsion, remained standing beside him, unsettled, when he caressed her belly under her dress and nibbled at his cock. Shivering and with a glowing face, Anna allowed herself to be touched, but when he took his erection in his fist, she awoke from her torpor and hurried to get free of him and run to her room.

Left to her own devices, Anna Maria went to the black market to exchange some items from Aunt Hermione's possession for food. The farmer with the sly face grinned deviously when she asked him what he wanted for the small piece of bacon. She blushed as she understood his insolent look and shook her head indignantly: she was pregnant, wasn't she? He nodded, reluctantly and snidely, but then he hinted that she could do it to him with her hand. She thought about it for a moment, but since she was already damned because Don Aldo touched her and because she was in mortal sin every night with Lila, she went after him into the dark entrance of the house. While he greedily groped her hips and thighs with his broad hands, she grabbed his pants, thought of Don Aldo and did it to him, rather clumsily and erratically, but it obviously excited him very much. She went home crying, for her Riccardo in heaven had surely witnessed everything like all the sins she had committed in the last weeks.

Mostly she cried because she was more deeply involved than ever in all those mortal sins she committed alone, with Lila and now with the peasant; the conflict between curiosity and shame regarding Uncle Aldo soon almost always lost the shame, although she kept telling herself it was nothing more than what she was doing with the peasant at the black market.

As time went on, she feared less and less that Don Aldo's cock was erect; to hell with mortal sin! When Monika was asleep in her crib, she would stay devotedly next to Aldo and willingly let him feel her up while he masturbated. The sight of his fist rubbing his cock excited her as much as his groping hand on her fat pregnant belly and buttocks. Soon he moved on, feeling her labia and clit with erratic fingers. Only rarely did he interrupt his masturbation to rub her vigorously and awkwardly with a finger inside her vagina or on her clit, before continuing with himself and squirted. Although she never really dared to surrender to the excitement and he was much rougher than Lila, she did get horny to the point that she had to withdraw immediately afterwards; then she had to think of the peasant at the black market and felt sorry for poor Uncle Aldo.

She was startled out of her reverie when a bullet whistling poisonously in the courtyard struck, hurled the small, carefully nursed garden plants some meters high and brought a balcony to the collapse. Worried, Anna Maria waited a few minutes, but no further attack came. Cautiously, she went down the stairs to take a closer look at the damage. It so happened that a few minutes later she found the body of a young man — obviously a war invalid, for one of his legs had been amputated below the knee and beside him lay almost brand-new cheap crutches. The poor fellow lay shattered under the balcony, looking up at the sky with vacant, astonished eyes. She wanted to get help and turned around, but then she faltered, because something was wrong with this picture.

The young dead man had three arms.

Anna went closer and now saw that the third hand belonged to someone else, someone, who was lying under the dead man. She bent

down and looked at the hand. She heard a soft sigh, as if from far away, and the third hand moved millimeter by millimeter.

In her desperation she called for Aldo, shouting, “Don Aldo, vienivieni, subito!” and called for him again and again until he appeared, drunk with sleep and dressed only in a short shirt. Together they cleared away the rubble and carefully lifted the body. Anna Maria cried out softly, for the person under the dead body was Lila.

Now they hurriedly dug away the remaining rubble, and Anna just shuddered as she touched the corpse of the boy, whose chest and abdomen had been torn apart by the avalanche of stones, and whose intestines had spilled out. Don Aldo cleared away the human remains, grumbling as Anna paused, frozen, to stare at the young dead man’s beautiful and shapely penis. Everything else about him was shattered, the amputated stump of his legs, his chest and abdomen, but his face looked beautiful as did his penis, from which a little ejaculate had squirted. Don Aldo covered the body with some rags, then they carefully lifted Lila out.

She seemed to be barely breathing, but was apparently unharmed. Aldo picked her up in his arms and Anna walked beside him, holding Lila’s hands. Upstairs, they laid Lila on the bed, and Anna washed her face and undressed her to clean her up. After carefully washing Lila with a wet cloth, it was clear that she was unharmed, although she was still unconscious. Uncle Aldo was standing beside the bed, and when Anna finished washing her, she looked up and saw his erection under his shirt, saw his simple-minded, primitive grin. “Get out!” she yelled at Aldo, as he was now also tugged at his erection, “get out now!” and slammed the door behind him furiously.

The hardest weeks of Anna Maria’s life now followed. Lila had been completely apathetic since the bomb blast, dozing off and somewhere far away in another galaxy. She had to be fed and washed like a little child. Anna Maria was really worried about her and tried to wake her up from this eerie lethargy. In her desperation, she once tried to arouse Lila by gentle stroking of the clit, but Lila let the orgasm all wash over her without breaking free from her torpor. Anna felt terribly ashamed later, but she had aroused herself more than

Lila in the process. Afterwards she thought — almost to justify herself — that pregnant women were just very easily aroused. She knew quite simply that this compulsive masturbation could only come from her pregnancy. She wept with despair as Lila remained silent and impassive, lost forever.

In the following weeks Anna Maria followed the farmer again and again into the dark house entrance and did it to him with the hand, became visibly safer. The farmer loved to touch her everywhere and pour himself into her hand. Anna Maria flinched the first time his hand went between her thighs and touched her pubic area, because despite Aldo's touches she still felt great shame towards strangers. But she got used to it because he remained basically harmless and just greedily pushed himself towards her rubbing hand, and then, at the moment of his orgasm, groping her vagina. She only had to wait until he had fully poured himself into her hand, then he let go of her and wordlessly trotted back with her to his stand to give her what she asked for. In retrospect, Anna Maria ruminated in her diary that they had been more fortunate than most during the war months and had suffered far less of a struggle for daily bread or bare survival because their apartment was never bombed and some of Aunt Hermione's supplies lasted until almost the end. At the same time she reasoned that they lived so closely packed together and in constant fear of death that traditional values such as shame, mortal sins and taboos were suspended.

Aldo, formerly the correctness in person, could already become very whimsical: once, when he was sitting quite drunk and naked at the kitchen table, Anna Maria came to check on him after she had taken care of Monika. She kindly stroked his gray head and said that now it was enough, now he could go to bed. When he felt her belly, Anna could see that he already had an erection again, but then he really rose, contrary to her expectations. He went straight to the girl's room room, where Lila was asleep, and dropped crashing onto the bed. Anna got a premonition and ran after him, but the old man had already reached Lila. Although Anna stood behind him and tugged powerlessly at one of his legs, the drunken Aldo pushed Lila's thighs apart and penetrated the impassively lying girl; he immediately began to fuck her.

Anna paused with a sigh of relief, having given up because she thought herself too weak against him. The sight of his cock in Lila's vagina excited her strangely, she felt the compulsion rise in her again. Suddenly it dawned on her that this was not the first time that Aldo was making love to Lila. Of course, because Lila was beautiful and slender slim, but she was ugly, with her thick bloated belly and blotchy skin. It took a few minutes before she she picked herself up, gathered all her strength and pulled him out of Lila, out of the bed. She was relieved to see that the struggling old man still had a strong erection and obviously could not have had an outpouring yet. Then she vigorously maneuvered him out into the kitchen, where she urged him onto the chair.

She was not surprised when the drunken old man immediately reached for her and jokingly pulled her closer to him so that she had to sit astride his thighs. His nakedness didn't bother her, because in the last few weeks he almost only walked around naked or sat naked on his kitchen chair. Nor did she mind his erection; she had seen it many times by now. She looked down at her body, herself still aroused from the scuffle in the bedroom, and stared in fascination at his wet cock, which seconds ago had been in Lila's vagina. Vaguely, the thought trailed far back through her aroused—fogged head that the erections she had known so far always had to end with squirting. She remained waiting and willing on his lap, for of course she expected him to touch and grope her as he usually did while he masturbated. Her arousal grew as he reached under her thin undergarment and lovingly stroked her pregnant belly, while he muttered his old Rizzi stem-holder lyric again and pushed her dress all the way up, over her head and to the floor. They were now both naked. He touched and caressed her more gently than he ever had before.

His hand went gently up and down on her belly, touching lightly again and again her naked pubic area, in front of which his erection stood. His hand so gently and softly caressed the skin of her cunt, touched it so tenderly and lightly that Anna Maria somehow sank inside and with closed eyes enjoyed the unusual caress. Without fear and somehow amazed, she allowed him to delicately feel and delicately caress her most intimate parts; she simply let him and wished more and more to go to bed and masturbate immediately. Aldo had

meanwhile taken the cock in his hand and was stroking the glans up and down her labia, gently and carefully parting her labia. Anna Maria had completely forgotten about him and didn't even register how willingly she opened up and surrendered to him as he penetrated and fucked her on his lap.

Anna Maria was far away in time and space, and a Rizzi, a much younger one than this, was inside her, thrusting back and forth. Gently her vagina embraced his erection, stroking and massaging him, feeling the thrusting and thrusting of his spear for a long time. Willingly she thrust herself toward him, feeling her vagina rubbing him demanding. Her womb held his cock tightly, rubbing and rushing him until she thought she felt his squirting. Only when he jerked to a halt did Anna look up in confusion to see that it was Aldo pumping deep inside her, trying in vain to squirt. Still completely under the spell of what she had dreamed and experienced, she listened inside herself, accepted the numb feeling of defenselessness. Resigned, somehow indifferent and yet devoted, she wanted to let Aldo squirt into her and looked at him while he strained and contorted his face.

She flinched as he roughly pulled his cock out of her vagina with his hand to quickly and wildly rub his old, gray sex. She kept her head low so that he could not see her eyes, so that he could not see that she was watching everything as if under an irresistible compulsion. Anna stared down at herself as if hypnotized to watch him masturbate, then gasped violently as he paused triumphantly and the first semen splashed over her pubic area. She cried out softly as his cock again entered her with a quick, brutal jerk through the veil of semen. She could feel exactly how he poured into her a few times. But but he impatiently pulled his cock out again and continued to masturbate, painstakingly squirting the last drops over her belly and pussy. Only when he had finished and looked at her sadly and helplessly did she disengage and leave the kitchen in shame.

Anna Maria had to look after herself, Lila, feed herself and her babies as best she could. And get enough sleep. She was dead tired sometimes, but the thought of Riccardo's child kept her going. Nothing and no one would stop her from seeing Riccardo in the eyes of the child, rediscovering him, seeing his life resurrected in the child's

life. She had to deal with Lila and the crazy old man somehow, at all costs. She avoided him for days and struggled with herself because she had given herself to him so willingly. Giuseppe and Riccardo, yes — but Uncle Aldo?

Food, good food, was only available on the black market, and she could never afford the prices there. She had no choice but to visit the greasy farmer every few days, who simply shrugged his shoulders and said that if she couldn't pay, she would have to do him another favor. As much as she was ashamed of it, she had to do it. After all, in the weeks before the catastrophe, Lila had supported the family with her body in the weeks before the catastrophe. And Anna Maria had come to understand that that was all men wanted — if nothing else, they at least wanted her to do it to them by hand.

The farmer wasn't her only customer, but they also had to offer everything they needed to survive. If she had previously given the guy all the freedom, she now began to purposefully refuse him part of the time. Now she held back when his hand wanted to wipe her thighs; he could already, she whispered stretched, but he would have to give her something more in return. When he offered something, she was either satisfied or she demanded more until he agreed. Now she relaxed and allowed his hand free access as she quickly masturbated him. She felt nothing but sexual humiliation and the pride of doing everything for her family. Basically, the whole thing was disgusting to her, except when she looked down and watched the seed shoot jerkily into her palm; it excited her strongly, and sometimes the arousal lasted until she was home or excited her again after the fact. Lila lay impassively beside her, oblivious to her secret lust.

Still Anna felt ashamed when she thought of Uncle Aldo; she avoided him and did not look him in the eye. But now Anna hurried back home as fast as she could, because Uncle Aldo was causing her a lot of problems in the meantime. His sexual escapades were becoming more unpleasant every day. When she was out, he would make advances on Lila. Heaven knows how many times he had taken her in the meantime! Anna had noticed it quite by chance and now ran as fast as her fat belly would allow, back home. Of course she caught him on Lila. She stood idly by and watched helplessly, for she

thought herself far too weak to drag the struggling old man off Lila. She thought she had come too late and could only watch Aldo gasp and spurt — she was contrite, frightened and full of guilt. Guilt because, in truth, she watched curiously and excitedly as his cock plunged deep again and again, as he gasped laboriously and squirted into Lila until he fell over exhausted. Never would she have admitted that she watched the two of them breathless with horniness, thinking only secondarily that it was wrong. Surely the pregnancy also makes me so easily aroused, she later wrote in her diary, because she still had to find an excuse for her mortal sins, the quick and secret mortal sins after watching when Aldo had fallen asleep exhausted next to Lila.

Her guilt towards Lila pressed her so much that she tried to get home in time, then she could get him before his orgasm from Lila. She scuffled with him until she got him off Lila and guided his wet cock into her own cunt, letting him fuck her, albeit plagued by intense guilt — she couldn't care less because she was already pregnant, but he wasn't allowed to impregnate his own niece, the old moron! At least that's what she thought at the time, but she still got guilty about letting him screw her.

Once she thought she had found the right trick and willingly let him watch as she undressed Lila and washed the nude girl. Now, as expected, Aldo got an erection, she teasingly slowly undressed and drew his attention, pulling him energetically to her. At first she tried to make him masturbate with her hand or let him to penetrate only when the squirting began. Later, however, he was unstoppable and wanted to ram wildly, so she kept him off her belly as best she could by lying on her side and willingly opening her thighs so he could penetrate from behind. When it was hard for him to come, she helped him squirt with gentle stroking. Slowly she lost her shyness completely and watched him closely while he fucked her. She was terribly ashamed on the one hand, because a grave mortal sin, but on the other hand she comforted herself with the thought of keeping him away from Lila. In truth, she watched him greedily and eagerly got into her horniness when he squirted inside her or pulled out his cock to finish masturbating. He does this often and it especially aroused her, and when he dozed off, she masturbated secretly.

Her fear that Lila might become pregnant grew more and more, so that she seduced Aldo at every opportunity that presented itself. Again and again, she pulled him away from Lila and teased him until he was buck stiff and he was fucking her. Soon she felt that she had best take him from the front and clamp his ass cheeks tightly with her heels, then he couldn't get out of her and lay on top of Lila. Energetically she held him with one hand away from her thick belly away, but at the same time secretly groped for her clit to arouse herself. While he fucked doggedly, she gave herself a tiny little orgasm, so inconspicuously that Aldo could not even notice it. Soon she was able to make this tiny little secret orgasm just long enough to feel his throbbing. Then she cheered him on with her heels like a horse and triumphantly thrust her abdomen at him, making him squirt in the middle of her orgasm. But this trick too did not last long.

She carefully hid her own lust from him, because she was terribly ashamed of this shameful sin and because masturbating was really a mortal sin. Her despair and contrite remorse were as genuine as her prayers of repentance, so she did everything to keep her sinful contradictions secret from him. Nevertheless, Aldo surprised her once. She was masturbating as usual with her eyes closed, pumping her thumb violently in her vagina, and was already completely out of it. She was terribly frightened when he entered her in the middle of her climax. Sobered and full of contempt, she eyed the old man who was struggling inside her, panting and gasping. No, she didn't help him this time and just scowled at him as he had to use his hand to arouse himself before he entered her again before squirting. She was very angry with him for his mugging, but secretly also because he got to squirt so easily with Lila and not with her. It was also the only time she felt disgusted when he poured himself inside her; disgust gripped her when she imagined his semen squirting into her pregnant belly.

She didn't want to let him feel the contempt, but Anna immediately noticed that Uncle Aldo began to refuse in his turn and withheld the squirting, secretly making love to Lila again. He became more and more cavalier, fucking her only briefly and listlessly, without squirting. She should do it herself, he growled gruffly and Anna Maria ducked under this unfair blow. Then he rolled around and mounted Lila despite Anna's powerless defense to fuck the defense-

less beauty. Anna felt as if he had just warmed up to her, only to explode in Lila's vagina shortly after. After that he fucked only Lila at all and completely ignored Anna Maria, who watched them silently and excited herself with her fingers. Now she didn't care if he turned around while fucking and watched her masturbate, the secret wasn't a secret anymore. Anna Maria became angry and jealous, cursing the old man's newly awakened vitality and carefully cleaning Lila's vagina; she cursed his crazy horniness that had no regard for war, struggle for survival, or taboos.

One morning Lila got up earlier than everyone else, tidied up the kitchen and living room, and announced that she was now over her illness. She could remember almost nothing that had happened in the last few weeks, not even how she had gotten under the shell. Anna Maria had told her nothing, but Lila seemed to dimly remember what Aldo had done to her during those weeks. Her sudden and complete recovery seemed miraculous to Anna Maria; gratefully she prayed that evening, thanking God for Lila's salvation.

Lila now became the sustaining force, made the wine bottles disappear again unnoticed, and in a long, serious conversation brought Uncle Aldo halfway back to his senses — Anna knew only that Aldo was drunk very little and became much calmer. Nevertheless, Anna was startled when Lila continued to let Uncle Aldo have his way whenever the oats stung him and he lay with the two young women. Lila brushed aside her protests, since, after all, in their dark time anyway, and said that whether it was him or someone else, it didn't matter to her anyway, she wasn't going to have any children anyway, and immediately slapped her hand over her mouth because she had betrayed a secret. Anna tortured herself anyway, still agonized over this mortal sin, for which she blamed herself, and at first remained frozen in a pillar of salt when the two next to her fucked shameless and completely uninhibited.

Once Lila didn't feel like it, she brought wine instead and involved them in the game. Anna Maria had drunk too much with the two, which her weakened Body immediately converted into heavy drunkenness. In the intoxication she lost all inhibitions as Lila stroked her until her last bigoted scruples faded and she writhed with lust and

horniness. Soon she couldn't help but spread her thighs wide and horny from her round towering belly and willingly open herself to Lila's hand. Lila was quite drunk and masturbated her very unfocused, while Anna Maria was almost torn by shame and lust, horniness and mortal sin. Aldo gawked with bulging eyes at the lesbian lovemaking of the two girls, between his thighs greedily stirred his erection. Anna screamed with horniness that he should finally fuck her! The stinking drunk Lila helped him to climb between Anna's thighs and directed his cock, giggling, but she must have done it too well, because he squirted almost immediately, barely having thrust a few times. Lila grinned mockingly and pulled his cock out, slowly rubbing it further and letting the last drops swell on Anna's belly until he let himself fall to the side, panting. Anna thought she was choking on her horniness, and so she would never climax! The two gawked and grinned as she — half out of her mind — drove her thumb wildly into her vagina and fucked herself unrestrained and furiously until the orgasm finally released her rolling up from deep below. Afterwards Anna Maria cried bitterly and was so ashamed, that she wanted never let it get that far again. But she did.

Anna's belly was getting thicker and her compulsion to masturbate had abruptly subsided. She watched the two apathetically, without feeling the compulsive horniness. Nothing stirred in her anymore when Aldo touched her beautiful, thick belly or her labia to get erect before he fucked Lila. Anna Maria didn't feel anything anymore when Lila, who sometimes didn't feel like fucking, used her to get the old man horny. She felt nothing at all when Lila first caressed her provocatively and hornily before she Aldo masturbated with her hand.

Uncle Aldo calmed down again after a while, because he had an acute problem, and that was apparently that after Riccardo's death he was the only Rizzi still alive, and after him the family would die out — about his youngest brother Rodolfo he never thought about because they had quarreled and separated forever. Crazy or not, Lila did not have to think long: Anna Maria's child would have to become a real, recognized Rizzi!

In the weeks that now followed, she and Uncle Aldo spent every minute trying to prove Riccardo's marriage to Anna Maria. Anna Maria, who was struggling already enough with the complaints of her last pregnancy weeks on the neck didn't want to hear about it at first, didn't want to devalue all the beauty she felt for Riccardo and his unborn child. But she was no match for Lila's powers of persuasion, especially since the clever sister-in-law found a priest who was willing to perform the wedding ceremony in this case, even after the fact — according to him, completely in the spirit of the Mother Church, although everyone doubted that except him.

Anna Maria gave birth to Pico in the most intense pain, screamed half the night and gave birth to the little unlucky worm in the early morning. Exhausted and deathly tired, she looked at little Riccardo Rizzi only once, then her strength failed and she fell into a death-like sleep.

But it was months before Uncle Aldo and Lila had all the papers (and perjuries) together and the — perhaps even real — priest performed the strange wedding ceremony in the absence of the groom. Although this was not at all intended, years later Anna Maria Rizzi received an Italian widow's pension after her deceased husband, the Canoniere Riccardo Rizzi from the village of Parma in Monfalcone near Trieste.

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Lila's Husband

Don Aldo, who remained a little whimsical, although he had given up drinking altogether, still slept in the room with the young women and fucked both of them in turn. The initial pleasure, which made the serious Anna Maria less and less comfortable, slowly wore off, as did Don Aldo's strength. He sometimes still let himself be artfully seduced by Lila, but mostly preferred Anna Maria's quiet manner.

She had become willowy and attractive again after Pico's birth and gave herself shyly to the old man, for he had become very quiet and affectionate. Lila was always touched and moved when she watched night and night Anna Maria and Don Aldo made love shyly and tenderly — it was like a mutual consolation in the pain of the climax that the two reached gently and restrainedly. Lila was considered by connoisseurs as a sinfully expensive noble whore who was really worth her money, and now often lived with her lovers for months at a time; nevertheless, she she actively supported Anna Maria financially from afar, who had remained alone with the two small children and Don Aldo. He now slept only with Anna Maria, even when Lila stayed with them for a night. Lila respected this relationship and was happy for Anna Maria that she had gotten a good man after all.

During the eight years they lived together, Anna experienced a romantic and fulfilling love life with the old man, who, despite his increasing frailty, was better to her than anyone before. Right from the beginning he taught her to increase mutual excitement together, so that the act came almost by itself. Since she came to trust Don Aldo greatly and no longer had to keep secrets from him, she realized that masturbating was her true obsession, her true fulfillment. In his presence she felt free and without sin; her excitement sometimes spilled over to him when she masturbated. Understandingly, he guided her development and honestly encouraged her the more he himself fell. He freed her from the foolishness of waiting for him old man like a self-sacrificing nun and taught her to the desire of her urges as often as she needed it. Anna Maria thanked him and gave him all her love; to the last she gave him him the wonder and warmth

of her orgasms, when all he had left were gentle embraces and astonished excitement as he watched. She held him in her arms all night, warming him like a child as he died.

After Uncle Aldo died, Lila and Anna Maria again shared the large apartment on Elizabeth Street. Lila was about 30, Anna Maria about 28. Anna Maria was reflecting on her skills in sewing, which she had learned from her mother as a young girl, and earned a little money doing it, or at least food or fabric when the clientele had no cash.

Anna Maria had told Lila her decision right after Don Aldo's funeral. She would never marry again, never meet a man again, never fuck with a man again. With Don Aldo she had experienced the most beautiful love of her life and wanted to keep this memory forever. She now belonged only to Riccardo's children, Lila and Uncle Aldo had done everything to make this legal. Now and then, when she felt very lonely, she would scurry into Lila's room at night and snuggle up to her naked, lying aroused and lascivious in the arms of her friend and let Lila, who loved lesbianism above all else, bring her to climax to the point of exhaustion. Now and then she would also stand in the bathroom to watch the girlfriend and her lover make love. But this happened less and less often, because Anna Maria became more and more twisted and bigoted, praying a lot and teaching her children strict faith and deep fear of God — she had completely lost again the freedom she had gained with Don Aldo, and grieved terribly at the compulsiveness of her sin. The estrangement between her and Lila increased, her relapses into voyeurism became more and more infrequent, and she withdrew secretly and dejectedly into her obsessive addiction with masturbating, to which she fell completely into, despite her desperate remorse. The widow Rizzi would never have understood if anyone had suggested that the paradoxical discrepancy between her lustful, sinful addiction and the bigoted popery had, from the beginning, brought Monika and Pico's attitude toward sexuality to a crooked, pinched level on which they would one day slide along as confused and addictively fixated as their mother.

Lila had only sold herself for money since the end of the war, or almost always, but she loved the changing love affairs with women more than anything, and felt freer to come and go when she and did

not have to discuss it with the humorless Anna Maria. So she had her room at the other end of the apartment and lived her own life. No, that's not true, because she took care of little Monika and little Pico just as Anna Maria did, not only sharing the money and the generous gifts she received from her lovers with Anna Maria and the little ones, but also gladly sacrificing her time when Anna Maria went to work. Her evenings, however, belonged to the "Contraband-Dolce-Vita" of Vienna, the nightlife that flourished openly or secretly, where whores, Nazis, and racketeers hung out and Lila, who often fell in love with rich men, gallant black marketeers, and bankers rich as rocks, or their wives. One evening she met her future husband Erich.

She was thunderstruck when she first met this serious war returnee, who seemed completely out of place in the establishment. Whatever might have triggered this love, she would never have been able to name the reason later. For he was so completely different from her that no one but she herself would have thought that these two people were meant for each other. After the misery of the war and the long imprisonment, which had left him wounded in body and soul, he had no zest for life, no sense of humor, no sensuality. All he wanted was to get his job back at the university, but no longer as a minor student assistant, but as a full professor. In the turmoil of the post-war period, it was sometimes enough to have knowledge and a confident demeanor were enough to be appointed. This is how Lila met her university professor and later husband. Lust for life, sensuality and sex slowly returned to his life with Lila.

She had to tell Anna about her infatuation, and this somehow had an infectious effect, and Anna followed her into bed in the evening, hesitantly at first, but full of curiosity, where Lila told her everything in great detail. In particular, she described Erich's fabulous sex in such detail that she herself became highly aroused again and made love to Anna Maria to the point of exhaustion. It may sound crazy, but during this time of engagement Lila loved her Erich during the day, at night she lay with Anna and seduced her, although Anna, contrite the other day because of her sinful actions, prayed down one Avemaria after another. The happy, enamored Lila laughed at the remorseful, bigoted Anna and seduced her again and again. The les-

bian relationships she sometimes secretly entered into when she met and fell in love with a beautiful woman had met and fallen in love, Lila concealed her Erich probably wisely.

With Erich's meager income, moving into his meager apartment was something she never really wanted to do. There was plenty of room in the Rizzis' large apartment. The wedding ceremony took place after a few weeks, and so she lived with her husband in Elisabethstraße. What Erich did not know, of course, was the relationship between Lila and Anna Maria before their marriage and the strange agreement that the two women had made at some point.

Since Erich came to live with them, Anna Maria could not well slip into bed with Lila when she felt lonely or horny. Her inner distress and inability to feel pleasure became so pressing that one day she talked to Lila about it, bashfully and full of qualms. Lila, who loved life and sex, was completely in love with her Erich and loved the whole world; she completely overlooked the fact that it was actually in ruins. Lila laughed brightly and said, "Gee, Anna, that's no problem — the hatch in the bathroom, you do remember?!"

Anna Maria had not expected it, but now she breathed a sigh of relief. Lila helped her immensely with this, and in the following time Anna's distress completely disappeared, although at the same time her religious scruples about her sinful actions grew alarmingly. The course of events might have been different if Anna Maria had not carelessly raised her quiet moaning one night. Erich jumped up as if stung by a tarantula and ran with his stiff hard-on into the adjoining bathroom, where he found Anna Maria lying on the floor next to the hatch, naked and excitedly masturbating. He screamed at her until she was just a blubbering little wretch, and he probably would have kept screaming if Lila hadn't intervened.

Calmly and with iron control, she tried to explain things to him. But Erich was actually not the gentleman who would have understood these things either, but just a nasty little philistine. That his wife should have given permission to her friend, that did not go at all into his brain, not even into his ear, he did not want to hear that! The whore was simply a mean voyeur, a morbid masturbator, fie! and

that was that! He gave Lila the choice of moving into his former pad with him, or breaking up with him. Lila, well, Lila was experienced in many things in life and would certainly have made the right decision if she hadn't been blinded by love for Erich, so she chose him, him and his musty little world. For the time being, at least.

One day she stood again in front of Anna's door, tried to excuse her teary eyes with migraine and asked for admittance. After they had drunk coffee and gossiped a bit of superficial stuff, Lila got to the point. She couldn't stay with Erich any longer, he was such a miserable small-minded person, neglected her because of his career and wouldn't tolerate her going her own way in return. He was a failure in bed, rough and without imagination and constantly threatened with separation, but she had enough now.

But it didn't go quite that easily. Just a few days later, Lila went back to Erich. Shortly thereafter she stood again before Anna Rizzi's door and howled. This went on for several weeks until she came to her very special compromise: she would stay with Erich, but she would take a lover now and then and use her former room in the Rizzis' apartment, if Anna Maria agreed. Anna Maria probably had some scruples, actually it was a grave sin, but then she took pity on Lila and nodded godly. And perhaps also in the hope of escaping her joyless everyday life through a little voyeurism and lustful sinning here and there.

Shortly after that they divorced.

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Pico being bathed by mother

Until he was 13 years old, Pico was allowed to sleep naked in his mother's bed. There was nothing wrong with that, they both slept naked since ever. After switching off the lights, they loved to give each other a hot hug and snuggle up to each other before wishing each other a good night! then she would lie on her side with her back to him. She had pushed him back angrily every time he felt her front, her breasts, her pubic area. That was sinful, she hissed as she vigorously placed his hand on her buttocks, that didn't seem sinful. Still, he groped her front every night. He caressed her bare back and flat, round ass every night as he masturbated and pressed his cock close to her buttocks. He always squirted into her butt crease or into the darkness below. She only said it was a sin during the day, at night she said nothing and would stretch her butt cheeks out for him to cum easily. As he got older, he always masturbated twice or more. At some point, he discovered that she masturbated very quickly after he fell asleep, or sometimes sooner, before he squirted the last time. She never talked about their nocturnal furtive activity.

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Since Pico no longer slept with his mother, the days dragged on, school was no longer the center of his life, rather the afternoons, which regularly alternated between play and prayer, but of course but also obsessive masturbation. On his 13th birthday, he was given his own room, the one that usually functioned as a guest room. guest room. It was the one in which he had spied on Aunt Lila and her lover a few times earlier.

Pico went regularly to church to pray at the feet of his favorite saints, but the sin grew stronger and stronger in him, no matter how long he prayed for it repentantly. At some point, his mother had managed to warn him against this mortal sin.

He came home after school, ate his lunch quickly and greedily, and retreated to his room to satisfy himself immediately — quickly,

hastily, and still half dressed. This he called the little onanism. Often, however, he had appointments for soccer or other games and postponed the big onanism to the evening and the night. Of course, he always had a guilty conscience afterwards, but he prayed diligently and asked God, St. Theresa and all the saints for forgiveness for his carnal sins.

Mostly he took a break in the afternoon to still do the homework — or at least part of it — then he undressed and masturbated as he pleased until he had had enough. A few times he was unlucky, though, because his mother caught him masturbating. Pico was terribly embarrassed and got a red head, but so did she.

The first time his mother stood under the door and watched him, then she came to the bed and carefully wiped the semen from his thighs with the bed sheet. Then she very lovingly told him to ask God to forgive him for his sin, God would understand it well, because we are all just weak people. Pico shivered because he was naked and sinful, and whispered that he was sorry with all his heart and that he would regret it with all his heart and that he would certainly never do it again.

But this was impossible, even though he prayed about it really earnestly and godly. An overpowering force forced him to commit this sin every day, so praying was of little help.

After a few days she again came surprisingly into the room and burst into his afternoon pleasure. He faltered under her stern gaze, stopped masturbating and covered himself bashfully with the sheet. But he became increasingly defiant and said — why did she have to come in, too, when she knew exactly, what he wanted to do? She had almost always been there when Aunt Lila had bathed and masturbated him, so she must know what he was doing? Doesn't she remember, that until 13 he squirted every night into the dark space below her butt crease? And when the Ambuschs lived with them ... He went on, although she blushed terribly and stopped, unsure of what to do. When he had finished, she went quietly out.

She was ashamed of herself for watching him so clumsily, and from then on she only crept quietly into the adjoining bathroom and opened the little hatch a crack, then stood behind it motionless and silently and looked in at him — about the way they had looked at that time had watched Aunt Lila and her lover together. Pico ostentatiously sat down on the bed with his legs apart, pretending not to notice that she was standing there with a flushed face. She had slipped one hand under her skirt and was rubbing herself as she watched. Initially he still felt a vague fear, but it excited him immensely to be naked in front of her; he was mostly already in the middle of masturbating when she crept to the peephole. Sometimes, of course, Pico just imagined she was there. But even when she wasn't there, he listened for any sound and rubbed with relish, getting excited at the thought that she might be watching him. Pico rubbed and rubbed on and on until he had to squirt, deliberately turning as he squirted so that she could see everything, if she was there at all.

Later, he always sat upside down on the bed, at the edge of the bed and his face turned toward the bathroom. He would sit very close to the peephole, completely naked, and masturbate while sitting. Then he blinked and under his eyelashes he glanced furtively at the little sliding door and saw her eyes. He felt that very special horniness again when he showed himself naked to her and always masturbated for a very long time until he imagined or thought he heard that his mother had finished masturbating and went out again quietly.

Never speaking of it again, she forbade nothing and let him. Somehow it seemed that sometimes she really wanted to see it and he really wanted to show himself naked, only that was not allowed to happen completely openly happen; Pico vaguely suspected that it had something to do with that secret when they overheard Aunt Lila and her lover and his mother had rubbed herself to the point of trembling. It drove her, in spite of her prudish embarrassment and godliness to watch him again and again, and he had to be almost compulsively exhibitionistic in masturbating in front of her, although she only from time to time spied on him.

Pico's prayers became more and more desperate, his sins more and more frequent. How could he kneel before the statue of St.

Theresa, when a few minutes before or after he masturbated, indulging in the lowest of all of carnal sins? How could he be God-fearing if he took advantage of his mother's conflict as often as he could? Oh, Saints, forgive me poor sinner, Amen! Pico closed his eyes and thought of the masturbation in his mother's marital bed; of his fantasies of fucking her and of that one time when he was very unsure if it had been just a fantasy...

Days later, as Pico sat in the bathtub, thinking quite longingly of Aunt Lila while he washed himself, he called for his mother to please soap his back. She came, looked sheepishly at his stiff cock and silently soaped his back, rubbing his chest with the washcloth. When she soaped his thighs, unintentionally grazing his cock, Pico immediately had an unprovoked ejaculation; his mother jerked back and looked puzzled at the cock, which spurted of its own accord. Only after a pause did she approach again and finished washing him. At first he wanted to die of shame, but then he said defiantly that in the past Aunt Lila had also bathed and rubbed him. Besides, she knew all about it, since he had been allowed to sleep with her in the past — Pico let the sentence hang loosely in the air, because he did not dare to be more specific and watched the panic-stricken butterflies fleeing in her eyes. The mother nodded as if absent-mindedly and looked very uncertain. "Besides, I so more often do bathe," Pico put cheekily calculating after.

Several days passed before she answered his call from the bathroom again. But she only soaped his back more and avoided any touch that would have aroused him further. Nevertheless, after some time he again almost burst with horniness and now himself spread the foam on his his abdomen, rubbing the cock with foam. Pico's mother immediately dropped the washcloth, went over to his room and fiddled nervously in the linen box. Pico, meanwhile, was almost bursting with excitement and immediately started masturbating after she went into the other room. He paid no attention to the loud splashing he was making and became much more excited because his Mother looked up from her fiddling and looked over. Later, as he sank back wearily and rested his head on the bathtub, she came back in and reminded him to pray after bathing and to ask forgiveness for

this self-abuse. Then she stroked his head and murmured in bigoted despair that he was such a good boy after all.

In the weeks that followed, she usually shook her head vigorously when he called her to soap up; go ahead, she called back, I'm busy! She came less and less often to bathe Pico, for she was ill and sometimes felt so broken and miserable that she only sat down exhaustedly beside him on the stool to soap him in front, on his chest and legs. Pico somehow came to realize that she was afraid of the situation when he looked at her; when he closed his eyes while doing so, she was less afraid and stayed, perhaps because she felt herself less watched.

As time went by, Pico became familiar with the situation and waited until the excitement became almost unbearably strong while being lathered. His ailing mother, who had soaped his chest, exhausted and tired, shook her head in mute exasperation as Pico leaned back with his eyes closed afterwards, began to masturbate slowly and deliberately, thinking of Aunt Lila. Nevertheless, she watched in fascination and absentmindedly ran back and forth with the washcloth on his thigh and stopped abruptly when he squirted. She watched his squirting completely and held her breath until it was completely over. Sometimes she would stroke his head afterwards, "My big, stupid boy!"

A few days passed again until the mother gave in again and came to soap him up. Again Pico waited until she had soaped his whole body, until the excitement had increased to infinity, before he closed his eyes and began to masturbate. Suddenly, his sister burst in just as he was about to squirt. His mother immediately bent over him and covered his cock with both hands. Pico, already deeply immersed in his phantasies, masturbated faster and faster, causing a loud, rapid splashing in the water. Then the mother said somewhat gruffly over her shoulder to her sister that she should wait outside, that she could see that her brother was being bathed! Monika had grasped the situation with a glance, because Pico was masturbating all the time, completely out of it, and exactly at that moment his cock exploded. The mother remained rigid, he continued to rub violently and squirted into her warm, protective hands. She clenched her lips as it

spilled in bursts into her palm and slowly out between her fingers. Monika turned to go, grumbling; but only after the door had closed completely behind her sister did her mother let go of him and wash the semen from her fingers. "This is going to put me in my grave," she muttered, "I hope Monika didn't catch anything!"

Once again, Pico bathed alone for a while because his mother had said she preferred him to bathe alone. Pico simply did not understand why she sometimes as if under compulsion came, and at other times remained steadfastly away. Her ambivalence had been bothering him ever since he caught her watching voyeuristically, ever since he knew that she watched Aunt Lila's emergency treatments compulsively and curiously, always rubbing herself under the skirt. Pico instinctively sensed that she liked to watch and yet at the same time suspected the lash of bigoted prudery that was mercilessly lashing out at her.

One day, nevertheless, she came again and soaped him up. Pico remained sitting stock-still for a few minutes, between the mixed mills of wanting to exhibit and a diffuse fear, while his mother patiently washed his thighs and legs, looking at him a few times in between. She looked at him a few times, embarrassed; she knew what would happen next. She looked at his hard-on and then back at his face, trying to estimate when it would be so far. After a short while, Pico was so horny that he absolutely had to masturbate. His mother stopped washing his legs and remained sitting stock-still. Her face reflected curiosity and sheer lust, but also insecurity and desperation, while he masturbated. Only, when it finally splashed, her rigidity dissolved.

Pico suffered agony, for he had now become an exhibitionist and onanist through and through, sinful and depraved, although his mother only rarely came up in the afternoon to "catch" him masturbating in the room and also left him alone more and more often when bathing. Sometimes, however, she gave in to the inner compulsion and soaped him up. When he started his act, she wanted to get up and go out, but he held her back by the hand, clutching her hand. She sat down with her back to the door on the stool and covered the view of his monstrosity, but was somehow infected by his arousal

and remained as if hypnotized. She remained silent and restrained until Pico was ready, pressing a hand to her sick, aching heart, because it was pounding so hard. As Pico's arousal rose, he pulled her hand onto his cock, which she was reluctant to allow at first. Then he pulled her warm palm to his testicles to feel the warmth and her gentle stroking while he masturbated; felt the warm touch of her hand, pressed the glans against her palm, and masturbated as fast as he could. When it came, he looked gasping into the face of his Mother's face, which seemed almost forbidding as he squirted it all into her hand and let it spill over her fingers. When he let go and sank back, she would pull her hand back almost in disgust and wash it. She said nothing, though, and just shook her head in exasperation before leaving.

Pico grew bolder each time after Monika told him her mother's secrets during her sneakings and cleverly chose the time to tell the mother. His horniness stopped at nothing: he blackmailed and forced her to masturbate him by hand. She froze to Stone, but Pico kept talking until he guessed that he had won and she had almost given up her inner resistance. The first time she did it very, very hesitantly, and Pico noticed how hard it was for her. Because it was too slow for him, he pressed his cock into her palm and rubbed very quickly himself. He held her hand vigorously so that she could not pull it away while he squirted into the palm. She didn't like that much though, and she reluctantly let it happen.

Surprisingly, his naughty blackmail worked, and she seemed to find it easier and easier. By no means did she want to repeat Lila's long, seething procedures, but to get it over with as quickly as possible. The procedure, repeated three or four times a week, almost always remained the same: he looked meaningfully at his mother before going into the bathroom and sitting in the tub. She also no longer stood shyly beside him, but sat next to the tub and leaned over him. Still, she seemed impassive, while she rubbed him quickly and skillfully to orgasm in the following months — if she had been curious and excited before, she now seemed serious and matter-of-fact like a workman simply doing his job. The shy, anxious play had become become disillusioned seriousness. She rubbed Pico quickly, who splashed after a short time — it went easier, she thought, than it

ever did with the peasant in the black market or with Don Aldo. It went easier, she thought, when one had sold one's soul to the devil. Every time she had to think back to the time when Pico still had to had to sleep in her bed, masturbating and pressing his cock on her butt crease and squirting from behind on her cunt.

Pico became bolder as time went on and palpated her breast while she masturbated him. Anna Maria involuntarily thought of Don Aldo as he held onto her thighs or her buttocks and made Pico squirt violently while she sighed in thought. Anna Maria closed her eyes and kept thinking about what it had been like with Don Aldo when Pico clawed into her breast in orgasm. When he first reached under her housedress, she resisted silently and futilely and not really seriously, for he remained persistent in his horniness and groped her nakedness, although at first he felt great fear in doing so. Pico, who in the past would never have dared to touch her cunt, now touched her clumsily and erratically. More and more often she let herself be carried away by her fantasies and dreamed that it was Don Aldo who was groping her, while she quickly gave it to Pico. Surrendered, she got used to the fact that in his excitement he touched her completely shamelessly before he squirted and said nothing even when the impudent boy inserted his finger into her vagina. She sat with her legs wide apart so that he would not hurt her and let him. She had finally given up.

Once she murmured that Aunt Lila had probably been right, but Pico didn't understand the connection and was also just too busy with himself.

All this stopped abruptly when his mother became seriously ill and was hospitalized.

Monika and the Thing with Alice

After being seduced by the old Weber, he indulged in the new vice as often as he was alone and undisturbed, forgive us poor sinners, Amen! In the fantasies he had while doing so, Monika, the old Weber and the beautiful aunt Lila danced a mad dance; Mother of God, help us poor sinners, Amen! The dark and obscure hints in the religion lessons he could now why God and nature were so contradictory, when the One is supposed to have created everything else? Why the other behaved in such a way, turned openly against the One?

Probably he, Mrs. Weber, and perhaps even his dearly beloved Lila were among those who served the Damned; but his family, his sister were clean and pure; no, they did no such thing! Contrite, his lust ended in desperate prayers and desperate pleas for the Saints to forgive his carnality.

When Aunt Lila came to visit, Pico's room was prepared for her, and since Pico was already too old to sleep with his mother, he slept in the room of his sister Monika, whom, by the way, he thought for a long time was completely innocent. Once, when he had come to her room, she was lying in bed with her head red, sweaty and panting, but he thought nothing of it. Nor did he think anything when once, on entering, he just saw her lying naked under the covers on her stomach, pressing her abdomen rotating against the mattress — as soon as he came in, she immediately stopped and remained lying with eyes closed. As said, he didn't think anything of it, he thought his sister was an innocent angel, after all she had no cock to wank, like him, the depraved subject. Often, however, he would see St. Theresa lying in bed instead of her, and he would cast down his eyes in shame, forgive us poor sinners, Amen! — Only after his experience with Mrs. Weber was his belief in her innocence shaken.

Aunt Lila now stayed with them for a long time, so Pico slept in Monika's room all the time. One morning he woke up he woke up

very early and saw her lying there. The thin sheet of that hot night had been almost entirely pulled aside, one hand was on her chest, her legs were slightly open and one knee bent, she was sleeping deeply and peacefully. He could see between the sparse pubic hairs indistinctly and dimly see the small gap of her cunt between her legs and immediately became horny. Soon the horniness prevailed over the fear of being caught, he quietly flipped back his sheet and quietly jerked away. While he squirted high into the air he stared over at her slit and held his breath. Then he closed his eyes, prayed long and hard for forgiveness, and lay there exhausted.

One morning he was awakened by a soft sound. Pico opened his eyelids a crack and saw her pressing a hand between her tightly clenched thighs, jerking her pelvis wildly back and forth, gasping intermittently, although she was trying very hard to be silent and not to wake him. She kept her eyes tightly closed as she continued to thrust her pelvis against her hand in a thrusting manner. For a long time Pico watched her and felt his cock begin to throb, very quietly and carefully he rubbed his cock under the blanket. Immediately he remembered the stories of the old Weber. Lila, Mrs. Weber — and now Monika!

She quickly thrust her hand between her thighs a couple of times, spread them and let the hand circle frantically on the mons pubis, only to immediately slam her thighs together again and contort her face into a wild, excited grimace. Pico didn't know how long she had been doing her orgy now, but now he couldn't stand it anymore with horniness, he didn't care if she saw him or not and flipped back his sheet, spread his legs and squirted high in the air, the semen slapped his belly and Pico jerked and jerked with his eyes closed until nothing more came. When Pico slowly opened his eyes again, he saw that Monika was also lying there panting, covering herself with the sheet and looking at him from wide eyes. Pico got a red head and pulled the sheet in front of his face as well, ashamed.

Monika and he had never talked about it until now; their mother had impressed upon them that one did not talk about such things. Pico suspected that she had often watched him masturbate, but only now protested because she saw herself caught. Moreover, this protest

was completely dishonest, because the very next evening she pretended to be asleep, but bent her legs and spread them slightly. Completely by accident, of course. Pico was still having second thoughts, but when he assumed she was fast asleep, he jerked off firmly, letting it squirt pleasantly high.

Once or twice this was repeated, and Pico soon discovered that after that Monika was just waiting until he was fast asleep to masturbate. So he devised a strategy to fake sleep; now he could sometimes watch Monika quietly and secretly playing her games. He felt it unfair that she in turn provoked him and more or less blatantly watched his eruption; on the other hand, she somehow excluded him because she herself only masturbated secretly. But he was far too afraid of the unknown, of women in general, to approach her outright about it.

It was also at this time that Aunt Lila began to bathe and masturbate him properly, and that Monika burst into the bathroom while his mother was bathing him and rubbing his cock with great practice. Monika, of course, interrogated him afterward through the teeth, and what he obviously concealed she fabulated aloud, musing on it, until she knew everything, or almost everything. Pico tried to defend himself, saying that he also knew something about Mrs. Weber, the crazy old woman. At first Monika didn't hear this little side sentence, but then she asked him what he knew that was so important. Pico was silent at first, then he told what old Weber had told him. Monika was at first angry, then she grinned and said, so what, there's probably nothing to it.

Anyway, that gave their secrecy a new kick. Monika teased him and challenged him openly. But Pico was much too frightened and too accomplished to react, felt agonizing fear because Monika now knew everything, and Monika was obviously annoyed at the failure of her lure. Following a sudden impulse, she slid out of her bed with a catlike movement and sat down at the end of his bed. He froze as she straddled his bed and looked at him unblinkingly. His freeze did not dissolve even when Monika hesitantly and still a little uncertainly ran a hand under the sheet along his leg and felt his cock, his balls. While

he still did not respond, she pushed her thin shirt up to her belly button and slowly pulled the shirt off her body.

Naked Monika whispered that she had heard everything and opened her thighs a little. Pico looked at her cleft in the dim light and choked on the lump that was in his throat, feeling his loins begin to burn. She went on whispering that she had seen him do it in front of his mother in the bathroom and the mother was rubbing his cock and making him squirt. Monika tugged a little on her labia. Once, she whispered further, she had watched him and Aunt Lila bathe through the crack in the little window and stroked her fingertips over his cock inquiringly. Then Monika giggled that she had watched her mother a few times when she retreated to the bedroom to masturbate after bathing him and masturbating him to squirt. Pico suddenly saw these images in front of him and now his cock became so urgently stiff that he secretly jerked off while she continued to tell. No, Pico breathed dully, that mustn't be, not my mother! Yes, whispered Monika, I'm really not lying! Then she continued whispering, telling everything in such detail that Pico had to believe it. A strange, feverish power had taken possession of him, urging him to masturbate without regard for his surroundings. Pico jerked off like a man possessed, and Monika kept talking while she curiously watched him jerk off. She realized abruptly how much Pico was turned on by this story. Now she told everything as it was.

How the mother, after she had bathed Pico and he had jerked off in the process, did it, in the bedroom, on the bed. Pico almost cried out, so wildly he had to jerk off while he squirted in a fountain. As Monika could watch them through the crack in the window from the living room. Pico's loins were on fire and he whispered, no, not our mother! Yes she was, Monika said, I was only 9 or 10 at the time, that's when I first saw it at all, when Aunt Lila was visiting and I slept with my mother. She thought I was already asleep when she came back from her observation post, but I was still awake and saw everything as she did it. Since then, I've been secretly doing it too. I swear it's the truth!

Pico's heart was pounding furiously, he shook his head in denial and kept silent. His cock was still semi-stiff, and as he listened to her,

he became horny again and continued to stroke himself. Then Monika whispered that later her mother had surprised her a couple of times at that, but with time she, Monika, didn't care anymore. Pico began to get stiff again and masturbated; by now he didn't care that Monika was looking at him. Monika wanted to make him horny again and continued in a hoarse whisper: once she even got the devil to ride her, she did it openly before her mother when she came to bed. How did she do it then, Pico pressed out between his teeth, while he continued to jerk violently. She pulled back the covers back and straddled her thighs wide, and then she did it, Monika told him, waiting anxiously to see if Pico squirted again. Her mother looked confused and desperate and didn't know where to look, but she didn't say anything and watched only. Monika now spread her thighs and pretended to play with her clit; that's how I did it, she giggled, and whispered that later she did it again and again on purpose to excite the mother. Pico jerked off wildly, but he couldn't squirt anymore and stopped.

The mother only pretends to be so pious, especially in front of other people, whispered Monika, feeling Pico's cock. She was bent on watching Aunt Lila and her lovers and doing it herself the same time; mendacious that was, yes really, and a fair amount of genuine indignation and contempt resonated in her voice. Pico crowded his cock in her hand because he was getting hornier and hornier. It was not unselfish for the mother to bathe Pico and make him squirt, she whispered. Or, if she allowed it to produce itself in front of her mother to excite her, whispered Monika in a quivering voice, as if only today she understood the deeper meaning of her own words. Pico squirmed sickly with excitement, rubbing his cock in Monika's hand.

Monika watched sometimes kind of haughty and satisfied as he struggled with himself, smiling as she continued to play with her cleft and rubbed the clit a little. She continued to quietly whisper little secrets, which excited him a lot. The best way she could get him excited was by describing meticulously, down to the smallest detail, how the mother masturbated; of course, Monika soon proceeded to make up just about everything freely and to embellish. He squirmed as Monika let go of her clit and pulled her labia apart with her fingers.

Monika reached for him and weighed his cock in her hand with satisfaction, then said that it needed to grow a bit more, then she wanted to try it once. Obediently he masturbated and looked as if hypnotized in the dim light at her cleft and clit. He didn't dare touch it and stared at Monika with calf eyes as she continued to tug at herself. He guessed that this was to excite him, not her. Later, she held his cock tightly, rubbed her clit, and kept talking, and Pico got hornier the more she talked, and the more she talked, the hornier he got, grinding his hard-on impatiently in her hand.

Pico did not know then how the mechanisms of power worked, did not know why he was fearful and lascivious at the same time the moment eagerly awaited the moment, until Monika fell silent and masturbated him completely absorbed. "Faster, harder!" he gasped, and Monika's long hair fell on his balls and tickled him. It took a hell of a long time this time, and her thighs and pubic cleft tightened as she straddled him, rubbing him firmly and vigorously. A couple of times she had to stop and take the other hand, but then she grinned at him with a distorted face as he squirted, tormented and yet somehow liberated. Almost nothing came, but she smiled contentedly and finally let him sleep.

The next time Pico knew from the start how it would go on. Monika practiced her new position of power, and no sooner had they gone to bed than Monika slipped under the covers with him, stripped off her nightgown and lay provocatively next to him. He enjoyed her gentle rubbing and caressing. She wanted to do it to him again, she whispered after a while and squatted down on his thighs. Pico knew how it would go on, because the ritual always remained the same; nevertheless, he was afraid of being discovered and of his big sister in general. Whispering softly, she told about masturbating with the Ambusch girls, that gave material for many evenings. She plucked at her cleft, directly in front of his cock, rubbing her clit teasingly in between and let him watch while his cock grew and soon towered between her thighs like a small tree trunk. She usually stopped before she had an orgasm. Then she slid forward until her cleft touched his sack and pushed the cleft even farther, wedging his cock between her labia. She was not satisfied until his cock was sticking out between her labia.

As she jerked him, she whispered that it looked like it was her own cock she was rubbing. Full of fear and excitement, Pico held his breath, looking only at her small breasts and the pointed teats of her chest, which as she masturbated him trembled and bobbed when she got into it. Pico was afraid of her, not daring to touch her and feeling with amazement at the strangely arousing sensation when his cock touched Monika's wet and warm cleft. She grinned, because when she pressed her cleft against his cock while jerking off, Pico got so excited that he soon squirted. Grinning, she held his cock forward like a fire hose, rubbing and squirting everything on his belly until nothing came. For her, this feeling of power, of dominating her little brother, and the throbbing of his cock that she felt with her clit, was highly arousing. When Pico fell asleep, she would sneak back into her bed to savor this arousal. These orgasms were almost better than the secret ones when she was alone.

"Pico," Monika said one day, "I have to talk to you!". She fussed for some time, then asked him if he knew Alice, with whom she was currently close friends. Pico nodded and said that yes, he had seen her once or twice. Then Monika said that Alice would like to see that too, and if that would that was possible. Pico was a little scared at first, but Monika said she could keep her little secret, couldn't she? How it will be with Alice? asked Pico.

Monika said Alice wanted to see his cock, Pico nodded. And the squirting too. Pico looked at her lurking from below and asked what he would get for it? Monika thought, then she said, "I can make Alice do it, masturbate, all right?", but Pico grumbled and Monika added, "I can make Alice do it, and you can watch. You like, don't you?" Pico thought that this was not a fair business, but Monika pushed him until he agreed.

The next day, Monika took Alice up to the attic. Nothing got going at first, the conversation faltered. Alice, who was only slightly younger than her, was a simple-minded chatterbox, small and round and terribly curious. Monika brought up again the boys who had lain on the lap of the old Weber, and Alice blurted out that Monika and she herself too had also been laying on the lap of the old Weber! Monika was a bit annoyed, but she didn't say anything. Then Alice

said, how does that work, to rub the cock so that it squirts? And whether one could see that times?

Monika brought the “showing himself” into play and said, if he, then you too. Alice shook her head vigorously, and Monika talked at her for a long time. Pico nodded only when Alice said yes after a long palaver. Then all three rather awkwardly took off their pants, sat down opposite each other, and looked at each others nudity. Especially Alice’s cleft fascinated him, for while Monika’s was only a pale line in the sparse tuft of hair, Alice’s vaginal entrance between the two thick bulges appeared to him like a burst open red fruit, had blossomed erotically like languishing lips. Pico could feel the burst fruit, which seemed to be quite reddened and chafed and her bulges in the black curl almost not see enough.

Monika wanted to act strong in front of Alice, as she leaned over and carefully grabbed Pico’s cock. He was at first far too frightened to get horny at Alice’s watching, and stunned, he allowed Monika to turn his best piece, soft and anxiously small, back and forth in her hand, squeezing demandingly. Until now, this had been their secret. Pico winced painfully when she surprisingly and quickly pulled the foreskin down and exposed the glans. Alice could not get out of her amazement and forgetting any fear, looked astonished at her taller girlfriend, who expertly grasped the shaft and again pulled the foreskin down. In his fear, Pico was hardly aroused, Monika naturally produced herself in front of Alice and rubbed faster to make his cock stiffer. Of course, nothing happened at first, nothing at all.

Alice was visibly disappointed. Monika condescendingly said he might not be able to today and let him go. Pico covered him with both hands and said defiantly that of course he could, but only if they did it too. The two looked at each other, Alice shook her head in horror and said, “no way!” Monika hypocritically asked again if he really wanted it? Pico felt the thing under his hands, slowly took it aside and let her see the miracle of the erection again. He swelled and swelled, while he looked between the girls’ legs.

Monika said firmly that would be fine for her. Alice shook her head again and was about to leave, but Monika held her back, talked

at her again. Yes, fine, we'll do it. Alice looked at her very uncertainly and then looked at the floor. Monika said, well, let's get started!

Pico looked fascinated at Monika, who was now licking off a finger and starting to rub her clit. Pico knew that this was just for show, because when she really did it, (and she only did it when she thought she was alone and unwatched), she didn't rub the clit around in such a maniacal way, but pushed the middle finger firmly into the vagina and let it slip out again, letting the fingertip slide over the clit as it slipped out. Not only was Pico watching Monika, but so was Alice. The longer Monika did her mock masturbation, the more restless and aroused Alice became, absentmindedly tugging at her burst fruit. Her bulges were swollen thick and slowly turning deep red, and after pushing her abdomen forward a bit, she spread the bulges with her fingers, pushing them out a bit and letting the clit peek out at the top. Alice looked with half-open mouth at Monika and rhythmically dabbed at her clit, which peeked out from under a hooded fold.

Monika continued her mock masturbation, gesturing to Pico with her eyes and grinning as Alice slowly became truly aroused, rubbing the tiny red tip of her clit as if absent-mindedly. Monika pretended to be God-knows-how much aroused, and gasped mendaciously. Alice contorted her face painfully, for the burning of her clit had not yet been extinguished. Soon the little wretch turned fiery red and became firm, protruding a few millimeters between the bulges. Alice was now obviously really horny, closed her eyes and continued to rub her clit fast and hard, seeming to have forgotten Pico and Monika who were watching her spellbound. Alice had forgotten everything around her and rubbed herself as if out of her mind, her body wiggling to the rhythm of her finger. More and more her thighs opened, more and more the red fruit opened. Suddenly she flinched and, with a distorted face, pressed her hands onto between which the little clit nodded its head thoughtfully. Pico had been watching Alice all along as she watched Monika masturbate along unconsciously, but now his cock throbbed as he watched Alice's clit in orgasm twitching.

This is what Monika had been waiting for. Suddenly she bent over and grabbed Pico's cock in a flash. She began to rub him so violently, as she had done it many times before, that he almost lost his hearing

and sight. It lasted only a few seconds, then Pico squirted in a wide arc, twitching a jet shot out of the glans, which Monika's fist held tightly. Pico tried to hold back the squirting, but jet after jet slapped the floor because Monika kept vigorously pulling back the foreskin.

Pico awoke from his torpor, both girls laughed, and Alice carefully touched his cock, feeling with her fingertip for the semen that had slapped the floor. She was so absorbed in these discoveries that she forgot all sense of shame and Pico stared fascinated into Alice's cleft. Why her vagina was so reddened, he asked suspiciously, and Monika mumbled, that comes from masturbating so much. Alice, the childishly-naive girl, nodded eagerly. She masturbated every day at least ten times, sometimes more, if it drove her to it.

After some time, Monika looked up and Pico gestured with her eyes, now it was her turn to do her part of the business. Monika said to Alice that it was now her turn. When Alice protested that she had just done it before, she angrily drove at Monika. Her commanding tone made Alice wince, obediently spreading her thighs and parting her fruit with her fingers. With childish eagerness, she immediately began to masturbate her clit as she had purposefully done before, but stopped immediately and looked cowardly over at Pico. "I don't want him to watch!" she complained, "I can't do it like this!"

Monika said "you cowardly bitch!", reaching down in a flash to Alice's cleft and letting her finger rotate on her clit. Alice ran turkey red and tried to pull away, but Monika held her down with her other hand like a vice. She hissed to Pico to hold on Alice's kicking legs. Pico knelt down, held Alice's knees and spread them vigorously. Monika continued to rub the girls clit, grinning. Alice took it, though she seemed to resist valiantly at first, but against Pico's strong arms and her own longing for the wonderfulness of being masturbated by Monika, she just couldn't compete. Alice resisted only a little, her resistance flagged and she let it happen now, could do nothing at all against the fact that her legs opened slowly and insistently as if by themselves.

Now Monika pulled the two thick bulges and the pink folds that were underneath apart with her fingers until the clit came out a little.

Then she licked one finger, stuck it deep into Alice's vagina, and continued to vigorously rub Alice's clit with her other hand. Pico held Alice's knee and watched with wide opened eyes.

Monika became more and more obsessed and did not leave it at simple masturbation. Alice was panting with her protruding calf eyes more and more violently, and it seemed as if her pelvis was making pumping movements, as if she was pushing again and against Monika's fingers, who now said with a gasp, "Now it's coming for her!". Monika didn't let go, Pico still pressed Alice's thighs firmly apart, staring in fascination at the throbbing of her clit and her quivering fruit, which flapped silently open and closed like a fish's mouth, seeming to virtually suck itself to Monika's finger. Pico had to grip Alice very tightly until Monika had triggered the orgasm with Alice's clit. Alice had gone pale and was already twitching violently, then screamed "No!" as Monika continued to masturbate her violently throughout her orgasm, wildly humping her vagina with her finger. She didn't let go of Alice until the rolling motions stopped completely and Monika grinningly pulled her finger out of Alice's vagina. Monika laughed dirty as Alice howled in pain, arousal and exhaustion after the orgasm.

What Monika wanted most was to do violence to Alice.

Monika had won, somehow she was actually concerned with that power she herself had experienced with Mrs. Weber. She could let Pico squirt whenever she wanted, and likewise she could masturbate Alice whenever she wanted. She herself only ever masturbated alone and secretly, Pico knew that, often pretending to be asleep to watch her do it. But he was secretly annoyed that Monika knew almost everything about him by now and he knew nothing about her; his feeling demanded compensation.

He was perhaps nastier than she was, for he whispered to Monika a few days later that perhaps one day they could squirt on Alice's bulges while masturbating. Cleverly he manipulated his sister until she — of course of her own accord — came to the conclusion that one could also squirt between the bulges, perhaps even on the cleft between the bulges. Now he pretended to be hypocritical and horrified,

until she promised to thread it cleverly with Alice. As a final trump card to make the recalcitrant compliant, she hinted she vaguely hinted that they would do it to her later, too, the splashing on her cunt, if he would go along with “her” idea. Pico got a fiery red head, because he had imagined that a thousand times.

But everything ended abruptly because the experiment went thoroughly wrong.

However, Monika had thought it all over and winked at Pico that everything was settled with Alice. Mercifully, she left it to Alice to masturbate Pico, but held her back long before he had to squirt. Now Pico had to hold Alice down, and Monika began to masturbate her. Pico had knelt down as usual, but this time with a freshly stiffened cock that was expectantly bursting stiff, and held Alice’s knees. Alice was rapidly approaching orgasm, as Monika masturbated her masterfully. When Alice was already quite greedy for release, Monika surprisingly let go of her and turned to Pico to masturbate him. Alice gasped, because she was already very aroused, and protested loudly that she had not come yet, but Monika just went “Shh!, shh!” and hissed that she was only doing what they had discussed and it was quite all right that way. Slowly Monika pulled him forward until his glans touched Alice’s soft bulge.

Monika groped Alice with her free hand in a gratifying manner. Then she rubbed Alice’s clit until she sighed loudly and began to rotate her pelvis. Monika meanly let off from her again before the orgasm came and now rubbed Pico again, very hard. But Alice was already panting with greed and couldn’t wait any longer. Pico stared at Alice, who rubbed quickly and hastily, trying to trigger her orgasm herself, and felt his squirt coming. Monika pulled him forward so surprisingly that the cock dug deep between Alice’s wet bulges, pressed his exploding cock ironically and deeply into Alice’s pulsating vagina and held it tightly. She wanted to feel it with her fingers, the squirting! Monika rubbed Alice tightly as Pico’s first jet shot into Alice’s vagina. He paused motionless, no more squirting. Monika stared at Alice’s vagina where his cock was sticking in.

Monika's masturbating finger kept touching his hard-on. He suddenly awakened, Monika brought the completely introverted Alice into a trance-like state. Alice contorted her face in the many small orgasms before the big orgasm and he began to frantically fuck inside her red, obscenely open fruit. Monika kept her girlfriend at a high orgasm level as Pico began to squirt.

He thrust, gasping, and squirted a rich jet into Alice's vagina each time. Monika masturbated Alice with firm, long strokes, with her other hand she held Pico's cock very tightly and rubbed each time she felt him squirt, letting his jet of semen shoot deep into Alice's vagina. While he was still thrusting and squirting like crazy, Monika triggered Alice's big orgasm when she felt him squirt. Alice's womb exploded and she calmed down almost instantly. He kept thrusting and squirting for what seemed like an eternity. Alice cried out in horror, "He's squirting in, oh God, he's squirting in!" — She stared in horror at her blood-red swollen cleft and at the cock thrusting in and out frantically. She was paralyzed with horror, she had of course let herself be fucked several times before, but never had she let the boy squirt in!

Pico's squirting ebbed away, but he continued to fuck Alice's obscene little hole unceasingly, though he could squirt out almost nothing. Monika held his cock tightly and concentrated on Alice's clit. She brought the girl to climax in a few minutes, Alice exploded and pulled Pico with her. He squirted into Alice's orgasming vagina in thick, rich jets, jet after jet, with the blissful feeling of giving it all now. Alice faltered and froze in horror, reaching down with her hand where Pico thrust and squirted, thrust and squirted quite hard. It took a very long time for Alice to awaken from her frozen horror. "My God! — He's squirting into me! He's squirting into me!" Alice continued to screech, kicking at him and tearing herself away. He was so perplexed that he forgot he should have been holding her like a vice. Monika let go of his stiff cock in bewilderment and rushed after Alice. Pico looked in amusement at his semen, which oozed out agonizingly slowly, and remained squatting wearily on his heels while the two girls screamed at each other for a while longer and then Alice ran away — forever.

Mrs. Mader helps out

Pico's mother had been in the hospital for several weeks and a neighbor, Mrs. Mader, came to help out around the house. She had two small daughters of her own, her husband had left her, and she got by with cleaning and other unskilled labor for herself and the children; she did not remarry and had no lovers, although she was only in her mid-thirties. She was small, plump, and very industrious; soon the household shined as if a handful of slaves were toiling here.

That Pico was a well-behaved learner, God-fearing, and hardworking initially impressed Mrs. Mader as much as his frequent churchgoing. Of course, Mrs. Mader didn't need to be a clairvoyant to correctly interpret the stains on his bedding and his afternoon activities.

Just a few days after she took office, he heard her quietly sneaking into the bathroom. Pico sat naked on his bed, stopped masturbating and listened. She quietly slipped through the bathroom and pushed the wooden sliding door of the hatch a tiny bit; an eye appeared in the gap. A hot wave went through Pico, he was already very horny and was convulsively thinking whether he dared or not. His cock stood erect as stiff as a poker, he was highly aroused and did not think any further, but masturbated quickly and splashed lustfully high into the air.

Then, unobtrusively, he glanced back at the crack that had closed and heard Frau Mader creep out, quietly, though of course the wooden floor creaked treacherously in familiar places. His racing heartbeat subsided; he had successfully overcome the first fear and now knew that Frau Mader was very curious and would not reproach him. His urge to exhibit had apparently found a new victim.

The following days he spent a lot of time in the room, jerking off as often as he could. The eye, however, appeared only once briefly and disappeared almost immediately. Pico thought excitedly of the eye that might be lurking behind the slit and jerked off several times in a row that afternoon. But all remained silent, the eye did not reap-

pear. Mrs. Maderwar was curious, but she apparently did not need repetitions. The days now passed again in disappointing loneliness.

One of the next days, Pico had a slight fever and stayed home. Mrs. Mader took care of her sick person, brought him breakfast and later a snack. Around noon, she finished cleaning and Pico was already halfway healthy again. He was masturbating under the covers when Mrs. Mader came into his room to check on her patient before going home. Did he need anything else, she asked, and Pico moaned that she should sit with him for a moment. Mrs. Mader apparently suspected nothing and sat down at the edge of the bed with a questioning face. He continued to carefully rub and jerk off under the covers, looking at her from under half-closed eyelids. Mrs. Mader apparently still didn't notice anything and asked what else he needed, but Pico only made a moaning sound and continued to masturbate even more uninhibitedly, regardless of the fact that she was beginning to get suspicious of his she was beginning to get suspicious of his wiggling. But she pretended not to notice and simply remained seated, smiling, waiting to see what would happen now, while he was under under the covers, masturbating more and more violently.

After a while he carefully put a hand on her thigh and tentatively palpated it, but she pretended not to notice his groping hand and looked smilingly at the bedspread, which by now was shaking violently. Pico had now reached the point where there was no shame and no turning back and he flipped back the bedspread. On Mrs. Mader's face appeared briefly the hint of a smile, for she was not at all surprised, neither because of his naked body, nor that he was masturbating. Pico was surprised that she calmly allowed his hand to creep up her skirt, shaky and nervous, as with the other he jerked as hard as he could. Maybe it was just a reflex, as she smiled and relaxed her thighs a little, almost invitingly opening them a bit. While he concentrated on jerking off, feeling her warm pussy through the fabric of her panties, she smiled wryly. Slowly his finger slipped under the fabric and felt the wet and moist. He paused for a moment, pushed the panties aside and palmed her nakedness.

At first, Mrs. Mader was so stunned that she did not move when his finger slipped inside and Pico, electrified by this touch, immedi-

ately squirted violently. She quickly withdrew from the brazenly urging finger and half-heartedly slapped his face, whereupon his squirting immediately stopped. Half-heartedly because she realized that he was still completely out of it and wanted to squirt. She sat down on the stool and watched him for fifteen minutes as he struggled to get his cock hard again. Pico kept his eyes closed and masturbated, but it took too long and just didn't work. As she noticed him getting lamer and lamer, she strangely began to feel sorry for him. Quite uncertainly and fearfully, she pulled his hand onto her thigh and sat down with her legs wide apart. He looked up hesitantly and immediately masturbated more rapidly. She felt a strange sense of power as she gently moved his hand under her panties toward her labia, while she watched his greedy, violent masturbation. Despite her shame and fear making her tremble inside, she continued to pull his hand until his fingertips dipped into the moist gap between her labia. Her eyes sparkled triumphantly as he instantly cum. Slowly, she pulled his hand away again as he continued to onanate, his semen oozing out in small bursts. Only when he was obviously done did she get up and tug her skirt as she stood up.

They looked at each other uncertainly and embarrassed, then Mrs. Mader turned and left the room without a word. But from that day on, she sat by his bed every afternoon, spread her thighs and let him grope her vagina with his fingers. She watched him masturbate and after he blissfully squirted in the air, she left. Mrs. Mader often wondered later what devil had made her go along with it, but she could find no explanation.

Pico, however, prayed even more contritely and desperately, for he was now a mighty great sinner, onanist and exhibitionist. Was he even worthy to serve God after all this? He prayed more fervently than ever, imploring God and St. Theresa to hear his and his mother's prayers and to finally grant him a place at the boarding school.

...

In Boarding School

At boarding school, several weeks passed before Pico figured out that it wasn't only possible to jerk off undisturbed in the bathroom. Sometimes he woke up very early, hours before he was woken up, and felt his friend who was swollen to bursting. Several times he imagined that some boys to his left or right were also secretly doing it. Now and then he thought he heard careful rubbing noises or soft gasps, as if someone was jerking off, but he remained under his blanket. Only after some time did he dare to masturbate silently and secretly in the morning like the others. Mostly, however, he did it in the toilet, like presumably other sophomores.

Sometimes it was already late in the evening when Pico sneaked into the toilet once again and did it quickly and greedily. If he thought he was alone, he often forgot all caution and puffed loudly when it came to him, catching the drops with his hand. Once, however, Pico was unlucky, for the cabin door was pushed open, and the austere Father Anselm stood in front of him with his arms folded behind his back, bobbing on the balls of his feet, while Pico didn't know how to keep the drops of semen in one hand and the red-swollen friend in the other hand should explain.

After long, anxious seconds, Father Anselm growled that Pico would have to come to him in confession tomorrow after class, because that was a very bad sin! Then he turned and went out with loud steps. Pico sat there for a long time dumbfounded and wishing he were dead; for now it was obvious that and what a sinner he was!

Breakfast would not come to an end at all, nor would the morning lessons, which completely passed him by, as he thought of only one thing: the upcoming terrible confession to Father Anselm. Although he was scared to death, he went to the chapel after lunch and knelt in the pew next to the confessional. Shortly thereafter, Father Anselm appeared, entered the wooden confessional, and waited. Pico knelt on the bench as if nailed to it, dying a thousand deaths and asking

again and again St. Theresa and all the Saints to spare him this terrible humiliation.

After some time, Father Anselm pulled back the curtain and waved. “Well, what is it, Pico, come on!” he hissed and pulled back the curtain noisily. Pico gathered all his strength and went into the confession booth, knelt down, and began the and began to recite the formalities. Father Anselm interrupted him and asked:

“Since when have you been doing this?”

Pico pondered for a long time and said, something like three years. Father Anselm thought for a moment, then said that this was a very bad sin, in fact a mortal sin, and that even though Pico was not even 14!

Pico was contrite, because it was a mortal sin and he really wasn’t even 14 yet. The good Lord had probably turned away in horror from his doings as had St. Theresa and all the other saints. Pico began to suspect that he was doomed to death, to hell, and true enough, Father Anselm spoke long and insistently of the torments of hell and the disgusting tortures that the devil and his sub-devils would subject Pico to. He wept for the injustice of being caught and wept for his fate and the torments of hell.

Father Anselm wanted to know when else Pico had done this mortal sin. Usually only in the evening in the bathroom, Pico whispered bashfully and sniffled, then stopped crying, because he had to concentrate on the questions and answers. Yes, then also in the morning, when everyone was asleep, in bed, but always very quietly, so that no one would notice. And when else? the holy man would ask. Sometimes also at noon, before the common learning. No, always alone, not with others. Really not? No. Would others do it too? Pico did not know, no, really not. And what else? Yes, and sometimes in the back of the stable, with the horses; after all, he belonged to the group that made the stable. No, standing up and only quickly and hastily, and really only exceptionally, when it is very urgent and because the lavatories are not always free. No, he would not be afraid, because the horses would not betray him. And the horse at the back, old Seppi, he

already knows him well. And the Seppi, he would also be a small horse, not as high as the others.

Yes, mostly in the very back of the stable, where it's all dark. How. He stands next to the horse, so that he is not seen from the outside, supports himself with one hand on the neck of the animal and then he does it. What does the horse do? Nothing, it stands still and stares a bit. No, otherwise he would not touch the horse. Does he know that it is a great mortal sin to do it with animals? But he doesn't do anything with the horses... — but the horse is standing there watching, that's what the Bible says about animals, Father Anselm hisses sharply.

Wasn't he the horse after all...? No, sobbed Pico, no! But yes, once, there the horse had had its cock hanging out, so half evenly, there he had crouched down and had touched it carefully. What, it? The cock of the horse, because it had come out so half from its black skin fold, but the horse has put up with it, because Pico had only touched it very carefully and because Seppi knows him well. And what else? Yes, Pico admitted, whispering through his tears, he had done it there in the crouch, right next to the horse. And nothing else? No. Did he do anything else? Yes he did, poor Pico whispered, sniffing, he had done it and touched the horse's cock with one hand. And? inquired Father Anselm sternly further. The horse looked backwards, because Pico had rubbed himself quite hard and his cock had swollen in Pico's trembling hand, more and more, until it was quite long, because Pico had wiggled so wildly. It looked similar to a penis, but a very huge big thick one, and all black, Pico whispered. He confessed that he had carefully pushed up the skin to get a good look at the glans, and then it came immediately and splashed on his hooves, but when Pico wanted to wipe it away, the horse suddenly started to pee and Pico jumped back just in time and did not clean it off. Pico now cried contritely, because now he also had a double mortal sin on his conscience, and maybe also the poor horse, because his semen had splashed on its hooves.

“And that was only once?” the man of God inquired further. Pico sobbed and sobbed, and then admitted that he had gone and done the horse many times since. Doing what? Yes, hold it with his hand

and look at its glans and let it splash on the ground. Father Anselm repeated that Pico had gotten horny on a horse's tail and touched himself lewdly, to the point of self-abuse! Pico sobbed and nodded, so many mortal sins at once! And what else? The man of God did not give in and wanted to know everything exactly, said, you must confess everything now, otherwise the whole confession is not valid!

Now Pico had confessed almost everything and it wouldn't have been fair, so much fear and so much crying and then all of a sudden it doesn't count! So he admitted that later he felt and stroked the horse more and more often, so that his tail comes out and then he splashed on the Seppi on it, on purpose. What do you mean Father Anselm asked sternly, you have to list everything exactly in confession! So, sniffed Pico, when he came into the stable... the horse already knows exactly how to go on, and then his tail already grows a little. He stands next to Seppi, takes his tail in his hand and rubs it until it comes out completely. In the meantime he does it with himself, too, because he had to do it urgently, and when Seppi's cock came out completely and he had to squirt himself, he held it so that it squirted on Seppi. Father Anselm cradled his head and kept saying, "No, no!" Pico waited very meekly and then whispered despondently into the silence, "But yes, yes!"

Despite this, the confession was invalid, because Pico, the coward, told Fr. Anselm not everything, of course: "... the Seppi on it." Pico closed his eyes and then thought the rest, maybe the good Lord hears it and then maybe the confession is valid after all: "... I contort myself like an acrobat, because I don't get to do it otherwise, and press my cock right against Seppi's while rubbing, dear God, the whole time over, until it splashes! Old Seppi has a glans like a big, soft peach, only it's black, with pink spots. But it's so fine when I rub my glans against it. Yes, and, dear God, that I rub my light drops on the black peach until you can't see anything anymore, and when his dick gets really long in the process, I rub Seppi's and let him splash in the hay. After that, I notice right away, then old Seppi usually has to grunt, so I jump aside. That's all, dear God, yes, and I only did that when there was no one in the stable, for sure not. Forgive me poor sinner, for eternity, Amen!"

Father Anselm was a good Christian and had long since begun his standard instruction to wanking sophomores: he felt that we priests were there to there to help the fallen, to raise them up again. And no, he would not be called to punish Pico — the three Paternosters and Hail Marys (but in Latin, please) were only to reinforce his repentance — although mortal sins in the Horse stable were difficult to erase, yes-yes! The soul would be pure again after the absolution, the repentance and the three Hail Marys, but his body would have to be punished for his covetousness; Pico would have to come to the ‘Pants Tightener’ in the evening, before going to bed, together with some other delinquents.

The Pants Tightener, Pico had long since found out, was an ancient ritual at the boarding school. One went in the pyjamas to Father Anselm, had to bare the bottom and got depending on the severity of the offense 10 or 15 light strokes of the cane, it could also be less or more. Relieved, he nodded and slipped out of the confessional, depressed and heartily unconsoled. He did not believe that the confession was valid, for how could he know that God had had time to listen just now? The paternosters and Hail Marys beaded across his lips, he briefly and violently repented of everything, then hurriedly left the chapel and ran to his Comrades, to the security of the flock.

In the evening, the five delinquents gathered outside Father Anselm’s room. The others lay as quiet as mice in the large dormitory. As every evening, after an eternity, the door opened, Father Anselm strode massively and fatly to the double door and locked the dormitory. Then he waved his chin, and the delinquents marched dejectedly to his room, which he entered last. The five Pants Tightener candidates had to kneel and wait.

Candidate one and two had incited candidate three to steal corn-cobs from the farmer’s adjacent field. Father Anselm gave a long speech about peasant diligence, property, and cowardly theft; but worse, he said, was inciting theft. Candidate three had to drop his pants a few inches and bend over the chair, Father Anselm gave him 5 light strokes of the cane and let him go. Candidates one and two received 15 strokes of the cane and were also able to walk away as well.

Father Anselm looked at Herbert and Pico for a very long time. They were both the very bad cases, he said, where he was not at all sure that punishing the covetous body would be enough to save them from eternal damnation. Herbert was with Father Anselm almost every week and listened quietly to the admonition; a few times he blinked over at Pico and grinned very briefly to show him what he thought of hellfire and being roasted. Pico was puzzled that the younger boy, who was almost a head shorter than he, was so not at all frightened or impressed by being damned for all eternity.

Then Father Anselm said in conclusion that Herbert was now getting his punishment and Pico should look closely, for he would be punished as well for his covetousness and carnality. Herbert stepped forward, pulled his pajama pants down to his calves and propped himself up on the back of the chair with both hands. His skinny bottom he stuck out, at the same time Pico stated with some confusion that Herbert's little cock was half stiff.

Father Anselm sat down astride the second chair, which he had straightened out had. Then the cane swung forward and slowly traveled up and down on Herbert's cock, then the cane very lightly touched Herbert's butt. The end of the raw cane trembled before he very briefly and hard delivered the first blow. Herbert had his eyes closed, his buttocks tightened, immediately after the blow his cock twitched briefly. Then followed blow after blow, but Father Anselm did not strike him as hard as the other delinquents before, and he struck slowly and with greater pauses.

Pico was terrified, but Herbert seemed to have no fear, for he kept his eyes closed and smiled. His little cock jerked up with each stroke, stiffening more and more and soon standing hard and stiffly forward. With each stroke of the cane his buttocks twitched, his cock twitched with it. Herbert loosened one hand from the back of the chair and held it in front of his cock, from which small droplets now came off with each stroke. The strokes came slower and a little harder. Herbert's glans was by now pointed and red swollen, one stroke and another and at the same rate as the last stroke, Herbert's semen shot into his hand as a thin white stream as he pinched his buttocks shut. Father Anselm stopped and waited. Herbert twitched a bit more, let-

ting the last little squirt soak into his hand. Then he straightened up and wiped his hand down his pants, pulling them up at the same time.

Pico's anxiety and fear were mixed with horniness. Herbert had squirted during the punishment, and Father Anselm had said nothing about it, nothing at all! Herbert looked at him and said, "Now you!". Pico was confused and looked at him and then at the sweaty Father Anselm, who nodded his head gravely. Herbert took him by the arm and pulled him to the punishment chair. Then he gestured for Pico to pull down his pants and knelt down again. Pico obeyed and pulled down his pants a little shakily, because now his cock was flapping out, and it had become quite stiff during Herbert's punishment, and he was very, very sorry about that, and that was very, very embarrassing for him. Now Father Anselm could also see how sinful he was, how desirous his cock had become of Herbert's squirting! Herbert grinned secretly, although he had again folded his hands dutifully in penitent prayer.

Father Anselm said that Pico had to pull his pants down further and then bend over properly, for otherwise he would not be able to cleanse the sinful body. Pico reluctantly obeyed and then stood waiting for the first blow. He felt the rod as it groped and explored along his cock and then brushed across his buttocks. Suddenly and unexpectedly, the first blow hit him. It hurt less than he had feared, and amazed he noted that his tail twitched like Herberts'. At long intervals came the strokes, which he found not at all painful, heat rising in his buttocks and surging forward in waves, making his cock stiffen and stiffen; soon the glans stood out thick and red. Again the cane stroked gropingly back and forth on his cock before the next stroke came.

Father Anselm stroked thoughtfully, slowly, and without hurting him, but his cock just stayed stiff, not twitching or spurting. Pico could hardly stand it any longer with horniness. He strained as hard as he could, but nothing came. The strokes became firmer, but it only increased his horniness, stoked the sinful desire like blazing flames in his loins. Father Anselm whispered something to Herbert, who then left the room.

Before Pico could say anything, Father Anselm struck lightly and told Pico to help himself with his hand. Then came the next blow. When he rubbed his cock and felt this blow on his ass, Pico saw flashes and immediately had to squirt. Father Anselm had stopped, it was over. Pico wiped his hand on his pants like Herbert and pulled them up. Then, embarrassed, he knelt down and stayed on his knees, folding his hands in prayer. Father Anselm let Pico go after a few minutes.

In the weeks that followed, Herbert and Pico were regulars at the Pants Tightener. Father Anselm now made them kneel for a long time before the Pants Tightener, questioned them exactly when, where and how often they had done it, then followed the cleansing ritual that punished their sinful covetousness. Soon Pico began to suspect that Herbert was lying big time when he gave his information. lied when he made his statements; no man could do so many times in succession! But he kept his mouth shut and stuck to his truth, because he didn't want to also go to hell for the mortal sin of lying or the mortal sin of thinking evil of Herbert into the hell! Pico had almost only rare morning sins to confess, and no, he had not been to the horses either since they received the cleansing. Pico was all over the place blushing at confession lies and sometimes irritated by Herbert's grin when Father Anselm wanted to know exactly when and how he had sinned in the morning. The new sins in the stables Pico kept quiet, he would have confessed them only to God, but God knew that he had sinned. confessed, but he knew it anyway already and the old Seppi could not betray him also.

For Herbert, the cleansing ritual worked better than for Pico. He knew how to endure the blows to endure and then, when the cleansing had really got going, he could — without anyone having to touch him. — splash. Pico admired him, for he was quite firmly concentrated on his body and thrust the unholy seed willingly and repentantly in time with the cleansing blows. Pico, however, did not make it, no matter how hard he tried and prayed, repentance was not enough, was obviously not honest enough, or perhaps he should have admitted about the stall. Like Herbert, he closed his eyes and thought only of repentant, cleansing injections, but it did not work until Father Anselm said he could help with his hand. Now a few

light strokes and a light stroking with the hand were enough to come to the end of the cleansing ceremony, now his deadly sinful juice could be knocked out quickly and energetically.

Father Thomas sent them all home one day after questioning all the delinquents, but especially Herbert and Pico, in great detail about the purification ritual and the Pants Tightener. Herbert was an obdurate sinner and admitted nothing, but Pico thought of his salvation and that he should become a priest and told Fr. Thomas everything except that about masturbating Seppi. Then they too were both sent home, as was Father Anselm. Pico didn't quite understand it, but this purification ritual was somehow out of order, as Father Thomas tried to explain to him, frowning.

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In Lila's Bed

Aunt Lila, who had finally separated from her husband, remained in her household even in her household after the death of Pico's mother. Monika had finally come home from the hospital, had finished school, and was now determined to become a dressmaker; she had a good apprenticeship in the town of Baden and was allowed to live with the dressmakers.

Pico stayed at the boarding school because it had been his mother's last wish, so he was very rarely at home and rarely stayed long, because he felt strange when Lila and he sat next to each other on the couch and he thought of the earlier bathing times. It was hard for him to be at home, because her earlier emergency treatments were not and could not get out of his mind, at the same time he struggled with himself, because later as a priest he wanted to live honestly in celibacy, because he wanted to keep his vow of chastity, as Father Thomas had explained it honestly to him. But the longer he stayed at home, the more urgent his desire for Lila's closeness became.

But then there was the matter of Father Anselm, when Pico was sent back home from boarding school. Aunt Lila was emaciated, looking frighteningly old and used up, even though she was only around forty. Pico secretly desired her more and more, but he didn't dare look at her more than amorous glances. He slept in the little cabinet, and knelt for hours praying beside the bed, to to forget his unchaste feelings and impulses in prayer, kept almost ironclad to his vow of chastity, and almost always conquered almost his carnality. As on many other nights, he fought the dancing witches and his stiffness with the thought of St. Augustine, who had held strongly and fearlessly to his chastity — Pico, after all, always looked up Augustine's story in the thick, richly illustrated book of Saints' Legends, where the unchaste temptation was really depicted as so unchaste and tempting that Pico always had to masturbate after contemplating the body of the unchaste temptation. He slept dreamless, until the next day at dawn he heard noises from the bathroom, no, from the

guest room behind it. heard. He heard Aunt Lila groaning and gasping and feared she had fallen ill again.

He crept into the bathroom, was about to open the door to the guest room, when he recognized the gasping and moaning and rustling: no, she was by no means sick, those were lustful, horny noises — heat flashed through him and made his cock instantly swell. Oh my God, Saints, help me stand firm! Don't let my cock get so stiff!

With his heart pounding, he stood there and heard the groans and moans turn after a while changed into pressed, heavy panting and the whole bed was noisy as mad. Pico rummaged desperately for a suitable push-prayer in his bloodless brain and wanted to pull back carefully, but he had already pressed down the door handle before; now he let go of it carefully, but it was too late: the door swung open soundlessly.

Aunt Lila lay naked on the bed, with her legs spread wide and her knees drawn up, holding both hands pressed firmly on and into her pubis, her whole abdomen twitching and rolling like her bosom violently and choppily toward orgasm. She tossed her head back and forth like a galloping horse, then paused and sank back with a long, shuddering sigh. When she opened her eyes again, she saw Pico standing naked and stiff-cocked in the doorway. She was terribly frightened and pulled the sheet over herself, down to under her chin.

Pico covetously followed an animal impulse and took two steps into her room, then stopped indecisively. He silently called out to all the Saints and was still overcome by horniness. Aunt Lila half sat up, holding the sheet in front of her chest, trying to catch her breath, her eyes shining feverishly and her bosom heaving. Pico took two more steps toward her, realizing that she was highly aroused and somehow afraid at the same time. He waved a hand soothingly and rather uncertainly, murmuring that he had heard her and thought she was sick, and that was the only reason he had come. An impulse made him take the last step, then he stood directly before the bed. Aunt Lila looked up at him, looked at his swollen cock and smiled uncertainly and a little bashfully. Pico followed the impulse and lay down beside her with a swift, flowing movement, so quickly that she

couldn't even have said a peep, and covered them both with the sheet.

He was afraid she would throw him out indignantly, but nothing of the sort happened. He felt the heat radiating from her body, heard her loudly beating heart and her rapid breathing. For minutes they lay motionless side by side, his heart pounding up to his throat, fast and hard. An eternity passed, during which he realized in horror that he would not have wanted to pray, be a priest, or remain chaste for anything in the world now, but only to lie with her.

"How much did you see?" she asked with closed eyes. "Everything!" Pico lied, noticing how Aunt Lila winced inwardly. She slowly blushed all over, her breath came violently again, and she whispered that that had not been right of him to watch her "doing it". He would have disturbed her at exactly the wrong time, she would still be completely dazed. His hand crept tentatively along her thighs near her pubic area, he sensed the heat underneath, felt the soft throbbing in the depths. She didn't fight him off, he gently caressed her body, gently stroked her breast and heard her sigh. Again she quietly reprimanded him, complaining that no one should be spied on, that this was really PRIVATE, but at the same time she allowed him to continue caressing her, and she also allowed him to feel her pubic area with clumsy hands, until he accidentally touched her small, but still hard swollen clit.

Instantly she opened her eyes and looked at him. She shook her head in denial and half sat up so that his hand slipped off and she sat next to him with her breasts bare. She pointed with her chin at his hard-on and asked, "Great need?" Pico nodded, wild and firm. "I've never done it with a woman before," he said somewhat meekly and closed his eyes, waiting fearfully for her answer and for the flaming sword of the archangel at this lie.

A few seconds passed, like tough drops of honey they fell into the lake of eternity, while Aunt Lila contorted her face and Pico sent a push prayer "for fucking, especially with favorite aunts" to the sky. Then Aunt Lila resolutely sat up cross-legged, flipped the sheet completely back and pulled him up, laying him across her thighs. "I'll do

you like I used to,” she murmured, “you’re only fourteen!” She shook her head vigorously. “Fourteen, and already wanting to fuck!” she said with feigned indignation. Somehow Pico was glad that she had so decided; for his indefinable Fear of fucking was still overpowering. Yes, it was better that way. His fear gave way to horniness again.

He lay there, willingly sprawled out like a young dog lying on its back in a posture of surrender to the strongest and spreading its legs wagging its cock. For a split second he thought of how he had watched Lila and her lover earlier, or how he had lain willy-nilly on Frau Weber’s lap. The Pietà, but still a little different, Pico thought.

He looked at her, contemplating her naked, scrawny body and her withering breasts. Curious, he looked between her thighs, but could see nothing but black ripples. He moved a little better, put his head on her thigh and looked up close at the thin, lobe-like labia and into her half-open vagina: how big this hole was! He could see exactly that the half-covered clit was dark red and quite swollen; Pico guessed that it was still rubbed so red from masturbating.

Excited and willing, he spread his legs wide apart, already becoming somewhat impatient. Aunt Lila gently ran her fingertips over his body for a long time, then grabbed his cock and masturbated him very quickly from the wrist. After just a few seconds, a tiny drop shot up and landed on her lips. Lila immediately let go of his cock and held her palm in front of it to catch the semen; but inhibited, it stopped and the squirting stopped completely.

For a long time Pico lay there with his eyes closed, distraught and upset because he had not had squirted properly. Lila stroked his belly and asked, almost worriedly, “Isn’t it working?” and he nodded, “Yes, it is!”

Lila said after some time a little disappointed and impatient, “Oh, let’s leave it!”, but he felt the excitement still burning like fire in his abdomen and stretched his semi-stiff toward her. “Please, Lila, please!”

Lila murmured without much conviction, “It’s already squirted!” and stroked his testicles with her fingertips. Pico shivered and begged, “Please, Lila, it didn’t go, not right; please, keep going!”

She caressed his belly, his thighs and testicles. “Do you masturbate much at boarding school?” she asked, continuing to stroke him. “No,” he lied, “I resolved to remain chaste!” Lila smiled pointedly and murmured, “Well, then the need will be great!” and Pico nodded vigorously, for he wanted, he had to squirt now! “And, do you really never do it?” she asked, and Pico hesitated for a long time until he said, “Yes I do, sometimes I just can’t help it, but very rarely!” Shaking her head, Lila smiled and stroked his inner thigh.

The cock stood stiff and firm, slowly her hand came closer and Pico gasped with impatience and excitement as she rubbed it a little. Sitting became uncomfortable and she paused to squat. She held onto him and masturbated him vigorously, faster and harder. Her breasts jiggled up and down as she did so and Pico felt it rising up inside him. She was jerking off very fast, he could see the effort in her face. “Coming soon?” she asked, and he nodded. As she continued to rub rapidly, she kept pressing and pressing her pubic against her heels, on which she was squatting. Soon she noticed herself how the cock began to throb and a smile glowed in her eyes. Her body now moved along with her brutally jerking hand, so that her cleft opened rhythmically as she rocked it on her heels. Gasping, Pico struggled for air as he felt her cleft and clit — or at least a tiny little inkling of it — dipping against his heels. His cock began to throb in Lila’s hand.

“Well,” she said with satisfaction, “it’s working! Come on, let’s let it all out!” Aunt Lila was truly a sex artist! She squeezed rhythmically with her whole upper body and bent back and forth rocking, the clit disappearing between the flaps of skin and peeking right back out a little. Pico almost went crazy from looking and jerked his whole cock, looking with greedy desire at her pussy as she pushed her clit out rocking and bobbing between the bulges. She rubbed his glans a few more times, then closed her eyes and seemed to have forgotten about him, continuing to rub him unfocused and halting before she finally stopped. She danced back and forth with her pelvis firmly on her heel, rhythmically pushing out her clit. Suddenly she trembled and

pressed a finger to the clit: her entire abdomen quivered, making the clit dart out from between her labia-lips like a tiny, pointed tongue and then disappear again. She shivered a little each time and concentrated inward, listening only to the rhythmic tonguing of her clit. Pico stared at her quivering and felt it coming; twitching and jerking, his semen shot in small, bright streaks into Aunt Lila's hand, who gradually awoke from her orgasmic rapture. He squirted for a long time until the cock became soft and wizened. She had collected almost all of the semen in the hollow of her hand, now she used it to clasp his swollen, sensitive glans and rub it slowly but firmly with his own semen, again causing little twitches and small splashes.

Abruptly she stopped when she realized he was looking directly into her cleft. She turned shamefacedly to the side and wiped it clean with a handkerchief. Then she murmured that they both had no need anymore and that he should leave, but he must not tell anyone; she looked very dejected. Pico went to his room, weary and tired.

In the weeks that followed, he would sneak into Aunt Lila's room every day early in the morning, press himself against her and not be refused; he had a great need and would blackmail her, childishly threatening to tell everything. Aunt Lila was very angry at first because he talked such nonsense, but she always gave in and masturbated him on her lap. After some time it was quite natural for him to sneak up to her; now he could confess to her that he would never have betrayed her anyway, to whomsoever.

He loved to lie on her lap and have his distress treated; he had dropped the thought of fucking (especially with favorite aunts) altogether. He really loved lying on her lap and letting all the horniness squirt out. Actually this was the form of sexuality he needed.

Once in a while he heard her doing it alone; but he was smart enough by now to wait a few minutes before quietly going in to her and begging for treatment of his distress. She did look strange, this "Pietà." Mostly, Lila took advantage of his rising arousal to quiz him about anything and everything while she masturbated him. In the course of time, she learned almost everything; first about Mrs. Weber and Mrs. Mader, then about Alice, and finally about that with

Monika. Each tale was rewarded with a pleasant splash. Only slowly and reluctantly did he tell the one about Alice as she ran away, but Aunt Lila just grinned wryly and quickly made him squirt. It took him a very long time to his last secret, the squirting with Monika. Aunt Lila kept on investigating, because she suspected that Monika had surely gone on, but he kept silent ironically, that remained his lifelong secret.

After Alice's rape, all inhibitions fell — although Pico was now allowed to watch when masturbating, but otherwise Monika was still cowardly and let him at the beginning only from the outside squirt on her cunt; but promised is promised, said Pico. So far — and only so far — he told Lila, embellishing it over and over again and concealing the rest.

He watched Monika's different techniques and cravings with amazement, and in the pauses they talked in whispers. She said the best way was to do it with her thumb, as she had seen their mother do. Monika's curiosity was insatiable, however; from day to day she experimented further and ordered him to keep still — the most important thing, she murmured, was that nothing squirts in! She wedged his glans between her clenched labia and rubbed madly at his cock. As soon as he squirted, she held her breath and gently spread her labia with her fingers to see the squirting. After that, she carefully pulled his cock out and let the semen run devoutly from the furrow. The next time she clamped his glans firmly in the crease and commanded him to masturbate slowly while she worked her clit. He squirted far too hastily, the glans pressed against the crease with fold pressed, while Monika masturbated. She rubbed the semen on her clit and made herself have a great orgasm. Pico was always afraid when she fucked her vagina with her semen wet thumb. When that too had lost the luster of the new, he learned to wait until it came to her, until she gasped and choppily ordered him to press his cock hard. Pico was out of fear but Monika covered up her fear with the claim that nothing would happen. She had heard somewhere that a woman could not get pregnant if the semen was injected after her orgasm, for sure! As soon as it had come to her, he pressed his glans into the tight, thrusting gap and squirted in with a racing heartbeat, so much did Monika's twitching and wriggling excite him. Of course,

they both sensed how dangerous this was, but they kept going when Monika's vagina, snapping wildly in orgasm against his rubbing and thrusting and he got half stuck while squirting. It was not always easy to withdraw to these games when their mother, who was still alive at the time, only went to work with the other seamstresses on certain days. Then then it was always Monika who gave him a short break and then resumed the experiment. She did not need the break as much as he did and always chatted blithely away, while he usually just listened silently.

Monika increased the experiment even more, although she was sweating and gasping with huge fear the first time. When she was already very aroused, bent over to him and whispered in his ear, so that what was bad and forbidden was only breathed and remained secret from all who might be listening invisibly. Tentatively and haltingly, she whispered that he should put his cock in deep, as far as he could, and looked around again to see if they were really undisturbed. She masturbated quickly with her thumb to get the pregnancy-preventing orgasm only but violently, because so its effectiveness would be better for sure, she said. She pressed Pico's cock in so deep during her orgasm that he had no more room to jerk off with his hand; she wriggled endlessly while he knelt stock-still between her thighs, not moving in fear. Like a strange third party he watched with a fixed gaze as she tried to encourage him with quick, awkward fucking motions while she continued to rub the clit for contraception, wiggling her ass around and struggling to achieve orgasm after orgasm with a distorted expression on her face, and then he felt himself slowly cumming, stiffening, and staring at his sister, inside whose mysterious interior his cock had met resistance somewhere. She had paused in her senseless orgasming and now raised her head to watch very closely, as he did, as he pumped violently and squirted jet after jet very deeply into her vagina. Afterwards she embraced him and kept him inside her until his cock went completely flaccid — at no price in this world would she have been able to look him in the eyes now and held him tightly for what seemed like an eternity, because in the embrace she could hide her face from him with the defiant smile of a sinner.

They whispered for a while longer and he confessed that he didn't so right believe, at least he had never heard of it. She didn't listen to him and whispered in her turn, especially in the beginning it had been so nice when she still felt him in her orgasm (at that time, in the innocent year 1958, they both did not know the word yet and only spoke of "wriggling" and "squirting"). The physical closeness and her gentle caressing not only gave him comfort and the feeling of great familiarity, but it awakened his desire anew. anew. She noticed it, of course, and prepared to repeat it, but she also demanded that he move now (move, because fuck she didn't dare say, but he understood her immediately) and from now on she moved his thrusting further and further forward into her orgasm; soon he had to start fucking already when her orgasm was just announcing itself.

Each time she hit it better and better and squirmed, gasping and beaming at him as she insanely enjoyed the prolongation of her climaxes. He watched her very closely as she masturbated and squirmed in the orgasms, prolonging it with little pointed cries until the end, until he squirted it all in deeply and conscientiously, because that was the way she had wanted it, although sometimes they were both beginning to think and consider that it could be quite dangerous. But precisely because it was so dangerous, they did it again and again. Soon his curiosity to see the squirting was completely satisfied. Now he just looked at his sister's reactions, was fascinated by her excited facial expressions as she masturbated wildly and being fucked at the same time, and his eyes sparkled when she prolonged each orgasm to eternity and gasped for air, suppressing the little pointed cries to the point of inaudibility, and jerked ecstatically until his squirting and subsequent weariness slowly faded the play. The incestuous intoxication lasted only over a year, as Monika, to everyone's horror and out of the blue, suffered a miscarriage. The widow Anna Maria Rizzi, who at first vaguely suspected that her dear little Pico had something to do with it, was at a complete loss because Monika refused to make any confession. Pico and Monika could no longer look each other in the eye and once they were alone in the hospital room, she demanded eternal, iron silence from him until death. Pico timidly stroked her upper arm because he felt like a little boy and because she looked so pale and close to death. We did a terrible thing, he murmured, and was surprised when she said at the

same time that they would have to be much more careful in the future. After returning from the hospital they fucked again and again, however, Monika soon moved to the tailors in the town of Baden to begin her apprenticeship, but all that — and of course also that with his mother — he concealed from Lila, a lifetime.

One morning Lila said that it was very surprising how long these boarding school vacations lasted. Quite soon Pico had become entangled in contradictions and had to tell her everything. The purification rituals really enraged her; snarling, she scolded the Father and the whole papist gang of pigs and explained to him the presumed connections. She laughed out loud when he hesitantly described his strange games in the stable. Her laughter had such a liberating effect that he told her everything about Seppi, down to the smallest detail.

When the conversation faltered, Aunt Lila lay down again and closed her eyes. After some time of silence, she smiled and wanted to hear more about the thing with the horse. She lay there pensively, and Pico noticed how she furtively and carefully stroked herself under the blanket from time to time, while he told her everything in detail about the Seppi thing. He was probably only a hair's breadth away from fucking (with favorite aunts) at that time. When he had told his story, he knew abruptly, what he had done wrong.

After the next emergency treatment, Pico began quite harmlessly to talk again about the Seppi thing. Aunt Lila pulled the blanket up over her chin and listened to him. He moved away a little and turned discreetly to the wall, while he again told everything in great detail. He told the same story, but with little horny embellishments; heard her soft noises behind him now and then. He told and told, varied masterfully and invented situations in which he did it together with some classmates or made Herbert squirt effectively under the cane. Aunt Lila listened mutely, only sometimes he heard her soft rustling or when she bit into the blanket to keep from sighing loudly. Pico, for his part, dared to look a little behind and watch her intensely out of the corner of his eye. After a few days, shyness and inhibitions were already very much reduced, and she let the blanket be a blanket when it slipped a little and was also no longer so anxious to be absolutely silent — so as the blanket moved, he adapted his story and

gave Aunt Lila great pleasure for days. pleasure. Pico told how he had pressed himself against Seppi's cock while masturbating and hit the nail on the head with his details, for Lila became so wild all at once that she almost forgot about him. She closed her eyes but didn't lose control completely and undulated in orgasm under the sheet. Pico told and told day after day and could not get enough of her wild, secret masturbation under the sheet. But before she opened her eyes again, he dutifully turned his back to her again and looked at the wall, just like her lying little dramolet. She loved it!

And then one day it didn't quite want to work out with the emergency treatment, annoyed Pico sat up and fell somberly silent. It happened almost never that he could not squirt, but Lila had only waved it off and said it would come back. She lay there naked and relaxed, her hand resting on her pubic and she dozed a little. It didn't often happen that she lay there fully naked, usually she covered herself after she had treated him; but today it hadn't worked out and she was already tired before she thought of covering herself shamefully. Pico began to talk quietly about Seppi, again about Seppi, of course. Aunt Lila groaned after the first few sentences, closed her eyes and stroked herself, but she had forgotten to cover herself with the sheet. (Had she really forgotten?). Little by little Pico let Seppi get horny and told what he was doing with the big ponytail. Aunt Lila groaned and mewed louder, teased one of her nipples and groped down. Although Pico was watching, she pulled her knees up and rubbed intensely her clit. Seppi's cock grew and so did Lila's arousal. Pico masturbated the animal harder and harder, and Lila became more violent too. When he let the horse squirt fantastically into the hay at the end, Lila's fingers raced feverishly towards the climax.

Pico himself was so aroused in the meantime that he could hardly talk coherently any more was probably talking a lot of nonsense, but when Lila's pelvis started to roll and she didn't notice Pico at all anymore, he knelt between her thighs. Lila threw herself back and forth and looked through him with absent-minded, crazy eyes while he knelt in front of her with his cock throbbing but completely insecure, not daring to do anything more than kneel before her and watch her orgasm approach. Eyes wide and teeth bared, she grabbed his hips and pulled him to her, thrusting his cock roughly into her vagina. She

held his lanky little body by the butt and fucked herself, fucked herself with rapid, erratic movements until her orgasm finally broke free. In a split second, Pico had to squirt, and he happily held on to Lila, who unwaveringly held him by the buttocks and slowly, almost reverently, pushed his cock into her vagina a few more times. The squirting lasted a very long time as she pushed his cock deep into her vagina while her orgasm rolled and rippled painfully and violently. In the waning orgasm she kept fucking herself slowing down even though his cock was already half flaccid.

That morning, the idea of becoming a priest died for good.

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The Accident

15 year old Pico had not seen the cyclist coming, had also overheard the angry ringing because his mind was elsewhere. Lila kept him and herself with occasional piano lessons and many rich lovers to make ends meet until she could give up playing the piano altogether. Pico had to choke down his jealousy of the various friendships, she had told him plainly — they depended on the generosity of their friends. He nodded to retreat silently and bitterly into his shell when Lila had a new benefactor and only thawed out when she graciously and lovingly embraced him again. He soon learned that what connected Lila and him connected was of a very different quality than what she pretended to her lovers.

Although his mental development was still far from keeping pace with his age-appropriate kept pace, he already felt strong and grown up, withdrawing inconspicuously and silently so as not to disturb Lila's turtling. He understood very early on that she was giving herself for money and that it was her body that enabled them to live in modest luxury. Rarely did a suitor get to see him. He he hung out in the former servants' quarters with his thoughts or read exciting or read exciting books by Sven Hedin, Melville and H.G. Wells, or by Chevalier de Seingalt, Marquis de Sade and Giacomo Balsamo. Only rarely did he sneak into the bathroom to watch through the secret crack in the former hatch. Pico was surprised how differently the suitors behaved; most of them could hardly wait to pounce on Lila and cum after a few seconds. and cum after a few seconds. Hardly any took their time and tried to arouse Lila as well. And very few who could make love so long and persistently that Lila sighed and Pico became a little jealous of her orgasm. He found it especially confusing in the beginning that Lila also sold herself to beautiful rich girls and elegant ladies and made exciting love games with them. He couldn't get enough of the lesbian acts and hung excitedly at the spy window. Until Lila explained it to him in great detail when he grew up and asked her. She looked at him very warmly and completely

honestly when she added afterwards that she had always loved lesbianism and that he need not be jealous of the girls anyway.

Only once was he close to tears from jealousy, that time when the young girl-wife of the fat district leader fell in love with the fabulously erotic Lila (his Lila!) fell in love. Pico trembled with excitement as he spied on the women making love, and his excitement turned to bitterness when the two made love over and over again for whole afternoons with a fierceness and devotion he had never seen with Lila before had never seen. Lila, who for hours afterwards was as if absent and seemed to glow from within. These afternoons Pico dreaded because he clearly felt an inexplicable inferiority as never before. When this affair came to an end, Pico tried to do all what he thought he had copied from this girl, but Lila was lovesick and snortingly dismissed him, saying he should not to be so stupid and jealous! Pico hid sulkily in his snail shell and read for probably the hundredth time the bloodthirsty hunt of Melville's Ahab for the white whale. It was a hard time before he could accept that her Male acquaintances served luxury and her Female acquaintances were for pleasure.

Lila, through her connections, had placed him in a good school after all, and now he was eagerly trying to catch up on the missing material, having lost more than a year after his mother's sudden death. In his mind, he went over the last mathematics example once again and tried to find out why he had not succeeded in solving it. He could hardly remember later how the accident happened; in any case, the bicyclist fell and knocked Pico to the ground; the handlebars drilled into his loins and Pico lost consciousness when he hit the sidewalk pavement hard.

The cyclist was already over the hills when compassionate passersby picked him up and called the rescue; a little later he was in the hospital. After initial treatment, he lay in a large room that housed 4 or 5 patients. Lila, his only relative, came rushing in and anxiously questioned him about what had happened. Later, she secretly followed him to the bathroom and looked at the damage. His erection was pressing hard, but even though she was masturbating him very gently, Pico was in so much pain that Lila stopped again.

Pico tried to somehow get through the days in the hospital, although he felt get through them, although he was very uncomfortable there.

He gradually recovered and hoped to be discharged soon. The wound in his pubic symphysis healed quickly, but he still had pain in his right testicle. Lila whispered to the doctor and insisted on further examination. Sighing, the doctor gave in, Pico was x-rayed again, the blood was examined and even the old professor was called in again. Pico turned fiery red when the old man, accompanied by a gaggle of young trainee doctors, pushed up his institutional shirt during the rounds and exposed him to everyone. With pointed, aged fingers, he pushed Pico's small, shriveled penis aside and pointed to the injury to his scrotum, quickly muttering Latin and medicalese. He lifted the scrotum and pointed to the darkly discolored swelling, then pressed lightly on the testicle and Pico cried out softly. The professor touched the cock, and as it slowly rose, the professor pointed to the differently moving testicles. Within seconds, Pico got a huge erection because he had been suffering from the distress for a long time. He was very embarrassed because so many eyes were staring at his bursting erection, which the professor was still holding. Again a quick comment followed with much Latin, then the professor let go of Pico's flagpole disinterestedly, turned and quickly moved on to the next patient room. Incidentally, if the professor had not been so absent-minded, he would have been able to explain Pico's badly survived concussion could have been noticed; but so it remained undiscovered forever.

The last in the group, a young medical trainee doctor, stayed behind and once again extensively and curiously palpated his genitals, especially the aching testicle and then his erection. She was obviously still very inexperienced and asked if it hurt a lot and gently pressed on the stiff shaft. Pico shook his head, wanting nothing more than for her to finally masturbate him, but she only exploratively examined his erection and palpated the glans, which was already quite wet. She asked again, claspings the cock and very slowly pulling back the foreskin until the glans stuck out perkily, and did it a few more times. She pulled her hand carefully up and down and asked if it hurt, while she curiously watched the glans disappear and appear under the foreskin. Pico breathed huddled, thinking only of squirting in his ur-

gent need, and made rapid, thrusting pelvic movements. She looked irritated at her fist because it now looked like she was deliberately giving him a hand job, and immediately blushed at the lewd grins of the fellows in the other beds. At the same moment that she felt the twitching and squirting, he squirted into her hand, she let go of his naughty cock in confusion, jumped to the side in horror and ran after the others. Pico covered his squirting cock with his hand and ran dripping into the bathroom, where he finished carefully masturbating, although it still hurt quite a bit. When he came back, he was very ashamed, because the other boys grinned at him impudently.

A few days later, Lila accompanied him to another examination. The doctor pressed a small glass bowl into Pico's hand, pointed to the booth partitioned off with a white plastic curtain, and murmured that he needed some semen for the examination. Pico did not understand a word in his excitement, but obediently went into the booth and sat down. Lila sat at the doctor's desk and whispered to him. Pico wondered vaguely how Lila knew the doctor so well. Pico sat mute and silent, for he did not know what was expected of him. After a while the nurse, a mature, large-breasted woman came to the curtain and asked quietly and kindly if it was not possible? Pico looked up, but he didn't know what to say. Suddenly Lila looked over and surveyed the situation; then, to Pico's astonishment, she made a definite gesture: masturbate! Pico was now completely confused and remained sitting stock-still with red ears. Lila made the hand gesture again, but he couldn't believe she really meant it.

After a while, the fat nurse came back, stuck her head in and muttered, "Well, why don't you start?" Pico looked at her, frightened, and shrugged. "Yes, don't you know how to do it?" she asked, and Pico answered in the negative, not knowing for sure exactly what she meant. The nurse turned and he could hear her whispering softly to the doctor.

"Well, pull up your gown," the nurse said kindly, taking a rubber glove from the table. As she slipped it on and spread a little lubricating ointment on the inside surface, she smiled at Pico and told him again to pull up his gown. Now Pico obeyed, trembling inside. The nurse came into the cubicle and pulled the plastic curtain closed be-

hind her, but it remained open a crack, and Lila peered in at them through the gap. Pico winced and turned fiery red when the nurse put a little cloth on his thigh and grabbed his cock. Smiling, she waited a few seconds until his cock began to swell. Pico could smell her warm, sweaty exhalation and stared at the short, white smock, under which the huge bosom wobbled, and then stared at the slit of the smock, where the fullness of her body made the buttons almost burst. Bashfully and surreptitiously, he glanced from time to time, daring a peek into the slit of her smock.

She massaged the cock only very lightly, as if she did not know how it went, let again and massaged his inner thighs in between. With every movement her body wiggled along, the thick butt wiggled and the curtain wiggled, wiggling also the gap in the curtain opened a bit, as did the gap in her smock. She gently held the foreskin on the glans with her gloved hand and slowly moved it back and forth steadily. Pico's cock quickly lengthened until it was completely stiff. Pico looked up, looked directly into Lila's eyes and became very embarrassed; did it just seem to him, or was she amused? Still, he felt strangely inhibited because the curtain had opened wider and because the doctor and Lila were looking over. Suddenly Lila smiled and winked at him reassuringly. The nurse smiled kindly at him and massaged his cock gently and carefully, then faster and faster, with everything about her beginning to undulate and the gown in front revealing more than it concealed.... Every now and then Pico thought he could see into the side of her bra, even thought he could see a little bit of her bosom. He lowered his eyes and thought he saw a dark shadow between her naked thighs. He looked and looked and couldn't actually see anything, yet he was quite sure that she was wearing nothing but gauzy panties.

When she found that he had now peeked enough, the nurse reached for the small bowl and held it under his cock, then bent over him again him. "Here we go!" she whispered kindly and smiled friendly at him with her beautiful eyes. Pico, despite his arousal, was trepidatious and didn't understand why she wanted to jerk him off now, in front of the others, where he was exposed to their gaze without protection. With two fingers she held the foreskin at the very front and quickly pulled it vibrating back and forth, but only a tiny

bit. Pico concentrated on the huge heaving breasts and felt amazed that it came to him much too quickly with her method, perhaps because he was also suffered from a great distress or because he looked fascinated under her gown. The nurse paused as he squirted and energetically withdrew his foreskin to deftly catch some semen in the small bowl, which she then placed on the table. She grinned with satisfaction, gripped the shaft a little tighter with her fist, and shook it out of her wrist, fast as a propeller. "Is it good?" she asked choppily, and he felt richly stupid, as if she had asked if he liked his lunch. It seemed to Pico that she raced up and down the semen-wet and lube-anointed rubber glove for ages before he felt it coming again, twitching and squirting little jets because her fast rubber rubbing felt so unspeakably good. She gently pulled back the foreskin a couple of times, realizing how much he was enjoying the orgasm, and also to let the rest drip onto the soft cloth. When he was done, she gradually stopped and patted his cheek with a friendly grin before walking out with the small bowl. He felt terribly ashamed when he looked up, for everyone had been watching: Lila, the doctor, and the nurse.

"So innocent and so sweet," the fat nurse said, shaking her head, "he had no idea yet!" The doctor grinned and teased her, she could have done it a little more matter-of-factly and not so, full of self-sacrificing femininity. She did not notice his mockery and hid her emotion as she walked over to the desk, and loudly murmured, almost inaudibly, that she hoped his first time would be remembered as a wonderful experience. She then placed the small bowl in a container and labeled it before washing her hands. The doctor and Lila whispered for a while longer, then the nurse said he could get dressed and come out. Pico obeyed. Lila jokingly pinched his side as they walked down the Stairwell toward his room.

"Well, that was fun!" whispered Lila excitedly, pinching him again chummy in the forearm, "and she masturbated you twice!"

Pico was sad and whispered back that he had actually only been afraid and that he did not understand at all why she had allowed it. Lila stopped and looked at him in silence for a moment, then she explained seriously that his testicle had been badly injured and she

wanted to be sure if he would recover completely. Oh well, mumbled Pico uncomprehendingly and sadly lowered his head sadly, oh well.

He was allowed to go home with Lila the other day and stayed at home. At night he dreamed of being back at the doctor's office, standing naked next to the desk. The doctor and Lila cuddled and held hands, grinning, while the resolute nurse kept jerking him off at lightning speed and splashing him in soft, warm steaming cloths.

After a few days, Lila went back to the doctor; when she got home, she sat down on the sofa, pale and silent. It was a long time before she jerked away and told Pico in a tearful voice that he would never have children. Pico had to think of poor Monika and wept, wept silently on Lila's bosom.

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In Jerusalem

Pico had only been to Jerusalem once in his life, back in the mid-nineties, when Kantor's Private Bank began to land an increasing number of orders or major clients in Asia Minor. Old Kantor had taken the liberty of conducting the initial negotiations himself and flying to Jerusalem in person, accompanied by his private secretary and his veteran employee, Mrs. Krause and Pico. Kantor appreciated Pico's cleverness and intelligence, who did not let hunches or "gut feelings" distract him from the facts.

As well as Pico might have prepared inwardly for this flight, the reality far exceeded anything he had heard before. Mrs. Krause had been doggedly working at her desk after the meeting and was obviously annoyed. Pico went to see her a little later because he had prepared some documents for the boss and had her read the Krause; of course, he wanted to know why she was so displeased about this, after all, pleasant business trip. Although he knew the rumors that she was the boss's mistress, Pico couldn't quite believe it, because she was over-correct, perceptive and butt-ugly. Her husband had retired years ago, but she remained with the old cantor, whatever her motive, although she had reached the appropriate age years ago. Incessantly this thought occupied his mind, but he could not for the life of him imagine the two of them having sex.

Not until much later did it dawn on him that Mrs. Krause had probably decided to leave because of the old man's failing health and the Strains of the hot Israeli climate, which could become dangerous to the old cantor, worried. Now he made an effort to arrange the documents thematically and to explain to her exactly what was at stake. She listened only with half an ear, then looked directly at him and said, "It will certainly take us hours to check in at the airport, because the Israelis have the most strictest controls in the world!"

Pico smiled and lightly replied that she needn't worry about that, because money makes the world go round (and nervously plucked his ear, because such platitudes surely damaged his image as a

smarty-pants). Money makes the world go round, he continued boldly, and the Israelis would soon realize that they were on a money mission and not on a terrorism mission. Mrs. Krause assumed that there was something humorous hidden in Pico's talk and that she just didn't recognize it right away, so she laughed exaggeratedly loud to cover up her insecurity and gave him a friendly nod. It did her good to know that such a smart, humorous, and energetic man was along for her journey.

At the airport, passengers to Jerusalem were processed in a separate room. The questioning, the opening of the luggage and another questioning by plainclothes security guards lasted almost two hours. It came as a surprise to Pico to be asked about his parents and grandparents, why they had moved to Vienna from Parma and whether he had Jewish ancestors. Who had packed the luggage and who had held it last, whether he had ever left the luggage unattended for even a second, and whether he had acquaintances or friends in or from Israel. He felt quite humiliated because he had to think for a long time about all these unaccustomed questions and at the same time he was afraid of a wrong answer, because the official had pointed out to him several times at the beginning of the examination that this could have fatal consequences for him. Only when he was silent about the reason for his trip and the official repeated the question, Pico pointed to the old cantor who was being interrogated at the next table and said that this was his boss whom he was accompanying to Jerusalem on business in his function as head of finance. Head of finance, that beaded across his lips as if it were true. He did not want to say any more about the purpose of their stay and requested that the official ask his boss, as he was not authorized to give any further information. Although he did not expect it, the officer leaned toward his colleague and whispered with him, then turned back to Pico.

"Pico," the security officer said stretched, "a rare first name!"

Pico explained patiently, probably for the thousandth time in his life, that his mother had greatly admired the legends and life of St. Riccardo, and that the Riccardo had become the lighter Rico, or Pico, at least for Italians. Later he had even officially registered the cose-form Pico as a name change. The security officer listened patiently to

Pico's long-winded explanation, then folded the passport shut and handed it to Pico. Time to go and no more long-winded sermon, please — that's what this gesture was supposed to mean. Pico hastily stood up and walked to the other passengers with his half-closed suitcase.

After arriving, Kantor said in the hotel lobby, they were already going ahead, he felt a little uncomfortable in the unexpected heat. Mrs. Krause had insisted that he freshen up and rest a bit, the frizzy still murmured to him and ran behind the old man.

Pico was a bit surprised that Kantor and Krause had a double room. Mrs. Krause, who got senselessly drunk at the bar on one of the following evenings, told him confidentially, purring wetly in his ear, that she had been responsible for Kantor's sexual relaxation for 40 years. Kantor had sent his unfaithful wife packing and taken her by storm. Her husband was gay, the marriage just a cover. At first she had let Kantor fuck her three times a day, but by now nothing worked. Every day she masturbated him in her mouth and let him squirt into her throat, the semen she swallowed. Pico listened politely, but he soon got bored. Fucking, squirting in her mouth — that was all the drunken old woman could tell him. He took the drunk to her room two hours later and stripped her naked. Giggling, she assured him that the old cantor had taken a sleeping pill and wouldn't notice anything. Quietly and a bit repelled from her vagina, which was swollen red from her much masturbation, he fucked the old Krause. He did it slowly so that she could finish her masturbation with a loud sigh, then he let all his pent-up semen shoot into the old vagina in great jets and went to his room, while the old woman uncovered and continued masturbating.

Pico was a little unlucky with his room, because the one he had originally reserved had been given away by mistake and until another one was made up, it would take a little while. The receptionist asked him if he would like to sit in the bar. But Pico was itching to get to his room, so he asked for the key and waved it off when the receptionist

waved down a bellboy to take the luggage. He was relieved to escape the crowded and busy hotel lobby and take the elevator up.

He immediately recognized which was his room, because a trolley with Cleaning utensils stood in front of it. He knocked quietly on the door frame and went in. The floor woman immediately chattered away excitedly and he guessed that she wanted to explain to him that the room was not ready yet. He shook his head and said in English that he just wanted to sit down and could wait patiently, just let her get on with it. Then he sat down and put the suitcase beside him. She looked at him reprovingly as he lit a cigarette, but then she nimbly went on. Pico thought that there might be a higher power that was leading him into the same situation over and over again. A power that knew he lusted after seducing cleaners, ironers, and kitchen maids.

Through the smoke, he watched her. The first half-black Asian woman, he guessed, he saw, small and plump, middle-aged. Soon he realized that she was not an Israeli, but an African, probably a half-breed, since she did not appear distinctly Negroid. She could have been thirty or fifty, he couldn't have told. In any case, it immediately set him off that the outline of her underwear was clearly visible under the pale pink uniform dress. Pico crossed one leg and lit another cigarette, then rummaged for a handkerchief to wipe his sweat. The cleaning lady saw it and indicated to him that the bathroom was already ready. Since he obviously didn't understand her, she went to the bathroom door and indicated inside that he could wash his face and cool down.

Pico got up and walked slowly to the bathroom, stopped next to her and looked in. Then he gestured that he understood and touched one hand to her forearm as if by accident. She backed away a little, but when Pico pointed to the shower and said some nonsense, she took a step closer and looked in. Pico spoke calmly and of course in German how nice the shower would be now and how much he would like to eat her out. She looked in and looked questioningly at him again.

Now he lightly grabbed her arm and stroked her shoulder lightly with his hand, letting his hand slide lightly over her bosom onto her hip. In addition he looked at her languishingly and threw sinful challenging look. How could he overcome the language barrier, he thought, she would understand him. Again she took a step back, then said something and turned to go. In the doorway, she glanced at him again very briefly, then she was out.

Pico stood in the room for a while, undecided, then he put his suitcase on the little table provided for it and began to undress. A shower would do him good, maybe his quickly arisen lust could be soothed. He just put fresh laundry and a towel, when it knocked quietly on the door and was unlocked at the same time from the outside.

The cleaning lady let loose a torrent of words at him and then strode resolutely behind the bed, where she pulled out a handheld vacuum cleaner and held it triumphantly aloft. Pico wrapped the towel around his loins and came back into the room. Whether she had had second thoughts, he said with a grin, stepping up to her. Or if it was just about the vacuum cleaner, he continued, although he knew perfectly well that she didn't understand a word of his German. Now she said something quite different, something guttural from a primal language, and looked at him calmly. Again he didn't know how to make the next move, but she had come back and didn't seem to want to leave right away. Again he put a hand on her upper arm and stroked her shoulder lightly. Again she said something that sounded at first low like the growl of a bear and then irritatingly reminiscent of the chirp of small birds. Pico shrugged and said in a soft voice that that was exactly what he meant, the birdlike fucking, and stroked her arm with a winning smile.

It did not surprise him that she wordlessly disengaged herself from him and went to the door, but it surprised him all the more that she locked the door from the inside and again turned around. With two steps he stood before her and looked into her eyes as he placed his hands on her round hips and her buttocks. He cheered inwardly as she released the towel from his waist and let it drop. With erratic

fingers, he began to unbutton her dress, but she grabbed his hand and shook her head. No, nothing will come of it, she seemed to say, and undid the last button he had undone. Pico gently grabbed after her hand and pulled her to the bed, where, to his amazement, she quite easily let herself fall forward onto her stomach, willingly holding her ass cheeks out to him above her spread thighs.

Pico nervously nibbled at her dress and finally pushed it up, nibbling at her panties that he wanted to take off her, but she shook her head and pulled the panties aside only enough to expose her jet-black hair bush. Pico then tried to swindle his only three-quarters stiff cock past the rubber of the panties, but didn't get very far and touched with the glans tip barely more than the outer pubic fold. No, he just wasn't stiff enough yet. The woman turned around after some time and looked up at him questioningly. She said something and grabbed his cock. Pico nodded helplessly, but was still surprised when she took him in her hand and then in her mouth. He stood wide-legged in front of her while she sucked him firmly and practiced sucking on him, stroking his balls and inner thighs. When he came, she took his cock in her hand and rubbed it quickly, all the while opening her mouth wide and letting him cum inside. To his amazement she was one of those women who swallowed it all quite easily and continued sucking and sucking until he was completely flaccid.

She came back from the bathroom and stood waiting. Pico felt dull and miserable and did not immediately understand what she wanted. Then he winced and hastily searched for his wallet in his suit jacket. He didn't recognize the bills without his glasses, but she wordlessly took the first one he held out to her from his hand and left the room.

The next day, the crowd in the hotel lobby raved and cheered, for Benjamin Netanyahu would surely win this election and become prime minister. Sobered, Pico noted that the hotel seemed to be the campaign headquarters of the right-wing conservatives. The masses of fanatically chattering supporters of the future prime minister were even more exalted than usual, because there were many journalists and camera teams present. Pico made that he came back to the room after breakfast. In the corridor he saw the trolley of the cleaning crew already from afar, went on heart-beating and recognized that the

older Asian woman from yesterday and a pretty younger one were cleaning one of the other rooms. His gaze quickly slid from the younger one and sucked in the roundish older one. She glanced up briefly, then continued working unblinkingly. Pico unlocked his room and stood indecisive for a moment, then she looked up and their eyes met for a moment. Pico used this moment to put all his wooing into his gaze, then he went into the room. It seemed to him that she nodded to him almost imperceptibly.

It was nearly half an hour, however, before she knocked and came in. Pico immediately stubbed out his cigarette and quickly rose. The woman gestured chummily toward the bed. He nodded and led her back to the bed. As he dropped his towel, she could see that he was better prepared today than yesterday. Again she lay down on her stomach and held her ass cheeks out to him willingly, again pulling her panties just a little to the side so he could penetrate. Pico lifted her a little and pulled her higher until she was kneeling on the bed, then he knelt behind her. With one tug he pulled her panties down to her knees. She was completely dry and started masturbating, so Pico had quite a bit of trouble getting his cock into her vagina. She seemed to be protesting about something the whole time, but he paid no attention. Completely by surprise, he squirted in rich, firm jets after only a few moments. She turned around so that his cock immediately flapped out again. She looked at him out of dark, glowing eyes. Then she said something and seemed rather annoyed; seeing his uncomprehending look, she pointed a finger at her vagina and shook her head in denial, then she pointed to her asshole and nodded vigorously. Aha, said Pico, aha! Red-headed and a little humiliated, he groped for her butthole, slowly tortured his cock inside, and quickly humped it. She masturbated very fast and got to orgasm twice. It was not pleasant for him, because ass-fucking he did not like so much, nevertheless he had to squirt after her second orgasm. It was enough.

For the next seven days, before they flew back to Vienna, she came daily after breakfast to earn some pocket money. Pico was intimidated because she immediately pointed out to him what he was allowed to do and what he wasn't. He nodded affirmatively and fucked her first in the black wet vagina, which really turned out to be a very pleasant one. He squirted in firmly and greedily while she mastur-

bated rapidly from the first moment on. She got a slight orgasm right after he finished squirting, then her protest again and he obediently fucked her ass while she masturbated. He obeyed and fucked her in the ass, which was not much fun and where he also found the squirting much less satisfying.

On the last morning — he was already sitting like on hot coals, because he was packed ready and she took her time until she came to him — he gave her by signs to understand that she should do it to him with her mouth. Patiently she sat on the edge of the bed while he stood impatiently wriggling in front of her, waiting to finally cum. She had to rub him endlessly, sucking and sucking his stalk again and again in between. He enjoyed the caress of her tongue and held her head, her mouth pressed tightly against him, pressing his cock deep inside as he poured into her mouth. He squirted so deep in her throat that she almost puked, but he paid no attention and squirted. She pulled his ravenous cock out a little and grinned again, then continued to suck and swallow it all like the first time, licking and smacking until his cock was just small and gooey on her tongue. He paid her hastily as always and ran hurriedly with his suitcase to the elevator.

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Vesna, the cleaning lady

Pico Rizzi rarely thought about whether he was a pig or not. He had spent his entire life in the bed of his aunt Lila and had never seriously looked for a wife after her death, let alone thought about getting married. He was fully occupied during the day busy with his work and read in the evening or watched television until his eyes closed. For his sexual satisfaction, masturbation seemed to be sufficient. Notoriously, he would go to town on his concubine, but he never thought he was a pig because of it — he had a pact with her, and that was that! When he went on a sailing trip with a gentleman's party or stayed in hotels on his travels, he sought to seduce the floor women in the hotels — those servant spirits who cleaned the rooms —. Chambermaids, kitchen maids, cleaning women: in his experience, it was 3 to 7 that he succeeded. This success rate was enough for him to try again and again.

His cleaning lady was called Vesna and came from Yugoslavia. In the early nineties, a terrible fighting tore apart the former Yugoslavia, and refugees poured north. Pico had lived in his apartment without the slightest thought of cleanliness, but when the refugees came with the Yugoslav wars and, apart from the obligatory appeals for donations, refugees were increasingly looking for work, someone well-meaning from the bank put him in touch with Mrs. Vesna so that she could spruce up his bachelor pad. Later, he would not have been able to say whether it was old Krause who urgently recommended to take a cleaning woman recommended, or the fat Gabi, with which he put away the archive and with which he had hastily slept some dozen times.

He was very uncertain at first when Mrs. Vesna came to clean and tried in vain to strike up a conversation with her, but she spoke no language except her own. Her scraps of words were just enough to find out that she had fled together with her terminally ill husband after their house and village had been destroyed. What her husband did, he could not find out, nor whether they had children. It seemed to him that she could certainly be a grandmother by now, but that

didn't stop him from thinking about nothing but how to get hold of her from day one.

The masturbation had become too monotonous for him sometimes, he was looking for variety, but did not dare, like other men to approach women in pubs or bars. The old fear, the fear that he had since childhood of women, sat deep. Never he would have dared to go so simply on bride search; to address women directly seemed to him incomprehensibly difficult. Only when an opportunity offered itself — or like the fat Gabi, who imposed herself — then he grabbed quickly. Often he thought to himself that he was not a hunter, but a scavenger — the hunting and killing had to be done by others. Now that Vesna came to his apartment once a week and was thus available in a certain way, he needed her only once a week. Available in a way, he only had to get her around. It didn't matter to him whether he could talk to her or not, whether she was fat or thin. It also didn't matter to him that she might be older than he was. Yes, she was probably several years older, Pico thought. He waited several weeks to see if an opportunity would arise of its own accord, hoping in vain that she would make advances on him and pondering cagily how to go about it.

Thursday after Thursday he waited with hot coffee for her to appear, drank one-two cups with her. With hand signals and gestures they tried to make themselves understood. Mrs. Vesna's family name Pico did not know for a long time — she learned a few more words week after week, and despite her taciturn manner she tried to tell him about herself and her family. That her husband was seriously ill at home and could hardly move (Pico was sure that she no longer had sex with the bedridden man). That their only son had been living in Canada for many years and was helping them out with a little money on an irregular basis. He, for his part, tried to make her understand that he was a bachelor, worked in a bank and was 53 years old. She calculated half aloud in her language and said that he was 12 years younger than her. After coffee, he put on his jacket and went to work. Later, he took Thursday morning off to have time for her (and himself).

She didn't seem to have understood at first when, on one of the following Thursdays, he stood in the shower and called out for her to soap his back. She got as far as the bathroom door, but she didn't go in and asked through the half-open door what Mr. Rizzi wanted. She had understood him very well, because the next Thursday she brought a shower brush with a long wooden handle and handed it to him with a friendly, winning smile. Pico thanked her with a false grin and ate his disappointment inside. That he sometimes patted her arm had become natural over the course of the last few weeks, but he knew that more was not in it at the moment.

It wasn't until she told him about massaging her husband on a case-by-case basis so that his muscles didn't completely atrophy that a plan matured in him. He had even given her a few bottles of massage oil, because he assumed that she did not afford this expensive luxury. But now he remembered the damned massage came back to him daily, even hourly. He feverishly awaited Thursday morning and let Mrs. Vesna in. She was not a bit surprised that he was wearing only a bathrobe. Then, as every Thursday, they sat down at the kitchen table and drank coffee. Pico told her how bad his witch's foot was today; witch's foot, that is like sciatica, as he tried to explain. He put a bottle of massage oil on the table and pointed to his aching back; "yes, yes, it hurts a lot, it needs to be massaged urgently." Mrs. Vesna did not understand him and wanted to put the bottle in her handbag, presumably for her husband. Pico shook his head and said, no, massage him, massage Mr. Rizzi! "Mrs. Vesna Massage Pico," he said with a hypocritical pain-distorted face, pointing his thumb at his poor aching back. Sensing that this was his chance, he quickly stood up, grabbed the vial and Vesna's hand. Then, with her in tow, he limped to his bed.

Mrs. Vesna stopped indecisively as he let the bathrobe slide to the floor and lay naked on his stomach, not without groaning painfully, of course. Then, with his face averted, he beckoned to Mrs. Vesna and impatiently patted the mattress so that she would sit down. Mrs. Vesna hesitated for a while, but then she sat down next to him and took the bottle. He closed his eyes while she skillfully massaged his supposedly aching back. Pico was a fucking pig, a real bastard.

He grunted pleasantly, because that really did feel good, even if there was no witch's foot far and wide. She uncramped herself a bit and was pleased that it was so obviously doing him good; soon she was chattering away blithely in her gibberish and massaged his back while his cock, on which he was lying, began to throb. When she stopped and said, "Now finish!" he turned over on his back. Mrs. Vesna stared speechlessly at his erect cock and raised her oil-smeared hands defensively.

"Please, Mrs. Vesna, please!" said Pico urgently, "please!"

"Not good," said Mrs. Vesna defensively, "Yessasmarja, not good at all!"

Pico held her knee as she tried to get up, repeating, "yes, yes, it had to be," and pulled her closer to him; actually he wanted to pull her on top of him, but she was too heavy for him. Mrs. Vesna, staring at his cock as if hypnotized, mumbled something in her language, shaking her head languidly. Pico's voice grew more urgent, closer and closer he pushed his pelvis and steeply towering cock toward her until he was only inches from her breast. It became increasingly clear to him that her resistance was beginning to flag, and he tried to make her finally compliant by grabbing her hands and placing them on his cock. Ms. Vesna jerked as she touched him, but his hands were on hers and hers on his cock.

They must have sat like that for several endless seconds, when it became too long for Pico and he stirred, moving to pull her onto himself, he really wanted to fuck her now. But Vesna had apparently been thinking about something else the whole time, because she kept breathing tonelessly, "Yessasarya, don't do it!" as she vigorously strove to get free of him. The oil from Vesna's hand burned like hell on his glans, and the magical moment was over. Vesna quickly got up and went to the bathroom to wash her hands. Then he was left alone while she started working loudly and roughly. He could hear her anger.

Pico remained lying, absent-mindedly wiping himself with the bed sheet and thinking about how he could still get to the goal. He pon-

dered throughout the morning while listening to Vesna tinker in the living room, bathroom and kitchen. At some point the desire came again, and Pico stroked his cock a little under the covers. No, he did not want to masturbate now, because he felt a disappointing emptiness inside because he hadn't fucked her. Around noon he was still in bed, and Mrs. Vesna was a bit displeased because he was blocking the bedroom and therefore she didn't get to clean there, until she gave herself a jolt and came in determinedly.

"Me now cleaning, must be!" she said with some annoyance in her voice. "Sorry, but I now finish!" she added energetically and began sweeping the floor. Pico watched her from snake eyes, looking at her roundish corpulence as she stooped or knelt to wetly mop the floor. She was old, unattractive and fat, but nevertheless horniness stirred in him when her thin cleaning dress bulged over her underpants. With feverish eyes he followed the lines of her body as she knelt again to damply mop the wooden floor. The dress kept sliding up to reveal the edge of her panties, greedily watching her as she firmly preened and wiggled her ass, giving him a glimpse of the black gloom between her thighs. She rubbed the bottom with all her body so that he couldn't look at her wiggling ass any other way than the big, wiggling ass of a woman who was fucking. When she got too close to the bed, he surprisingly grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her into bed with him. It happened way too fast for Ms. Vesna as Pico laid her on her back. She lay there out of breath for a few seconds as he quickly lay on top of her, rubbing his naked abdomen on hers.

"Jessas!" gasped Vesna as Pico undid the lowest buttons of her dress, "Jessas!" She seemed rigid with horror as he grabbed the waistband of her panties and pulled it down with a jerk, over her thighs and knees and legs, and then tossed it carelessly to the floor. She made a frightened face as he pushed her down and hugged her, rubbing his horny body against hers. Her "Yessas!" repeated over and over again, but Pico realized she was not even beginning to resist his attack. "I got man," Vesna stuttered fearfully, "I got husband, that not good!", but at the same time her thighs spoke a language of their own when he touched them lightly. The thick, firm thighs slid apart as if moved by magic, Mrs. Vesna murmured one "Yessas" after another and turned her head away shamefully as she pushed herself

wide open towards him. "I won't hurt you," Pico grumbled and Mrs. Vesna moaned at the same time, "Jessas, must not do, I good woman, have man!"

"Jessasmarja" moaned Mrs. Vesna as Pico searched her vagina with his hand, for his hormone program was already running at full speed. He was amazed at how wet she already was, gently stroking her labia and intensively rubbing the clit. She put an arm over her eyes and moaned in time with his rubbing, stammering over and over that it wasn't good because she had a husband, punctuating all of this with lots of ah's and ah's and yesses, but Pico felt her straining against him. Pico continued to excite her until she was dripping wet, hot and highly horny, then he quickly penetrated her.

Instantly, Ms. Vesna fell silent. For a split second he wondered how soft her tight vagina was. She held her breath, clutching his back with both hands staring at him with wide, reproachful eyes. Her vagina claimed otherwise, however; he felt it immediately. She was towards him even though he wasn't fucking her yet, like a greedy mouth her vagina was devouring his cock. Before he could even stir, she thrust her hips up and down quickly and rhythmically, fucking him from below. He was kind of shocked because she seemed so unexpectedly horny. She rubbed herself against him, rubbing her clit urgently against his cock, then all at once she stopped and shuddered in orgasm.

Tears slowly filled her eyes as he began to fuck her now, and from time to time she shook her head. He was not particularly aroused yet and was fucking her fast and hard when she suddenly closed her eyes and tensed up violently. Pico thought to himself, no, that can't be, no woman gets an orgasm that fast! Vesna after orgasm lay still and smiling softly as he continued to fuck her. Pico was surprised that Vesna opened her eyes again, obviously sensing his coming. "Ready!" she whispered, opening herself softly, squeezing him tightly and invitingly inside her. Pico poured into her almost painfully as she looked at him with her mouth open in amazement, perhaps a little curiosity, as he squirted in little waves. He sank down on top of her and slowly slid off, laying beside her, panting.

They lay motionless next to each other for several minutes. Ms. Vesna's hand rested lightly on his thigh as his breathing slowly calmed. He lit a cigarette and smoked in silence. Vesna sighed sadly and said very softly, "Twelve years already. Haven't done this with a man, twelve years." They were both silent. Vesna cried a little and whispered that her husband was a poor, sick man. She cried louder and said that it was not good, her poor husband and what she did now.

Pico was silent. He was not ashamed and certainly not interested in thinking for more than a fraction of a second about the cripple who could no longer fuck with his wife. It had done him good, that was the important thing first, then perhaps his curiosity as to whether or not she had really had an orgasm. Or not, he quickly judged, not a single woman had ever had an orgasm with him, not just like that while fucking.

Vesna mumbled, twelve years and she was still sick to her stomach, because she had already lived like an old matka and nothing with man in bed, twelve years no man. He's a nice man, Mr. Rizzi, she said, stroking his chest hair lightly, but she could no longer come to clean because her husband was so ill and she could not come to bed with Mr. Rizzi. Vesna was very sad, but she doesn't want to do it because her poor husband doesn't know all that and that's not good for her to do when she has a husband.

Pico was still exhausted and let her continue whispering for some time, then he laconically said if she would agree if he paid her more, — he quickly calculated it quickly in his head — about twice as much if she kept coming to clean. He said she should just clean his apartment, normally, and she needn't think about the rest, it just happened, as sometimes happens. He would understand that she was worried about her husband, and she was a good woman to think so fondly of her husband, but she should just just forget everything. To fuck a man did her good.

Mrs. Vesna was silent for a long time, then she said that it was good about the money and that she would come again on Thursday

to clean, she really needed the money really, also for husband. Pico finished his cigarette, then he quickly dressed and went to town.

Naturally, Pico kept the pact as he interpreted it. On the first Thursday he still feigned cowardly an important appointment and disappeared right after the first cup of coffee, because he couldn't stand it from sheer excitement, but from then on he took it as he pleased. She endured his advances bluntly and without resistance. advances, let him take her in the bathroom, in the kitchen and in all positions. He never knew what she thought about it, because if he came from behind, she lowered her head like an ox and waited for him to fuck her until he was done. If he pulled her onto the sofa and lay on top of her, then she remained willing but closed off, staring fixedly into his face. Even when sometimes in the spring the devil rode him and after the first time in the morning he approached her again ruthlessly around noon, she looked stony-faced in front of her until he poured out the jets stamping and panting. She orgasmed very lightly when he fucked her, her orgasm was always quiet without any fuss. She never let him touch her clit. When he once groped with his finger for her clit, she screamed at him completely hysterically in her language, and there he let it be.

He cynically gloated over her astonishment when, still completely exhausted — from a surprise morning orgasm, he couldn't do it at all on Thursday morning. Looking bedraggled, she sat on the edge of the bed and tried to get him stiff with her hand to get him stiff, until he gruffly waved it off because it just wasn't working. He wondered at her consternation and her obvious guilt. She had resigned herself to it — but had not grown accustomed — to performing part of her obligations in the form of fucking and couldn't understand why he was too dull to do it today. She had probably done everything wrong and slipped out, embarrassed, to clean.

He pushed away the thought that she was somehow very similar to Lila. She wasn't, definitely! Vesna's age and figure had always been indifferent to him; what mattered to him was her availability, her full, heaving breasts and her fine plumpness as well as her orgasmic fucking. She could often orgasm twice or three times and it was obvious that she loved this. Her wrinkles and folds, her flesh growing

older with the years could no more inhibit his greed than the thought of her age. He became accustomed over the years to her dull, animalistic devotion as well as to her simple way of coming straight to sex and surrender herself willingly to it. Willingly was probably an exaggeration, actually she tolerated his assaults only to keep her part of the pact. Probably — if she had found the right words — probably she despised him for it. If he — which was increasingly common — was not fully aroused, then she worked him immobile and silent until he stiffened and fucked her. She was going to hold up her end of the bargain even after her husband died, and she was going to do it more faithfully than he ever thought possible.

When her husband died, he gave her so much money in an envelope that she could transfer the dead man to Bosnia and give him a proper burial. This was the only way he could silence the bad conscience he had towards the unknown dead man. She was very shy as she accepted the money almost reluctantly, and Pico was almost ashamed to death because she surprisingly took his hand and kissed it. “Mr. Rizzi is good man,” Vesna whispered, then she disappeared for several weeks.

After her husband’s death, he became very aware that she was already approaching seventy. Nevertheless, he stubbornly insisted on his pact, but he wanted to be kinder, perhaps more tender with her. It no longer occurred to him to jump her on the kitchen floor or in the bathroom.

When she came back a few weeks after the funeral, he pulled her by the hand into the bedroom, hugged her tenderly before slowly stripping her completely naked (which caused her a lot of trouble at first), and fucked her in bed as if she were his wife. She had overcome her contempt for him in those weeks and let him love her — it amazed him himself, but he would sometimes say “Come, let’s make love” to her and marvel at how soft she became at those words.

Who knows how it would have gone on had not the thing happened with Peter.

...

Gabi's Lust

The misfortune probably began much earlier, but Pico didn't realize it until, when the course was set. Old Mr. Kantor, who had been a friend of Auntie Lila, slowly withdrew from the banking business and left everything to his son, the young Dr. Kantor. The Kantor Private Bank was an efficient, well-managed small bank where Pico had begun his banking apprenticeship at 17, after Aunt Lila had asked old Kantor for this favor. Pico, who of course witnessed Lila's changing love affairs firsthand, had learned from her to suppress his jealousy; she did the fucking for him. Kantor had promised to take care of her nephew and did, until his death. Pico had developed, under the watchful eye of the old banker, into an efficient, quiet employee, whose function in the bank was not quite clear to anyone. He was something like the old man's assistant and at the same time a kind of auditor. None of these functions corresponded to a clearly circumscribed banking career. However, he was a brilliant mental arithmetician and a cool, calculating realist, whom the old cantor knew how to use purposefully.

When the son took over the business, he asked Pico to come to his office one day and consulted with him on how to proceed. He made it clear that the Kantor Privatbank would have to evolve, and that the processes and structures of the family business to become a powerful financial services provider. Mr. Rizzi would certainly understand that, said Dr. Kantor, but the next generation of employees would all be professional bankers, most of them academically educated, and they would have to come up with something new for him, Pico Rizzi. Pico nodded dazedly and waited. He knew precisely what Young Kantor would say.

He had never worked in the counter business anyway, said Dr. Kantor, who was leafing through the documents, but to his father had always been known for his precision, his reliability and his sense of good or bad deals, but also praised his cautious way of evaluating things realistically. His father had always thought highly of him, even though he had not finished school, as Dr. Kantor regrettably noted.

Here, Dr. Kantor said looking up, a note in the file, according to which Pico's perceptive assessment of the loan application of the Pulkauer Pulvermühle (which soon afterwards went bankrupt) had saved the bank from a great loss. Dr. Kantor read aloud from his father's note. The point of view, which apparently only Pico had. The reasons that weeks later came true. The presumed amount of loss that Pico had saved the bank. The bonus that Pico received in addition to the balance sheet money. Dr. Kantor paused and looked up.

"You have worked faithfully and honestly for our bank all your life, Mr. Rizzi, and it is not my place to unfairly eliminate you shortly before retirement. However, the fact that I have to adjust the employee structure to the changed economic circumstances, I'm sure you understand." Dr. Kantor paused and tried to hide the fact that he did not feel very comfortable in his own skin. Pico thought about the fact that he had known young Kantor since he was born and that they had only known each other. He nodded as if he understood everything and waited further.

"My suggestion is that by the end of the year you should be fully engaged in reorganizing our filing system, to set up our new archive. At the end of the year, I will accept you as a pro forma member of the Board of Directors on full pay — I am sure this will be a very fair solution until you take your well-deserved retirement." Dr. Kantor looked at him and waited. Pico was still frozen, but realized he had to say something.

"Yes, doctor," Pico said, clearing his throat, "this is really very generous of you, thank you! I have already prepared a proposal for Mr. Herzog from the accounting department a proposal for how the new filing system might look like" — Dr. Kantor nodded — "and I would like to put that into practice. I just need someone in addition, because for one alone it is plenty of work." Pico was silent, the blood rushed in his ears. He was quite dazed and thought casually, so that's how it ends here.

Dr. Kantor did not let on his delight that it had gone so smoothly and without discussion and was busily leafing through his documents. He was still quite young and wanted to celebrate his success

in getting rid of old Rizzi as easily as possible by talking unnecessarily. Not jeopardize it by unnecessary talk — it was best that he should finalized the matter as quickly as he could. After he had long leafing, he pulled out a sheet. “Mrs. Knizek,” said Dr. Kantor, stretching and brooding, “the Knizek would be disposable — do you think it would go with her?” Fat Gabi, thought Pico, nodding with a sigh, for she was very simple-minded and generally considered not very bright.

“Yes, doctor, thank you,” said Pico obsequiously, and waited until Dr. Kantor had made a little handwritten note. Dr. Kantor stood up and shook Pico’s hand. “Well, good luck with your new assignment, Mr. Rizzi!” Dr. Kantor said with false cordiality and escorted him to the door. Pico stood motionless in the hallway for a few more seconds after the door closed behind him. The end of my work, he thought wistfully, I have never thought about what it would be like when it ended until now. So there you go.

Pico then went to Herzog and told him the result.

Pico had always been taciturn at the bank, never joining in on general gossip and seemed to most of his colleagues like a silent recluse hermit. He made friends with no one. With no one, except except for fat Gabi, with whom he was now beginning to set up and with whom he now began to set up and put away the archive. He did not need to be a clairvoyant to guess that she was the old man’s latest miscast and that she was not last very long with the young doctor. He filled all the positions with dynamic and bank-educated young people. Gabi was neither one nor the the other. She sweated terribly behind her thick glasses, when Pico explained the task to her, because she was not very quick in thinking. On the other hand, she was cordial and very helpful, which impressed him very much, because he did not care for other people.

We are both miscasts of the old man, thought Pico. A hermit without a high school diploma, who was only in the Bank, because the old man had promised Lila; secretly the old man’s admission that Lila had been too willing for him. But Gabi? Had she also been too much for the old man’s liking? Had he hired her because of that? Pico squirmed at this uncomfortable thought.

The work went on well, and the archive, when he handed it over after it was finished, was as clear as the Prussian state library. Gabi admired him for the way he could, with just a few words, explain the next steps and then work silently for hours. Secretly, she adored him, she, the jilted twenty-five-year-old who had become pregnant and unhappy at 17. — The excess weight had remained after the birth of her child, but Pico didn't even know what the child's name was or whether it was a boy or a girl. Gabi told him that she has given her child to adoption but he had forgotten it after 5 seconds. He did his work and looked neither to the left nor to the right. At the beginning of July, it became oppressively humid, and Gabi was sweating terribly under her blouse. "You can put on wear something lighter," Pico said, looking up. "You're sweating yourself to death!" That was one of the longest sentences he uttered at work.

Fat Gabi had only understood half of it, turned hot red in the face and worked on, lifting a heavy cardboard box and stacking it on the shelf. "Do you mean really?" she asked after a while, and Pico, who had his mind was somewhere else, didn't know what she meant at first. He nodded vaguely and thrust his chin forward, as he always did when he waited indecisively and fatalistically to see what was in store for him. Gabi interpreted that as a yes, sweated even more and became even redder, then she resolutely unbuttoned her blouse, slipped it over her shoulders and then awkwardly unfastened her brassiere. The breasts sank down like heavy melons, and to Pico's astonishment her nipples were a very light pink. Gabi blinked excitedly because he was staring at her breasts with impertinent directness.

Seconds, long seconds she remained motionless, then slipped the blouse back on and buttoned it up. "Thank you," Gabi said, holding up the brassiere before putting it aside. Then she turned back to the shelf. They continued their work in silence until she tiptoed over and tried to file a box quite high up. Pico stepped behind her and helped her push the heavy box into the shelf. When it had succeeded, she leaned back with a sigh and touched Pico. His arm slid across the shelf and touched her shoulders. He heard her sigh again, he let his hands slide from her shoulders to her upper arms until they lightly touched Gabi's breasts on the side. Although he couldn't see her face,

he thought he thought he saw her close her eyes. Heavy and surrendered, she leaned against him.

A switch went “Click!” in Pico’s head, and he gingerly turned her around and looked at her. She had blushed deeply and kept her eyes closed; behind the thick glasses, her blond eyelashes appeared oversized. Spotty blushes stretched flamingly across her neck to the base of her breast. He put his arm around her waist and pressed her gently; now he could feel her willingness, as clearly as if she had said it aloud. He gently stroked her back and upper arms, her hips, and felt his way forward. Slowly he pushed up her light summer skirt, touched her sweaty thighs.

Gabi took another deep breath, then leaned against the stack of boxes. Pico slowly pulled up the hem of the dress, felt for the elastic of her underpants; then he paused. After a second of waiting, she decisively reached for it herself and quickly took off her panties. Only for a second she opened her eyes and looked at him; then she closed her eyes again and supported herself backwards with both arms. Pico pushed her skirt up to her navel.

He palpated her feisty buttocks, the flabby flesh and the blonde ripples between her thick thighs. With a gentle hand he massaged her labia, feeling power and pleasure as he looked at her closed eyelids, under which the eyeballs vibrated slightly and twitched when he touched the clit. He stroked her until her labia swelled red like bulging sacks. Underneath her sweaty blouse, the pointing teats were clearly visible, her lips were soft and moist. Pico nibbled at his fly and brought the Impatient into position. She angled one leg to meet him as he slowly approached, searching for the crevice in the ripples and quickly slid his companion into her vagina. She sucked in the air so deeply that Pico was almost frightened.

Although he made only very slow movements, Pico felt that his cock was stiff to the burst. Every time he entered her deeply, she sighed. Her womb milked him smackingly and demandingly, she thrust faster and faster, so that he began to squirt much too soon. He closed his eyes and pumped everything into her, letting his cock be rolled through by her vaginal muscles. She didn’t notice that he was

squirting and continued to thrust against him, but all at once her eyes snapped open as she realized that his cock had gone soft. “Did you, have you,” she asked, gasping, “have you cum yet?” Pico felt uncomfortable and nodded.

“You just squirted into me, you don’t do that!” muttered the simple-minded Gabi plaintively and looked at him from below, without making the slightest the slightest effort to remove the dangerous syringe from herself. “I could get pregnant!” Then she paused and looked at him unblinkingly, slowly her eyes filled with tears. Then she thought for a long time, calculated and said, “Oh, I don’t think so, today is not a risky day.”

He stood in front of Gabi in a completely ridiculous position, his soft cock still poking inside her, and he felt her vaginal muscles moving again. Disappointed, she said, “Oh!” and began to wiggling her ass again, “I don’t want to stop yet!” But Pico could take no more and looked her silently. “Do it again, fuck really hard!” Gabi pushed and shoved and wiggled, feeling a bit of the half-soft cock, but it wasn’t the same. Energetically she held his hips and rubbed rhythmically against him, he felt his tired cock slide softly back and forth in her vagina. Gabi rubbed and chafed against him, but it was actually over, though she didn’t accept it and didn’t let up.

Gabi stopped after a while, and agonizingly slowly his cock slid out, dangling down wetly. “I want one more time”, she bleated plaintively, looking down at his cock, “I wantit one more time, really long and hard, or I won’t cum!” He hunched his shoulders regretfully and dropped her again.

“Oh, maybe we can do it again later” Gabi said, but Pico shook his head.

“I’m too old for that,” he said coldly, not looking at her.

Thick Gabi had really had a lot of bad luck in life. She had never been pretty enough to seduce the men who took her fancy; at the age of 17, she had been quickly and hastily seduced behind the beer tent of a firefighter’s, hastily deflowered by her drunken companion. It

was the first and only time she had fucked before she became pregnant. When she realized that she was pregnant, she went to see the man, but he acted as if they had never fucked and and chased her away. She was alone with her child and ate the pain inside. Desperate, she fucked anyone in the neighborhood she could get around, and there were a lot of them, but mostly it was just a quick, hasty fuck that didn't satisfy her. After a long search she found work at the bank.

She had applied for the job, although with her education it was completely hopeless. Her luck was that the old man, Kantor, on that day was love-struck and stared the whole time only under the skirt. Gabi was completely confused and taken by surprise when he abruptly became clear and surrendered childlike-submissive. Bravely she took off her panties and lay on her stomach over the coffee table. The old man flipped up her skirt and squirted even at the penetration. Over the next few weeks, he called her into the boss's office a few more times and fucked her as best he could. When it didn't work at all anymore, she had to give him a blowjob. but she didn't like that very much because he squirted in her mouth. When she told him, he made her kneel upside down and kneel down and touched her naked, fleshy ass. She was not allowed to not to turn around while he jerked off and let the heavy, tired drops onto her ass cheeks; but even that soon stopped completely.

After that she was very lonely and flirted unsuccessfully with one or another young banker, had made it in her fantasies already thousand times with this or that but no one paid any attention to her. It became more and more difficult to catch a guy for a quick fuck. She stayed alone on the sofa with her longing, masturbating for hours at night in front of borrowed porn movies... trying to fantasize herself into the lying stories. Soon she began to believe more and more that all the things shown there were happening in real life. She had been in love with Pico Pico from the first day, but that he was a lame old man and not one of the young, vigorous porn actors, she didn't think about that at all.

Gabi, simple-minded Gabi, had tears in her eyes again and let herself fall backwards. In the porn movies it was also in such a way that

it immediately went on again! She spread her thick thighs as wide as she could and pulled him to her by the arm. “I want to be fucked hard!” she said stubbornly and grabbed his his soft cock, trying to stuff it between the swollen labia into her vagina. Pico was perplexed and tired, his hand felt its way over her thighs.

“I can do it to you with my fingers, it’s the same thing” murmured Pico languidly and felt his way between the thick bulges, then he rubbed her clit. Immediately Gabi sat up and pushed his hand energetically away. “No, don’t! That’s not the same thing! With a man I want to fuck!” she ruled him firmly and Pico pulled his shoulders in. No, he didn’t like that word, it was not nice, it did not suit him at all. Gabi had very clear distinctions in her imagination; as foreplay, yes, he was allowed to touch her, that wasn’t masturbation, it was the increase of anticipation. Masturbating was something one did only secretly, alone and with the feeling of doing something forbidden.

Pico was tired and worn out, it seemed to him that he was expressing himself in a ridiculous way to expose himself to her. Determined, he tucked his cock away and pulled the zipper vigorously. He was annoyed that she didn’t let him do it, that she was denying him her orgasm, although he felt he had a certain right to it. He was annoyed, especially because he could not do it a second time. Took it upon himself to remember being annoyed — something that Pico had always been good at: remembering to be angry remember, if he had to, even for years. Pointless and unproductive, but he did it. It was his decision, and it built himself up. His power to maintain anger.

They continued to work silently for some time, they continued to talk and he made another attempt, although she certainly would not have refused, on the contrary. But his annoyance was his own. Gabi soon tried to animate him again, wore a bra only rarely and swayed her breasts under the translucent blouse in front of his eyes, sometimes even letting her skirt fly to tease him; indeed, for a time she wore no underpants underneath, so that he inevitably had to see everything when he looked up at her on the ladder, for example. Pico did not long persist in his annoyance, and touched her again; shrewd by the first time he allowed himself much Time for the foreplay. Gabi, who never let herself be touched after being fucked let herself

be touched, however, obviously enjoyed his foreplay and Pico regularly brought her to the brink of orgasm, before he penetrated her. In response to her tentative question whether he didn't want to do anything for contraception, he had only growled discontentedly to himself, so that Gabi only gave herself to him when she thought she was having a good period. More and more often she protested against being masturbated by him during foreplay. Instead of being content with that, she soon and quickly pulled him on top of her instead of letting him do the timing. Pico also became annoyed as time went by, as his rash squirting increased again.

He did not like the situation; these secretly, silently and hastily in an archive room amidst stacked boxes and half-filled shelves were rather daunting. Whatever, his journeyman didn't play along and either didn't squirt at all or did so after a few seconds. He fucked with her in a strange mixture of excitement and annoyance; never before had his cock let him down so regularly and thoroughly. Gabi was disappointed every time, until he switched to to bring her to climax with his fingers already during foreplay and only squirt during her orgasm. Although she always wanted to end the foreplay earlier and fuck, Pico skillfully brought her past the point of no return. There was no turning back. She went soft and forgot all her resolutions; she sighed because it felt so good and because he could do it so well. Like she squirmed back and forth, her thick thighs twitching convulsively while she clawed her breasts with both hands and rubbed the nipples. He would surely have ended all this long ago, had him not been fascinated by the game for Gabi's orgasm. She was just feverishly more to the fucking and pushed her abdomen forward in greedy horniness; the approaching orgasm swept her brain empty and all inhibitions aside. Pico found it wonderful to deliberately hesitating until she greedily reached down and triggered the orgasm herself to penetrate the defenseless at that moment and squirt to her heart's content.

During the winter their escapades became less and less frequent, they worked silently and doggedly side by side and fucked only once a day. Pico had told her of his infertility and they could fuck every day. Sometimes did she still lean brusquely against him in the after-

noon and seduced him with this gesture to a quick masturbation orgasm and a fuck during her second orgasm.

After they finished the new archive he visited her sometimes in the evening after his retirement to have fun with her. He watched her masturbate the whole night until she gave up, exhausted and a painfully red swollen clit.

The thing slowly fell asleep.

...

Sonja

No, actually everything had been harmless. Vesna had left at noon after fucking and Pico remained alone in the apartment, reading the newspaper a second time, sitting in his bathrobe at the kitchen table and leafing through a porn magazine. The afternoons began to seem unbearably long to him. He thought he heard a noise outside the door and got up quietly to look.

When he quickly opened the door, the neighbor's little brat was sitting on the landing opposite his door, grinning at him. The neighbor had only recently moved in, had a toddler, and this brat, about 13 or 14 years old, Pico guessed. He always felt uncomfortable when she sat on the landing and watched him bluntly. No, this was no longer a child, but a calculating, aloof brat. Unlike other kids, she kept sitting on the landing when he came or went and grinning at him. Grinned, presumably, because she enjoyed his furtive and embarrassed glances up her skirt. Deliberately sitting so that he had to see her bare thighs and panties, sometimes she moved one knee back and forth so that the eye-catching movement magically attracted his gaze like a spider trap moved by the wind.

"What is it!" he ruled her, glaring sternly. Grinning, she asked if his name was Rizzi's and if he'd lived there long. She dangled her leg nervously again and Pico's gaze involuntarily darted to her under-pants.

"I'm Mr. Rizzi, yes," Pico barked morosely, "what do you want?" She jumped up giggling and ran down the stairs. Pico closed the door and sat down angrily at the kitchen table again, listlessly leafing through the color magazine. But after a few minutes, he heard another noise and looked out into the hallway. The brat was standing there again, grinning cheekily at him.

"Well, what is it?" asked Pico, trying not to scowl quite so much. She looked past him curiously into his apartment and asked again if he had been living there for a long time. He nodded and mumbled,

“Since the war.” then imperceptibly stepped aside. She was thin and tall for her age, stepped half a step closer and looked around unabashedly.

“Ah, so this is your anteroom!” she said, now taking another half step closer. Pico was taken aback, for as a child he would never have dared to enter a stranger’s home so readily. But she wasn’t a child, she was in that strange no man’s land between being a child and growing up. The girl looked around curiously and looked straight ahead into the kitchen. “And there’s the kitchen!” she said firmly, and went in. Like a stray cat, she went around once, looking at everything. Pico was inwardly startled, because in the middle of the kitchen table was the porn magazine he had just been leafing through; the pictures on the open page left no questions unanswered. She barely looked, then had finished her tour and came back into the outer office. Pico’s thoughts tumbled, trepidatiously thinking that she was a small, young thing and that he was alone with her in his apartment. He wanted to get rid of her as quickly as possible, and stepping sideways to the apartment door, pointed at it and wanted to say something, but she beat him to it.

“And where does the apartment go on?” she asked, and, without waiting for his answer, went into the large living room. She turned once on her axis while looking in amazement at everything, the shelves full of books, the TV including the VCR and the music system, then Aunt Lila’s old piano, which Pico had not touched since her death. She stepped in front of the piano and flipped it open. “Oh,” she said, “a piano!” and pressed some keys. Pico shut the apartment door and went into the living room.

“No, please, don’t touch the piano!” he said, closing the lid so slowly that she could pull her fingers back in time.

“I have to go now,” she said, and walked to the apartment door.

“What’s your name?” asked Pico, waiting. The girl was halfway down the hall when she called over her shoulder, “Sonja!” and ran down the stairs. Pico remained sitting in the kitchen all afternoon, irritated and inexplicably nervous.

For days he pondered what kind of child this might be, who was so aloof with him, a Stranger, handled. In his fantasies, she grew older and more desirous, making him do this and that as she twisted and turned in the living room. Pico ran with his camera around the vineyards of Nussdorf, taking pictures of the City of Vienna. When he came home at noon, Sonja met him on the stairs. "Oh, you're taking pictures!" she noted with satisfaction, while he hurriedly continued to climb. She walked further down first, then turned and followed him. He heard her and left his door open.

He thoughtfully and pedantically hung up his jacket while Sonja stood under the doorway and looked into the anteroom. He took the camera and put it on the little table next to the TV. Sonja closed the door and came into the living room as well. "What were you photographing?" she asked, looking at him from below, almost lurking. Pico said nothing but sat down in his armchair and began to smoke. The girl in the much too short dress walked up and down, looked around curiously, and said in a high-pitched singing voice, "You sure have a lot of books," then went to the shelves and ran her fingers over the spines of the books. "Have you read all these yet?" she asked.

Pico nodded grumpily, but said nothing. Sonja sat down on the little stool where he always put his feet up while watching TV, and took some magazines from the shelf under the tabletop. She blushed a little, because he had his erotic magazines there, which she quickly closed at first. Pico took a deep breath as she leaned far over for another magazine and slid her dress up even more. Dress slid up even further. She flipped through a few pages in the porn magazine, then put it away again. "I'm leaving now" she announced, and when Pico didn't budge, she actually left. Pico was very excited, because her closeness, her brief blush as she flipped through the porn magazine, completely upset him. He had caught a glimpse of the hem of her panties as her dress had ridden up.

The day after next, she was again sitting on the landing opposite his door when he came home from shopping. He nodded silently at her as he unlocked. "Can I?" she asked in a half-sentence typical of her age, squeezing past him into the living room. After Pico had emp-

tied the shopping bag in the kitchen and hung his jacket neatly on the hook in the front room he went into the living room. Sonja was sitting in his comfortable armchair, flipping through one of the color magazines with red cheeks. "Can I sit down?" asked Pico impatiently, until Sonja looked up irritated and made room for him. She sat back down on the stool, her little dress bobbing, and Pico blinked. Unconcerned, she flipped through page after page, looking at the posing, the naked, the masturbating, the copulating. Only her ears turned red, otherwise nothing of her lust was noticed, at least outwardly. Again Pico thought how aloof, unabashed and direct she was. He took an album from the shelf, in which he had pasted some cut-out treasures, and leafed through it as well. She looked over at him as she continued to leaf through without looking.

After some time, Pico mumbled incoherently, "Sometimes I can sell a picture," leaving the rest in limbo as to whether or not the pictures in his album were his own work. Sonja seemed to have understood immediately and looked at the picture, then after a while, without looking up from the magazine, asked, "Do you get money for it?"

Inwardly, Pico rejoiced. This was the track on which it was inexorably going; he felt it. Only for a split second did he think she was far too young and not pretty at all; she was thin and towering, had pimply skin, ears far too big, and teeth that grew unevenly. Her long, thin arms reinforced the impression of angularity that she radiated. The widely protruding kneecaps seemed irritating, confusing in contrast to the already rounding thighs that disappeared under the hem of the dress that had become much too short. But all that was almost indifferent to him. What mattered was the hard throbbing in his chest.

Pico kept turning the pages and blinked out of the corner of his eye at Sonja, who was sitting on the stool and studying the picture of a copulating couple for a very long time. "I wonder if you get money for that?" she asked again, looking up at him.

Pico swallowed, then said hoarsely, "Yes, sometimes you get money for it." After a pause, he added, "They don't buy all the paint-

ings, but sometimes one or two they like, then I have to throw the rest away.” Lying came easier to him than ever.

Sonja looked at him now, unblinking. “Can I have some money too?” Pico sat frozen. It irritated him that she was directing the conversation and he, who might well have been her grandfather, was trailing behind.

“Well,” he said a bit hesitantly for appearances’ sake, “you’re still quite young, you know that? And besides, they only pay for bare facts!” He was silent and relieved that he had now taken the reins a bit. The minutes passed sluggishly in the silence. Sonja looked at him from below and said with a wry smile, “I’m not a child anymore, I’ll soon be 15,” which Pico couldn’t believe her, “and I’m already getting breasts!” Defiantly, Sonja sat on the stool and looked at him expectantly.

Pico said almost immediately, “I don’t believe it!” and put the album aside. He got up and went to the bathroom. After he peed, he undressed and came back to the living room in his bathrobe. Sonja was still on the stool and looked at him from dark eyes when he came in. “Yes, I am, I’m already getting boobs!” she said defiantly.

He shrugged and sat back in his recliner. He knew that he only had to wait until she took the initiative. He saw out of the corner of his eye how she was already giving herself a jerk and then paused again. “Yes, look!” she said all at once, pulling her dress up to her shoulders. Pico saw that she had tiny, flat breasts, but she looked at him defiantly. The tiny nipples stuck out oddly pointedly from the small, soft mounds. Pico’s gaze slid down over her belly. Her panties were not quite clean and frayed at the sides, gave him a dim glimpse of the secret. Then she lowered her dress again.

Pico’s heart was pounding in his throat. “Yes, well,” he said vaguely, “one can see something. But they only pay for naked facts, you know that.” He put a hand on a porno magazine that lay on the little table. “They don’t pay only for breasts” he added, looking out the window. Sonja pondered and tugged her dress into place.

“I’m going now”, she said and stood up. Pico glared at her. “Money they pay only for naked facts” he repeated, looking at her uncertainly. He couldn’t get any more direct than that!

Sonja had already taken two steps towards the door, now she stopped and turned back to him. “And,” she searched for words, “what are they paying for it?” Pico said as if shot from a pistol “Fifty or a hundred!”. Sonja nodded and continued to look at the floor. Then she muttered, “I get five a month,” and kept calculating in her head, “but fifty buys quite a lot!”

Pico remained sitting motionless. He guessed that now came the moment when she decided for or against him. If she walked out, then it was all over. Secretly he even hoped she would go, because he suspected that there would be that there would be trouble at some point, he suspected. He stared, unmoving, at the cover of the magazine that lay on the table. Sonja took a step toward him and grinned at him a little sheepishly, “Will you give me 50?” She bit her lips and looked at him expectantly. Pico suddenly remembered that he still hadn’t picked up the video camera from the repair shop and at most could only take a few pictures with the camera. He made a sideways gesture with his hand, as he always did always when he wanted to think, but she understood it differently. With a single hand movement she slipped her dress over her head and let it slide carelessly to the floor. Then she stopped expectantly.

Pico stared at her. It surprised him again how quickly and without his actual intervention it happened. Her small breasts stood out pointedly, her panties hung askew on her hips, and her socks curled on her shoes. “Everything,” Pico said hoarsely, “you have to take it all off!” Heart pounding, he watched her as, after a long minute of hesitation, she slid the panties carelessly down and then took off her shoes and socks with a jerk. Then she straightened up and looked at him expectantly.

Involuntarily he had to think of the awkward, but very erotically depicted girls of Egon Schiele. What surprised him most was that she already had a dark down, a small patch of dark hairs curled between her legs, yet he could clearly see her labia. The long, skinny arms and

the legs, which were not much different, made a contrast that was irritating and arousing at the same time. Pico told her to lie down on the sofa, then he got up and went to the closet, took out his camera and walked over to the sofa. Not for a second did he think about the fact that he was about to get himself or her into trouble.

Sonja lay there awkwardly and completely unerotic. Maybe she had become afraid of her own courage by now, because she covered her small breasts with her hands. There was not only curiosity but also a little fearfulness in her gaze as she looked up at him. Pico murmured that she should be relaxed, it would be all right. He gave her instructions on how to place the leg or arm, looked through the viewfinder and touched her very gently when he wanted a pose so as not to frighten her. After a few minutes, she had her cheeky laugh back on her face. Pico always looked very long and thoughtfully through the viewfinder before pulling the trigger.

He had touched her skin, it was cool and yet somehow velvety. When she lay on her side, she didn't look so scrawny and bony anymore, he told her to put one leg up and bend her knee. She was a little startled when his hand brushed her fuzz for the first time. She swallowed and looked at him out of wide eyes, when he said soothingly, "The jungle has to move a little to the side so you can see everything well!" Then he gave her a chummy grin until she smiled, too. Carefully he pushed the pubic hair apart and looked at her small cleft, heart pounding. The slight inner reddening upset his imagination again, his thoughts somersaulted, for he was sure he knew where the redness came from.

Pico didn't take many pictures, because he wanted to use this first session to reduce their mutual anxiety and relieve the tension. He also wanted to find out how far she was even cooperating. His hand gently ran caressingly over her skin when he got her into a pose. He knelt with one leg on the the sofa, took some close-ups of her cleft and was secretly amused, for his bathrobe was now gaping open at the front and Sonja was looking curiously and a little embarrassedly at his half-stiff cock, even if only out of the corner of her eye, but still. She tensed again as he palpated her cleft and tried to pull the bulges

apart, so he immediately let it go and went back to his chair. "Done!" he said, taking his wallet out of his pants that hung over the chair.

Sonja had dressed again in a few seconds and accepted the bill with a flushed face. She looked at it closely and nodded with satisfaction, "50!" Pico could hardly control the trembling of his hands and whispered that if she wanted to, she could visit him again tomorrow, no better yet, the day after tomorrow; tomorrow he would perhaps already be able to sell an Image. Sonja pranced out with the bill in her hand and closed the door behind her. Pico immediately masturbated wildly until he could take no more.

Sonja, of course, could not wait and was already sitting on the landing when he was the next day coming back from the photo dealer. Wordlessly, he let her in and pointed to the living room where she should wait for him. Then he went into the bathroom and put on his bathrobe. When he went into the living room with his bag in his hand, in which the video camera was, Sonja was already lying naked on the sofa, leafing through a porn magazine. He had, after all, already thought ahead and had some notebooks, in in which mainly posing and masturbating girls were pictured, were left on the table. Sonja leafed through quite excitedly and hardly looked up when he came in.

It took him a few minutes to get the video camera ready; in between, he kept glancing over at Sonja, who seemed to be getting aroused by these masturbation pictures. He could see it in her movements, in her breathing. Slowly he rose and sat down next to her on the sofa. He put a hand on her hip and stroked her very lightly until she looked up.

"That's a different camera," she noted, glancing at him. "Fifty again?"

Pico pretended to think back and forth, then said, "Suit yourself, That one," pointing with his chin at the picture he had just opened, where a girl was working intensely on her cleft, "that one gets a hundred!" He didn't look at her and let the bait work slowly. The little red flashing light on the camera lit up on as he pressed the button.

Sonja said nothing and chewed on her lower lip as she looked at the picture intently and thoughtfully. He stroked the curve of her hip and buttock with a gentle hand, let his hand slide to her Fluff and trailed the tip of his finger up and down her pubic cleft. He was glad that she was looking at the picture so intently and thinking hard, because that way she didn't hinder him when he touched her. Gently he stroked her cleft, slowly, up and down. It was getting too long for him, though, and he inquired, "Well, what is it?"

Sonja searched for words, but couldn't find the right ones, and kept silent.

"Can't you do it, like that one?" asked Pico, looking at her curiously.

She immediately said, "Yes, I can!" but immediately bit her lips again and looked bashfully at the picture.

"If you can do it, what's the problem?" asked Pico hypocritically, for he guessed what was bothering her. "Don't you dare?" he asked jovially, and Sonja nodded mutely. Pico knew that he had won. He just had to help it along a little. He turned off the camera and turned his full attention to Sonja. He put the camera next to him and turned her onto her back. His hands touched her belly, her hips, then he bent her thighs slightly apart. With one hand he held her knee, with the other he touched her pubic fold. He smiled at her until she relaxed.

"For fifty you don't have to do anything," said Pico, "but for a hundred you have to do it, like this!" and slowly he let his Hand on her cleft circling. She looked at him fixedly and tensed up again.

"You don't have to worry," said Pico, "everyone does it for a hundred. You can just close your eyes and imagine you're alone, at home, under the covers. Forget about me and the camera!" His hand circled very slowly, and gradually he felt Sonja relax again.

"Come, close your eyes and imagine you're at home," he urged her, and she obediently closed her eyes.

“Now imagine you are lying under the covers, no one is there, and you slowly feel a nice feeling coming up, here!” he said, annoyed at his awkward speech. He gently grabbed her hand, slowly dragging it across her belly onto her pubic.

“So go ahead, do it!” he said, pressing the button, the flashing red light illuminated.

Sonja lay motionless. She blinked at him a few more times, but then closed her eyes. He had taken her hand and was circling it. After a few seconds, he noticed her change. She settled better, spreading her knees farther apart and feeling herself with her fingers, tentatively stroking herself and circling her hand. He held his breath and filmed. She circled and circled, her breathing shallower and her small chest rising and falling. After a few minutes, she stopped and looked at him. “It’s not working!” she wailed, looking at him unhappily.

He was about to say something angry, but then he remembered he had to get to the bottom of it. “But at home, it works, right?” he asked, and she hesitated before nodding. “So what’s the problem now then?”

Sonja didn’t answer right away, after a short silence she whispered, “It doesn’t — go like that.” Pico asked in amazement, “What, it doesn’t go like this!? It does go like this!” but Sonja shook her head. She lay motionless again and looked at him. “It goes differently!”

Pico was electrified. “Well, how?” he asked, but Sonja shook her head and remained silent. Then she had an idea and took the porn book in her hand, flipping back and forward again until she showed him a picture: “This is how it works!”

Pico looked at the picture; the girl had stuck a finger in her vagina. “Okay,” he said, “okay! Just like you want!” and moved back a little, holding the camera ready.

Sonja closed her eyes. Again they opened, but now she pushed her index finger slowly between the small bulges. She blinked to see if he was watching too and seemed curious to see how he was taking it,

but then she closed her eyes and began pumping her finger faster. He held the camera closer and closer until it was right in front of her pumping hand, then watched as she fingered herself. It took a very, very long time, as she lightly pushed her index finger in and out, touching her clit only occasionally with the pad of her finger, shuddering over and over. Then she pumped the finger deep and slowly into the vagina, perhaps also to delay the stimulus. After half an eternity, she put the finger into the vagina only case by case and unfocused, but she touched the clit again and again jerking and twitching, shuddering a bit when she rubbed too fast. She continued to perform this spectacle for a while, then stopped abruptly, looked at him full on and asked, "Was it right?"

Pico nodded and swallowed hard. Even though she had only given him a little show, he was quite aroused. He turned off the camera and set it aside. Sonja looked through the half-open bathrobe at his erect cock, but said nothing. Pico stood up and picked up his wallet. When he turned around, she was already dressed and took the bill from his hand. "A hundred," she said dazedly, "A hundred!" She twisted and turned the bill. "What do you get for it?" she asked as she walked out, but she didn't seem to have expected an answer. She had barely scurried out before Pico was masturbating again as if his life depended on it. He watched the video over and over and had to masturbate again and again.

On two or three afternoons it went similarly. Pico asked her once, when she had just finished, how it came about that she was no longer a virgin. She grinned crookedly at him again from below, then told she that she had played in former times with Susi (a neighbor child, assumed Pico) "that" often and there it had happened, but it had not hurt at all, also not Susi.

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Pico began to choreograph a little on the next days and showed Sonja exactly what he wanted to film. Relieved, he realized that it had been right to let her do the little deception, because it was obviously still too intimate for her to really masturbate in front of him. Even though she had not yet gone all the way to climax, it seemed that she

no longer felt any shyness about being filmed while masturbating. Pico suggested she try doing it with her thumb. She looked at him in amazement, but then tried it. He showed her that she had to spread the five fingers apart and insert the thumb; then she had to fan it, getting faster, until she was done. But Sonja stopped again long before orgasm when it became too strong for her. Pico waited for one more day of shooting, then he said he would do it to her with his thumb, she should just concentrate on the clit.

He had turned the camera on to the shelf and pointed it at Sonja. Then he sat down next to her hip and gently palpated her pubic area, commanding her to concentrate on the clit with one finger. He caressed her breasts and belly until he noticed that she was becoming a little more frisky. Slowly his hand slid up her up her inner thighs, fingers touching her vagina, opening the bulges of her labia. Then very slowly his thumb crept into her tight little vagina. Rhythmically he pushed his thumb inside, whispering that she should concentrate only on the clit and not to let go of it for a moment. She became erratic and twitched a bit, wanting to stop, but he whispered that it would go further today, much further, that she should concentrate on the clit again. Imperceptibly she began to stiffen again, after a few minutes her pelvis began to contract violently, and Pico now let his thumb whiz firmly back and forth inside her vagina. With a wail her body jerked up, she clutched his waist and buried her face against his belly under the bathrobe as the contractions tossed her back and forth. He held his thumb still and unmoving in her vagina until the contractions subsided. She looked up at him uncertainly, sort of shaken and meek, then looked down, for his stiffening cock was poking into her side. She grinned and touched it with two fingers, palming it carefully.

For minutes they sat in silent embrace. Then Pico wanted to break away to give her the hundred she deserved. But Sonja still held his cock, very carefully between two fingers, and asked, "And for that there's more?"

Pico shook his head and cleared himself. No, that wouldn't do, he said energetically, she was definitely too young, no one would buy those pictures, besides, he'd have one foot in jail for that. She wanted

to say something, blinking at his cock, which she still held with her fingers. He energetically freed himself and looked for his wallet.

Some times he filmed this scene at length. Sonja, meanwhile, had given up the initial pretense and was greedily masturbating to climax as soon as she was horny. She had obviously gotten used to his presence. He sat close beside her and only rarely helped with his thumb until she orgasmed. She held on to him until her panting subsided and her breathing returned to normal.

She grabbed his hard-on with her hand, which pressed firmly against her ribs, then palmed his cock and looked up at him. “Go on, do it too!” she whispered hoarsely, pushing his cock back and forth. She’d seen that many times before, she lied (though it was rare, seldom happened that the drunk guy sat down on the bed next to the two girls and masturbated with a grin), her mother’s boyfriend sometimes did it too and that he didn’t care whether she watched or not — in the small one-room apartment he had nowhere to go, Pico thought. Sonja noticed that Pico sighed and puffed excitedly at these words, so she lied some more and invented all sorts of things about how and when her mother’s boyfriend does it, that he is completely unconcerned, even when her little sister is still awake. Only when the mother was there, he didn’t do it, but then he lay on top of the mother and fucked her. Although Pico did not like this rough language, it excited him.

Sonja was silent for a moment, for it was for the most part true and terrible, and she feared to tell the whole truth. The alcohol that her mother and her boyfriend begged for, the morbid arguments and their fucking, which they did without restraint without regard for the girls — though not so often anymore, because the alcohol, which quite excited their mother, at the same time dulled his potency. The mother, who always then, when he could not, satisfied him with her hand, who was completely in bondage to the fellow and did everything he demanded; whom he sometimes forced to masturbate in front of her daughters while the guy watched the three of them greedily and hornily. The silent crying of her little sister, who didn’t understand all this and was afraid of her mother’s orgasm-distorted face. The slow understanding of the power hidden in it, because af-

terwards he regularly pounced on the mother and fucked. The incessant talk of the house boyfriend to finally send Sonja on the hustle, they needed the money urgently.

Sonja gave herself a jolt, it didn't matter anyway, why shouldn't she tell Pico everything. He does it to her like dogs, Sonja said, pulling on Pico's foreskin, he rams her for a long time, Sonja said, and they both pant loudly because they are stinking drunk. When he gets it, Sonja said, he pulls it out and squirts all the sauce all over her ass. Or he makes her do it to herself; meanwhile she holds her little sister close, Sonja said, because she's still very afraid of it, but the fear goes away when they hold each other. In the meantime, Pico didn't know how much of this might have been true, but he was now so horny that he could hardly control himself. Sonja was wiggling his cock back and forth the whole time in a richly clumsy way.

It had to be done. Now. He pressed Sonja against him with his left hand and masturbated with his right, very quickly. He pressed his glans against the side of her small bosom and she stared at it as it wiggled along to the beat. She winced as he squirted all over her bosom from the side, his seed slowly spilling over her ribs. He continued to squirt, rubbing his seed over her breast with the glans.

Pico felt terribly ashamed and said nothing, but he took it upon himself to control himself in the future. She grinned conspiratorially at him and wiped it all away with her palm, wiping her hand on the back of the sofa. Probably every word was a lie, he thought, besides, it can't go on like this, she's totally dragging me down, I can't control myself at all. Later he said to her that he couldn't sell this film, he was in it. In general, Pico said, he could no longer pay so much, only more 50 or maybe only 20, his meager pension ... the rest he left in limbo.

A few times Sonja still allowed herself to be filmed and teased him each time to masturbate and watched him squirt curiously, but over time she stayed away longer and at some point did not come at all. She was mainly attracted by the money and after it dried up, she was

not interested in playing any more games. Pico kept watching his videos and carefully hiding them on the shelf behind the TV.

After a few months, she came again, walked in front of him into the living room, sat down on the sofa and asked him for a hundred. For two hundred he could do it quite right with her, her mother's boyfriend had already done it with her, she lied, but her red ears betrayed her. Pico, of course, didn't believe a word she said and stuttered about that that his money was not enough and that he could not pay anything. At first she looked serious and worried, but then she grinned and said good-naturedly, well, then we do it just so and lolling horny on the sofa. He sat down next to her and mumbled that he couldn't do it, because it says prison, with such a young girl ... And felt terribly ashamed because he couldn't get the bad word out.

She quickly brushed off her dress and threw it on the floor, then snuggled up to him. He caressed her and felt her small, pointed breasts, sliding his hand down and fondling her cleft. "It's really true," Sonja continued in a whisper, "he really fucked me!" Whispering softly, she told what she had been thinking for days; that her drunk mother had watched impassively as the boyfriend took hold of her and fucked, and from that day on, fucked again and again, again and again. Sonja knew how much she teased Pico with her words and whispered everything conspiratorially into his ear down to the smallest detail — she had seen it often enough.

She reached under his bathrobe, because he had become horny at her whispering, and "He is already quite stiff — you like it, don't you?" she whispered enticingly, but Pico made no reply and shook his head in denial. She pulled his foreskin quickly over the glans a couple of times, then she whispered in a conspiratorial tone, "Come on, do it to me!" and pulled him onto the sofa. There was a roar in his head and his heart skipped a beat as she pulled him on top of her. Though he silently screamed that he didn't want it, his cock immediately found its way, sliding in between her labia, plunging deep into her vagina. With a wild, desperate jerk, he withdrew, hearing her disappointed sigh. In fact, she seemed close to crying as she murmured that she really wanted to do it for once.

“Please,” Sonja whispered in a half-stifled voice, “please love me!” Again she reached for him and tried to push him in. But he resisted, even though Sonja tried vigorously to pull him on top of her. He knelt between her spread thighs and stared with wide-open eyes at the forbidden fruit in which he had almost sinned. She thought she could make him compliant by wanking him violently. He was losing his temper more and more as he knelt in front of her, his cock aimed at her slit. It seemed to him more and more as if it was Monika who was jerking him and slowly pulling his cock to her cleft. When Sonja felt his cock stiffen to bursting and begin to throb, she grabbed his ass cheeks and pulled him tightly to her. But she had excited him too much, because even during the penetration Pico squirted. He saw her eyes widen in fear as his seed squirted deep inside her, but still in the act of penetration he knew that this was not real squirting — he felt it stop immediately. She moved under him and he thrust again, as hard as he could — damn, now she had taken him so far after all! Wild and furious, he humped her, not giving a damn about her frightened gasps and tentative wails because everything about her was still tight and small and because she suddenly couldn’t breathe. She stared at him out of big child’s eyes when he didn’t stop fucking her like an animal, even though it was already going black before her eyes. On the verge of fainting, while he kept fucking like a steam engine, she tensed up in agony and was suddenly shaken by a violent orgasm. Then she orgasmed and orgasmed and orgasmed until the end. He stared into her wide-open eyes as he poured out, roaring loudly. Sonja painfully felt her own contractions in orgasming and his violent, throbbing spurting and gasped desperately. He continued to churn for a few moments until he went limp. His thinking came back and at the same time nameless horror; child molester, child molester, prison, prison! For seconds he remained motionless, then he slid off her and fell silently to the side.

Unbearably slowly, one drop after another fell into the lake of eternity.

In a completely unexpected gesture of tenderness, she embraced him and snuggled against him. “Thank you,” she whispered in his ear and kissed him awkwardly on the cheek. Later she got up, dressed and left without a word, leaving him in despair and misery.

She never came again.

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The Funeral

Pico, completely shaken, got off the train that had brought him to Trieste and took a cab that took him to Parma del Riva. The young cab driver wondered because he did not know Parma at all, but Pico instructed him to go in the direction of Monfalcone Centro and then, after the city limits, go back east, towards Gorizia the first exit. So Monfalcone, growled the cab driver stubbornly, shaking his head at the Austrian with the outdated Italian.

The Rizzis had even had Uncle Rodolfo and his wife Olivia come from Mallorca to bury Aunt Lila. Lila had left a short and clear will in which she directed, on the one hand, that she be buried in Parma and, on the other, that all her belongings should pass to Pico. To Pico, the last Rizzi. Everyone knew that Uncle Rodolfo had to give up his inheritance rights when he wanted to marry the filthy rich Olivia. His father, Don Anselmo Rizzi, had an incomprehensible prejudice against anything Spanish and refused to accept Olivia as his daughter-in-law. Pico found it strange to be considered the last Rizzi, even though Don Rodolfo was still alive.

The formalities for Lila's funeral had been surprisingly simple, the transfer not exactly cheap, however, the funeral home had everything well in hand and completed the task professionally and without bothering him too much. Perhaps it also played a role that he paid generously and in cash in advance. As the cab turned the last corner, he saw the first mourners, tried to remember this and that name. The neighbor, who had taken over the organization, ran around excitedly cackling like a frightened chicken, trying to make up for poor management by loud and intrusive reorganization and improvisation. Pico was far too tired to get involved and waited devotedly until he was offered accommodation a few houses away, in the now almost bankrupt boarding house of the old widow Colonna. It was the last and only accommodation that Parma del Riva offered; otherwise he would have had to drive the eight kilometers to Monfalcone or Duino.

The widow Colonna was a resolute, plump and typically Italian matron who greeted him under the front door with a pinched face and offered her condolences. She was cagey, only becoming a touch more friendly when offering condolences. Even as she climbed the stairs, she said in her quick Italian that in bad times like these she could not do without any of her boarding house rooms and therefore had to charge him the full room rate, as he was only staying two days; the laundry and so on, he would understand. The room into which she led him panting for breath, was clean but unadorned and good for nothing other than spending the night. Pico nodded and said in his heavy accent that he was dead tired and about to go to sleep. The widow Colonna left, not without once again expressing her condolences to him about Donna Aurelia.

It did seem strange to Pico to hear Aunt Lila's full first name Aurelia — even though he knew her full name was Aurelia Laetizia Rizzi. He had become so used to Lila that he had never used to wonder where Lila even came from. On the other hand, he also never wondered why he was called Pico and not Rico or Riccardo. He unpacked his travel bag and undressed to wash. In the crooked mirror hanging over the sink, he saw himself, from chest down to knee. His cock hung down small and unsightly, he palpated it a little and promptly it began to stir. Determined, he washed his face and chest, looked again at his cock in the mirror. For a split second he thought about the fact that he had been under stress for days and had not had time for an orgasm. As he toweled himself off, his cock throbbed demandingly. He checked with a quick glance that the window curtain was closed, then stroked his cock with relish before quickly jerking off. Fascinated, he watched himself in the mirror as he squirted into the sink.

The next day he woke up very late. A vacuum cleaner was purring in the hallway. Pico was as if he had been slain, for he had only been superficial and restless sleep. He had to pull himself together, the death of Lila was almost a week ago, he could not just cry like he did on the first day. Thanks God, Lila did not suffer long. The same breast cancer that felled his mother years ago took Lila away in the third week in hospital. Pico visited her daily and read all local newspapers aloud. He had paid the extra fee for a single bed room. He stopped reading as he noticed, that Lila had stopped breathing. An

exiting smile in her face she looked with eyes wide open into a wonderful future in the heavens.

Half past nine, my God, he had overslept thoroughly! He quickly slipped into his robes and opened the door. The woman who was handling the vacuum cleaner looked up. It was a younger woman, in her late thirties, maybe younger, but in any case much younger than he. She was not a beauty, but somehow pretty, like most of the girls from Parma.

Good morning, Pico said, asking if he could still get breakfast at this hour. The woman nodded and gestured with her hand down to the ground floor. Pico apologized for his poor Italian, but he had been born in Vienna and had had little opportunity to speak Italian. She smiled for a moment, then turned the vacuum cleaner back on and continued her work.

Later, Pico stood in front of the sink and washed quickly. It excited him to know a young woman outside the door, who was indeed was going about her work, but he was standing here, naked, and she was outside, pretty and young. No, he couldn't do that, he scolded himself, now that Lila had just died. He almost cut himself with the razor, so much did the thought preoccupy him, assail him again and again. He wiped the shaving foam from his face and felt the erection, the urgent erection. He rubbed a little and thought about squirting into the sink again, but he stopped right away. It roared in his ears because it still made him think of Lila, then he put on his robe but deliberately left it open a little and went back to the door. It was a good thing he had rubbed his cock a bit, because it remained firm and semi-stiff, even though it was hanging down.

The young woman was already working a few doors down and looked up when he opened the door. He knew she couldn't see much of him in this lighting, but he had to try. He always tried, after all. Could he get a bigger towel, please, he wanted to take a shower. Puzzled, she looked down at his cock and nodded after he repeated his request, then vanished in a flash behind a door. Pico wondered if perhaps she was mute. Immediately she came toward him with a large bath towel in her hand. Pico was still standing in the open

doorway, looking at her. As she approached, she could at first only guess at his nakedness under the robe but she immediately lowered her eyes when her gaze fell on his naked body, on his dangling cock. In any case, she stopped abruptly and handed him the cloth from afar, making him lean far over. All the time she was looking at his cock, secretly, under her lashes. He put all his charm into the look with which he gazed at her, put his excitement into that one look like an invitation. Her gaze wandered off as he touched his cock with his hand touched it, she blinked once more bashfully under his robe and quickly went down the stairs.

Pico was disappointed. Sometimes his magic worked, but not always. Actually, he admitted to himself, it rarely worked, but he tried again and again, because 3 out of 10, that was not a bad statistic. At the same time, he was also realistic enough to know that if he tried it a hundred times, that could mean thirty percent, but it could also mean only three percent. Too bad, because the young woman was really attractive. At the same time as he was disappointed, he lost interest, quickly showered and dressed. Breakfast was waiting.

It was a rural funeral, as expected. The service went on interminably. Pico turned around once, but the silent cleaning woman from the boarding house he could not discover anywhere. The way from the church to the cemetery was long, because one left the church, behind which the cemetery lay, through the front door and circled the whole area widely in a slow, consecrated procession, to take the entrance to the cemetery again at the back of the church. The small brass band, handpicked by the parish priest, played so pathetically that it brought tears to one's eyes, not only from the sadness but also from the howling discords. Pico felt very strange, could hardly cope with the rituals and, confused, followed the signs that the relatives eagerly gave him: dipping the small brushwood broom in the holy water and making three crosses over the grave, later picking up a little earth with the small hand spade and throwing it into the grave, on the coffin, and then into the grave. Throwing the roses, which he had been holding convulsively in his hand all this time, onto the coffin, hissed to him an elderly woman standing next to him, whom he did not know if she was related to him. Stepping in front of the priest and kissing the air to the left and right of his face.

To stand afterwards in the long line of Rizzi-s relatives, right next to Uncle Rodolfo. Shaking hands with all the attendees who filed past them in a long line and muttering something, anything. The aged Rodolfo saw him only for the second time, but he guessed Pico's thoughts and murmured softly that as the last Rizzi he must stand here, proud and firm as an oak. Pico nodded devotedly, "si, si, Don Rodolfo!" Nevertheless, he was embarrassed and touched, because Don Rodolfo also acted as if he himself were no Rizzi.

The church service and the funeral itself, which ended shortly before noon, were now followed by a long lunch, which began seriously and silently, but gradually the mood relaxed. In the afternoon they sat in the good parlor of the old Rizzi-house, which now belonged formally to Pico but was owned by a distant Rizzi-relatives along with family, to whom Pico had granted the right of residence for life. Everyone had expected this from him. He lived in Vienna and could do nothing with the house anyway. Uncle Rodolfo had explained to him in detail how he himself had renounced his rights to the house many years ago because he lived in Mallorca and therefore could not do anything with the house either (and that he was practically disinherited, but Rodolfo never mentioned that). That one not so easily sent impoverished relatives on the street, if one had a good home, that would probably be understood by itself. That the house (and here the old man leaned close to his ear and whispered: "My boy, the house is completely run down and should really be torn down, so you're really losing out.") Pico had gone immediately that morning to see Don Vincenzo, who was mayor, notary, and municipal administrator all in one, when he wasn't selling hardware and building materials, which he actually did for a living. Don Vincenzo seemed to be clairvoyant because, as he addressed Pico, he offered Don Riccardo a homemade grappa as a welcome drink and presented him with the deed of gift he had drawn up after talking to Don Rodolfo. Somewhere in the back of Pico's mind there was Lila's reminder to address everyone who owned property as Don or Donna, which was the custom and duty in the old Upper Italy if one did not want to be considered a dumb barbarian — in the meantime this custom had long since given way to the modern, only the parish priest was addressed as Don, but the people of Parma expressed their excitement about the high visitor with a throwback to the stilted past. Nevertheless, he felt very

strange to be addressed as Don Riccardo and found it unusual every time. Every attempt to use his legally prescribed call sign Pico resulted in the understanding remark that the Germans addressed everyone disrespectfully by their children's names, those uneducated barbarians! Discussions, why he considered himself as an Austrian and never as a German, he could spare himself.

Pico was not used to the good Italian cuisine and got a stomach ache after eating; moreover, many things he had read in his mother's diary and Lila's could not get out of his mind. Lila had told him in the hospital, when she already knew that it was going to end with her, that he should take his mother's diaries and hers and burn them — there is nothing important in them, Lila had said. But Pico had read the diaries immediately and began to understand his mother's story and Lila's better. Much that had been incomprehensible to him cleared up. He devoured page after page and finally understood how things became the way they were. He had read the diaries several times, again and again, read and cried, because now he loved both women even more than ever before.

Uncle Rodolfo asked him about his stomach and ordered a stomach liquor for Pico; slowly Rodolfo learned all about his great-nephew. On the subject of sailing, his eyes lit up; he and his German business partner had a large sailing ship in Mallorca and said that if Pico could make it, he should visit him and maybe join a cruise on the TITANIA. Rodolfo was quite taken with Pico, because Pico had worked his way up in a bank and had become a respected man in Vienna. Lila had always emphasized that when she wrote or when they talked on the phone. Later, Rodolfo alluded again to the fact that Pico was the last Rizzi (the last male Rizzi entitled to inherit, added Pico silently), and one day everything would be his. Pico nodded absent-mindedly, for more than usual was soon drunk, and the alcohol was rapidly rising within him.

He didn't remember later exactly when he lost control, mumbling and slurring his words with the old, hard-of-hearing Rodolfo about sailing, about the good old days, about his mother and Aunt Lila, and about Rodolfo's oldest stepbrother, Don Aldo, whom he had remembered as a small child but whom he could hardly remember. Don

Rodolfo raised his glass solemnly, toasted Lila, and embraced him fraternally, whispering in Pico's ear with a heavy tongue that not only he, Pico, was a grieving lover of Lila, but also he himself, for he had also been her lover when Lila had been perhaps 14 or even younger. When Pico tried to sit up again, Uncle Rodolfo pulled him back down to him and continued his confession to his ears: almost exhibitionistically, he told Pico all the little details that connected him to Lila and also how his brother Aldo had caused the scandal at their summer resort in Abbazia on the now Yugoslavian coast, and how he was threatened with a shotgun by their father, Don Anselmo, when he caught Aldo and Lila in flagranti. Aldo, who had dishonored his cousin Lila — although he, Rodolfo, had also already slept with Lila — was chased out of the village with shame by his own father, and in the course of his wanderings found himself in Vienna, where he fell in love with Aunt Hermine.

Pico, on the one hand, had problems with the fact that Rodolfo mumbled very wetly during this ear confession; on the other hand, they cried together when Rodolfo talked about how well Lila could fuck, even as a young thing, and how much he had indulged in nonsensical hopes of being able to marry her one day. And how much it pained him that at the same time she was also fucking with Aldo. Pico struggled not only with the alcohol, but also with Rodolfo's Italian, which was a mixture of old Mallorcan, Arabic and Portuguese; only in the course of confessing in his ears did he understand that Rodolfo meant "fudar" actually meant "fuck". Pico's thoughts spilled sluggishly through his cerebral convolutions and laboriously hit snags, for as a child he had sometimes imagined that Don Aldo was his father, for he slept with his mother until he died when Pico was 7 years old.

That evening, Pico drank much more than he could handle. He sobbed and cried when he thought of Lila, kept raising his glass and drinking to her. She was so far gone, so irretrievably gone, and would never make love with him again. He raised his glass again and drank to her until he could hardly sit. Don Rodolfo had departed when he was greatly fatigued and drank with Pico, standing, another grappa to Lila, who had given them the loveliest hours of their lives.

They brought Pico, the senselessly drunk Pico, hooked left and right under to the house of the widow Colonna. It was the middle of the night, the mournful carousing had lasted into the early morning, and the two lads dragging Pico underhooked through the streets were also quite drunk themselves. Nevertheless, Uncle Rodolfo had insisted that Pico be escorted to his quarters. The two young boys, whom Pico did not know, leaned against the front door, panting, and knocked vigorously until the hall light was turned on. After some time, the widow Colonna opened sullenly, for she had already slept very deeply, only quickly slipped on a robe over her nudity and let her long gray braid dangle open over her back. Sleepily she muttered and let the two of them enter, along with Pico hanging between them. She was really very tired already and plodded along half dreaming as she led the way up the stairs for the two laughing and gurgling boys. The boys giggled and made teasing and piggy remarks when they glanced on the stairs at her nudity under the robe. The widow Colonna blushed deep red as the guys didn't stop making remarks to fuck the old one. She unlocked Pico's room while the boys went in a very comical procession, threatening to fall several times; the boys threw Pico on the bed crashing onto the bed and staggering, trying to straighten him out halfway on the bed. She screamed angrily as one of them opened her robe and groped at her cunt.

The widow Colonna — small, broad and resolute — angrily shooed the two out, the rest she would already do and the two should only look that they themselves came home safely. When the two had noisily departed, she began to undress the fully drunk Pico. Pico had been unconscious, but now, as he lay still and felt nimble fingers undressing him, his spirits were reviving, as much as is possible in someone so drunk. He did not know where he was, nor who she was; at any rate a woman was undressing him. He thought that it was Lila who undressed him so lovingly and immediately began to cry again, for his Lila was no more.

The widow Colonna murmured that it was all right and that he did not need to cry anymore. She had to turn him groaning back and forth to take off his jacket, shirt and pants, then she took off his shoes and socks until he was lying on the bed in only his underpants. As hard as she tried, she couldn't get the blanket he was lying on free.

So she knelt beside him, pulling and tugging at it until she could get it partially free. The sobbing Pico, meanwhile, had one arm wrapped around her waist, and she let go of the blanket and murmured soothing words as he cried himself out against her chest. She held him for minutes, stroking his hair soothingly and letting him cry it out.

The widow Colonna became somewhat embarrassed when she realized that his underpants were already wet and bulging mightily. She hesitated for a long time, because it was certainly not right and decent what went through her mind. Only after a long hesitation did she give in to her curiosity and bend down to slowly remove his underpants. Her heart gave a small, anxious jump, as she pulled the pants down over his cock. It was not quite stiff, but the glans was sticking out of the foreskin and had stained into the underpants; there was still a thin, slimy thread hanging from its tip. She was still somewhat dazed from sleep and waited a long time before she gently stroked the glans with her finger and wiped the thread away. With a light, gentle touch, her hand slid down his cock, which slowly straightened at that gentle touch. She daydreamed half awake, her past adventures haunting her mind; her hand slid over the cock, touching its glans delicately again and again. She stroked the cock as if dreaming, but woke up again immediately and let go, startled. Madonna, which had become hard as a board in the meantime, the glans protruded thick and red in front! Her thoughts were doing somersaults. She was no longer up to the situation, all this was decades behind her. Nevertheless, she held her breath.

Pico cried and continued to hold onto her, pressing his head between her heavy breasts and howling. She looked unblinkingly at his cock, stroking his hair and murmuring that everything would be all right, but Pico continued to cry fiercely and hugged her even tighter, clawing into her breasts. Startled, she leaned back so that Pico came to lie half on top of her. The widow Colonna, whose long gray braid reached far below her hips when she wasn't wearing it wound into a wreath, was startled when his spear bored against her bare thigh.

Madonna, thought the widow Colonna terrified, in a moment he will rape me! At this thought she gasped with excitement and stroked his head, murmuring that everything would be all right and that he

should finally sleep. Her eyes fluttered like two little birds that kept straying to his cock. At the same time, thoughts whirled in her head, all the way back to the time when she was young, desired and fucked excitingly. With old Beppo, who had been her secret lover for thirty years, she had not slept with him for years, since he had been partially paralyzed after his stroke. He had become partially paralyzed and completely lame in the loins. Only out of pity did she sometimes do him the favor of and rubbed a little on his shriveled, soft noodle, because he was no longer capable of anything more. Pico leaned even more against her, dismaying her even more with his hard-on, which pressed against her in a demanding manner. He wants to rape me, thought the widow Colonna in confusion, not knowing what to do. It would have been easy for her to slip out from under him, but she was paralyzed by the thought of being raped by Pico. Oh Saints, oh Madonna, what is happening to me? the widow thought, holding Pico tightly. Her sleepiness as well as the deceptive thought of being raped by him, completely disappeared from her. Suddenly she was wide awake. It's about to happen, she thought, in a moment Pico would fuck her, rape her, an old woman! She almost couldn't remember the last time. Madonna, thrusting and squirting inside!

Pico imagined himself on top of Lila, pressing his head between the big breasts and crying, at the same time holding on to her breasts with both hands and caressing them awkwardly. He was so happy that Lila was back and at the same time it was horrible that Lila was no longer alive. He cried and squeezed the breasts, pressing and squeezing them to evoke Lila's presence. The widow Colonna gasped and swallowed hard as he worked her thick, matronly breasts clumsily.

She felt his cock against her bare thigh and groped for it with her hand. First defensively, then curiously. She sighed, for she hadn't held such a strong and young cock in her hand for a long time. No, he wouldn't be able to take her like that, her robe was in his way. She thought an impulse prayer, sighed hypocritically "you Saints and oh, Madonna, let him fuck me then" and with a jerk undid the belt of her robe. Pico's sobs subsided and eased somewhat when he felt her hand on his cock; yes, that was Lila, still touching him as before. His

thoughts derailed and chased over the roller coaster of the past. Lila, who had always been present, who had never let him down. Pico stirred a little, half-crawled on her thigh. Where his cock had previously encountered scratchy terrycloth, there was now a naked woman's thigh. Lila, howled Pico blissfully, Lila!

The widow Colonna remained motionless, heart pounding, waiting for Pico to finally fuck her. She felt him move a tiny bit and come to rest on her thigh. He stirred languidly, wetly sliding his cock over her thigh and sliding lower. Her hand held his cock tightly, and she shuddered a little as the tip of the glans touched her thinning gray pubic hair. Jesus, Jesus, she gasped silently to herself, he's about to fuck me! She blushed a little as she suddenly remembered that it was not he who was raping her, but she who was raping him.

Suddenly she had to think that she rarely felt this tugging in her loins anymore, indeed often she held this tension for a long time, only to hastily find the lonely, quick release in a short, secret moment. Only very rarely did she allow herself the pleasure of preparing everything long and with relish and of taking the candle out of the nightstand; it was not right, it was not decent, and it was a terrible mortal sin, but she just had to do it sometimes. Pico did not stir. He was apparently dozed off or unconscious, the widow Colonna wasn't sure about that but he continued to cry in his dreams. Her thoughts had already galloped far ahead, conjuring up Beppo and masturbation within reach, spinning in lustful images in her mind.

And now Pico lay on top of her with a stiff cock, probably about to mount her. But the way he was lying now, he certainly could not. The widow Colonna gently pulled him further on top of her, opening her thighs with a sigh, waiting for him to do it, for he would do it in a moment, she knew, for it had always been so. One lay there slightly open and waited only a little moment, then he would lunge forward, ramming his cock into her raw cunt and thrusting hard until he squirted. But Pico remained lying motionless and only cried sadly.

She gently grasped his cock again with her hand. He was still magnificently stiff, but in this position he couldn't possibly fuck her, she realized immediately. She settled herself even better under him, di-

recting his cock to her cleft. Briefly she thought about how old she was and that this should have been over long ago, but then she placed the glans against her vagina, pressing it gently against it. It didn't go in, because the widow Colonna's vagina had become so narrow over the years that two fingers could hardly fit inside, as her late husband and all her lovers could have confirmed. She slowly pressed Pico's ass against her to insert his cock. She did it slowly and deliberately, for she now determined how fast he entered her — unlike before, when the man's greed ruled her. A heart pounding hot feeling as the glans entered, as the cock made its way in and slowly widened her vagina.

She paused, sighing. Memories came flooding back, but not Pico, who was apparently still dozing. She waited some more time, enjoying the pressure of his warm cock. Candles were always so cold, she thought, taking a long time to reach body temperature. A cock was nice and warm when it penetrated, and it was nice the way her vagina closed tightly around it. As she tried to move under him, she realized that he was much too heavy for her.

She groped for his ass with both hands, grasping the cheeks of his ass and pulling, sliding him back and forth on her belly. Like a wet sack of potatoes, Pico was rocked back and forth on her belly. It was working, it was working! Finally, that strange feeling again that she always got when she was being fucked. The strong friction turned her insides inside out. Pico was lying on top of her like a doll, and now it was her, just her, doing it. She pushed him, back and forth, feeling his hard-on deep inside her, and smiled. I old carrion screwing a young lover one more time! The tugging in her abdomen that she had felt for days glowed again. It was a soft and warm tugging, not as demanding and violent as in her youth. She closed her eyes and fantasized that she was masturbating lustfully as she pushed Pico's cock rhythmically inside her as she usually did the candle. She gave herself over to dreams in which she was alternately being fucked by Beppo or masturbating with arousal; the mists of the past cleared.

Her husband, old Colonna, had laid on top of her once a month without a word, quickly fucked and quickly cummed. It was to him no matter whether she felt pleasure or not. He didn't know any bet-

ter, probably had no idea about women and sex, although he was almost thirty years older than her, born in the Habsburg Empire. Maybe he never noticed, maybe he didn't care that she brought her former lover into the marriage. Beppo was quite different, much more sweet and considerate. He could hold back his greed for a long time and then ram hard like a stallion, at least in his younger years. In the course of time, he too became tired and lame in the loins, but she secretly had lovers again and again, pension guests who were exciting and unspent. Only when she was approaching fiftyfive, men were no longer interested in her; it took her quite a long time to admit it to herself. The once beloved vice of her youth revived once more dull and weary — it was the frequent masturbation for the young girl still new, exciting and sparking, it now became for her a lonely, joyless acting out every night.

Old Colonna, after his stroke, lay almost completely paralyzed in their marriage bed for another two years before he passed away. She and Beppo barely had a way out and couldn't help but fuck quietly and carefully next to the mute, motionless old man. Beppo was the first to notice that old Colonna was getting an erection while they were fucking. Grinning, he flipped back the bedspread, winking at his pale lover. She was quite amazed at the time at how casually and practiced Beppo subsequently masturbated the old man, and later she realized that he was just enjoying it.

Beppo, the natural man of pleasure, soon got her to mount the old man as well after their shepherding session, when he had an erection. Although at first she was almost scared to death of the paralyzed man's stare, she squatted over him and slowly and carefully inserted his cock. Patiently she bobbed on his cock until he squirted, even if it took a very, very long time. Beppo lay lasciviously stretched out next to her, watching and groping her, which sometimes aroused him so much that she had to serve her lover again right after her husband.

She soon saw her husband's erections with different eyes and began to pity him. It surprised her completely how often the paralyzed invalid became erect and she complained reproachfully: why only now, when he was high in his seventies and she was approaching fifty

and not earlier, when they were both younger? When she wasn't needed elsewhere and Beppo wasn't there, she quickly flipped up her skirt and squatted over him, freeing him from his oppressive longing. Sometimes she did it by hand like Beppo, but it didn't go easily; it went much better when she rode him.

When she bedded and washed old Colonna together with deaf-mute Cora, she tried to ignore his erection. Cora had come to her as an orphan at 15 and had worked as a maid in her small boarding house ever since; she was a bit retarded because she had learned nothing and could hardly communicate with the world around her. Cora was like a child, still completely untouched and thought nothing of washing the naked old man together with her boss, overlooking the old man's erections just as she did. She had never seen a cock up close before and guessed that this was how it was supposed to be, so stiffly erect. Once the old man began to squirt when Cora eagerly washed his cock with the washcloth; puzzled, she paused and stared at the spurting, then looked at her in disbelief, then looked uncertainly and embarrassed at Mrs. Colonna. She gave a jerk and acted as if nothing was wrong; she took the washcloth from Cora's hand and cleaned the splatter away. Cora, who understood nothing, kept a respectful distance from him from now on, so Mrs. Colonna always had to wash him herself from then on.

Cora burst into the room once, just as the Colonna was squatting over the old man with her skirt gathered. With her back to the door she had not heard Cora, bobbed her wide butt up and down and gave him a hard time. Cora stopped, flabbergasted and startled; so that was how it was with the erection! She began to understand the connections when she saw that the cock was somewhere in the bobbing butt of her boss. Panting, she put her ass over the cock again and again, and it disappeared completely. All at once she slowed down, lifted her skirt and looked down, looked between her thighs. Cora became quite curious, also bent down a bit and tried to catch a glimpse of it, and now she realized that the cock was not in the ass at all, but in the front hole. The boss pulled her thick ass cheeks apart and now moved quickly up and down again. Carefully she paused in between and lifted her ass up to obviously check for the cock. Then she

plugged it with the hand again in and chafed again completely fast up and down.

All of a sudden she lifted her ass all the way up, so that the cock fell out of her hole, wet as he squirt, and sank stiffly to the side. Cora was all astonished because he was still squirting a little. Then Mrs. Colonna grabbed with both hands between her thighs and spread her labia to let his semen drip out of her and then wipe her vagina. It was only when she was cleaning the cock that she noticed Cora under the door. She scolded her angrily, though she hoped Cora hadn't been able to see much, and the poor thing also disappeared immediately with her head down. Cora thought what her boss was doing to the bedridden old man was kind of dirty; but she guessed it was out of loving pity. She couldn't well ask what it was like, the hole thing, though she would have loved to know.

After that, Mrs. Colonna found, she no longer needed to be shy in front of Cora and was no longer embarrassed to masturbate him with her hand at the next washing. Cora kept inconspicuously in the background, pretending to continue cleaning, but Mrs. Colonna could tell by her blushing that she was secretly watching. Mrs. Colonna, in a fit of parenting good will, gestured for her to come over and stop, just watch. Cora swallowed unsteadily a few times as the Colonna pushed the foreskin down a few times and the red glans came out. Ms. Colonna twisted and turned it back and forth, trying to explain that inside the small, wizened sac were the balls with semen squirting out of the hole in front. Cora didn't understand a word, but then watched intently as the boss masturbated the old man. When the moment came, she took Cora's hand and let her feel the throbbing cock. She grinned encouragingly at Cora, but when she made no move, she clasped Cora's hand tightly and ran it up and down as it squirted. That was probably wrong, she thought later, because Cora gasped in fright as it splashed onto her hand. She didn't know anything about Cora, although she was very curious and would have liked to know if she had a lover yet, she was turning seventeen soon after all. She sometimes puzzled over whether Cora secretly masturbated; but actually she was convinced that Cora had never had sex.

She would certainly have thought differently if she had known that her dear Beppo, to whom she told everything with a sexy grin, had pushed the frightened Cora into the laundry room a short time later and, despite her reluctance, had quickly deflowered and fucked her quickly and hastily, despite her reluctance. Ever since Cora had been in the house, she had been secretly in love with Beppo, without knowing what that meant in concrete terms. She couldn't avoid him for long, because he always managed to intercept her in the laundry room; besides, she was beginning to like it. He was always rushed and in a hurry, pushing her onto a laundry basket and quickly pushing up her skirt. Then he fucked her wordlessly and as fast as he could — thirty years of age difference obviously made him younger. Except that she lay under him and his seed stayed inside her, that didn't seem right to Cora. If he let her, she would resolutely turn him on his back to ride him, as she had seen her boss do. Beppo was not a little surprised when she then flipped up her skirt and spread her labia to watch curiously as the semen flowed out of her again. For her everything was done with it; about contraception or pregnancy Cora knew of course nothing at all.

Her boss was amazed when, some time later, Cora took the old man's cock in her hand, completely unaffected, when it became erect again while she was washing it; as if it were a matter of course, Cora masturbated him and let it squirt. Mrs. Colonna thought her old husband was now and in good hands wanted more from Beppo; understandably, he had hardly any time for Cora, who was sad about it, and besides, she missed the nice tingling feeling she had got with Beppo. Mrs. Colonna would probably have been struck dead if she had known what was going on behind her back. Cora had no other choice but to sneak up to the old man and squat over him instead of doing it to him with her hand, as Mrs. Colonna thought. But oh, she didn't realize that her boss had given old Colonna at least ten days or a week to recover; far too often she would sneak up to the old man. When the young girl lifted her skirt and her naked cunt touched him, he sighed deeply. She watched patiently as the miracle of the erection slowly occurred, then she plugged him in and bobbed away. She liked that, and sidled up to the old man as often as she could. The good guy did his best, but one day it was just too much. On this day she suppressed all inhibitions, because it tingled so nicely with her be-

fore. She had to increase the nice tingling by rubbing her clit — and when it came to her, he gurgled. Cora let shuddering, let her orgasm fade away and then quickly bounced her ass to give it to him hard; that's why she had come to him. He squirted one last time, slowly and haltingly, then his old heart gave out. She conscientiously wiped him and herself before going down, not realizing that the old man had finally and forever done squirting.

Because Mrs. Colonna took mourning very seriously at first, Beppo clung to Cora again. He didn't think much of her riding position, much preferring to fuck her raid-like on a laundry basket. Cora took it devotedly, especially since she was still very intimidated by the old man's passing. Later she pulled him more and more often in the laundry room, because it tingled so nicely when she was fucked. But also the old Colonna didn't want to let her beloved rust and pulled him more and more often into her bed; secretly of course, because of the year of mourning. This double burden probably became Beppo's undoing, and Mrs. Colonna felt it was a judgment from heaven when, barely a year after her old man's death, he suffered a severe stroke and thereafter needed her pity. She ruefully ducked under this whiplash of Heaven and from that day on lived as chastely as she could. It was only right for her that Cora should willingly take care of poor Beppo, as she had done with old Colonna, although it sometimes stung her when the deaf-mute rode obliviously on Beppo's lap.

The widow Colonna squeezed Pico tighter against her, trying to open herself wider so his cock would stay inside. She rocked Pico rhythmically up and down on her belly, listening inside. She squeezed his cock tightly inside her, because it was the same nice feeling she felt when masturbating and she hoped that she would reach her climax soon. It had taken a very long time for Pico's cock to start throbbing; she adjusted the rhythm in which she pushed his ass back and forth, increasing it.

She was completely surprised when her orgasm broke loose and she almost lost Pico's cock in her twitching. My God, it had been ages since she had orgasmed while being fucked! An eternity! Startled, she guided Pico's cock back in. She smiled contentedly as Pico's

breathing became shorter and the throbbing became more violent. She remembered that well. Sometimes when she shared secrets with other women, she wondered because most didn't notice the coming of his orgasm, some didn't even notice when he squirted. She, on the other hand, could feel everything, as if she had her own sense of touch for it.

She panted excitedly, because now, yes, now she felt his first, violent squirt and had to smile, because she always felt that as a victory over the man. Energetically she pressed Pico's butt on her abdomen and felt him squirting intermittently. The boy squirted and squirted and squirted, no one had ever squirted inside her for so long! As it slowly ebbed, she slowed down a bit too, but she kept thrusting him inside her, pulling and pushing him back and forth rapidly with satisfaction, while it was still somewhat usable. Pico's cock subsided after minutes, however, and slipped out. Greedily, she groped for it, but it had become too soft and would not allow itself to be pushed in. She carefully took the glans between her fingers and ran it up and down her bud, feeling that gentle tug that came before great arousal. While she enjoyed the tugging in her abdomen, she brushed her bud with the glans faster and faster, but the big excitement wouldn't rise.

Pico's cock had completely slackened, the widow Colonna sobered to realize, and let go. Disappointed, she remained lying there, feeling the small, wet piece of flesh at her crevice entrance to cool. It hadn't worked, even though she had been so close. Her heart pounded louder, more demanding, until she reached her hand between both their bodies and felt for the bud. But she stopped again after a moment, for the all inhibiting shame of masturbating in the presence of a man made the pleasure finally subside. But not completely. The pulling and throbbing in her abdomen remained — she would do it, right afterwards, when she was alone again. Carefully, she rolled him off her, slid out of bed beside him, and covered him up before going down to her room to masturbate with the candle in pleasure.

Pico, who actually wanted to stay one more day in Parma, drove to Graz with Monika the next day. She had long since divorced again, and Pico could not even remember her husband's name at the moment. He had known from the first time they met that he was an ass-

hole and told that to Monika, who married the guy anyway. Even as her marriage began to go wrong, she took a job as a publishing assistant, which took her to Vienna again and again. When Lila was not there, she would sometimes secretly lay with him, because she knew about his accident and no longer had to worry about getting pregnant. Pico was ashamed that he was cheating on Lila with her, even though it happened very rarely at first, he was ashamed because he was cheating on Lila's age and her frailty. Gradually, like him, Monika was graying and rarely found lovers when she felt like it. And she felt like it more and more often, she was afraid of aging and the loss of desire.

Pico was afraid at the way she drove, because she handled the Lancia, a beautiful vintage car, not exactly hesitant. She, on the other hand, loved the speeding and sporty chassis of the Flavia, which, with its 200-plus horses, just shot up the narrow country road in the Canale Valley. Pico held on convulsively and sweated.

They had actually planned to spend three days in Graz, but her ex-husband kept calling and the ensuing argument moved them to drive on to Vienna. Pico could finally sleep it off and cry on his sister's chest. She knew, as did Rodolfo, how strong his sexual relationship with Lila had been and comforted him as best she could. She soon fell silent, for talking only brought him sorrow and made him cry. Sex, on the other hand, distracted him completely, and he could doze off afterwards and fall deeply asleep.

They rarely talked about her divorce disaster or his early retirement from the bank. When he retreated into his lonely shell after Lila's funeral Monika arranged their agendas so that she could spend at least every other weekend with him in Vienna. It was only comfort and a trip down memory lane, she knew, and smiled. She had had many lovers in her life and knew exactly how to arouse and love Pico. They were both over fifty and no longer needed frenzied, grueling sex.

Monika let him fuck as often as he wanted, once or five times was fine with her. She had become a very sexually experienced woman, had learned from hundreds of lovers to fuck with radiant skill. She

guessed with unerring certainty what was right now. Young-girl shy fucking or the dirty harbor whore or wild growling fuck like an animal. She was a perfect master of that. Pico, when he had worked himself to exhaustion, wanted to see Monika masturbate. She had masturbated a lot all her life and let him watch with a smile. She loved Pico more than anything and gave him all the sex he wanted and needed. — Monika never talked to Pico about it, but she could have done without sex altogether. Comfort, security and warmth, that was what she wanted to give him above all, because Pico was suffering like a dog after Lila's death and first had to find his life again.

Pico, the fool, would have been well advised to be content with the gentle life at his sister Monika's side, instead of getting involved in the foolish adventure with Peter and the evil money.

Catastrophes Always Comes on Silent Soles

Several times a year, meetings were held to which Pico was invited. Dr. Kantor made it clear to him that he did not have to participate because he had expressly waived his right to vote and was therefore only allowed to sit was only allowed to sit there silently. But Dr. Kantor understood that Pico continued to come and listen. Actually, he rarely really listened; in truth, he wanted to interrupt his monotonous daily routine, to be among known people from time to time.

Dr. Kantor had once asked him to join him in the office during a break in the meeting and asked for his opinion on a case. While Pico was giving his impressions, Dr. Kantor was playing with a ballpoint pen, drumming it impatiently on a color magazine, because he was annoyed that old Pico was pointing out some little things that he himself had not yet thought of. The old Italian might be a crotchety fellow, but he was by no means stupid, and he could pick out the subtlest nuances as he listened. They smoked in silence when Pico had finished, and Dr. Kantor reminded himself inwardly to be fair. Good old Rizzi had been paying close attention and had observed some details where it was worthwhile to follow up. He thanked Pico for his assessment and asserted that their opinions were in agreement; he would therefore follow up the matter closely. He considered the conversation over, but Pico stared at the color magazine lying on Dr. Kantor's table.

Dr. Kantor saw the curiosity in Pico's eyes and handed him the magazine, a sailor's magazine. He said Pico was welcome to have it; he had already leafed through it. As Pico left, Dr. Kantor had no idea that this was the beginning of a new era in Pico's life. Pico, already in his fifties, fell instantly and madly in love with these beautiful creatures that plowed sleekly through the waves and seas. Within a few days, he bought everything he could get on the subject of sailing in the bookstores and read deep into the night.

He took a sailing course, studied seriously and doggedly for the exam, and to everyone's amazement passed it as the best. After that, he signed up for practical training in an Italian sailing school and sailed on a training ship for several weeks, learned all the moves required for the exam, and began to love the sea. For the first time in his life, a real passion had taken possession of him.

On one of these training trips he met Peter Weichsler. Pico, who had never never had a friend in his life and in truth had led a bizarrely isolated life, felt something like friendship for the first time. Peter, who was more than ten years younger, joined him without saying much, was also from Vienna, as were most of the participants, and after the first trip together they decided (or Peter decided, to be precise) to book the next training trip together again. After passing the exam, they met several times in Vienna, mostly in coffee houses or wine bars. Their Topics circled for the time being only around sailing.

As the months went by, they got to know each other better. Pico, who was very keenly observant, was inwardly moving further and further away from Peter, because he didn't like his way of clinging relentlessly to a victim like a limpet. Peter's curriculum vitae even less. And, if Pico had known that Peter had only approached him because Pico had told him that he worked at a bank, he would have avoided him like the plague. But Pico didn't know anything at first.

Peter had a picture-perfect career ahead of him after graduating from high school, studying economics and working in his first job at a federal tax office. There he, who liked to get rich, rich and rich quickly, was soon unpopular and when he was caught for the first time accepting money without permission, his career as a civil servant was over. He knew enough about the dirty laundry within his department that he could blackmail the department head: a clean report card and not a peep about the illicit money acceptance. Or else.

At this "or else" at the latest, Pico would have liked to run away, but he literally couldn't get rid of Peter. Again and again this showed up, again and again Pico gave in, if Peter suggested a meeting. No, Pico could not go on the next sailing trip, not by any stretch of the

imagination, he was pretending bank appointments. When Peter went away for a few weeks, Pico dared to rush to book a sailing trip and enjoyed the beauty of the sea.

Of course, Peter was sorry that Pico had to sail alone, but Pico deftly evaded skillfully evaded new cruise proposals. In the course of time, when Pico asked about Peter's work, Peter revealed piece by piece another knavery: he had, after the inglorious departure from the tax office, he had worked for an international financial services provider, whose specialty was for artists and other celebrities to launder dirty money and managed it. Peter, who wanted nothing more than to become rich, rich and rich again, began to quietly and secretly move money aside. Money that belonged to the clients. Then wrote to the clients — anonymously, of course — that they should not complain, otherwise he would reveal their true identities. Of course, one or the other of the defrauded had then described the situation to the boss of the house and so it did not take long until Peter was suspected.

Before the trap could snap shut, Peter had packed the most intimate documents into his car and fled. For months, he moved through half of Europe, now procured the money directly from his former company. The blackmail became a lucrative business. The company was not willing to make a big fuss about everything and struggled with him for months to find a solution. Peter Weichsler was sneaky and cunning enough to take on his company's lawyers and actually reached a gentleman's agreement: he would return the documents and receive an exculpatory declaration of honor and a multi-digit sum in return.

The deal was struck. Step by step, the declaration of honor, the money and the ominous documents were exchanged. Everything would have been in order, had not the lawyers after some years discovered that Peter Weichsler had still kept some documents and, after he had run out of money again, had gone back to collecting directly from the clients black money accounts.

Of course, Peter Weichsler only told Pico this because he was up to something. Pico, who wanted to end the conversation as quickly as

possible because he wanted nothing to do with such a defraudant, he who had worked in the bank all his life and had a clean slate. But Peter Weichsler had a sophistication and a criminal cunning that Pico was no match for. Peter Weichsler's chess moves had it all.

Peter didn't know very much about Pico, but it was enough for him to use him as a perfect straw man if he had to, even against his will. Peter somehow had a magical-criminal sense of where to start. He had to know more about Pico, had to rummage through his private sphere, perhaps seduce him into an impure act or otherwise make him susceptible to blackmail. Peter Weichsler's most obvious thought was called Angel.

His former lover Angel was actually named Angelika, but called herself Angel because it was just fashionable to Americanize first names. Angel was in her early thirties, quite good-looking and got the money for dope and booze by bodily work, as Peter described it with a grin. She couldn't get away from her addiction, and it was also to blame for Peter had broken up with her a time ago. Even if he was a criminal, he was not stupid and he knew that the money he could get by blackmailing could never permanently satisfy her drug use. So now Peter sought out Angel again, gave her money and tenderness and refreshed their relationship; of course, Angel didn't find out what it was all about at first.

The logical next step was that Peter, who had not bothered Pico for several weeks, showed up at his place again. Pico was about to turn him away when Peter described his predicament. He had had just fallen in love, or to be more precise, had fallen in love again with his former girlfriend; now he wanted to take on a decent job and to separate from his previous life. But he had no apartment, was searching hard and had to find shelter with Angel, the name of his flame, for a few days, until he found a place to live. (Angel he told that he had a goldfish on the hook and that they would both gut him with Sex, Love and Rock-n-Roll, yeah!).

Pico had had no friendships, he had no idea how crooked sometimes relationships can go, and his sharp eyes, prized at the bank, apparently failed him completely in private. He was touched that Peter

had fallen in love. What Pico knew nothing about love, he only knew about sex! He was touched that Peter wanted to fundamentally improve himself, to rearrange and completely clean up his life for this love. What did Pico know about love, except that love could turn your whole life upside down. He was moved, because his timid criticism of Peter's blackmail was apparently bearing fruit, because for the first time in his life he was able to give someone support and direction. Perhaps he, Pico Rizzi, had ended Peter's criminal career.

Pico, the jerk, was really deeply touched.

His apartment, which had remained to him from his mother, consisted only of the bedroom, the huge living room, the kitchen and the bathroom. He expressed to Peter that he had no room for all three, but if they all made themselves small, then it would work for a few days, like on a sailing trip, where you also have to make yourself small and get along with each other in the smallest space. Peter surfed intoxicated on his wave of success and wheedled Pico until he moved into the bedroom with Angel and Pico was content with the the living room sofa. Pico was immediately deeply impressed by Angel's erotic charisma and lascivious demeanor. He had never met a woman like her; she was surprisingly tall, certainly twenty inches taller than Pico, and very pretty. Her tight blouse and skimpy skirt accentuated her curves. Peter grinned because Pico's mouth literally fell open when he saw her for the first time, and his eyes could not detach themselves from her breast, which was exactly at eye level.

Angel smiled.

Won!

Peter and Angel stayed with Pico for five days. On the fifth day, Peter "found" an Apartment (the one he had been staying in for years unannounced). During these five days they partied as if the world would end on the fifth day. Perhaps with the restriction that only Peter and Angel knew that and how they would celebrate, day by day; but Pico had no idea what each day would bring.

Peter and Angel arrived with two small suitcases, then together they went to the supermarket and bought lots of alcohol. Pico was no slouch when it came to alcohol, for when Aunt Lila was alive they had always drunk copiously, but even more so since she had left him for heaven. Where Angel got her drugs from, Pico didn't know, but she always had some with her.

Initially, Pico always withdrew when they had drunk a lot and the two began to cuddle. But Peter waved it off and told him not to be a frog. Sex and Love and Rock-n-Roll. They drank and drank, smoked and looked at pictures of sailing. Peter had discovered Pico's color magazines with a sure grip, they leafed through the porn magazines together and giggled like teenagers, because their heads were already fogged by alcohol.

Pico kept looking curiously at Angel. She was certainly a beautiful woman, but Alcohol and drugs had already left deep marks on her face. A few days earlier, Peter had remarked in an aside that Angel was already quite dulled and lethargic by the drugs, but now he could see for himself. She really had stopped mentally in some strange way, was dull and slow in thinking. She barely spoke, sometimes breathing a "yes" or "okay," but hardly ever spoke, certainly not in complete sentences. To Pico, she sometimes seemed like a hard-of-hearing toddler who often had to think about words over and over again for seconds when spoken to directly. In stark contrast, she was horny and sex-obsessed, had a beautiful, enormous bosom and beautifully curved hips. All in all, a beautiful giantess who bubbled with sex and eroticism. And — what surprised Pico the most — she had not the slightest inhibitions, was extremely exhibitionistic and knew no shame at all.

Angel knew Peter was up to something with this little dago. He was the goldfish, Peter had told her, who would solve her financial worries forever. She had to be, Peter had impressed upon her, erotic, sexy and seductive. She had to do everything, but really everything, with him and the goldfish. Above all, she had to do everything so provocatively that her little goldfish would get very, very horny and could hardly stand it any longer; only then would she be allowed to grab him and eat him up. And, Peter added with a conspiratorial

wink, Pico is an addict voyeur; so let him watch and do it to you as often as you like, and do it even if you don't like it. The main thing was that Pico's eyes fell out of his head. Angel had smiled at Peter and nodded. She had it all figured out, the goldfish would get the full, big show, and she and Peter would never have any more money worries. She had taken her whole battery of pills with her, she especially needed those red pills that made her horny because without those pills she didn't like sex at all anymore, that was long gone. She knew, despite the fog in her brain that she needed Peter's money urgently and didn't think long. She was going to get horny, so she swallowed lots of lot of pills, red pills, until she was really horny.

So sometimes she would sit down in the corner of the living room, tie a rubber tube around the crook of her arm and give herself a shot. Then she was quiet for a few minutes and silent, only to join the two men as if reborn. In between, she swallowed pills or took powders, which she washed down with wine or whiskey. If she was in a good mood afterwards, she got immense desire for sex.

When she and Peter got going while cuddling, Pico would go out to the kitchen. The kitchen door, which was completely warped and had not been able to close for a long time, allowed him a view of the sofa where the two of them were wrestling and making love. Pico pretended to just sit in the kitchen, but he watched them make love as long as he thought he was unobserved. Almost always Angel rode Peter, getting rid of her clothes piece by piece, until Pico saw her bare buttocks bouncing up and down. She orgasmed, and how she orgasmed! As if wracked with pain, she writhed forward and threw her head back into her neck, slowly raising and lowering her ass over Peter's hard-on. Pico could see exactly how her labia closed around his shaft and devoured the wet prey. He was shaken as if by fever shivers as the giantess writhed — feigning an orgasm on Peter's cock.

Pico remained seated at the kitchen table, engrossed in the newspaper, for he imagined that the two were watching him after their fucking. He was very aroused, but he didn't dare go into the bathroom, because then they would have known that he was jerking off right now, and that thought inhibited him. Peter came in with his stallion dangling down and told him to come back in and not to be

embarrassed, finally they were all adults. Pico hesitantly got up and followed him.

Neither Angel nor Peter minded their nakedness. Pico felt uncomfortable because he didn't know where to put his eyes. But he sat down dutifully and grabbed his glass. "To the young lovers!" he said for the x-th time and drank after they had toasted each other.

The drinking and sex repeated loosely, in endless succession. Pico admired Peter, who did fuck Angel two and three times a day — the boy really had stamina! Pico waited impatiently for night to fall; if he was in the dark, he would slowly masturbate and pensively reenact their acts in his imagination. At night, Peter flicked on the bedside lamp once more and Pico could watch the two of them through the half-open bedroom door. He fell asleep wearily.

Angel, who had sat down half-naked on the rug in the corner of the living room, was busying herself with her syringe when Peter jovially leaned toward Pico bent and whispered, he could also fuck her, if he had desire to it. Pico startled and shook his head. Of course he wanted to, but he didn't dare; he never did it when someone else was around. Fucking was for him something dirty, something worth hiding, and he would have dropped dead of embarrassment if someone had watched him — especially not her newly loving fiancé!

Immediately after, he would have loved to sink into the floor, because Angel, enjoying the effect of the red pills and the syringe with her eyes closed, cared neither for him nor for Peter in her hotly rising horniness. The latter just grinned and nudged Pico with his elbow; Angel masturbated completely absorbed and the men watched her. Pico's palpitations only subsided when Angel leaned her head against the wall and dozed off after her wild orgasm.

Pico turned over on the sofa, resting his head at the foot of it when the light came on in the bedroom and peered furtively through the crack of the half-open door. Angel's ass looked wide and massive when she settled down on Peter's cock, riding him slowly at first, then faster and faster. Pico masturbated while he watched the two of them and when he had cum, he masturbated again after a while be-

cause they were far from finished. He almost jumped in arousal almost out of his skin when Angel slowed down and devoutly lowered herself onto Peter's cock. She kneaded a breast or slapped Peter's thighs as she came. Peter, who had been straining mightily and holding back, was not allowed to squirt only when Angel had calmed down after her orgasm and licked his cock and jerked it. Then they turned out the light.

At some point, in the middle of this day-long orgy, Pico was too intoxicated to keep a proper grip on himself. All at once he was sitting between the two of them on the Sofa; they were drinking and the half-naked Angel kept bending over Pico to cuddle with Peter. Her breasts tickled Pico's belly, her upper arm touched the bulge of his pants as if by accident; she half sat up and pulled his pants zip open, very slowly. Pico grinned fatuously in his drunkenness, for he could not have guessed that it was a precisely rehearsed choreography. Then she reached in and slowly pulled his cock out.

Pico was still grinning, his befuddled brain reacting far too slowly, and he felt somehow light and elated. Angel bent over and took his cock in her mouth. She sucked and licked him, stroking his balls gently and rubbing the shaft ever so lightly. Pico closed his eyes and enjoyed the rocking sensation of being drunk; he barely noticed that he was squirting, squirting into Angel's mouth and she immediately took her mouth off his cock. Pico did not see her smile, the only expression of her victory and power. She simply held his cock until he stopped squirting. Then they continued drinking without restraint.

Pico's fear gave way from that moment on. Peter had watched their goings-on with amusement and had not slain him. He drank some more and covered his initial fear with daredevil drinking. This could not go well, he slumped away and slept before hitting the carpet. When he woke up again, he made himself a strong black coffee and tried to clear his head. Late in the afternoon, the two woke up, and together they drank coffee in silence. Pico stared continuously into his cup, for his eyes were magnetically drawn to Angel's breasts, which were bare.

Peter went to check on the apartment, as he said. Angel and he remained alone, sitting across from each other in silence, and Pico didn't dare address her. She had opened a bottle of cheap white wine and poured it. The wine tasted sour at first after the sweet, strong coffee. After he had drunk a second glass slowly and sipped, his breathing calmed. He felt again the gentle indifference he got from the white wine. Angel left him alone, and after a while took her rubber hose and injected in the crook of her arm. Pico watched her in silence, watching her peacefully smiling face as she leaned back and listened to herself with her eyes closed, feeling the effects of the drug. Then Angel took a few more pills and leaned back. She smiled as if in a dream and ran a hand over her chest. Pico saw that she touched her pubis very lightly, again and again playfully over the cleft. Just a very little bit, but Pico noticed that she was very aroused. After a few moments she stood up smiling and sat down beneath him. The shirt, which actually belonged to Peter, was open, hiding nothing. She smelled of vanilla.

Before Pico knew it, Angel had laid him out on the sofa and was undressing him. He was still terribly hungover and wanted to protest, but her kisses stifled any such emotion. Passively, he lay there and let her. He thought about the fact that Peter's cock was thick and quite crooked, while his was a bit thinner but quite straight. He wondered if Angel liked his thinner cock as much as Peter's thick one. Angel stroked his testicles and cock, licking and kissing it until it stiffened. Suddenly she swung one leg up and mounted him. He enjoyed the moment when her vagina engulfed his cock. Although he was unaccustomed to the position, he liked it that way, seeing her large, beautiful breasts above him and feeling the tightness and wetness enveloping his cock.

She loomed high above him, and he groped for her nipples as she began to rock. She slid her vagina low down and then way up again. Pico was afraid his cock would slide out of her vagina, but Angel stopped in time and sank back down low, swallowing him whole again completely. She caressed her breasts and belly, slipping her hand into her black thicket again and again. He could feel her vaginal muscles contracting in tiny contractions as her fingertips slid one by one over her clit. She rode him rhythmically, as if driven by an

excenter she stood almost still at the climax of her riding motion, to let herself slide heavily low down over slide down over his cock. Smiling, she leaned back, forgetting him completely. Pico felt her fingers rubbing fast circles over her clit, fingertips touching his cock, over and over. Tirelessly, her outstretched fingers circled her clit, and he marveled again at her introverted arousal as she masturbated. She threw her head back and quickly fanned her clit with one finger until the orgasm came. The giantess slumped over him, burying his face beneath her breasts. Her grinding vaginal muscles worked the cock, flexing and rubbing it; he felt the intangible inner workings of her vagina throbbing urgently against the tip of his glans; the vaginal muscles tightened rhythmically, literally milking him. He gave a short roar like a deer and had to squirt.

Angel straightened up immediately as he squirted, looking up at him with wide eyes smiling; she slowly slid up and down on him so that his cock kept rising up and drilling into her while load after load squirted up into her vagina. When he was done, she sank down over him. She had buried him under her, buried and almost smothered him as she lay on top of him, rubbing her clit with tiny movements, only to stop immediately as she convulsed in orgasm. Pico already thought it was over, but she groped the clit again and took only seconds to orgasm again. Pico lay there panting and paused while she continued quietly. She rubbed her clit to a dozen orgasms and at the end she masturbated very violently and screamed aloud in excitement, orgasming passionate and hard. After some time, Angel straightened up and gasped, "Whew, that was good!"

It was hard for Pico when Peter came back; he had thought back and forth about how to confess it to Peter; but somehow there was a silent communication going on between Peter and Angel, for Peter knew it apparently already. He gave Pico a friendly tap on the shoulder and said that was okay, that he had been afraid that Pico was gay or that he was not good with women. It was all right for his relationship with Angel, he pretended, and he didn't mind at all if they fucked each other.

Parallel to the resulting reduction of inhibitions was Peter's announcement that the other apartment (the one he already lived in

anyway) would soon be taken care of, that he and Angel would not be on Pico's heels for no longer on the pellet squat. Pico didn't know it yet, but Peter had now everything he needed for his further strategy.

That night, all three of them slept in the bedroom. Ever since Peter's return that afternoon, the unspoken question had been lingering in the room about who was going to get it on with Angel. Like in a cheaply made porn movie, they took turns teasing Angel, trying to bring her to orgasm with their fingers, although neither Peter nor Pico succeeded. Angel laughed and made a good face at this game, took red pills again and again and got very horny from it. She teased them both more and more until she had both men so worked up that they both wanted it at the same time. Peter laughed when he told Pico to take Angel from behind and Pico shook his head violently protesting. Angel could hardly wait for Pico to quickly slip under her, get his cock in position with his hand and start fucking her vagina quickly. "That's right," Peter grumbled, "let's get it on then!" and drilled his cock into Angel's ass.

Pico wondered how clearly he could feel Peter's cock. Peter seemed to be able to feel it as well, and grinning, pushed through the soft skin against Pico's glans. Pico felt Angel lying all soft and relaxed on top of him and Peter was actually fucking him. He pushed his hard-on deep inside Angel while Peter was going at it like a steam engine. This was so horny that Pico soon squirted. He stayed soft and gooey inside Angel while Peter kept pounding. Pico licked one of Angel's nipples and teased the other with his hand. Angel became very aroused by his touch and Peter's hammering and panted loudly as Peter squirted; Pico could feel his squirting quite clearly.

The next morning, Pico was the first to get up and he made coffee. When he came into the bedroom with the three cups, they were still sound asleep. Pico went back into the kitchen and put the cups down. A considerable time later he quietly went into the bedroom to the two sleeping, lay down next to Angel and touched her delicately without waking Peter. He guessed that this had been their last night together, and he felt soft and sensitive. Angel woke up and followed him to the living room couch. For a while their mutual touches remained soft and gentle, but then she felt his cock become firm and swung herself

over him. She humped him gently and slowly, then paused for seconds on the glans tip before lowering her hips again. Pico closed his eyes because it just wasn't working. He only looked up when Angel squatted down beside him to pleasure him with her hand. She did it very quickly and looked away as his semen splashed onto her hand.

They drank coffee in silence afterwards. Pico thought he might be able to help them move, but Peter shook his head vigorously and said the two or three bags with their belongings they could easily carry alone. The time passed infinitely slowly until Peter said they should leave now. Pico continued to look after them from the landing for a long time as they went down the stairwell.

In the last few days and hours, Pico thought, touched, he had come closer to the two of them as hardly anyone before. This closeness, this feigned familiarity, made him shiver. He didn't think for a split second that he might be just a bishop or a pawn in Peter's criminal chess game.

Pico, the poor fool, was once again deeply moved.

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The Blackmail

Pico was beside himself when Peter told him what to do. He was to set up, through his bank — through a chain of numbered accounts at other banks — a clean, not easily traceable path for the money Peter expected from his victims. Creditors. Pico understood perfectly well that Peter had started extorting again and was now enlisting him to do the same.

They sat across from each other in Peter's "new" pad and argued. Peter had inserted a video tape at the beginning of their conversation; with growing horror, Pico realized that it was one of his hoarded treasures. Sonja in action. Peter interrupted his demonstration after a few moments and stopped the tape. With his finger Peter pointed to the upper right corner of the picture, where the wall mirror had slowly slid into view. Pico's portrait in the mirror. Clear and plain. Grinning, Peter asked Pico if he wanted to see more or if that was enough for him. Pico was stunned and nodded sheepishly; if this became known, he would go to jail for the rest of his life! He muttered it half aloud to himself, and Peter affirmed loudly. He had no choice, that much was clear. "The little bitch is not 14, more like 13 years old," Peter grinned insinuatingly.

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The still image flickered uneasily on the screen; the cheap electronics failed to hold the still image and the distorted image kept breaking up; it almost seemed as if Sonja was being torn into pieces again and again. Pico nervously asked Peter to turn it off. Peter took out the tape and put it on the shelf. "I copied all your tapes," he said lightly, "besides, I made several copies so you wouldn't get any stupid ideas!" Peter smiled smugly and sat back. Pico almost screamed aloud in anger and indignation until he realized the futility of his protest. Now he sat slumped in his chair, turning the half-empty wine glass with his fingers. The thought that there were only videos of Sonja flashed through his mind; he had never filmed himself in action. Had he? Was the camera rolling the last time when he had

fucked Sonja? He stared into the glass, waiting silently, mortified, to see what Peter actually wanted.

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Peter explained his idea and Pico woke up from his lethargy, listening wide awake. He struggled with himself for a moment about whether to point out the small but crucial mistakes to Peter, then decided to do so: it was also about his fate. He told Peter that there were still at least two remittances and some remittances to numbered accounts at Swiss banks would have to be made, so that the trail would be lost in a circle that outwardly appeared to be meaningless. In reality, the money would go on in two tranches, and this could be done covertly. Peter thought for a long time, then nodded. Besides, he said, he wanted to run a test first, perhaps with five thousand dollars to start with, then they would see.

Once again, Pico rebelled, trying to dissuade Peter from his plan. Besides, he wanted his tapes back, all of them. Peter nodded, that's fine. At the same time, Pico knew that he could never be sure that there were not still copies somewhere and it was clear to him that he had Peter on his back for life. Peter poured more wine and once again described how the the blackmail was to be carried out. At least he wanted to find out in this first round whether the blackmailed man, a Stuttgart dentist, complained to his financial partner (he probably did) and whether he called the police (this was very unlikely). The financial partner, however, would do his own investigation — and find out nothing. Peter said that if they waited two weeks and there were no complications, then things had gone well, he would start the operation big. How big, Pico inquired. Peter looked at him in amazement and then grinned, "Well, about a Million dollars, that's how much it will be."

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Pico whistled through his teeth, sipping his wine thoughtfully. "That's quite a lot!" he said to Peter, "they'll use their best people to find your trail!" Peter laughed. "Why mine? That's your lead, isn't it!" He poured another glass of wine and told Pico that everything would work out. And it shouldn't be his loss, after all, if he was careful

enough, nothing would come of it, and Pico would get a share of ten percent.

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Pico finished his glass and shook his head. The test thing was nonsense, he said. Probably the thing does not work, and if, then at most only once. It was a case of hop or drop, and it would be extremely unwise to give the opponent two or more weeks to investigate. The whole thing would have to be done abruptly, quickly and without delay, and after that there should not be a single action, not another trace. The inquiries would certainly lead to him after two or three weeks, he was sure, because Peter's former employers employed excellent people. And last, ten percent was lousy. They disputed like bazaar salesmen and finished with 25 percent. Pico's mind worked on a solution, the struggle for 25 percent was to buy him time to think.

They discussed back and forth for a long time, talking to the wine, and Pico calmed down a bit as he thought intently about his own plan. If he didn't make a mistake, he would remain visible but invisible as a person to everyone; how Peter was going to hide from his employer's bloodhounds later was something he thought about only briefly; let him see how he coped. Peter promised to hand over all the videotapes to him after the action and seemed to mean it sincerely; Pico knew he had to trust Peter whether he wanted to or not. Nevertheless, Pico wanted to proceed as prudently as possible and not to let Peter in on all the details. That he was also cooking his own soup to get out of Peter's stranglehold, only he and the wind knew.

First he discussed with Herzog, later also with Dr. Kantor, that an important customer, a trustworthy appearing sailing partner named Peter Weichsler, had asked for a secret numbered account through which he wanted to handle some transactions. He invented a little inheritance story in which Weichsler had diverted undeclared money from the estate before the executor accessed it. This money would have to be deposited and later paid out in cash to Weichsler. Pico had cleverly chosen a time when Dr. Kantor had little time and listened only half-heartedly to his drivel. Then Dr. Kantor rushed on, to his

next appointment; before that, he instructed Herzog to do it for Pico for once. Behind Pico's back, he still gestured to Herzog with his hand that old Pico probably was a little bit crazy before he left.

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Pico rummaged awkwardly in his leather bag, then handed Herzog 120,000 shillings as the first deposit in Peter Weichsler's secret numbered account. Herzog raised his eyebrows in astonishment, but Pico explained that this was only the first tranche, the cash, so to speak, that would be withheld from the community of heirs. The total would certainly amount to several Million. Herzog whistled through his teeth and muttered that the Weichsler was a sly dog and that he did not want to be his brother! Pico did not take off his mask of simpletonism until he stood on the street again and took a deep breath. One, he thought to himself, that was One. Now came Two, and Two was the more difficult part.

He took the night train to Zurich and duly identified himself at four banks as a member of the board of Kantor-Bank. Naturally, all four immediately made inquiries and received confirmation from the Kantor-Bank that everything was legal — Herzog had been prepared by Pico for the inquiries. He then set up numbered accounts for his client Peter Weichsler, each time showing the bank receipt he had prefabricated, stating that Peter Weichsler wanted to transfer through Kantor-Bank some one and a half Million Dollars via the Kantor-Bank. Herzog had been easily duped into not only countersigning the 120,000 shillings. Herzog, who thought he was dealing with a simpleton and could hardly be restrained in his arrogance — Dr. Kantor had signaled to him that Pico was not all there in the mind! Now all accounts pointed to Herzog and Peter, let the two of them themselves cope with the consequences.

When he called on Peter again in Vienna, he told him an account number to which the blackmailed victims would have to pay in. Then he revealed to Peter two more accounts, because those were the ones to which the money would be sent in the circle. The fourth account he concealed, as well as the account at the Kantor-Bank.

The next few days he hardly slept, so excited was he. Every day he met with Peter, gradually memorizing the names of the extorted victims and the amounts, while Peter was already in a buying frenzy. They drank a lot and argued again and again, because Pico was afraid they would be found out. He didn't even have to pretend to be afraid. In truth, he was in a hopeless situation and hoped to somehow get out of it. Peter had scraped together what was left of his savings while he was away, borrowed money from others and borrowed money from others and gave it to Angel. At the same time, he instructed Angel to go into hiding in Amsterdam for at least two months until the coast was clear and he would follow. Which, of course, he never intended to do.

Pico's call to Zurich brought clarity: much of Peter's demands had been had been received. He forced himself to remain calm and concealed it from Peter, or more precisely, he only laconically informed Peter that it was not yet time. In the evening, when Peter was on his pub crawl, as he did every evening, he drove straight to Zurich, left the money in Peter's name as planned and the next day withdrew all the cash in the fourth account — about half — under Peter's name again, of course; Peter's ID and Herzog's power of attorney did their part. With the valise full of dollar bills he drove to Vienna. A short visit to Herzog, during which he complained bitterly about Peter Weichsler's hesitant and procrastinating behavior and withdrew all the money, the 120,000 shillings. Weichsler had now got cold feet and wanted his money back, he complained. Herzog found that both Pico and Weichsler had a screw loose in their brains and closed the file grumblingly.

Pico went to Peter and told him that they could now go to Zurich to pick up the loot; with not a word he mentioned that he had just come from Zurich and had already taken much of the loot to safety. Peter nodded absent-mindedly and fetched a bottle of wine, which they drank down slowly before hurrying to the night train.

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Pico really was crazy enough to want to cheat Peter.

The Deadly Controversy

Pico and Peter traveled to Zurich to pick up the money, which Peter put in his travel bag and then never let it out of his hand. They strolled around in the city, sat in the coffee houses, and fed the swans on the lakeshore. Peter pondered and mused half aloud to himself why so little had arrived; he went through his list in his head to pick out those who had resisted his threats. Pico remained silent, while Peter raged inwardly, seething against his victims. Evening gradually fell again; they hurried to catch the night train to Vienna.

The wine makes everything worse, Pico thought as they sat drinking in Peter's apartment. He drank carefully and wait, Peter immediately began to evaluate the booty and carelessly downed the wine. He studied the bank statement in detail and checked off the names on his list. With some names he made question marks, underlined them angrily or drew squiggles around the names. He just couldn't believe that this one or that one had resisted. Pico stayed silently in the background until Peter finished.

"I think that's all of them" said Pico, "there can be a few stragglers at most, but nothing major. We should get out of here now!" Peter shook stubbornly his head. "They'll pay, all of them!" he hissed obstinately, half-reading aloud the names of the outstanding payments. Pico was dog-tired from the long drive, he was tired from the red wine and he didn't have a good feeling about the whole thing. He told Peter that, too.

For a while he listened to Peter's lecturing, who was getting more and more into the fantasy of doing the thing again, with much higher amounts, with much larger sums. The wine made Peter more and more megalomaniac. Pico shook his head and interjected again and again that something like this only happen once and only if you leave immediately, preferably to Argentina or somewhere else in South America or the Far East. He thought about the third and most difficult part, the release of the videos. He was sure that Peter, when he

was sobered up and come to his senses, would then immediately leave for Amsterdam, to Angel. He was to be wrong.

Peter had drunk far too much in the meantime and was getting deeper and deeper into his thoughts of revenge. There was no turning back, and what was that stupid Pico babbling about stopping and running away?! No, he would not leave until everyone had paid, everyone! He rummaged in a drawer and took out a heavy automatic pistol, slamming it down on the table in front of Pico, whose eyes widened in horror. "They Pay! all of them!" he thundered, slamming with the gun again on the tabletop. Pico was frozen in shock and could not take his eyes off the gun. He had never touched a gun before.

"What do you need that for?" he asked after a while, whispering so as not to wake the evil that lurked somewhere in the room.

Peter enjoyed his new position of power, which his drunkenness made him believe. Nonchalantly he waved the heavy pistol in his hand and said with a heavy tongue: "Actually, I had planned everything differently. Angel has already left for Amsterdam, and if everything works out with the money, I will drive to the Danube at night, deposit shoes, clothes and a farewell letter on a bank, which will make it easy for the police to declare me dead. Stay with Angel for a while before moving on. Out, to golden freedom!" Peter reached for his wine glass briskly and toasted an imaginary counterpart before putting the red wine to his lips with a sweeping gesture and drank it down greedily.

Pico had become more and more uncomfortable at these words, because either Peter in his steam didn't know at all anymore where was up and where was down, or he considered him totally naive. Of course, Peter knew as well as he did that without a corpse one would hardly declare someone dead without a body. And where was Peter supposed to get a corpse? It became all too clear to Pico that Peter had only to hold his automatic close enough to his head to have a corpse with a totally mangled face, and that could probably be done quite easily. He was also already slightly drunk and panicked, al-

though he should have told himself that there was no acute danger yet. But Pico panicked easily, had to gain time to be able to run away.

“The suicide note,” he gasped, “the suicide note — surely it doesn’t exist yet, does it?!” He hoped to bring Peter back down to earth by mentioning such trivial facts. But again he was mistaken. Peter casually stood up and picked up an envelope that had been inconspicuously wedged between two books. He almost seemed a little annoyed. “There!” he barked, “the suicide note!” As if under compulsion, Pico glanced at the sheet and read: “I can’t go on, I can’t stand it any longer. I have gone too far! Forgive me!” Peter’s handwriting. Peter’s signature.

So short and sweet — but it would do. Pico ran over the situation in his head, suspecting that the police might be more likely to assume the truth in such a simple yet confused-looking suicide note than in a highly complicated, beautifully drafted text that would indicate cool calculation rather than confusion and desperation. Peter carefully tucked the suicide note back on the shelf and came over to the table. Resolutely he downed the red wine and muttered, “Why should they investigate at any length — all the indications of a suicide and a suicide note: stamp under it, file closed! Bang! Case closed! Just no unnecessary work!”

Probably everything would have turned out differently if Pico had not expressed his doubts. His doubts that a suicide without a body does not disappear so easily in the drawer. They would certainly search with divers, fire department and water police to search the entire banks of the Danube. For days, maybe weeks. And without a body ...

He immediately fell silent as he felt the cold, hard muzzle of the pistol against his temple felt. In the seemingly endless seconds, panic-stricken thoughts rolled over in Pico’s brain.

The end, the real end!

But nothing happened. Pico felt the hard thing on his temple wobble slightly as Peter drank. Then he wiped his mouth with the back of

his hand and said, “If you need a body, then that’s not a problem, isn’t it?”

Probably everything would really have been different if Pico hadn’t been under such a stress and had he noticed in time that Peter had only made a bad joke. So he was really full of mortal fear and uttered a shrill, animalistic scream. The speed with which he jumped up took Peter completely by surprise. Pico clawed with both hands at the first thing he saw in front of him, clutched Peter’s hand with the gun and pushed it away from him. Almost as if in a trance, he saw the muzzle bore into Peter’s chest, then only heard the bright, muffled bang.

Like two dancers, they faced each other, frozen in a strangely twisted choreography. Pico slowly let go of Peter. Peter, with a puzzled expression on his face, slowly spun on his axis and sank in a slow pirouette onto the chair. His hand with the pistol dropped powerlessly, and the pistol rumbled to the floor. He reached with an astonished expression for his chest, from which the blood was beginning to flow slowly, over his shirt onto the belt buckle and then onto the seat between his thighs. Astonished, he looked at Pico and wanted to say something, but his mouth remained open. He exhaled, the last time, and the air escaped with a ghastly sound, then his head fell on his chest.

Pico stood rigid and silent. What had happened? How could this have happened? His head, in which until a split second ago the thoughts had been racing full of panic had rolled over, was suddenly as empty swept. He couldn’t think of anything, just stared at Peter, who had just died within a fraction of a second. He just stared at Peter, who had just died within fractions of a second, stared at the blood that was now slowly dripping onto the floor. He did not dare to touch Peter and determine whether he was perhaps still alive — no, Peter was surely dead. Pico stood undecided and stared at the pool of blood that was gradually growing larger under the chair.

He did not know later how much time had passed before he woke up from this torpor. His first thought was of the video, he quickly stepped to the shelf and found it immediately, then rummaged through the shelves for a few more minutes and found another tape.

There was no other video tape anywhere to be found. When he turned around again, he saw that Peter's body was slowly turning to the side. He feared Peter would fall to the floor, but the body remained bent over, hanging bent over the armrest. He picked up Peter's victims list, jammed it in his pocket. In a wild panic, Pico raced out of Peter's apartment and ran out into the night.

He didn't stop running until he had almost reached home. He had to stop for a few seconds to catch his breath, and tried to get a grip on his thoughts, or rather to get a clear thought out of his head. Peter was dead, and he was to blame. He would be locked up, and if he ever get out, he would be a very, very old man. Pico shuddered at the thought. It was an accident, a real accident, but only Peter and he knew that.

Slowly he walked to his apartment, then made himself a strong tea and smoked in silence. There was probably nothing he could do, nothing but sit there and wait for them to come. At least he had taken the videotapes with him, he would have been embarrassed if they had found them at Peter's.

Suddenly a thought popped into his head. First vague, then bright and clear. Quickly he got dressed again, put the large orange envelope in his coat pocket and rushed back to Peter's apartment. At the apartment door, which was only ajar, he stopped and waited until his heart stopped its fearful galloping thump. No, it was dead silent, nothing stirred. Apparently no one had been there in the meantime.

Peter was still lying over the armrest, the pool of blood under the chair seemed to have grown darker. Peter pulled the envelope with the 120,000 shillings out of his coat pocket and slid it between the books on the shelf, then he took Peter's suicide note out of the envelope and put it on the table. He searched all the cupboards and the big shelf again, but he couldn't find any more videotapes. He stared at Peter for ten minutes, but he was dead, dead as a doornail. He looked around again carefully, took Peter's travel bag with all the Dollars and went home again. This time he pulled Peter's door shut behind him after making sure the apartment key was inside.

Naturally, he immediately checked what was on the tapes. He was initially reassured that they were his originals. He hadn't found any copies, so Peter must have lied to him. Most of them, he noted with satisfaction, only depicted Sonja alone masturbating and having orgasms. She could do it better every time. But there were also some sequences where he masturbated Sonja's vagina with his thumb. He was annoyed, because he was clearly recognizable. And then the most embarrassing shot of him fucking her, fucking her mercilessly. He watched it several times. Sonja coming to a violent orgasm, an orgasm that lasted until the end of the fucking, for a good ten minutes. It was really insanely exciting, but at the same time terrifying, how the girl's body was torn apart by the orgasms again and again. How she desperately tried to stop the fucking. Him and his cock whipping the little girl relentlessly from orgasm to orgasm. The little girl kept fainting, it was too much for her body. She was really passed out when he finally came to squirt. His balls danced excitedly as he squirted into the little virgin for what seemed like an eternity. Only after the 14th squirt inside did he roll to the side. Sonja woke up and hastily got dressed. Pico had to watch this rape a dozen times before he hid the tapes.

Under the false tiled stove in the small room was a cavity where Uncle Aldo had already hidden his treasures during the war. Pico crawled around the stove on all fours until he found the right tile. He had to squeeze the pornographic pictures he had hoarded and the videotapes very tightly, because otherwise he wouldn't have been able to stow everything in there. But after a few minutes, all the compromising material was gone, for the time being. Later he would certainly have to think of something else. He stacked the money in a smaller travel bag and hid it in the anteroom, behind the suitcases and bags in the coat closet.

He could hardly sleep, just nodding off for minutes at a time, then drinking tea again, smoking. Only when the morning began to gray did his head sink onto his forearms. It was almost noon when the doorbell rang.

He was almost relieved when he invited the two detectives in. They gave their names, showed their IDs, and looked around the

rooms first before sitting down at the kitchen table. Pico was dead tired, but composed and surprisingly calm. He stood next to the officers with a questioning face as they looked around wordlessly. He looked at them again as they sat down and then asked, because it seemed the most natural question, "What is this about, please?"

The two looked at each other, then the older one nodded. Did he know a certain Peter Weichsler, to which he replied in the affirmative. Where he knew him from, the older one asked, and immediately followed up by asking if they could smoke. But the question seemed to come from pure routine, because the ashtray, full to the brim, was still on the table. Pico nodded, and they all three smoked, silently. Did they want a drink, Pico asked, but they declined. So, the older one asked, again, how he knew Peter. Why, what about Weichsler? Pico asked dully, and when the two were silent, he said he knew Peter from sailing trips. They had met on the exam cruise, done six or seven cruises together after that and would meet casually once-twice a month, mostly in the surrounding pubs.

Pico asked again what was wrong with Peter, nothing had happened to him!? The officers were silent at first, then the older one said that Weichsler had apparently taken his own life. Peter flinched and half stood up, shaking his head. But, said the officer, Weichsler probably shot himself in the early hours of the morning. "I don't believe it!" exclaimed Pico, genuinely startled, for now they were in the midst of disaster, in the midst of the most dangerous area. He slumped back on the chair and shook his head repeatedly. "Last night, we drank together for a long time" said Pico shaking his head, knowing that he had to stay very close to the truth if he wanted to have even the slightest chance.

"Yes, we know," said the younger man, and this was the first thing he said that morning. "The neighbors told us right away that you had been there until almost midnight and that it had been pretty noisy too!" The younger one didn't seem as jovial as the other, perhaps he also knew more. Pico suddenly felt he had to be very careful.

Actually, they hadn't been loud at all, Pico said, or not particularly. One had presumably no longer paid attention after some glasses of

wine whether one disturbed the neighbors. Then the older one asked if he had noticed anything about Weichsler. Pico wiggled his head and said vaguely, not really. He asked if he knew Peter's gun, but he could calmly answer no. He had never touched the devil's thing, so he lied. No, they didn't know each other that well, he didn't know very much about Peter, he said and pretended to think about how little he knew Peter. The younger man inquired and wanted to know what exactly it had been about yesterday.

Peter knew he had to lie now, and cleverly too. He stammered something about "this and that," then said that on these long evenings they would reminisce about old memories of sailing trips they had taken together, but the range extended to the political issues of the day. Actually, they chatted the whole evening, without a specific topic, but just about everything. Whether they talked about money, the younger one asked, looking at him somberly.

Oh, the money, said Pico. No, that would have been the day before yesterday or two days ago. He was embarrassed to talk about it, he said. "There's nothing embarrassing there," the younger man growled, "you have to tell us everything, everything!" Pico said that he had retired, but that he was not allowed to talk to anyone about the bank or bank customers to anyone, it was like keeping the confessional secret. The younger man looked at him sternly, very sternly. Pico looked at him for a few seconds until he felt uncomfortable, then he told the two of them the same story with which he had already lured Dr. Kantor and the stupid Herzog. And that he could not, of course, give any exact information about the alleged inheritance Peter had always kept a very low profile and had avoided any details.

So, what about the money now, the younger official asked, visibly impatient. Peter explained that, as a good friend, he had wanted to do him a kindness and opened an anonymous account at the Kantor-Bank for Peter. Then Peter behaved more and more strangely and just two days ago, he demanded that he get his money back. So he took the money back from the bank and gave it to Peter. He also reproached Peter that evening (and Pico cleverly wove in that it might have been the noisy evening that the neighbors had mentioned), because that evening he had once said loud and clear that he had made

a completely fool of himself at the bank. First he told the bank how trustworthy Peter was, and two days later the account was closed again because Peter was acting like a moody prima ballerina and no longer knew what he wanted to do with his savings.

And you can prove all that, the official checked to see if he had anything. He thinks so, said Pico, because in the bank would be the receipts and possibly also a conversation note to find; that was so usual. He had given the money to Peter right away, it must be in the apartment, perhaps still in an envelope from the Kantor-Bank, 120,000 shillings. The older nodded and confirmed that they had secured the envelope and the same amount.

The younger one glanced at him, almost a little incensed, for apparently he was pursuing a different strategy. He turned back to Pico and asked if he had a letter from Peter, something handwritten. Pico at first denied it, they had never written letters to each other, but then he said, "Just a moment!", went to the bookshelf and picked out a beautiful coffee-table book about historic Windjammers and Old Ships. Peter had given it to him once for Christmas, he explained, and there was a handwritten dedication on the front page. The official looked at it closely, then asked if he could take it, to which Pico shrugged and said yes. Would he get the book back? The officer said as soon as the investigation was over, then he tore a sheet from his notepad, wrote "Weichsler/Rizzi" and Pico's address on it, and put the sheet into the coffee table book. They sat in silence and smoked.

He would hear from them again, the younger man said, perhaps he would also have to go to the police station for further questioning, but then he would receive a written summons. They stood up. Pico nodded, his throat tightening. In a moment the officer would say he could not leave town without his permission, but nothing of the sort happened. At the door, the officer turned again and looked inquiringly at Pico. "You really noticed nothing about Weichsler last night?" Pico froze, then shook his head. No, it was business as usual, Peter had been drinking heavily, as usual, and, of course, gloating over everyone, because that's what he always did. Peter always blamed "them" and "they" for his professional downfall, as well as for all other misery. Peter always blamed "them" and "they," but that he

would kill himself right away, no, he never thought that, Pico said. He would never have believed that Peter could get so carried away with his tirades.

“I was just talking to my wife again today at breakfast about the fact that suicides always announce their deed beforehand — it will probably be no different with Weichsler, I said”, said the older. Pico noticed only now that the official seemed to be rather clumsily imitating the television hero Inspector Columbo. But perhaps he was again only deceived by his nerves, which were stretched to breaking point.

No, Peter had not announced anything, not to him. Otherwise he would not have calmly gone home, yesterday evening, but would have sat with him all night, if it had to be, to talk him out of the nonsense. Pico paused and pretended to think for a long time. “I’d do that for any friend or buddy, that’s the way it should be!” groaned Pico. The older man nodded in agreement. The thought that they might take him away and find out by some technical method that there were traces of gunpowder on his hand choked his throat. It would be over, Pico thought, and the sudden self-pity brought water to his eyes.

“Damn it,” he said in an angry undertone, “how can you be so stupid!”

The officers looked at each other meaningfully, the older one jovially put his hand on Pico’s shoulder and shook it chummily, then they nodded goodbye and left. Pico remained standing motionless for a few seconds, then he sat down. His nerves were shot, he wanted an acquittal, right now, but there was nothing he could do. He could only wait and hope they found nothing and closed the case.

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The Chaser

Henri Moret drummed his fingers on the desk top as he always did when he was angry or nervous. He had picked up the phone and listened expressionlessly to what Devenaz on the other end of the line. After the first few sentences, he knew that Devenaz was right and that Weichsler, that complete idiot, had taken action again. They both knew that it could only be Weichsler. Moret thanked Devenaz with a nod of his head, though the other couldn't see that, and hung up.

His gaze slid to the silver-plated picture frame on his desk. What might have prompted his father years ago to enter into such an uncertain standstill agreement with Weichsler? Well, he certainly had every intention of not backing down this time. On the contrary. Weichsler deserved a severe punishment — and the more insiders learned about it, the more he could chalk it up as a success for himself. No one should believe that he would let anyone off cheaply. Irritated, he stopped drumming his fingers when he became aware of it and picked up the phone.

Another day, Wimmer and the one in the floppy hat were sitting in his office. Moret walked over to the closet and looked inquiringly to see if they wanted a drink, too. Wimmer nodded, the one with the floppy hat remained silent. Henri Moret was annoyed that he never took off his hat, not even in the directors office, but so what? Moret poured two glasses and used the time to think about Wimmer and his Wimmer and his shadow. Wimmer and Partners, the best hunters in western Switzerland and always responsible for cleaning up the Moret-s empire. They worked quickly and discreetly, and were well worth the big bucks they charged. Wimmer had been in the private sector long enough to understand complexities — no, thugs they were not. They were both licensed private detectives, Moret knew, although Wimmer ran a tiny photography business in Lausanne as a cover, but why Wimmer didn't officially run a detective agency was

beyond him. He took the drinks and went to the table, where he handed Wimmer a glass before sitting down.

The one in the floppy hat suddenly pointed his index finger at one of the documents Wimmer was looking through. Wimmer nodded and looked up. "It's the second one, the" he glanced briefly at the papers, searching for the name, "the Rizzi, P. Rizzi, the one from the Vienna Bank," Wimmer looked again at the papers spread out before him, "Kantor Privatbank."

"Weichsler has found a clever companion, that's quite clear!" he said again, and glanced at Moret. "What do you expect?"

Henri Moret felt uncomfortable in his skin. Devenaz had meticulously gathered and neatly noted down. Of course, when he read the reports, it was immediately clear to him and later to Moret how the deal had gone down. The only new thing was that Weichsler had a partner with banking experience. That made him even more dangerous. Moret gave himself a jolt before replying, "I want all the money back, and I want Weichsler just as much. Unharmd," he continued with a shy sidelong glance at Wimmer's somber-looking partner.

What about Rizzi, Wimmer asked. But Moret shook his head. "I want Weichsler and the money. I don't care about Rizzi — probably Weichsler has used him so cleverly that he doesn't even know the true story at all." Wimmer looked at him doubtfully, and objected that Weichsler would never be able to make such a complicated merry-go-round, but Moret could not go back; he had already made up his mind with Devenaz beforehand and insisted on his opinion, although Wimmer's objections seemed to him quite right.

Wimmer drank his glass empty in one go. Before setting the glass down on the tabletop, his gaze slid for a moment to the man in the floppy hat. Then he said simply, "All right, Mr. Moret, as you wish!" Both rose and took their leave with a brief nod of the head. Moret called Devenaz to tell him that the two bloodhounds were on their way.

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The Beautiful Olivia

The cab driver grumbled grumpily when Pico told him Aunt Olivia's address. Pico felt hurt, for the fare would surely cost quite a bit. Later, as they drove along the coastal road toward Porto Andraitx, the mood lightened and the chauffeur nodded with satisfaction when he realized that Pico was not Spanish. He enlightened Pico that only the Catalans said San Telmo, because the place is really called Sant Elmo. He didn't love them, the Catalans, really!

A good half hour later, Pico was standing in front of Aunt Olivia's house. He was here for the first time, because Uncle Rodolfo's funeral more than half a year ago had been held in silence, only among the closest relatives, as Rodolfo had stipulated in his will. When he later received the letter from Aunt Olivia informing him that he had inherited Uncle Rodolfo's ship, the TITANIA, he was at first bitter. Uncle Rodolfo had earned enough money from the bar in Palma to afford the ship's cost. Pico could not handle that, he could not be happy at first with the thought of owning such a large ship. But months later, when Peter was dead and the elderly detective had asked him to come and give him back the coffee-table book, when the file marked "Suicide" in the cellar archive, when Pico had his money and also Peter's money in his second bank account, he was able to get something out of the affair with the ship after all. Also because it no longer suffered him in Vienna.

Olivia received him very graciously; she embraced him warmly and kissed him on both cheeks. They had not seen each other since Lila's funeral, and Olivia had aged quite a bit by now. Nevertheless, Pico noticed that she was blooming and cheerful despite her age. Pico knew she must be in her early or mid-sixties — there was something radiant, enthusiastic about her. She was small, slender and petite, for the years had apparently done little to her slender, girlish body. The deep wrinkles in her dark brown face gave her something gnome-like and interesting, her gray-blond hair was cut in pageboy fashion, but stood recalcitrantly off to the left and right. Pico knew

that she was of Mallorcan descent and still had quite a bit of Moorish blood in her veins, but was surprised anew that Olivia was blonde. Only later, when she was leafing through old photo albums with him, did it occur to him that she naturally had black hair, which she had always dyed blond.

Olivia had never been involved with Rodolfo's bar in Palma, even though the bar was Rodolfo's Life's work, his one and everything. She had defied him and had become more and more involved with esotericism, astrology, and then later with herbs and her garden plants. In the past decades they had drifted further and further apart; he often stayed in Palma for days at a time, as after the nightly curfew the drive home probably became more and more arduous for the old man. But perhaps also because they no longer had a shared bedroom and Rodolfo — although increasingly rare, still — grabbed the opportunity of the evening when it presented itself. Olivia was completely absorbed in her herbs, the essences and the witchcraft, she did not miss the sex for a long time...

Pico had no idea about esotericism, astrology or medicinal herbs. Patiently he listened to Olivia, who immediately led him into the garden and showed him her plants. Cautiously, he nodded to feign interest until she laughed and said she didn't want to bore him with her whims, then they went into the house. They drank spicy tea from her garden, then she told him about the funeral, which I'm sure Uncle Rodolfo would have enjoyed, with all the good or not so good friends and acquaintances who had come to the funeral. All the dignitaries of the surrounding towns were present, after all, Uncle Rodolfo was one of the most famous men in the area. Olivia asked him what had kept him in Vienna when the funeral took place, because all the living relatives had come, and now Pico would have to tell her about Peter's suicide and the subsequent criminological investigations. Olivia expressed her sympathy, since he had had lost a friend so tragically, but showed little sympathy for the sheriff, who would not have let Pico leave town, even for a funeral.

Already on the third day, Olivia asked what the two suitcases full of dollar bills were all about. Pico got a red head because she had gone through his things, but he answered, it was black money that he

had diverted in the bank, some 1,8 Million Dollars. No problem, she said, and made a phone call to her bank. She opened an account in her name where he could deposit the money and be authorized to sign for it. Problem solved. Olivia thought no more about it just a day later.

Pico felt comfortable in the guest room, showered and slept for an hour. In the evening Olivia led him through the small town and walked with him along the beach to the small natural cove where some fishing boats and the TITANIA were moored. He couldn't see much in the dusk, but he knew her from photos: a fifteen-meter wooden yacht that had been built in Taiwan. They discussed that they wanted to clean up the yacht, because in two months they were expecting Heinz, the son and heir of Uncle Rodolfo's business partner from Germany, who wanted to buy himself out of both the bar and the TITANIA — only the ship, he wanted to see a last time. Olivia had been born rich and with Rodolfos management she had become even richer, but it was against her nature to show off the bar or the ship in an unkempt state, let alone hand it over. In the evenings, he would sit with Olivia on the terrace and drink her homemade herbal liqueur, which contained quite a lot of alcohol.

Their conversation was odd; Olivia talked very fast in a mixture of Italian, Spanish, and Mallorcan; he spoke only a few scraps of Spanish, but struggled to keep up with her. Her Italian sounded strange to his ears, but probably his rusty Italian was also strange to her. Nevertheless, they understood each other. Their conversation was essentially about kinship, about the TITANIA, and about Olivia's witchcraft skills. Pico smiled when Olivia told them how she had treated some of the locals had removed warts with herbal decoctions or treated other troublesome things like rheumatism, cramps, or headaches. Olivia must have been a very busy woman, for the large house was in excellent condition and shone with cleanliness, although the two servants whom Rodolfo had employed in the past had taken well-deserved retirement and she was currently taking care of the house alone.

Pico lay restless in his bed, tossing and turning sleeplessly. He had been with Olivia for the third day with Olivia and could not escape

her spell, her erotic attraction. He couldn't get it out of his head that he had repeatedly looked covetously at Olivia's body on the terrace; she might be a lot older than he was, but she looked interesting and somehow beautiful and desirable. Again and again his gaze had slid to her small bosom, which shimmered through the thin nothing of a dress, again and again he had looked at her body, which was clearly visible under the gauzy fabric. She wore neither bra nor panties, he could hardly take his eyes off her beautiful nudity. If he looked very closely, it could be seen that she had shaved away her pubic hair. He couldn't help but think that regardless of her real age, her young girl's body had a very special erotic appeal. His desire was growing by the minute. Now he was turning restlessly in bed, trying to fall asleep despite all the tormenting thoughts and not think about her anymore. The burning in his abdomen grew stronger and stronger, desperately he rumbled the bedclothes until he could stand it no longer. He got up quietly and knocked softly on Olivia's door.

Sleepily she murmured what was the matter. He opened the door a crack wide and said quietly that he couldn't sleep, he couldn't fall asleep alone, he wasn't used to sleeping alone. His voice betrayed well-played, genuine desperation, which Olivia interpreted differently than it was, because he was desperate to have to use that rotten old trick. He repeated it two or three times until Olivia mumbled sleepily, yes, yes, it was good, he should finally go to sleep. Pico stepped into her bedroom and crawled naked into bed beside her. Olivia protested powerlessly, because she was still deep in her dream, and mumbled sleepily what he wanted from her, she was an old woman, and then she fell asleep again. Pico lay tensely under the blanket and waited until his heart calmed down.

Olivia awoke speechless. Pico had been infinitely careful to push up her gauzy nightgown and press his erection into it from behind, but she had become instantly wide awake. She smiled at the first moment she felt Pico's impatience and his wildly beating heart pounding in his cock. Overwhelmingly clear, she sensed that he was about to do her and penetrate; but she felt no pleasure at the moment, and in no way wanted to fuck him. She withdrew from him, gently pushed him back and sat up. Stupid boy, she muttered, what do you

want? He faltered for a moment, after a while he put a hand upon his cunt and masturbated.

No, she didn't really want that either, but she didn't want to offend him either. She tried one last time to talk him into it, but then she gave up, because there was obviously no point in trying to reason with him. She snorted and went into the next room to the Sofa to sleep on, and heard Pico moaning and groaning for a long time.

She closed her eyes and remembered, remembered things that were very far back. Rodolfo had never done it before her, but she remembered that when she was a little girl, she had sneaked to the bathroom after her father to the bathroom, often and often, for years. Curious and heart pounding, she had pressed one eye to the tiny little hole in the bathroom door and watched her father wash and shave naked. Her heart beat like mad when he stood wide-legged in front of the washstand and masturbated. Clearly she remembered his big, hairy hand rubbing his cock quickly. She held her breath when she saw in the mirror above the washstand how the bright jets pulsed out. When he afterwards humming contentedly, cleaned the washing shell, she hastily retreated to her children's room. From then on, her childish masturbation fantasies revolved around the bathroom mirror and her squirting father. Quite soon she found out that her father accepted the rejection by her cold mother good-naturedly and was content to masturbate daily for years. In her mind she competed with him, loved him fiercely in her obsession. These deeply buried memories came up again all at once. But also memories of Rodolfo.

Olivia heard the typical sounds through the open door as Pico masturbated like mad in the next room and cum with a loud yip. She had sat up and watched Pico's masturbation and violent cuming from close by.

Rodolfo and she rarely slept together soon after their wedding. She was only 18 and a real virgin when the dashing forty-year-old widower courted her, but when she slept with him, she was disappointed because she felt nothing during sex. Soon he was staying in town more and more often to take care of his new bar. The rumors

that he also took care of one or another pretty waitress, she did not believe.

Until her fourtyeth birthday she had some hundred young lovers to fuck, when she fell in love with a girlfriend. It was a shock to her then to discover that she loved this woman. When she was finally in bed with her, she knew that this was her destiny. The girlfriend had more experience than she did in all these things and taught her everything, because Olivia had grown up very sheltered and had only vague ideas about sex. Since she was a little child she masturbated every night feverishly until she fell asleep. Blissfully, she experienced orgasm in the arms of her friend and learned to make her equally happy.

It hurt her terribly when her girlfriend turned to someone else and left her. For months she mourned, letting Rodolfo fuck her silently and apathetically when he felt like it, and when she was alone again, she cried over the lost love. One day she woke up thinking the pain was over, but she felt nothing but emptiness. There followed a period in which she sought to replace the lost happiness with obsessive masturbation and fucking a lot of boys. She only stopped this obsession when she fell in love again.

And it was years before she fell in love again. But it was very different this time; not a fierce, insane love, but a fierce, purely physical desire and lust to go to bed with this girl. Olivia was ashamed at first, because her lover was still a young virgin, an inexperienced girl. Her own feelings confused her, but she still did everything she could to seduce the girl. Irritated, she admitted to herself that she was unconsciously taking the place of the lost lover by taking such a young lover.

It was a long time before Rodolfo spoke to her about it, and she felt in this conversation like a little lost bird that did not know its way in and out — she suffered from the vague fear of how Rodolfo would react to lesbian love. But he listened gently and empathetically, soothing her with soft words until her palpitations subsided. Rodolfo made her feel loved no matter who she took to bed. She believed that

she loved him, too, more than ever, even though she still couldn't feel anything during her daily sex with him.

A strange situation was developing. Physically, she felt climax only in the arms of her lover, but she still loved her husband, who discreetly stayed in the background, like a good friend and waited patiently to the night to fuck her. Sometimes she noticed his covetous glances, but it still took a very long time before she found out what he craved, what consumed him. At some point, late in the evening, as they sat on the porch drinking heavy wine after fucking, he confessed how much he wanted to be there to watch, how much he wanted to be with her when she made lesbian love. Olivia was startled, for this seemed to her like betrayal of her beloved. She froze in the middle of the conversation, and the last spark of her love for Rodolfo was buried deep under indignation and jealousy.

Some time later, Rodolfo surprised her and her lover in bed. They had neither of them heard him coming; now he stood drunkenly swaying naked under the door, watching them. Olivia was caressing the girl just and was pleased with her horniness, when she looked up and noticed him. Immediately she let go of the girl, who let herself sink back, mewling and languid. Rodolfo came closer and lay down with them. Uncertainty and fear filled Olivia as Rodolfo approached the girl and began to caress her; she had a dark suspicion of what he was really up to. The girl, however, smiled carelessly and closed her eyes in pleasure at drunken Rodolfo's pleasant masturbation of her. Olivia stared with her throat tightened at his erection approaching menacingly and screamed silently in horror when Rodolfo took the girl all of a sudden and deflowered her brutally. Her protest choked in her throat and when she tried to pull the girl from him, Rodolfo brutally pushed her back and continued fucking the girl. They fought with each other, but she got the girl free only when he became erratic because he had started to squirt inside the poor girl. Wild as a bull, Rodolfo pounced on Olivia, driving his wet behemoth into her and immediately continuing to squirt. Howling helplessly, Olivia freed herself from him as he went limp, then she wrapped the weeping girl in her arms and tried to comfort her.

The hatred and anger of that night never left Olivia. She and her lover could not get over that night, though together they tried to forget it. It destroyed their love; and when the girl left her for good, Olivia remained lonely and mostly renounced new relationships. Rodolfo regretted what he had done, but he could never make it up to her. Olivia refused completely and only allowed herself to be taken from him by force. He never knew that she had discovered how much sexual pleasure his violence secretly gave her. But this happened less and less often, for Rodolfo had aged rapidly and, when he passed sixty-five, soon had no desire at all. Olivia, though a good twenty years younger than he, did not miss it. She also felt something like revenge as she indulged in her obsessive masturbation night after night while he lay beside her, witnessing her rapture dull and impotent. Rodolfo had died two years ago, he was 74 then, she 53.

Olivia turned restlessly in bed, trying to fall back asleep. She was disappointed in Pico, she thought at first, how could he have made such an unworthy pass at her! The next morning, at breakfast, she wanted to make it clear to Pico that he could either go to a hotel or spend the night on the TITANIA. But then she admitted to herself that the disappointment was her own, since she had herself, since she had so lightly let him into bed with her — how could Pico have known that she was a lesbian and did not enjoy pleasure in screwing? No, Pico had even aroused her arousal a little, even if she had felt nothing at first. It came back to her that Rodolfo had told her about Lila and Pico in great detail and salaciously, because it hit him hard that his childhood sweetheart had been in Pico's bed for nearly 30 years. Olivia masturbated quietly, thinking of Rodolfo, who had taken fatherly care of the unfortunate Pico and who always drank a toast to Lila with him. Olivia was impressed by Pico's stiff cock, it was bigger than she would have expected. It surprised her a little, she had certainly fucked some hundred lovers and most of them had much smaller dicks and the fucking was mostly disappointing too. Olivia took off her thin nightgown and continued masturbating naked as she was used to. She hadn't masturbated for a couple of days and had to have it now urgently. She remembered the young Pico who had been so shaken by his grief for Lila that she had instantly had taken him to her heart. She pressed her lips together so as not to make a sound in orgasm as she rubbed her G-spot and trig-

gered the orgasm. She lay there for a long time and got up, went back into her bedroom and lay naked next to Pico. She had forgiven him and felt an unusual pleasure after her orgasm. She knew that she wanted to fuck Pico eventually. She put one arm under his neck, snuggled close to him and put her other hand on Pico's big cock. Then she fell asleep smiling.

The other day Pico was very contrite and clumsily tried to apologize. Olivia let him fidget for a while and listened to his stammering with amusement, then she laughed kindly and said it wasn't that bad and kissed him on the mouth.

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Olivia Loves Fucking

Pico's embarrassed reaction and boyish embarrassment greatly appealed to Olivia. Perhaps her loneliness had lasted too long, or perhaps she just wanted to just find out how much power her eroticism still had? That she found Pico, who was a few years younger, sexually very attractive, she would never, ever have admitted.

Their game began harmlessly and ended after two days with Pico's abandonment; but she was a little sad when she won the game, for later she sometimes wished she had rather lost it.

Olivia began the game innocuously, raising the stakes each time. She knew that her figure had remained remarkably youthful for her age. Makeup and see-through negligees were the first things she opened the game with. She teased him with her lasciviously displayed nudity, confusing him with the crackling of her eroticism. Whenever the opportunity arose, she gave him a deep insight into her cunt and smiled when he gawked and squirmed like a carp on dry land. She upped the ante, calling him out when she sat in front of the makeup mirror and painted her nipples with red paint made from mashed petals according to an ancient Egyptian recipe. Pico stared mesmerized at the fine brush and her blood-red nipples. She looked at him mockingly and asked him to bring her (a liqueur, a compact or whatever) from the living room. The poor guy almost tripped over his own feet when he set off.

Olivia knew how to move deftly enough in a negligee that it didn't look vulgar. Likewise, there were little tricks to tie the somewhat sagging breasts a little higher, more aggressively, without the trick being immediately visible. In the thin silk cape she flew and pranced around the house like a naked elf and laughed as bright as a bell when he gaped at her with his mouth open. One could think that she was getting years younger during this time until Pico's seduction. She called him when she was in the bathtub and needed nonsensical nothings; like a well-bred poodle he retrieved everything she asked

for and tried to avert his gaze embarrassedly from her cleverly half-concealed nakedness as soon as she looked directly at him and he felt caught. She let him hand her the bath towel and rub her dry; she smiled at him like a sphinx when she directed his hands to exactly where the butterflies began to flutter in his eyes. She loved those butterflies and let him rub her long and hard with the bath towel. Later she lay down on the massage bed next to the tub and ordered him, rub oil or skin milk on her body under the terry cloth bath towel, “but don’t peek!”. She surreptitiously squinted at his shorts, which were bulging violently, and told him to rub her everywhere — even there, just there! — with warm oils. Sometimes the minutes became half hours, because she gave him almost all freedom in the protection of the terry cloth bath towel. She posed daydreaming and dozing as his fingers reached regions that were otherwise off-limits, stimulating them to the limit where she became afraid of her own arousal and put a stop to him.

At night, when she heard his mattress creak, she would wait for the right moment and flitted into his room, then stood in her diaphanous nightgown under the door in the backlight of the outer room lamp and engaged him into a discussion about the disturbing erotic dreams she pretended she had just had. She grinned because he had been close to climaxing and could not finish, and that the erotic details of her dreams, with which she was not stingy, now made him squirm like a fish on a hook. Step by step she became braver and left out more and more textiles, sometimes running into his bedroom completely naked and in tears, holding onto him because she had dreamed she was being raped. She allowed herself to be comforted and caressed, “but not touched!” She especially loved sitting cross-legged naked on the porch and very, very slowly painting her toenails red. Then he would sit across from her, fidgeting on the bench and peeking his eyes out.

The more he fidgeted, the more daring her game became. When they had a glass of wine in the evening, she had only a sheer silk chiffon tied around her hips and would instigate a discussion on mostly erotic topics. She let him tell her all about the sex with Lila and questioned him about what he knew about Rodolfo’s flirtation with Lila. Then she leaned back on the couch to sometimes feel, as if absently,

the clit under the nothingness of silk cloth, but that was all her sense of shame simply would not allow yet. One evening she overcame even this barrier during a discussion about female masturbation. Even as they discussed, she pulled her legs up cross-legged and played with her clit; unspecifically and as if in passing at first, while sipping her Rioja more often than usual and building up her courage. The red wine inflamed her cheeks; gradually she managed to clear the hurdle of her sense of shame. Pico told in all frankness about Lila's masturbation, the silk chiffon fluttered to the floor. Permissive as a palace whore, she let him gape while she played with herself at his descriptions, and the more he stared, the more aroused she became. It was only a tiny step after that to close her eyes and enjoy the swaying, misty sensation of being immersed in the buzz as she masturbated gently. Pico crept greedily and impatiently closer, but she brittly and forcefully rejected his overt sexual advances as always, which he didn't understand. Of course, he would never understand, for she exercised power over him and over his horniness, perhaps somehow over Don Rodolfo, at the expense of her sense of shame.

After that, it was as if a dam had broken. Olivia now knew no shyness at all anymore, if she let herself massage now after the bath. He was allowed to do everything under the bath towel, really everything, but only with his hands, and only under the protection of the bath towel. His hands were gentle and knowing, but she usually shied away from going all out and tried to suppress her arousal as much as she could. Only when she closed her eyes and dreamed of her last beloved, she was flooded with her feelings, with her excitement, and writhed ecstatically under his stimulating hands, which could excite her as tenderly as those of her lover. Long since the bath towel had fluttered to the floor, long since she did not care that she was completely naked at his mercy, but she was stingy with the climax, because that was still part of her game. As often as she succeeded, she kept full control and broke off before climaxing. They both knew it was about power and control, about being and not being, about up and down, and they both tried to win. More and more, she seemingly lost control and squirmed blissfully in orgasm, letting him think he was gaining ground. He was almost losing it as she vigorously and coldly rejected him whenever he wanted more.

She was drunk with the power she now had over him and sneaked back to him at night. She knew full well that he was still in a frenzy and had not reached his climax by any means when she lay down beside him; for it was part of her game to interrupt him minutes before. She caressed his chest, his arms and his body and felt, when her hand touched him like a breeze, that his hard-on almost burst; playfully she started the retreat millimeter by millimeter. She let him caress her body, stimulate her breasts and nipples, felt the arousal rising inside her and felt the greedy emptiness because he defiantly did not touch her abdomen. At some point, yes, at some point in the middle of it, she seemed to have given up the game or had been overcome by her arousal and masturbated. She cried out when at that very moment, in the orgasm, he pounced on her irritably and strongly like a bull and fucked her so hard she couldn't hear or see. She screamed her head off because her orgasm would not and would not, would not and would not end, and when he squirted out hot and heavy, she screamed triumphantly in the fading orgasm because she had won the game! For the next five weeks they fucked obsessively at all hours of the day- and night. She masturbated just before he cum and made him cum in the middle of her orgasm, that both of them liked. More and more freely she masturbated in his presence and after telling him her life story and sexual history truthfully and with all the piggish details, she unapologetically admitted her lesbian tendencies. It offended him greatly that she much preferred masturbating to fucking him. He took her by force and fucked her one by one. It was his farewell to her beguilingly seductive body.

The next morning when she awoke, he was no longer there, with only a note to explain. Pico had banished himself to the TITANIA of his own free will, as he simply could not stand to be near her at night, always in fear of either raping her or going mad. If he could have looked into her soul, he would have understood that the banishment had become unnecessary after her victory, but he felt the injustice in his actions overwhelming and lived alone on the yacht for the following weeks.

In the ship's salon, in the dim, cozy light of the kerosene lamp, he read over and over again what his mother had confided to her diary more than forty years ago, about that time and those events that

sometimes wafted like Fog billowed through his memory. *He was ashamed to read some of the lines, because at that time he had thought that in the dim light of the small writing lamp his mother could not have seen anything on the bed lying in the dark, otherwise he would not have exposed himself nude before her. However, he remembered very well that at that time he gazed between her thighs, feverish and horny at her cunt, when she absent-mindedly felt herself while writing. Sometimes he cried, because she had only turned 34 and he still missed her very much.*

He really got goosebumps while reading, because he had really never gotten any of her shenanigans get along. When he first read about it, he was so horrified at his memory lapses that that for a long time he still firmly believed that Anna Maria had only invented all this. He felt uncomfortable when he read these diary passages, because he had completely forgotten all of this, suppressed and erased from his memory. Pico knew that Lila learned all this from Anna Maria's diary only after his mother's death — nevertheless, he shuddered to think that Lila knew all this and didn't breathe a word about it for decades, even though they had lived together for almost 30 years. He read these lines over and over again, because it was only here that his mother had been able to express herself so openly.

Her most secret, intimate confession was his most precious treasure.

...

Anna Maria's secret - what Lila never learned

Anna Maria suffered greatly in her bigoted little world and had her secrets hidden even from Lila. Some things seemed so embarrassing to her that she couldn't tell even her best friend. For example, she had never told Lila that she often fucked herself in the asshole during her reveries — already as a little girl she had discovered this zone of excitement, quite by accident. When the little girl sensed that orgasm was beginning, she would fuck herself wildly with a finger in her asshole, prolonging the orgasm by minutes. Later she fucked herself in orgasm with a finger in her asshole and a finger in her vagina. She loved the explosions that lasted for minutes. It was only while she was growing up in the petty village stuff that she realized how ugly it was. No, a man had never taken her from behind, but she had heard many a thing and explored herself, coyly groping. Later, still in orgasm, she teased herself with a finger in her asshole, feeling terribly ashamed afterwards, but still finding it very arousing.

Anna Maria devoted only a few pages to Pico's distress treatment by Lila, but Pico understood that she was fully aware of everything. But there were also things there that she was hiding from Lila; and Anna Maria had written them down as clearly as someone, who needed to talk to someone out — her diary — perhaps to free herself from some inner pressure.

It had started — months before Lila's emergency treatments — with the Ambuschs wanting to move into a new apartment, but it hadn't been ready in time, so Anna Maria had to put them up in Pico's room and the small servants' quarters. Monika slept with the girls in the small chamber; Pico had to sleep with her, naked as she was too. Night after night Pico had woken up to chafe himself and listened fearfully into the darkness to see if she was really asleep. Then he again pressed himself against her body from behind and pressed his thing firmly between her butt cheeks, while he continued to rub

carefully. As hard as he rubbed, he had never squirted before. Breathlessly she had listened more to her rising arousal than to her guardian angel, who bitterly begged her to finally put an end to it. How awake was Pico, and had he noticed that she had become horny? While the little one rubbed in her butt crease, she dreamed in a thousand variations what it would be like, if. Then she scolded herself again and resolved to talk to him seriously about it for once, because it just couldn't go on like this! Ugh!

Her hand moved involuntarily protectively and gently on the clit until the little dreamer had stopped chafing and had fallen asleep. The urgent, earnest admonitions of her guardian angel grew quieter and quieter the longer she stroked her clit in honeyed pain; the angel with the black wings won all the inner battles. Gradually the horniness overcame her fear; she reached a hand between her thighs and tried to push him gently into her bottom. The little one flinched when she touched him, she faltered and did not move again until he fell asleep again. In the following nights she anxiously made several new attempts, but always recoiled.

Anna Maria was very scared during her experiments. She wished she could get his cock inside her buttock. She was quite clumsy at first, Pico half woke up and she stopped startled, the movement froze in the middle. She waited until Pico was asleep, certainly asleep again. She kept making attempts, experimenting to see if his penis wouldn't — just a little bit — went into her butt hole. Of course it didn't. After all, it couldn't go, because her asshole was too tight and she was too tense. It could not go, not without his cooperation. But she did not even dare to imagine the impossible and unimaginable; she soon saw that it was not possible. If the touches became concrete, he would inevitably wake up.

As soon as he fell asleep, she touched the small erect penis, touched and groped him. One day he squirted, and she watched Pico smile in his dreams as he did so. The discovery that he kept getting strong erections throughout the night astonished her greatly. Tentatively and with the utmost care, she directed the little one, more and more frequently directing him to her cleft and touching her labia. When she was very aroused, she rubbed the tip of his cock with the

greatest care on her clit; nevertheless Pico almost always had to squirt now. She reproached herself most violently afterwards, and endured the greatest fears that he might wake up and catch her sinning. The unchastity simply had to stop!

Practically, that didn't work right away, because the Ambuschs still had to stay until they could finally move. Night after night Anna Maria delayed going to bed, but of course noticed that Pico was secretly watching her undress and rubbing his erection under the covers. She guessed that Pico must have discovered only recently that he could squirt. Of course, she pretended not to notice for days and remained the busy mom who soon got up and went to bed. She had intended to talk to him seriously about these deadly sins, but she simply found no opportunity to do so. On the contrary, the dark angel kept whispering in her ear that there was nothing wrong with her sitting there naked, for example, and Pico a little bit with her nakedness. Of course, at first she indignantly dismissed this abominable thought, but her imagination did somersaults. Indecisively she suffered the duel of her two angels while she undressed, and this time, just this once, she gave in to the dark whispers and remained sitting tantalizingly, turning her head to the side and secretly looking at him in the mirror. Pico stared at her bare thighs, her breasts and her pubic cleft, and carefully masturbated under the covers.

Anna Maria secretly admired her little one's courage, taking her time and his; in this dim lighting he could not see anything anyway, she calmed her fears. Pico stared spellbound between her thighs, pushed the blanket aside and rubbed gently at first, then faster and faster. When she thought he was ready, she overcame her fear, bent far back and pretended to look for something behind her on the dresser. Her heart thumped furiously as her thighs opened slightly as she leaned back, revealing her most secret cunt. She looked in the mirror at Pico's wide eyes as she exposed her slit to his gaze and he immediately squirted violently. Suddenly, her exhibitionist frenzy subsided, leaving nothing but a rueful emptiness. Dazed by the clubbing of conscience, she pressed her knees together, for she was ashamed, felt dirty and disgusted with herself. She handled her cosmetics for a while longer to buy time and give Pico time to curl up in the blanket.

On the following evenings she quickly lay down next to Pico, who lay motionless and pretended to be asleep, although he secretly watched his mother undress as he did every evening and was aroused by her nakedness. She soon felt sorry for her brusqueness again, however, so that after some time she again succumbed to the inner whispers and remained sitting naked while she wrote in her diary for a long time. It was incomprehensible to her that he kept having strong erections all night long, although he masturbated several times in a row until he tired, while she sat naked by the little table and wrote her diary.

As long as she did not sleep alone in the room, she had to suppress her own sinful addiction; she felt far too inhibited to masturbate in his presence. Only very rarely, when she was awakened early in the morning by her body's urgent desire, did she quietly let herself slide onto the carpet beside the bed. In her pent-up horniness, she felt pleasure in describing all the details in her diary on the one hand, but she also discovered with amazement her own desire to be naked. The longer she had to postpone the release, the more aroused she posed in front of Pico and opened her thighs. The longer she feverishly awaited her next release, the more often she caught herself carelessly fingering her clit while writing. Finger finger play with her clit and stopped, startled. She cast a tentative glance over at Pico, but he was so busy with himself that he certainly hadn't noticed anything.

She was terribly ashamed and scolded herself for thinking about her actions during the day, yet night after night she sat naked in front of the dresser and wrote in her diary. Innocent little Pico gawked at her nakedness and seemed to think nothing of pushing aside the blanket and masturbating. Anna Maria paused in her writing, watching him from under her thick lashes; soon she learned to control his arousal by spreading her thighs so wide that her vaginal cleft opened a little. Now, when she deftly positioned herself in the narrow cone of light from the table lamp, he could see everything, went wild and squirted instantly. My God, how horny and miserable at the same time she felt posing and watching! Again and again she took to talk him out of jerking off, or at least to make it clear that it was a very private thing — but she never found the courage. She tried

to think of the arguments, but she didn't get far; why was it so private? why did it have to be hidden? what made her feel guilty and ashamed? Her conscience pressed her harder and harder the longer she sat naked writing her diary, provoking him more and more shamelessly, as if mindlessly stroking her cleft or groping herself while Pico stared at her slit and masturbated. Every time she watched him masturbate, her conscience pounded: Unchaste, Fornication, Unclean! She meant to escape the inner pressure and abruptly stopped writing — and no, masturbating naked —

.

One night, as he began to wretch in his dreams, his small penis could be seen under her buttocks to advance unimpeded from behind, because she was already fantasizing fiercely and lying on her side with her knee drawn up and devotedly masturbating. She thought of how much she had dreaded it and how much it had excited her at the same time then she guided his little cock with one finger until his little glans — not for the first time — penetrated into her wet vagina, just a little bit, but it felt good. When the little one — smiled in his dream — darted off again, she lifted her leg higher, stretched her bottom far back and opened it wide. By now, in her horniness, she didn't care that he had penetrated her vagina, and since his little penis didn't reach deep at all, she pressed her ass cheeks toward him, hoping and fearing at the same time what would happen. How good that did, his grinding!

The honeyed pain became burning hot. Her pulse throbbed painfully up into her throat as she overcame her shyness once again and felt for him with her hand. Gently she pulled and pushed the cock back and forth in her vagina and almost forgot to breathe — it felt so good to push the little prick rhythmically into herself. Her heart was beating hard as she tried to bob along a bit, but it was better to thrust her abdomen rhythmically against him. Only when she had triggered her orgasm and felt his throbbing did she startle. He was squirting, completely unexpectedly! Her abdomen continued to undulate and roll in orgasm as the little guy squirted, for heaven's sake, deep inside her! Insane fear went up mute and hot in her throat, taking her breath away; paralyzed with horror, she paused

and left her leg, still spread wide like a frog's leg, twitched in the air in orgasmic rhythm, making sure that her pelvis greedily sucked in his squirting in unison.

She felt his throbbing and squirting and only when her own arousal began to subside did she awaken from her paralysis and gently pushed him back until the little glans slipped out of her and came to rest on her moss. Once more it squirted slightly, making her wince. She pressed her hand firmly on her vagina and froze in shock: for heaven's sake, he had really squirted inside her! The maddening palpitations subsided only when she told herself that he was much too young to impregnate her. She moved away from him anyway and groped herself helplessly, then sighed sadly, feeling disgusted for a moment by the sticky stuff in her pubic hair.

She was scared out of her wits because Pico had squirted inside for the first time during their play; with a quick sideways glance, she made sure he was still — or again? — sleeping soundly. Thank God he was sound asleep and had not consciously witnessed her terrible mortal sin. Horniness and greed had instantly subsided, and Anna Maria bit her lips full of shame and self-loathing, because of course she had to expect him to squirt; nevertheless, she was ashamed of the insane feeling of happiness she had experienced. She could not breathe for a moment when the image of the aged Don Benedetto, the old village priest, flashed in her mind; how often he had warned her in the confessional of the dangers of unchastity, although at that time she did not understand a word of it all! It was a terrible mortal sin, Anna Maria knew that, so the little one was never allowed to sleep with her again, who knows what else might have happened!

The whetting from before had stopped abruptly since Pico had discovered the squirting. But now he tried again to push himself against her. Gently but forcefully she pushed him and his stiff prick back and rolled all the way to the edge of the bed, staying on her side and turning her back on him. At night she woke up when he masturbated violently; usually she stayed awake for a long time while he started again after a short break. It was difficult for her to pretend to be asleep when she felt his touch on the skin of her buttock — it disgusted and excited her at the same time. Silently she lay on her side

and felt the quick movements on her skin, felt the tickling of his wet cock. Only rarely did he dare push against her buttocks as he squirted. She held her breath involuntarily when she felt his orgasm approaching; and though she clenched her butt cheeks firmly he squeezed his glans between them. Full of fear and secret excitement, she continued to pretend to be asleep, not daring to “wake up” and indignantly stop him; usually he slipped off and splattered his load everywhere. But when he — stuck in the crease — squirted deep inside, she bit her lips tightly together, while eerily-beautiful thought fragments flashed through her head. How good that he couldn’t impregnate her because he was still so young!

For days it rumbled within her, while the unchaste, the lewd, and the unimaginable spread within her; she fought hard with herself and the threatening beating of her conscience. The pressure grew stronger and stronger, the desire to sin and her addictive delusion became indescribably strong. Almost as if in a trance, she obtained strong sleeping pills, cleverly taking the opportunity to dissolve the sleeping pill in his vitamin juice, which he drank every night before falling asleep.

As soon as he fell asleep, she turned on the small light and began to feel and play with the sleeper’s erection. Pico dreamed beautiful things and stirred in the dream, but continued to sleep deeply. She wanted to find out how soundly he was sleeping, so the first time she went to work very carefully and masturbated him. He didn’t wake up and as his semen gushed out, her horniness grew. She did not dare to make the last step yet and watched with lust and bad conscience that after some time he had an erection again and groped himself awkwardly in the dream. Her sick heart beat hard as she masturbated him again, this time faster and more violently.

Despite all the fear and the awareness of committing one of the most heinous mortal sins, her greed grew because she was now sure that he was not waking up, and threw all misgivings overboard. In the following nights she opened wide, as wide as she could, and steered the little one as deep as she could. It worked best when she laid him on his side, approached him at right angles with her buttocks to his tail and held his arm. Half crazy with horniness, she

pressed herself against the little one, masturbating and bobbing, rocking and fucking greedily until she had made him squirt all the way into her vagina. Possessed by lust and greed, she kept plugging him into herself as often as he became erect, stopping only when he was completely drained. She had given her soul to the devil and now nothing mattered; night after night she fucked the little one as if possessed and greedily absorbed his seed — a drowning woman dying of thirst in the ocean of lust. Pico was always exhausted in the morning and was bashfully silent about his piggish dreams.

Evening after evening, she drugged the little one with the vitamin juice, no longer sat teasingly while writing his diary, and he stopped masturbating. Lila bathed him twice a week and masturbated him without the bathing glove, Anna Maria stood at her spy post and quite soon had learned to masturbate standing up while watching, something she had done extremely rarely before. Usually Anna Maria stood under the door, held her skirt up and masturbated standing up. Lila couldn't see her because she was busy masturbating Pico, but Pico could always see her doing it. Lila had unbuttoned her house dress slowly at the beginning and as soon as he could look at her nakedness he squirted joyfully. Later, Lila proceeded to let him squirt into her open mouth. Eventually she took Pico's cock in her mouth and let him squirt deep into her throat, he liked that the most. Anna Maria orgasmed at the latest when Lila swallowed the semen.

Anna Maria finished writing her diary and went to bed. He was dreaming and mostly already had an erection. She let him enter her vagina from behind and began to masturbate with pleasure. He had already learned to fuck without her help after a few nights. The dreamer always fucked immediately after his cock entered her vagina. She usually let him cum three or four times in her vagina, then she was exhausted from masturbating and orgasms and wanted to sleep. He never woke up and could usually fuck again after a 10 or 15 minute break.

They often talked about his “piggish dreams” after he shamefully opened up to her. He described his dreams of fucking in such detail and salaciousness that it got hot in her vagina. She reassured him that it was not a sin to dream of fucking. He usually dreamed of fuck-

ing with his classmates or teachers. Sometimes with Monika, Aunt Lila — or with her. She then grabbed his hands, that would be okay, she was a female and not a statue of a saint. He lowered his head and admitted that he had also fucked his Saint Theresa in his dreams before.

She took refuge in delusion and silenced the admonishing conscience, she lapsed inwardly more and more, until one day she reflected. To be more precise, when she once discussed with Lila whether he perhaps already had a girlfriend to fuck and she interjected that he was still too young to impregnate anyone, Lila laughed at her. Of course he could already procreate now! Anna Maria was scared to death. She suffered in agony in her fear of becoming pregnant by him after all; she suffered terribly in the consciousness of having lost her soul forever with this mortal sin; and she suffered because she was afraid that Pico would discover it.

The madness had only lasted a short time, a little over a year, but now the fear of being impregnated by Pico and her guilty conscience snapped her back to normal. She was so ashamed of her sin that she immediately let go of Pico and took refuge in her masturbation fantasies again at night. Only now did she realize with horror that she had drugged her own son night after night for the sake of her lust, like the daughters of Lot had drugged their father. She got more and more pains in her heart area and often cried for hours until she calmed down.

Often she fantasized later during his masturbation, so that quite soon she was already gently helping and making it easy for him by willingly stretching herself open to him, while burying her face in the pillow, excited and guilty, she confessed to her diary, ashamed. But, she continued to write, excusing her fantasies, only because she herself was already in great distress, yet she enjoyed, in spite of all her remorse, her strong excitement when she imagined him fucking her and pouring himself deep inside her vagina. All the while, Anna Maria pretended and let Pico believe she was fast asleep while he masturbated.

She would have to talk to him about it soon, she thought to herself, because he was apparently rampantly weakened if he did it twice or even more in a row. It was too frequent, she thought, and it seemed to her that he masturbated even more furiously when it didn't go easily. It was certainly bad for his health, she thought; besides, someone had told her that it could make you blind or give you spinal curvature, which she didn't really want to believe; but she was too cowardly and remained mute in her inhibition. Pico was never allowed to know that she always watched him masturbate. She only breathed a sigh of relief when the Ambuschs were finally able to move into their new apartment and Pico was once again sleeping in his own room.

Over the next few months, Pico developed his bathing ceremony, to which Lila had inspired him and which Anna Maria now had to continue. She went through a roller coaster of emotions, because wrong was wrong and lust was lust. Anna Maria felt the weakness taking hold of her physically and kept giving in to Pico until he made her masturbate him. It had long been clear to her that the path in this direction must lead her further and further — and to what disaster exactly — but she was too weak to stop him. It was only logical that Pico should become even more intimate, groping her shame as she masturbated him.

One day she collapsed, and now began her tour of suffering in the hospital. When she had recovered, she was allowed to go home again, but usually she could only stay at home for a few weeks, until she was so bad again that she had to go to the hospital again. During this time she did not want to be alone with her heartache and asked Pico to sleep in her bed; he understood that she wanted her rest and tried to hold back, but most of the time he couldn't help it, the rascal!

Pico stayed on his side, trying even harder to remain undetected. While she slept or feigned sleep with deep breaths, he carefully pushed the blanket aside after only a few minutes. Anna Maria, for all her weakness, could never suppress her curiosity and raised her eyelids to watch him surreptitiously in the pale light of the of the street lights. She had long since accepted his love for her bottom and as a rule turned to the side, if she was not already lying on her side.

She held out her buttocks to him — let him if he wanted! Her aching heart beat to bursting when she felt his quick rubbing, with which he approached the orgasm.

Pico turned to her and slid his cock between her buttocks. Then, when he tensed and squirted, she held her breath, too. As time went on, he became even more determined; the weaker she felt, the less she could resist him pushing his cock in deeper and deeper. As she pressed her knees together, he could only penetrate between her outer pubic ridges, but no deeper. She had a lustful, horny fear of the twitching, squirting glans that was spraying its load everywhere, not only on her outer labia, but also inside her vagina. She was too tired and weary to resist when Pico's seed shot hot and sticky inside her.

On the evening of a really darned day, when she was not at all well and everything had gone wrong, she had first fled from Pico to the edge of the bed. She became quite annoyed when she half woke up, although she was dead tired and feverish, because Pico was fidgeting erotically dreaming and chafed deep in her frizzy hair. Roughly he held her by her waist, and the feverish half-dream made her think of Giuseppe, who had taken her hard and brutally when he begat Monika. She was frightened terribly, because she felt, how he pushed himself deeper and deeper between her labia, felt him squirt deep inside her vagina. Or was it a delirium of fever? She thought she could still feel Pico's wet glans and angrily withdrew from him, then, dog-tired and feverish, she slept on. Further her dream slid to Riccardo, who had fucked her gently and in love. It was a beautiful dream, she was lying on her stomach in the grass, Riccardo had her skirt up and caressed her ass cheeks while he fucked her from behind in his gentle way. Stealthily her hand slipped under her belly and rubbed her clit.

And dreamed that Don Aldo, with whom she had fucked more often than with anyone else, began tentatively and hastily grinding in her vagina. Don Aldo was usually rarely behind her and he didn't act so amazingly stupid, so she stretched her ass out to him and opened her vagina invitingly wide. She sighed in the dream, but she had to distract the foolish old man from his necrophiliac perversion of fucking the comatose Lila, and involuntarily thrust her pelvis towards the old man, pulling and sucking him greedily inside her. The old man

fucked her quickly and hastily. Anna Maria carefully groped for her clit and made herself a secret little orgasm, as always. She whooped because it felt so good to be fucked further in orgasm. She felt the old man's thrusting for a long time afterwards and was satisfied when he abruptly squirted away, because now he would leave Lila alone. It dawned on her at the same time that something was wrong, since Don Aldo usually fucked and squirted languidly and slowly and not in that powerful way. Something could not be right, because she felt his hot jets deep and strong as never before inside her vagina — gradually it dawned on her that Lila was no longer in a coma and that Don Aldo had been gone for a long time, and now began to “the sleeper” vigorously and terrified — resisted panic-stricken to think of Pico's seed inside her. He slipped out and squirted the last of it on her pubis, and as the juice also ran sickeningly along her inner thigh down her inner thigh and cooled, she half-turned with a sleepy “Hey, what are you doing!!!” and angrily pushed him back, yet somehow maintaining the camouflage of the half-asleep. Pico, very startled, woke up from his doze and let go of her, but she too was frightened to death — for God's sake, he'd already put again squirted everything into her vagina!

Pico kept reading her account of this event, for he remembered it quite differently. He was surprised at that time by the early death of his mother; downright paralyzed he watched himself and his environment, how they dealt with it, how they reacted to it. He hid his insane pain as best he could. He thought about her a lot when he was alone, recalling the past in his memory so he could think about her. When he was alone, he allowed his tears. Gradually the pain subsided a bit, gradually he could remember her without panicking and hurting. Gradually he also allowed his memories again. God was punishing him for the second time because of his sins, and he almost lost his mind because he could not escape this thought.

His mother was in the hospital several times in a row, and then at home for short weeks or days before she was again so bad that she came to the hospital again. She was always very weak and could hardly take care of the household; long ago they had given up the bathing procedure. She lay on her bed and wrote for hours in her diary when she was not sleeping. Monika immersed herself in her

schoolwork and kept the household in order; silently she worked like an adult, not letting on that she was struggling with big problems at the same time. Unlike Pico, she sensed exactly that her mother was coming to an end and withdrew, hiding in the shelter of solitude, crying. Pico took care of his mother as best he could and slept with her; it had been her wish. He saw how dull and feverish she was at times, and controlled himself as best he could; but the primal forces in his loins made their way.

Thankfully, he later remembered that she never told anyone anything about his then squirting. Memories of the events surfaced as if from a deep, black lake, until he remembered with minute accuracy his secret jerking off next to her, his constant approach to his sleeping mother, and the many times he had thrust his cock into her vagina. She was sick and dead tired and tolerated him squeezing himself from behind between her buttocks and put the glans in the pubic fold and vagina when he rubbed. The sleeping patient never woke up, neither to his vigorous rubbing, nor when he squirted deep into her vagina. Until that night, when, after his squirting, she apparently continued to lustfully dream of fucking.

Pico had withdrawn, but she was glowing with fever, breathing shallow and choppy like a little bird. She turned over on her stomach in the dream, laying on the crumpled blanket as if on top of a lover, churning up and down excitedly. He was confused and at first did not know what exactly she was doing, for that she was asleep he could still see clearly in spite of the dim darkness. She made strangely-lustful sounds and crumpled the blanket more and more into a dumpling. She stretched up the two hemispheres of her buttocks and darted back and forth, at the same time spreading her knees as far as she could. Now she rubbed her pubic mound firmly on the hand she had slid between herself and the blanket. Pico straightened up irritated and watched her from behind. In the pale twilight he could only guess at the outlines, but the bobbing of the buttocks and the hand in the pubic fold, only dimly visible underneath, fascinated him, made his little one stiffen again in no time.

He was confused and unsure if he should do it, but he got great desire and wanted to jerk off again. Slowly he approached her from

behind and sharpened his prick, pressing it gently against her butt crease and feeling the glowing fever inside her. Deeper, to where her most intimate was, her dear vagina, he was in principle not allowed, he knew that. He rubbed himself as he mostly did, keeping his cock pressed against her buttocks, trying to hold his position even though she kept moving. No, no, he wasn't allowed down there, but to his amazement, the dreamer willingly opened her sanctum and pushed herself towards him, demanding again and again, until he tentatively ventured even further and pushed himself from behind between her buttocks pushed forward until he stuck a little bit inside her vagina. Excited and with his heart pounding, he paused, for it was strictly forbidden, what he was doing, but she pressed against him even harder, even more demanding.

The sweet dream seemed to fool her, for she opened her vagina invitingly and pushed it towards him, her feverishly hot hand grasping from below and gently pulling his cock forward until it had penetrated quite deeply. A flicker of thoughts of copulating dogs swept through his brain as he began to move like the male dog, unfamiliar and unsure. It seemed to him that she was somehow awake, for she knelt up quite deliberately and let herself be thrust and fucked, sighing comfortably. Pico was goaded by her sounds, her sighs and whoops and fucked her as fast as he could. He was completely confused as to what was happening and why it was happening today; he didn't understand what was going on with her and why she was letting it happen. She was suffering from her lust in a completely different way than he had known before; she was thrusting rhythmically towards him, thrusting toward her climax. Her abdomen rolled like waves in the surf as the orgasm came with a loud sigh, a sound that sounded pleasurably painful and incited him so that he went into a frenzy and poured himself inside her vagina. The seconds fell silently into the black ocean. Only now she seemed to wake up and hissed angrily at him; he was terribly frightened and pretended to be half asleep and rolled to the side muttering. Since then he was afraid of doing something wrong again and from now on did nothing at all. In the nights he waited silently until she slept, before he sought the lonely redemption.

Pico was not immediately clear about it, but after the next longer hospital stay everything had changed. Anna Maria spent the whole day passive and silent in bed, was weakened by the cancer disease and visibly deteriorated. She was completely distraught, because she knew that she would only live a few more weeks. Pico only noticed that she no longer snarled at him and did not mind that he snuggled up, cuddled up to her — he took courage and resumed his former habits again. He began, after masturbating again between her buttocks from behind and inserting the glans into the pubic fold, thrusting his cock in orgasm deep inside her sweet vagina. Anna Maria was very weak, feverish and tired; she tolerated his impetuosity, for she was already addicted to mortal sin anyway; so it did not matter what happened now. She had lost her soul, and this lostness completely paralyzed her, made her completely passively and patiently let everything pass over her.

Anna Maria, finding this sideways position uncomfortable, approached him and lifted one leg, made a hollow cross and stretched her buttocks compliantly towards him. Pico did not dare to fuck her, as he was afraid of it, but he took her passive acquiescence as consent for everything else. She was sick and tired to death and tolerated everything, but he didn't dare to fuck her regularly — squirt in, yes, but not fuck. He touched her while he masturbated and only stopped when he felt it coming. Now he slowly penetrated deep into her vagina, as deep as he could, and let it squirt pleasantly.

Anna Maria did not want after some time also this strength-sapping side position any longer. She turned on her belly, tightened her knees and stretched her buttocks up. Pico stared at her buttocks, at the beautiful mound that curved underneath. He turned on the little night light and looked at the densely hairy pubic area, where her most sacred cunt shining wetly like an opened fruit. He was fascinated, because up to now he had seen mainly the vaginas of young girls. What fascinated him especially was the large, bag-like fold of skin, under which her clitoris was hidden. Carefully, he pulled this hood-like fold of skin all the way back to see the clitoris. Like the rest of a tiny finger or of a tiny penis growing half out of her pubic mound, it peeked out, a fingernail-sized fruit within a fruit. He pal-

pated it very carefully, but did not dare to stimulate her regularly because it twitched every time he touched the clit. He masturbated all agitated and splashed his white juice on the red fruit. The next time he came even closer because her silent forbearance encouraged him. He stared at the glorious fruit and palpated it as he masturbated, slid closer on his knees, and when he sensed that it was coming, he put his cock in her vagina and waited until it squirted of its own accord. From now on he knelt again and again behind her and looked horny and greedy at the densely hairy mound under her round buttocks, looked at her cleft, before he put his cock lightly and gently into her vagina. So he had both hands free and held her bottom with both of them. masturbated. When it came to him, he let himself sink in very deep and poured out pleasantly, twitching and throbbing, squirting his hot semen into the vagina. He could only do it because she was not looking at him, because he was still afraid of fucking his mother. Always earlier, more and more impatiently he put it in her vagina, but it did not come as easily as before; and because the orgasm didn't come right away, he moved back and forth a bit.., fucking until it squirted. No, he scrupulously avoided making it look like fucking, but he experimented, penetrating at different angles and trying to find the best position to squirting. Anna Maria understood that he only dared to thrust a little when he didn't feel observed and because she was not looking at him in that position.

At this point in her diary she recalled how it was the first time she did it with him completely consciously; everything up to then had taken place hidden and secretly. It was after her first hospital stay, when she had learned her diagnosis and was completely distraught about the near end. Pico was shy and completely frightened, looking down when they saw each other again. In bed at night, he whispered that it was all his fault. He believed his little impertinences in the bathroom, his blackmailing her into making him masturbate, his groping: all this would have ruined her. He was afraid to her and felt deeply guilty about her illness. She tried to calm him down, to make him understand the the nonsense of his fear, it was the cancer and nothing and nobody else! but Pico seemed frozen in his fear. Anna Maria, who at first had felt only a leaden indifference, was only overcome by an almost feverish horniness. She wanted an end to the secrecy, she wanted to give herself to him while she still could. This

thought clung to her brain, did not let go of it the whole night. The more anxious Pico was, the more she wanted it, wanted it desperately, wanted it now and wanted to help him overcome the fear.

She was waiting for him the other day in the afternoon when he came home from school and she threw back the blanket under which she was completely naked. She held out both arms to him; "Come, my little one, come to me!" He stood frightened in front of her bed and stared at her nakedness, couldn't take his eyes off her, while his erection grew violently; then he crawled obediently to her on the bed and snuggled up. She quickly undressed him and embraced him. She knew how unfamiliar it was for both of them as she half sat up and pressed him to her chest, but she was determined to fight his fear. Her body was glowing, she had been masturbating in anticipation during the day... increased.

Slowly she pulled him onto her lap and caressed him, stroking his back and bottom. Pico felt very clumsy, but he also embraced her, burying his face frightened against her neck. He was confused because it was so unaccustomed the way she had called him to bed, the way she held him, and the way she was stroking him now. From the stroking he quickly became horny, soon his prick was firm and stiff. She held him tightly pressed against her and after a while grabbed with one hand between her thighs; gently and carefully she inserted his cock in. Pico clung even more tightly to her and hid his face against her shoulder, murmuring his fear into her ear, hazily remembering his foster father, Don Aldo. Never he had lain on top of her like that, with her aged ass tucking the tip in her black, densely hairy forest slowly pumping up and down. She continued stroking him and soothing him murmuring softly, *stai zito, my little one, be quiet!*

He was afraid and wept, for he felt that it was wrong what they were doing and because it was only her husband's place to lie on top of her in front. At the same time it was very pleasant and he did not need to be afraid, because it was she who wanted it now. Anna Maria sank back into the pillows and held him tightly against her; she waited for a few eternally long minutes to see if he would overcome his fear of fucking would overcome itself; but Pico did not dare. Motionless they lay there, only Anna Maria's hands moved, gently ca-

ressing Pico's back and buttocks, then his lower legs and his testicles. She could clearly feel Pico's reaction to the stroking of his testicles; she gently continued stroking him, sometimes touching the lowest part of his cock, where it grows out above the testicles. He lay motionless on top of her and felt how this delicate caressing made him hornier and hornier, but he always had to remember that he was lying on top of his mother and was inside her vagina like a man, and he was not really allowed to do that. It was something completely different when he sneaked up behind her in the dark or when he lay on top of her like a man in full daylight; it was wrong. She teased his testicles and the shaft of his cock more and more intensely and his face as she felt him slowly begin to throb. Throbbing. Pico's eyes filled with tears again and he whispered that she shouldn't look at him, no, please don't look at me!

Anna Maria's hands, caressing his buttocks and sex, felt the squirting still coming before him. Crying, he tensed up and whispered that she should not look at him, and held on to her neck tightly while she continued to caress him lovingly. His pomus muscles tensed violently as he squirted in short, powerful jets. Anna Maria felt the hard cock inside her twitching, feeling his semen spurt. She hugged him even more gently and stroked his buttocks, pressing him into her vagina energetically. Pico held her neck, heart pounding, wearily crying. He listened inside himself, feeling for his squirting, which lasted for a long time and was somehow agonizingly wonderful. Anna Maria held him embraced, for quite a while longer while he happily cried softly and whispered once again that she must not look at him. He lay completely on top of her and felt her innermost being with inconceivable clarity, as if his cock had eyes or feelers. How and fine it felt around his cock, how protected and sheltered he was in her warm, wet womb! He was safe! He had already fallen asleep against her shoulder when she later gently laid him down and covered him with the blanket.

Many weeks passed, during which she was alternately at home or in the hospital. Pico was still scared, and she was far too sick and too tired to think of sex on her own, but his agility was sometimes contagious. During the nights when she felt his urging, she thought, yes, she would probably die soon, but she wanted to experience it one

more time, one very last time perhaps, even though she was deathly ill. She knelt up, arched her buttocks high and spread her thighs wide apart. He was much too young to understand right away that this was the most clearest invitation he had ever received. She buried her face deep into the pillow, to make him feel that he was unobserved and could do what he wanted. He understood the invitation, but in the end he still needed the final call, whispered his question shyly and huskily into her neck. Anna Maria waited not a single second before nodding slightly her head.

“Yes, Pico, yes,” she cried, thinking with dismay what her guardian angel might think of her, “Yes, I want it!” Pico looked at her hairy pubic mound and vagina for a long time, before he carefully penetrated. He held her hips with both hands and fucked her gently and infinitely softly. Anna Maria sighed and cried into her pillow, she kept thinking of her lost soul, but then she secretly masturbated as she felt unbridled desire for it while being fucked. Pico watched her in spite of her secrecy and when he felt her orgasm approaching, he suddenly had to fuck very animalistically fast. He felt exactly how she masturbated the clitoris furiously; he was getting more and more aroused by her suffering moans and could no longer hold back and squirted violently, squirting in the middle of her gasping, moaning masturbation’s orgasm. Anna Maria was grateful that he was behind her and not looking at her, for she had to continue masturbating compulsively. He sank languidly back on his heels and watched her fascinated, even though she was feeling the vehemence with which she frantically drove herself to climax terribly ashamed despite her lack of strength.

They never spoke of it, for during the next few weeks Anna Maria became increasingly weaker, so that he did not dare to fuck her again. It was a kind of slow decay that his mother steadily and inexorably took away from him. Stunned, he accompanied her in the ambulance to the hospital. Weeks later she came home, pale and thin, fragile transparent emaciated to the bone.

He was very young and unfamiliar with death; dismayed, he approached Monika, who looked at him for a long and then nodded silently. “Yes, she will die soon, and we must love her, embrace her,

and be there for her until to the last minute.” Pico threw his arms around her neck and cried without restraint. Monika held him silently crying, for she was like him deadly sad.

Pico was strong, although he felt tiny and powerless. But his mother needed him, needed someone to be there at night when she was afraid. He, the small, lanky Pico, held his tall, frighteningly feathery mother tightly in his arms and cradled her gently like a little child until she fell asleep. He was filled with concern and compassion and watched over her restless dreams; he no longer thought for a second about sex. On the contrary, he thought a lot about the events of the last weeks and his share in their sins, but after her death Pico repressed all this thoroughly and when he remembered it later, it seemed to him that it was all this had only been dreamed and had never actually happened — he told these secrets to no one, neither to Monika nor to Lila.

The last pages of her diary revolved around the thought that she had corrupted Pico a year long and through her fault had dragged him down into the abyss of mortal sin. Pico always wept when he read her last lines.

“God bless you, my son,” she had written, “I have hurt you so! I pray that you forgive me someday!”

...

The chasers are getting closer

Wimmer looked steadily at Henri Moret while he reported that Weichsler had to all appearances committed suicide and that there was nothing left of the money — except for about twenty thousand francs, which the police had confiscated.

It would be well now, thought Henri Moret, if old Devenaz were here. Devenaz had worked with his father long enough and would certainly know what to do now. Henri Moret had only come into the business since his father's illness and had heard only fragments of all these things that had to be done quietly and unobtrusively, only fragmentarily. Weichsler was dead, that much was certain, but one did not know whether Rizzi had taken his explosive documents or not. And one did not know, above all, whether Rizzi was an accomplice or a tool; whether, in the former case, he was content with this heist or whether he would follow in Weichsler's footsteps.

The silence was getting too long for him, so he told Wimmer to say what was on his mind. Wimmer looked up briefly and seemed surprised for a moment then he recapped the facts. At the end, he mentioned that Rizzi had been living in Mallorca at his widowed great-aunt's hacienda for over a month and was otherwise completely inconspicuous. He took a copy of a fax from the table and looked at it again carefully. No, there was no doubt about it, six hundred thousand francs, though that would be about what Rizzi had lying in the Kantor-private bank. Wimmer looked in his sheets and said that the six hundred thousand, according to the bank statements, had been saved up over many years or were demonstrably justly paid out premiums and balance-sheet money from the bank, so it could not be Weichsler's money. Another point in favor of Rizzi would be that he had worked inconspicuously and above all for Kantor Privatbank, that his retirement was entirely in line with the bank's practices and that the owner, Dr. Kantor could only say the best about him. What remained unclear was what connected him and Weichsler, how they stood to each other. The one with the floppy hat pulled out the detec-

tive's report from the pile of documents and put a finger on a spot. Aha, the two met in sailing school and did 8 sailing trips together. Wimmer nodded, oh yeah, sure.

"Over nine hundred thousand francs are missing," Moret mused half aloud, while thinking that it might have been quite a bit more because surely not all the clients had contacted him, "so much can't just disappear like that!"

Wimmer nodded. "I don't believe in the suicide-theory, although it sounds plausible," he said. "Not just because of the money," he followed up, "but because only the two together make a round whole." Wimmer waited to see if Moret would say anything in response, but Moret looked down at the tabletop with a serious face and remained silent. Wimmer waited another moment, then said, "We are both convinced that Rizzi committed the murder and made off with Weichsler's money!" Moret looked up in surprise, for Wimmer usually spoke in the singular, but now he used the "we" to express the unanimity of their opinion, of their common professional assessment. Moret looked closely at Wimmer's face, which he had known since he was a child, but he could detect no sign of uncertainty. No, Wimmer said what he thought, and there was no reason not to believe him. He looked for a split second into the eyes of the man in the floppy hat, into those terrible eyes in which he saw not only murder and treachery but also high intelligence. The one with the floppy hat looked at him stonily and then nodded his head in affirmation: he would be of the opinion of Wimmer, it might mean.

Henri Moret was undecided. He did not like the murder option because the money was still missing. If Rizzi had had the money, he would have gone along with Wimmer's opinion. But it could just as well have been that he had no idea of Weichsler's machinations and had only unwittingly participated in the crime. It could also be true that he retired to his uncle's country estate after his uncle's death. This was supported by the fact that he had only savings from Vienna and that he obviously did not possess Weichsler's money. But what if Moret winced with a sigh.

“We must assume the suicide-variant, confirmed by the Kriminalpolizei” he said, “at least until you prove me wrong. Murder or suicide, I don’t care for the moment!” He paused for a moment before continuing, “Personally, I think Rizzi is innocent, a tool that Weichsler simply used deceitfully. Both the Kantor-Bank and the Swiss banks have confirmed Rizzi’s story. He did not have the loot either. But maybe he can know or guess where the loot is or who Weichsler’s friends are.” He paused for a long moment.

“Weichsler was an orphan and has not a single relative. Okay. Who were his friends, girlfriends? Was there an accomplice or someone who hid the loot? The criminal police searched his apartment only superficially, without any findings. What a shame! You have to do a proper search in the apartment, there will be correspondences to be found, even the documents for his robberies are not mentioned. This stinks!” He paused again and looked questioningly at Wimmer. The man nodded, they would get right behind it. Moret continued. “Wherever the money is, that’s where the solution is, leave Rizzi alone. Get the money back first!”

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The Bitter End

The cab stopped in front of the Hotel Del Rey, where Heinz was staying and where they had arranged to have dinner. Just as Pico was awkwardly rummaging in his wallet to pay the cab driver, Melanie rushed out of the hotel lobby crying. Confused, she ran through the door and looked around, tear-blind. Pico looked up in surprise, because he would have expected anything here but Melanie. At the same moment she caught sight of him, ran towards his cab and yanked open the door.

“Please, take me with you, I have to get out of here!” she shouted unrestrainedly, wiping the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand, smudging the wet mascara on her tear-stained cheek. Pico couldn’t make a sound, Melanie dropped down on the bench next to him. Although she tried to pull herself together, her tears flowed again.

The driver was still counting out the change awkwardly when Pico asked her where she was going. Melanie couldn’t think straight and sobbed that she didn’t care where. Pico reviewed the situation in a flash in his head and came to the conclusion that the cozy dinner with Heinz and Elsa was invalid; obviously there had been a quarrel between Heinz and Melanie, and it was probably wiser to write off the evening. “To San Telmo!” ordered Pico to the driver, and retreated to the rear of the Car back.

Melanie was still fighting tears. In everyday life, she was a woman who knew how to “stand her ground,” as she sometimes mocked. She just hadn’t been prepared to catch Heinz in flagrante delicto with the blonde Dane bitch. Desperately, she scolded herself and her stupid jealousy. “You knew about Heinz and Elsa all along, didn’t you?” she asked accusingly, and Pico squirmed. No, he had assumed until now that Elsa was Heinz’s wife, and only the day before yesterday had he learned to his surprise that there was a wife, Melanie. Heinz had been completely flummoxed when he received Melanie’s call. While they were driving to the airport to Melanie, Heinz had begged him

not to breathe a word about Elsa to her. No, Pico lied, he didn't know anything.

Melanie wrapped herself in bitter silence. She dabbed the last tears from her eyes and muttered crossly, "Men!" No, she didn't want to go to the old witch Olivia, and she told Pico so. He thought for a moment, then said they could go to his ship and have a drink if she wanted. Melanie stumbled: "Why — your ship? I thought it belonged to Heinz?" Pico squirmed uncomfortably and kept silent. Heinz had asked him not to reveal anything about their deal — he would give Pico the ship if Pico would give him Rodolfo's share of the bar cheaply. Pico, who had no interest in the bar, agreed. They had agreed on the sum after a long, bitter struggle, without Pico suspecting what Heinz had lied to Elsa: that the ship was now his and that they would have a wonderful honeymoon — Heinz, in his scatter-brainedness, had of course also forgotten to inform Melanie about the state of the negotiations. Pico also had no idea exactly how the drama had played out in the hotel; the frantic Melanie, who cried tear-blind, and the equally crying Elsa, who sniffled defiantly that Heinz was now hers and they would go on Heinz's ship for their honeymoon! Melanie thought of the bank receipt she had seen at Heinz's and found that Pico's silence convicted him of lying. Men!

The cab waited until they had crossed the gangway onto the TITANIA in the headlights. Pico kept pouring wine, listening to Melanie's nasty tirades about Heinz and keeping silent about it all. He loved the gentle rocking of the ship and only listened with half an ear to what Melanie was saying. Whenever she started to cry, he stroked her hand and poured more wine. It will be all right, he thought, the world doesn't end every time a man exchanges his wife for a younger one. Soothingly, he put an arm around her shoulders and let her cry, let her lean her head against him, there she could cry unobserved.

Melanie was slow to calm down. The red wine exuded a comforting warmth, slowly her tears dried up and she saw things only bitterly, even if they were no longer as fatally hurtful as they had been in the first moment. She disentangled herself from Pico again; she didn't need a strong shoulder to cry on! The little Danish whore would find out soon enough how unreliable love, youth, and even

men were. Hastily she drank the red wine that Pico patiently refilled. She became more and more silent, for she was no longer just tipsy, but already heavily drunk. The thoughts in her head flowed incoherently and as if through a fog. No, she would not take it so easily! Surely Heinz was now lying in the hotel bed with his blond Danish girl and — oh, what did she fret about it?! With a blurry gaze she looked at Pico, whom she thought was at least sixty, but a good-looking man, he was nevertheless! And Heinz, that bastard, he should still be surprised! No, she would not take it so easily! Although she was already heavily drunk, she had to laugh at the thought of how stupidly Heinz would stare at her when he saw that she was looking at Pico — with a quick movement she embraced Pico's neck. she clasped Pico's neck, pulled him to her and kissed him, right on the mouth.

Pico froze. Melanie, the wife of Heinz — no! But he felt her warm lips and her demanding tongue play, her urging and her demanding body, which pressed vehemently against him. The wine had also gone to his head a little, but even if he was not drunk yet, he could not resist the urge of this woman. Never in his life had he refused the offer of a woman, certainly not of a dashing and elegant woman in her late forties, by God, no! Inwardly exultant, he returned her kiss.

Tightly embraced they lay on the bench. They had hastily and greedily rid themselves of their clothes, and Pico wanted to fuck Melanie without transition. But the situation and the red wine put a spoke in his wheel. Confused, he noticed how his cock tiredly refused to serve. Groaning and snorting, he tried everything, but it didn't help. Tightly entwined, they lay on the bench. Melanie laughed cooing, reached over to the table and drank from the bottle.

Melanie had had few lovers before Heinz, and since they were married she had been faithful to him, more or less. Except for a few dozen fleeting adventures she had slipped into during her travels, only to forget them right away. Violent sexual excitement followed by fleeting union, hasty and without love; disillusionment and embarrassment, — there was nothing more to say about it. With a mixture of misery and curiosity she looked at Pico's body, her eye sliding down his belly that had become handsome; no, a beauty he certainly

wasn't, but his cock was fine, although at the moment he didn't seem to want it. She didn't know why he couldn't, but she didn't care; she insisted with the best of drunkenness on getting even with Heinz. She finished the wine quickly and put the glass back down. Although she was nauseous and felt like she was wrapped in soft absorbent cotton, she grinned wryly and touched Pico's cock. She wanted badly to fuck now!

Despite her drunkenness, Melanie was uncomfortable when Pico shifted his center of gravity a bit and also groped her with the freed hand. No, she didn't like that, never let anyone touch her like that! But Pico remained unperturbed and Melanie shot through her mind that she would not have an orgasm like that; because even if she masturbated, which happened every night, it was very difficult. Annoyed, she moved away a little and paid more attention to his cock. To distract him, she slowly lowered her head and took it between her lips. Pico let out a sigh and paused for a moment, then continued stroking her. Melanie sucked and sucked his cock and felt herself getting even more nauseous, even though she felt a slight sensation, a familiar tugging in her abdomen. Confused, she tried to escape his fingers and at the same time felt his thing growing and getting hard in her mouth. She sucked and sucked as well as she could — and after all, Heinz kept affirming that she was good at it!

She marveled at how good Pico was doing her clit; the alcohol completely loosened her inhibitions; she was like she was on clouds, staggering from snippet to snippet in her horny drunkenness; she winced just a little when Pico rubbed once too hard. Melanie held his cock deep in her mouth and sucked hard, because Heinz liked it that way. Suddenly she imagined that he was about to cum and took it out of her mouth. A bright drop came off the glans and Melanie thought she was mistaken. She licked the glans with her tongue and took it back into her mouth, letting it slide in deeply. Almost immediately a thick jet deep into her throat. Grinning, she pulled it out quickly and held the glans to her lips, as Heinz liked it so much, but it failed to materialize, he didn't squirt any further. Melanie was now completely confused, because at that very moment Pico's finger triggered her orgasm and this wonderful, powerful orgasm almost tore her apart. They lay still until she could breathe calmly again.

Humming, Pico let go of her and lay heavily on top of her. With one hand he reached down and controlled his cock, slowly penetrating her, smiling silently at her apparent unfamiliarity with his technique. Melanie was confused; had he squirted or not? If Heinz had squirted, it was over; but why was Pico continuing to fuck? She fumbled with one hand on the table for the red wine bottle, put it to her mouth and drank, gurgling, rinsing her mouth, while Pico kept fucking her. She giggled to herself at being rocked along with the red wine bottle at her mouth. She didn't like his strained, contorted face, nor was his thrusting as pleasurable as his finger play earlier. She set the bottle back down and placed it unsteadily on the table; almost knocking the bottle over in the process. Pico fucked her as long as she had ever been fucked, but he still wasn't finished.

Pico grunted and straightened up. Melanie didn't know what hit her when he suddenly reached under her pelvis with both hands and turned her onto her stomach with a jerk. No, she didn't want that, she had never liked that! She struggled and resisted, but he was stronger. To her relief, he didn't penetrate her asshole like Heinz, but her vagina again. She relaxed again and supported herself with both arms. Pico fucked faster and faster, rocking Melanie back and forth and driving his spear as deep as he could. As if absentminded, Melanie felt the heat slowly coming and rhythmically braced herself against Pico, hoping to finally orgasm while fucking. She cheered inwardly because she felt for sure her orgasm rising, a wonderful first fuck-orgasm breaking loose with full force! But from the rocking she had become more and more nauseous, and all at once it choked and gagged her, just as her orgasm began. Her whole body stiffened, but Pico didn't seem to have noticed anything, on the contrary, he mistook her spasm for a God-knows-what-orgasm and spurted loudly panting as she vomited and orgasmed. Melanie squirmed in the spasm of vomiting, in the midst of the convulsions of her orgasm, feeling his twitching endless squirting at the same time. Pico gasped heavily and slumped to the side, utterly exhausted to the side. Gentlemen, he thought, did she have a fabulous orgasm! Melanie awkwardly covered the vomit with a sofa cushion and dozed off next to him.

She sat shivering in the cockpit and stared out to sea. She drank red wine again and smoked; despite the wine, she sobered up abruptly. What on earth had she done! In her unrestrained rage, which she had never openly directed at Heinz before, she had given herself to a complete stranger. Annoyed, she remembered that she had asked Pico like a bitch in heat to attack her. Her annoyance turned to disgust when she thought of humping. Yes, she had been humped like a bitch, and then he had also squirted at the very moment she was throwing up! But both orgasms were top, she grinned, they were all worth it! Melanie drank another sip of red wine and howled again, anew, flicked the cigarette into the water and thought bitterly that Pico had squirted inside her without a second thought — what the hell, she hadn't thought of a condom either! The red wine comforted her in her misery, exuded pleasant warmth again, spreading inside her. She drank the wine in small sips and felt the warmth in her abdomen gradually turn into horny heat. She put down the bottle and lit a cigarette. Gently she stroked her pubic area, where the heat was gathering, and giggled as she realized that she was not only quite drunk, but inexplicably horny again. Almost a little astonished she noticed how hard and hot her clit still felt after this eternally long fuck!

She leaned back with a sigh and drank the wine bottle in small gulps. The wine had loosened her tension a little; the thought of getting back at Heinz was just so silly and asinine that she had to giggle. She finished the cigarette and threw the butt resolutely overboard. She lay soft and relaxed on the seat cushion and felt the probing, demanding heat in her abdomen. With a glance she made sure that Pico was asleep down in the salon, breathing loudly, and that the pitch darkness protected her, then she put one leg up. No, she had to lean back more and support the bent leg. With her eyes closed, she lifted her leg and felt her way to the open hatch. Her sole felt a resistance, hard and soft at the same time; a rubber hose!

Melanie awoke naked and shivering in the dawn. She glanced at the empty cigarette pack and at the nearly empty bottle of red wine. It all came back to her; she quickly glanced around to see if anyone could have been watching her pleurably masturbate. But Pico was still sound asleep in the salon, and all was quiet ashore. Melanie qui-

etly descended, picked up her dress and handbag and quietly walked down the gangway. She staggered for a second because the mainland made no ship's movements, then she pulled herself together and headed for the shore road; she'd find a phone and a cab yet!

She didn't have to go far, because at the end of the village a rental car overtook her and stopped. It was two friendly Swiss men who took her all the way to the center of Palma and graciously dropped her off right in front of her hotel in Porto Pi. The driver conversed suavely and eloquently with her, but the other one in the back, who was wearing a floppy hat, didn't speak a word.

Wimmer and his companion in the floppy hat had spent half the night watching outside Olivia's windows, but she was alone; Rizzi did not come. The one in the floppy hat took dozens of shots as Olivia masturbated for over two hours, then turned out the lights to sleep. They scurried out of Olivia's backyard and drove back to Palma. They took a drunken hitchhiker all the way to Porto Pi and listened with disinterest to her web of lies.

Pico's first thought upon awakening was how stern it smelled in the cabin. He looked at the brimming ashtray on the floor, the red wine stains on the table, and the overturned wine bottle rolling around on the carpet — clearly the place stank like a cesspool. Melanie was nowhere. When he sat up and pushed the head cushion aside, he discovered the vomit. Disgusted, he got up and walked to the companionway. No, Melanie wasn't in the cockpit either. He turned and looked for her dress, her handbag. Then it slowly dawned on him that she must have left in the middle of the night. He grinned as he looked for his cigarettes, because it had been a really good fuck! After all the lonely days on the TITANIA, Melanie had blown into his good room like a gift. He knew he would give Heinz a hot Negotiation round offer.

Pico lifted the match to the cigarette, shielding it with the hollow palm of his hand, squinting his eyes as he always did. His gaze slid over the small flame out into the cockpit, falling on the half-empty bottle of red wine and the empty pack of cigarettes that Melanie must have left lying around. His eyes fell on the open hatch and the open

hose end of the gas line. Pico dropped the match into the ashtray on the floor as it began to singe his finger.

The last thing Pico saw of this world was the glare of the flash of the explosion that tore him and the TITANIA to pieces.

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