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In Mommy's Blooming Rose

Vol. I

Inside Mom’s blooming Rose

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The Paris Murders

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Leni had always slept with her parents. They were desperately poor, they only had one room that was bedroom, kitchen and living room all in one, the toilet was outside in the hallway. Her father was unemployed and had become lazy, they received a small state allowance and her mother earned a few Sous with sewing, knitting and embroidery, whatever came along.

School was often cancelled for days. Everyone was talking about the impending war, the French were afraid of a German attack. It would come soon, everyone said.

Leni's parents fucked twice a week after lunch. When Leni had a day off school and was doing her homework at the living room table, they fucked in bed, not two meters away. At first Leni found it exciting, but it soon became boring. For a while she had bent down low to see it up close. Daddy's thick cock was in her tight pussy and was fucking nonstop. Mom sighed, then moaned. She reached under her knees and pulled them up as high as she could. With her fat thighs and fat ass cheeks she looked like a fat pig's ass. She squealed like a little piglet when Daddy pumped his juices really hard into her.

In the evenings Leni lay naked on her father's chest and they both watched her mother masturbate every night. She had become fat and plump in recent years, she was no longer attractive and to masturbate she had to reach around her fat belly. She gasped with the effort when she masturbated; it was really hard work until she had fought her way to orgasm. She tore her fat legs wide apart to trigger the orgasm. Her whole fat body wobbled when the orgasm rocked her.

Leni lay on her back on her father's chest and played secretly with her clit while they both watched her mother's struggle to orgasm. Leni didn't dare to masturbate openly like her mother; the fat body was shaken like a sack of flabby fat during orgasm. Leni didn't find that very attractive, but her father's cock swelled during this orgasm.

Little Leni was allowed to caress his cock, but not make him ejaculate, the mother had screamed years ago at the little girl. Most of the time, however, he had to squirt in Lenis hand. Mama gave her nasty, poisonous looks when little Leni took hold of Papa's cock. Mama didn't miss a thing, not the slightest thing, she watched like a bloodhound. Leni loved to let his foreskin slide over the glans and then flop back out again, again and again. Dad grinned conspiratorially because he knew that this would lead to squirting. She simply held his cock while he squirted and he smiled gently and contentedly. She would grip his cock tightly when she had an orgasm from her secret clit play, her hand would shake while she masturbated with the other one and he would always sprinkle in her hand. She guided his cock towards her childish pussy because she really liked it when he squirted his warm juice over her inner thighs and especially over her childish pussy.

But she had herself well under control and didn't let her orgasm shake her much. Maybe Dad noticed, but he never said anything. Dad was her great hero, she loved him with all her heart, unlike Mom, the fat woman who was always nagging and criticizing everything he did. Leni loved her father, her hero in her fantasies and dreams. She knew every inch of his chunky cock, she knew exactly how to discreetly rub his foreskin, she knew exactly when he would squirt all over her inner thighs and her childish pussy, because she had been doing it for long years.

Dad often argued with Mom, he found her unappetizing and didn't want to fuck her anymore. He would much rather have fucked Leni, after all her breasts were budding, a soft fluffy down covered her mons pubis and besides, she was almost 12. Her mother hissed at him, saying he was a damn dirty pig! The negotiations dragged on for days. Her parents never asked Leni if she wanted it. She would certainly have refused.

One evening Dad had made up his mind. He parted Leni's thighs with his hands and stimulated her clit. Leni became more horny and hot than ever before. Dad lay on top of her and positioned his hard cock with one hand. He thrust in, with a single jerk he pushed through the hymen. Leni flinched at the unexpected prick, but only

for a moment. It felt very strange to feel his warm cock “down there”. Leni knew how fucking worked. He thrust in and out for a long time, and at the end Leni pulled her knees up with her hands, just like she had seen her Mom do. Leni noticed that she almost came to orgasm in this position, or at least close to it, like her Mom. She now always let herself be fucked in this position, it at least made her hot enough to masturbate later. Leni was slim and slender, which Daddy liked a lot, he arched his back, grinning, and shot his full load inside. Leni didn’t find it particularly hot, he rolled off her and gasped for air. No, she didn’t like the fucking at all. Dad was no longer her hero, what he did every night was simply disgusting.

Mom had watched in shock, now she was loudly cursing him. Leni felt guilty and cried a little bit. He cursed back, saying it was her fault, she, the fat ugly pig! They fell silent, Mom masturbated for another quarter of an hour like every day and then turned off the light. From then on, Dad fucked Leni every night, he was very satisfied and Leni was disgusted, the fucking was not at all nice. There was no foreplay, absolutely nothing. From now on, Papa fucked Leni every night. The fucking was not nice, but dirty and humiliating. He lay on top of Leni, he fucked her for no more than 5 minutes and she pulled her knees up really tightly and up high, so she could feel the fucking and the squirting very clearly, then he squirted powerfully inside her. He had long since stopped hearing Mom’s bitter nagging. If Leni got a little hot during the sex, she would wait until the parents were both asleep, then she would masturbate.

Two years later, Dad slammed his face into his plate of semolina pudding, he was dead. Mama cried at the funeral because she had poisoned his semolina pudding. Leni stood at the grave with a stony face, she didn’t shed a single tear. She had always liked and loved Papa, but not for the last two years. She resented him for fucking her every day for two years, even though it didn’t excite or please her.

Mama had agreed with Madame Cheng to take Leni into her service for 30,000 francs. Madame Cheng regretted that Leni was no longer a virgin at 14, she would have paid 50,000, she said regretfully. Mama took the 30 thousand, Madame took Leni with her in her elegant Citroen and she never saw Mama again.

Leni understood immediately that she was not going to become a chambermaid in Madame Cheng's establishment. A tailor dressed her in new clothes, Madame gave her Miss Yvette to train her. Yvette was a very friendly and popular girl. She showed Leni everything, how it all worked. There was the famous Flamingo Club, where there was entertainment, music, alcohol and girls. A narrow corridor led to the neighboring building, the Hotel de l'Orient. The man paid in advance at the reception for the room and sex, then he went to the room with the girl. Yvette explained to Leni in great detail what was available. Where the condoms were, how to order a bottle of wine or champagne by phone, where to wash after sex. Some men were rough, she should play along as long as it wasn't too much for her. Otherwise she should ring the bell and Pierre, the gigantic bear, would be there immediately. He would punch the man in the nose and throw him out. Leni curtsied as she greeted Pierre with a handshake. He was really big and strong like a bear, but he smiled very friendly. The handles of his pistols were clearly visible under his armpits. Leni was instantly in love with him.

After a day she went to the room with the first one, a merchant from Marseille. Yvette promised to watch everything through the spy hole in the next room, just in case. Leni blushed deeply as she walked past Pierre in front of the customer. She was in love with him and her heart skipped a beat when he smiled encouragingly at her. In a split second she decided to fuck Pierre. She let the merchant come into the room and after a short while they fucked. He wasn't happy about having to use a condom, but Leni insisted. Twenty minutes later Leni had earned the money honestly, the merchant left smiling satisfied while she washed her pussy. She went into the hallway where Yvette and Pierre were standing. She kissed both of them on the cheek and thanked them for standing guard.

On June 8, 1940, the Germans marched into Paris. Leni was already 18 and had worked at the Flamingo Club for the last 4 years. Madame was very happy with her. She was very popular with the guests and brought in a lot of money. Leni saw fucking as work and fucked as often as she was booked. There were almost no problematic customers.

She had started an affair with Pierre immediately. He was the only one with whom she had a spiritual connection and who was allowed to fuck her without a condom. Before the first time, he had said that women avoided him because he only had a very small cock. Leni said that she didn't care and wanted to see his cock. Pierre blushed, but he showed it. He stood in front of Leni in a suit and pulled it out of his fly. In fact, a small boy's cock that was reminiscent of a boy's cock. She pulled back the foreskin several times and asked him if he would show her how to squirt. Pierre nodded and masturbated standing in front of her. It looked strange, the gigantic man standing up in a suit, masturbating. But Leni watched very carefully. His cock became stiff and bigger, and she was convinced that she could let him fuck her. She stopped him. "Come on, Pierre, lie down next to me and let's fuck!"

That was their first time. He fucked her a little uncertainly and clumsily, but he fucked and squirted inside. She hugged him and said how much she loved him. He remained her only love after her father. She smiled contentedly when Pierre squirted inside for the first time. She let him catch his breath. "You have to fuck longer, my darling! And you have to wait to squirt until I've had my orgasm. I'll masturbate my clit while I fuck and when I've climaxed, you can squirt inside, okay?" He nodded sadly. "I've never seen a girl masturbate," he breathed sadly. Lene sat up abruptly. "Tell me everything, but from the beginning!" and he began to tell his story.

"My father was my great hero, my best friend. He was murdered when I was 11, the murderer was never found. He showed me everything, how to set up animal traps and let me shoot with his big pistols. My big .44 automatic pistols are the only thing I have left of him. I slept with the parents in the marital bed and he let me watch them fucking, grinning, "so you can learn!" I was always excited when his thick cock parted my mother's labia and penetrated her little hole. I was fascinated by her cunthole, which was so small that I thought his thick cock could never penetrate her. I knelt behind Dad, bowed deep to watch the miracle from near. For me it was a miracle, his cock parted her labia and penetrated her slowly. He always fucked her for a very long time, then he stopped and pumped everything in. Mom seemed to like it a lot, I had the feeling. She always

watched with amusement when he masturbated me and made me squirt. After he was dead, I was left alone with Mom in the marital bed. She laughed loudly when I started to masturbate, the pressure was very high. “Don’t be childish,” she said laughing, “come on, fuck, really fuck!” So it came to be that I was allowed to fuck her every evening. She always asked stupidly whether I had been a good boy and let me fuck and squirt a second and third time, because in the early years I had to squirt very often. Every week one or another of my father’s friends came to fuck my Mom. She told me with a smile that they were good, kind-hearted guys and a woman needed to be fucked too. But she wasn’t a whore, she only let my Dad’s friends fuck her once a week. I always watched them fuck, she seemed to really enjoy it and opened her thighs willingly. I saw her cunt and cunthole from an arms length and was longing to fuck her thoroughly. I saw the men insering their cocks and pounding her cunthole forcefully. She had an orgasm more and more often while fucking. I once asked curiously whether she didn’t masturbate? She looked at me very strangely and after a while said, “yes, of course, almost every night when you’re already asleep, my darling. It’s something very private, I don’t want you to watch me!” So it happened that I’ve never seen a girl masturbate.”

Pierre looked at the floor, pondering. And what happened next? asked Leni. He continued. “We fucked every day until the end, less towards the end. She died when I was 32, then I fucked all the girls at the Flamingo, but they didn’t want to do it a second time because I have such a small cock. I haven’t fucked for three years, I’m 35 now.” Leni looked up. “You’re exactly 20 years older than me, my darling, I’m already over 15!” She let Pierre watch her masturbate before he fucked her, and after her orgasm he fucked her and squirted inside. He learned to hold back his squirting, they fucked and Leni masturbated, after her orgasm he squirted inside immediately. It was a good solution for both of them.

Leni told him everything she had experienced. How she had watched her parents fuck. How her Mom squealed like a little pig when Daddy pumped inside. How she always pushed Dad’s foreskin back and forth until he squirted. Yes, he squirted into her hand every

evening when they watched her fat Mom masturbate. She suspected that Mom's orgasm turned him on so much that he had to squirt.

If she herself masturbated at the same time with the big, fat Mom, he got very horny and she held his cock, shaking it, until he squirted his warm juice over her inner thighs and her little pussy, she thought that was great. How he deflowered her and fucked her, every evening, for two years, until a year ago. He was no longer her big hero, but a miserable wretch who squirted inside her every evening. He had died a year ago and Leni suspected that Mom had poisoned him. Since then she had worked here at the Flamingo.

The Flamingo Club was now fully packed every evening, the Germans loved the young French women, they had enough money in their pockets and were not stingy. Leni was busy from noon to night and could only fuck her Pierre late at night or in the morning. Pierre was a giant of a man and he was incredibly strong. He had a friendly face, but it could become quite unfriendly if necessary. He was the undisputed best protector on the floor and occasionally accompanied Madame on tricky trips. Soon he was staying at Leni's every night; they were almost like a real married couple. Pierre was no genius at fucking, but Leni was very attached to him and his fucking was good enough for her. On certain days she didn't let him squirt inside her, so she took his cock in her mouth, masturbated his cock masterfully and let him sprinkle in her mouth and throat. She smiled mischievously when she swallowed his juice.

Pierre now had more to do during the day because the Germans could be very rough and he regularly had to beat noses bloody. Leni also had to ring for Pierre more often to throw out a rough guy. One day everything went wrong.

The drunk German, a small, skinny officer, became very rough after the fucking. He beat Leni as if she were the enemy. He gave her a black eye, but she couldn't reach the doorbell. He worked himself into a rage and pulled out his double-edged dagger. He cut her legs and arms and was about to plunge the dagger into her heart. She defended herself with unimaginable strength and rammed his arm with

the dagger into his own throat. He gasped and fell backwards, and was dead after a few moments.

Pierre rushed in and immediately understood the situation. First he looked at Leni's wounds, but they were only superficial. Pierre was on the phone in the hallway, then he wrapped the dead man in the sheet and carried him to the back door, where he threw him onto the loading area of a waiting pick-up. The body would be discovered far away in a small forest, floating in the Seine or in a park, with no connection to the Flamingo Club. Pierre stayed with Leni until the doctor arrived. The wounds were quickly stitched up and bandaged. Pierre told Madame that Leni would not be able to work for a few days. Madame was worried, but Pierre said that Leni would be over it in a week. A week later, Leni was called to Madame's office.

The office was gloomy, but very tastefully furnished. Madame was wearing her Chinese finery as always, her hair straightened under a golden crown, her face heavily made up. You couldn't tell if she was 20 or 70. She smiled kindly and told Leni to sit down. She ordered an invisible servant to bring two lemonades. She lit a cigarette on a long holder and looked seriously at Leni through the smoke. Leni shook her head, thank you, she didn't smoke.

"That was a tough thing a week ago," said Madame. Leni nodded, "it was pure self-defense, either him or me," she said very calmly. Madame took a deep drag from the cigarette holder. "But of course, my dear. Thank God Pierre's emergency plan still works perfectly. Pierre is a good guy, don't you think?" Leni looked up, Madame's black eyes betrayed nothing. "I know, that's why he's my lover," said Leni. She knew that Madame had known about it from day one. Madame nodded, stubbed out her cigarette and prepared the next one. "I'd like to ask you if it bothers you to have killed someone." Leni was surprised by the turn of the topic, but she answered immediately. "No, Madame, I have neither nightmares nor pangs of conscience. He would have killed me, I'm quite sure of that. I defended myself automatically because it went beyond the usual beatings, he wanted to kill me, goddammit!" Leni suppressed tears of defiance.

Madame's face became very serious, she could have been 90 now. "Of course, my child! I actually just wanted to know what your general attitude to killing is. Are you a murderer?" Madame's question sounded cutting. Leni thought for a few moments. "No, I don't think so, Madame. I killed because I had to." Madame took a deep breath. "Most people think I'm Chinese. But I was born in Indochina, the French occupied my homeland. When I was young, I lived in the resistance, I killed many French people back then. That was right then and there, and I stand by that. After the occupation ended, I came here, took on a new identity and built one of the best brothels in the city." They were both silent, they were thinking about different things. Leni knew nothing about Indochina, but she understood Madame Cheng.

Madame Cheng continued. "I'm in the resistance again now. The occupiers are the Germans now." Leni winced, Madame in the resistance? Madame could see it in her face. "I'm too old to go underground with a gun in my hand. But I'm still doing everything that's necessary." Leni nodded in agreement. "I haven't thought about that yet, because as a young girl you don't think about the Resistance." Madame skillfully prepared her next cigarette and considered her next step.

"These days, war is not only fought with a gun in hand. The Resistance has its worst enemies killed by snipers, but some by the delicate hands of women. That is sometimes more effective." She saw Leni looking at her questioningly. "Our night taxi takes a corpse away almost every night, a service that has worked very well so far." Leni opened her eyes wide. "Every night, Madame?" she breathed in disbelief. Madame nodded. "We always put the corpses in different places so that no trace leads back to us. We must stop only when the Germans find out that they were all last in the Flamingo or the l'Orient." Leni stared at the carpet. What Madame said was mindblowing.

"What do you think of the occupiers? Don't they deserve to die?" Madame asked quietly and took a drag on her cigarette. Leni answered immediately. "No, Madame. I know a lot of Germans, now for over three years. Most of them are friendly, honest and good boys who want to fuck a pretty French girl. I think that's OK. All men, and

especially young men, have to fuck. Only among the thugs, among the rough guys, there are some that I would like to kick in the ass. And if they are real criminals, their death would be justified." Leni now looked into Madame's eyes and was curious, after all she had contradicted her, hadn't she? Madame suddenly smiled. She had heard exactly what she wanted to hear.

"The Resistance is very careful about who they sentence to death. With snipers, it is often necessary to kill innocent people too, so that the sniper and his companion can escape. But a skilled female assassin only has to deal with one of them. Even then, not all attacks are successful because there is always something unforeseeable." Madame lit a new cigarette before asking directly.

"Would you be willing to kill people for the Resistance?" Leni hesitated. "If they are real criminals," she said, "only if they are real criminals, with blood on their hands. That is not all of them, not everyone. I hesitated because then I would have to rely blindly on the fact, that the Resistance would only condemn them, not for strategic reasons, not for personal reasons. That is the only reason I hesitated, Madame."

Madame tapped the ash off her cigarette. "As far as I know, the Resistance has only named real, genuine pigs to me to date. Without exception. But I must admit that I have rarely checked myself. Most of the time I knew beforehand which of our guests was a pig priest. But you are right, in principle I rely on the Resistance's verdict. And I know the person who tells me the verdict, they are fundamentally honest people who don't play games. They want to weed out the bad apples, maybe they will save innocent people. Some people despise me because I am a brothel madam, but I act solely according to my conscience and my sense of justice. I don't play games. If someone gets on my nerves, I'll have his nose bloodied, yes. But I don't have anyone killed just because I'm angry."

Madame raised her hand briefly and the invisible servant, an older lady, brought two cups of tea. They drank in silence and everyone thought about the matter. Leni ended the silence by holding out the teacup to Madame. "I'm on board, Madame! I've told you how I think

about it, I'll do it if you tell me to!" Madame, who had kept her eyes closed, now looked Leni straight in the eyes and raised her teacup until the edges touched. "Magdalena, I won't disappoint you, I swear that on all that is holy!" They drank the cups empty, then Leni had a thousand questions. It wasn't until the end that she asked her most important one. "How about Pierre, the others?" Madame smiled kindly, almost proudly. "Pierre and everyone who was here before you came, are part of the resistance. Be careful with the younger ones and ask before you reveal anything. OK?" Leni nodded and was then allowed to leave.

Leni went into her room and asked Pierre as she passed him if he was coming to her? Pierre made a quick phone call to Aldo, his replacement, and came into the room. He saw how upset she was, sat down next to her and put his arm around her shoulder. He waited until she spoke. "I was just with the Madame, Pierre. She hired me for the Resistance, as an assassin. What do you say?" She knew the answer, but she wanted to talk to someone, to be hugged by someone. That's exactly what Pierre was doing now. "It's totally fine with me, my love. I'm with you and I'll monitor your every step, never leave you alone. OK?" Leni nodded eagerly and let her tears flow freely. "It's nothing, grumpy bear, I'm just exhausted, it's not an easy decision for me. It's more like a giant leap, jumping into black water where you can't see the bottom!"

It was only after 14 days that Yvette gave her a small brown bottle. "Three drops hospital, six drops cemetery. Can you remember that?" Leni took the bottle and hid it in her handbag. She nodded, 3 and 6, easy to remember. Then Yvette said, "If I bring you the customer and say the words 'that one is just right for you!', then that is the target person. You will notice from the look in my eyes that I am serious. Okay?" Leni nodded, "'that one is just right for you!', I get that, Yvette!" Leni knew that Yvette played second fiddle in the house and that she got orders directly from Madame.

The next evening, when it was busy again, Yvette flirted for a long time with an officer with lots of tinsel, then she came to Leni arm in arm with him. "That one is just right for you, Hans Peter!" Leni grabbed the handsome gentleman, looked searchingly into Yvette's

eyes and chimed, “Thank you, Yvette, for letting me have the gentleman!” A spark briefly glowed in Yvette’s eyes, so it was serious. Leni went to the reception with Hans Peter, cooing and flirting, and after he had paid, they went to the room. The champagne arrived a few minutes later, Leni was already naked and poured the champagne. She clinked glasses with Hans Peter and let herself be fucked. He became slower and more uncertain and clutched his heart. Barely five minutes had passed when he fell sideways onto the carpet. Leni rang the bell and Pierre came. He felt the German’s pulse, shook his head disapprovingly and pressed his paws against the man’s throat. He only let go of him after a few moments and made sure. “He’s dead,” he said to Leni. He went to the telephone in the hallway and said a few words, then wrapped the dead man in a sheet and carried him on his shoulder to the back exit. The night taxi was already waiting, he stowed the body under a dirty tarpaulin with the help of the silent passenger and then it was over. Upstairs in Leni’s room they drank another glass of champagne, he put the contaminated glass in a handkerchief and left, she washed herself and went back into the Flamingo. She stood next to Yvette and whispered “Done. He just left.” Yvette smiled briefly and squeezed her hand. Leni went to the next table and celebrated there as usual.

Leni let Pierre show her how to cut a throat. He had her practice with her index finger how hard she had to make the cut. And even harder, “until you feel the spine on the blade,” he said. Pierre gave her a small, razor-sharp knife with a wide handle. “So that you don’t hurt your own hand,” he explained. “It doesn’t have to be a big knife, one like this is enough and is easy to hide.” Leni had told Yvette that the poison was not reliable and if the guy was still breathing, she would cut his throat. Yvette nodded, “maybe use 8 or 10 drops, maybe it really isn’t strong enough.”

Leni had killed about 40 men in half a year, only twice did she have to cut the dying man’s throat. But then annoying criminal investigators came along and asked annoying questions. They were under observation. Leni took her victim by taxi to different hotels, put 12 drops in the champagne and 15 minutes later Pierre followed in the night taxi. That way there were no observers, the victims were always found in different places, the victims had registered properly in the

hotels. Nobody saw the female escort, that was the whole point. After months, they no longer besieged the Flamingo; the serial killer was wreaking havoc all over Paris, never in the same hotel. The Germans were back to square one.

Madame called Pierre and Leni into the office. She got straight to the point. “The Germans are changing their strategy, they are withdrawing many officers to Poland and Russia. The resistance is waiting.” She took a thick wad of money out of the drawer. “Take a few days off, children, you’ve earned a holiday. Go to Normandy or somewhere else, I don’t need to know. Live like princes for a few days, but come back after eight days at the latest. If there’s any money left, bring it back to me. But enjoy yourselves, you’re a successful couple.” The two thanked her and left. In the corridor, Leni threw her arms around Pierre. “Our first holiday together!” she said through tears. Pierre laughed and said he was very happy to be with her alone for a few days.

They rented a car, checked three times that they had their passes and drove along the Loire for 6 days, admiring the fabulous castles, sleeping in the best hotels and eating in the best restaurants. It was a very nice holiday and when they were back in Paris on the seventh day, more than half of the money was still left, around 13,000 francs. They walked from the car rental to the Flamingo. “Something’s wrong,” said Pierre and stopped Leni by the arm. The Flamingo was closed, as was the l’Orient. Pierre went to the neighboring houses and asked around. The Germans had arrested and taken everyone away, the Flamingo and the l’Orient were closed. Madame Cheng had swallowed a poison capsule on the way to the police car and was dead. Pierre asked several people, but they all said the same thing. They immediately went on and looked for a hotel room. They stayed for three days. Pierre went out on the street to make phone calls and was successful. He managed to reach someone from the Resistance. They confirmed that Madame Cheng had committed suicide. The employees were interrogated one by one and released one by one. So far, so good. They were to take the post bus to St. Vincent and eat lunch at the L’Heureuse restaurant the next day. They were to tell the waiter — any waiter — that their cat had run away and they were looking for it. An hour later they took the bus to St. Vincent.

They ate in the restaurant and told the waiter the key phrase when they ordered. The waiter didn't bat an eyelid and just said "Aha!" They ate and Pierre was already considering speaking to the waiter again when a man, dressed in an inconspicuous manner, sat down at their table and ordered three espressos. "I'm Robert and that's not my name. So you came here from Madame Cheng, am I right?" They both nodded and Pierre said they were looking for work at the company. Robert nodded, "That's fine, your colleagues from Flamingo will be coming in the next few days. As far as I know, they all went off." Even if someone heard their conversation, they were only saying trivial things. Robert looked at his watch, his car would be there in 10 minutes precisely. "Your luggage?" Pierre pointed with his chin, there, next to the exit, within reach. Robert grinned. "The boss likes well-trained specialists," he grinned and ordered 3 Calvados. Pierre prepared to pay the bill, but the waiter bowed his head with a cheerful grin. "Already paid, dear colleague!" Pierre managed to force another bill on him for the good service.

Robert's car arrived on the dot, the driver put the two travel bags in the trunk and then they set off. They drove in zigzags and made turns like rabbits, then he stopped in front of a large farm house. "No pursuing" was the only thing the driver said to Robert, they got out and got their luggage, then the driver sped on. Robert accompanied them inside. They were given a room, told to freshen up quickly and come straight down to the main hall. A few minutes later they came into the hall and were led into a room by someone. The local boss received them there.

They talked about Madame Cheng for a few minutes. It was such a shame about her, she had built up a well-functioning network in the Flamingo and l'Orient. It was a bitter loss, everyone knew her and she had a good, strong character. Leni said she had seen him in the Flamingo several times before, he had always booked Yvette or Monique. The boss, who had introduced himself as Charles, was visibly embarrassed by the subject. "Yes, that's how I kept in touch with Madame. And Yvette and Monique, well, I'm just a man!" Leni laughed happily, "Charles, you don't need to explain yourself, the two of them are considered masters of our trade!" Leni's cheerful laughter relaxed the situation. Charles looked at his watch and said the

two of them should turn up here in the next few days. He already knew that Yvette and Monique were already free.

They should rest for a few days, said Charles, then they would discuss what to do. There are also animals on the farm, for camouflage. Charles became very serious again. “What I regret very much is that Madame Cheng is buried in a pauper’s cemetery. We couldn’t dare claim her body. And we were very close, decades ago I was one of her favorites. She was very good in making love!” he said bitterly. Pierre and Leni shook his hand. “Our condolences, Charles, we liked her too!” said Pierre and slapped good Charles on the shoulder with his paw.

In fact, in the following days the entire crew of the Flamingo and the l’Orient came one by one. It was a warm and painful greeting. Everyone was sad and horrified that Madame had swallowed the poison capsule. She must have realized that she was deeply compromised and at the same time knew that she was too old for the Germans’ torture. Yvette and Monique hugged Charles like an old lover, then Yvette came to Pierre and Leni. They told each other everything in detail. Yvette had been very worried that the two of them would fall into a trap when they returned, because of course the Germans had left people behind. She was glad that this was not the case. Pierre, who had been trained before the war at the DIS, a predecessor organization of the DGSE, did not fall into a trap so easily, he said proudly.

On the fourth day there was a meeting. A high-ranking boss had come, Rimbaud. He asked Pierre and Leni straight out whether they could carry out delicate assassinations as a team, as a couple. Both agreed, yes. Rimbaud, not a fan of small talk and obviously under time pressure, took a file out of his briefcase. Target person with several photos, list of habits and preferred locations, contact person in the town of Varennes. They were to study the file carefully and burn it together with Charles before leaving. The day after tomorrow a car would pick them up and drop them in Varennes. Return on the fifth day at the latest on their own, no car planned. Pierre skimmed the file and nodded. “We’ll do it or die trying.” Rimbaud nodded, then they left and the next ones came to Rimbaud.

Leni and Pierre studied the file carefully. Pierre said the best place to approach the general would be the café opposite the command post. Leni nodded seriously, she rummaged in her travel bag. A daring but not too slutty dress. She was 22 and with a bit of make-up she could enchant any man. They had Charles provide them with a bottle of poison. They drove to Varennes, the car drove on immediately and they took two rooms in the hotel opposite the command post and next to the café. A wallpapered door between the two rooms, as they had requested. They paid for five nights in advance, Pierre contacted his contact and a night taxi was organized. The contact, Paul, said that the people with the night taxi were not directly with the company, but common criminals, so it was just about the money. Pierre nodded that it was fine, there was enough money. Paul should just make sure that the body was disposed of as remotely as possible, he had to be able to rely on that. Paul nodded that he could reliably organize that. Since Pierre didn't know the exact day, the gangsters were to wait for Paul's call every evening.

Leni had looked at the location carefully, scouted out possible escape routes if something went wrong. They had decided on the small church on the southern edge of town as an emergency meeting point, every hour on the hour. The plan was to lure the general into the hotel room. If he had a bodyguard with him, Pierre's fist would be waiting for him. If he didn't want to go to the hotel room, Leni was to give him the poison at the bar and leave immediately. Pierre had rented a car to be on the safe side and parked it next to the church. They were ready to go.

Everything went like clockwork, without any problems. The general came into the café at the end of his shift and he was alone. His uniform, covered in tinsel, was meant to impress and scare everyone away. He immediately spotted the pretty girl at the bar and his predatory instincts awoke. By chance, the stool next to Leni was empty; she had made sure of that. She was already slightly tipsy, she pretended that her unfaithful husband had left her alone for the night, he was out until tomorrow, the scoundrel! She immediately agreed to the general's flirting, she was already slightly drunk, wasn't she?

After the second drink, she wanted to go to her room, here next door in the hotel. Yes, the general could accompany her to the door. Leni was surprised at how quickly Pierre overtook her and went into the next room. She was thirsty, she said, as the general, a true gentleman of the old school, unlocked her hotel room. He could come with her for a glass of champagne, she said, if he was a good boy and didn't take advantage of the situation. Drool dripped from the corners of the general's mouth as he picked up the glass of champagne. They drank to friendship, her name was Arlène and she was so lonely! So terribly lonely! The predator said she didn't have to be so lonely, he was there, Schorsch. What a strange name, Leni slurred and counted the seconds. "It stands for Georges," said the general. Leni let the strap of her dress fall and the dress fluttered to the floor. He stared at the beauty, who was standing next to the bed in just her slip. Pierre had drawn his pistol and continued to look through the crack in the wallpaper door. The general took a step toward Leni, a second, and at the third he slumped to the floor like a felled tree. Pierre entered immediately, the general still had a weak pulse. But a minute later Pierre shook his head, the guy was dead, stone dead.

There was still an hour to wait until it was dark enough to call Paul. Pierre rummaged through the general's pockets and took everything from him, except for a little cash that the gangsters were supposed to find. But an ID card, for example, might be good loot for the Resistance. Pierre called Paul and wanted to make a small change, Paul should come with the car himself, he didn't want to hand the dead man over to two strangers. Paul thought about it and he agreed, that made sense. Pierre wrapped the dead man in the sheet and carried him down the stairs. He had to wait a few minutes, then they came. Paul helped to hide the body under a tarpaulin, and Pierre discreetly gave him the envelope with the money. "Don't pay them until they've brought you back," Pierre murmured quietly. "But claro," Paul replied, a handshake and they drove off. Pierre and Leni took their bags and disappeared through the same back entrance, they had to walk 15 minutes to the church, then they drove to the farm in the rental car.

Charles immediately called Rimbaud. He was beaming from ear to ear. The two of them were to rest for 3 or 4 days, then Rimbaud

would come with the next assignment. Charles promised to have the rental car returned. The fake identity card and the 2,000 francs deposit were worth the effort. Pierre and Leni enjoyed the days off. There was a point in recharging their batteries, sleeping in and going to the next assignment well rested. They fucked when they felt like it, mostly on the lawn and moss behind the main house. Leni got incredibly horny at the thought of 50 pairs of eyes watching her masturbate and fuck. Pierre thought that the girls could now see how good he could fuck now. After he had squirted, he lay next to Leni and stroked her inner thighs while she finished masturbating. It was wonderful, both of them thought. — Before falling asleep, Leni rolled into Pierre's huge arms when she felt like masturbating.

Rimbaud's next assignment took them to Reims. The target was the general who was promoting the deportation of Jews, as if he were personally involved. They studied the act and burned it together with Charles. The car dropped them off in front of the command post, they went to the hotel. There were no two rooms with connecting doors. Pierre met Vincent, the liaison man. A night taxi had already been organized, Pierre parked the rental car behind the church. General von Bülow always went to the bar next door after work, he always drank 2 martinis. It looked as if it would go as usual. They did not yet know that there was a gap in the act, a game-deciding one.

Leni sat on the bar stool, drank a martini and kept the seat next to her free. The general came, the martini came and Leni played the slightly drunken widow. The general did not respond at all. It did not work. The general leaned towards her and whispered, "Sorry, but I'm not into women!" before going to the toilet. Leni had to improvise at lightning speed.

Pierre saw how she clumsily knocked over the general's glass and ordered a new one. She held the opened bottle of poison in her cupped hand and briefly covered her hand with a napkin while she poured the poison into her own glass. Pierre could see it, she took the fresh martini and discreetly pushed her glass to the general's seat. He came back and they toasted each other. Leni left the bar immediately after they had finished drinking. Pierre followed her to the church. "He's gay, a faggy!" Leni screamed to Pierre when they were sitting in

the car. “Damn it, it wasn’t mentioned in the file!” Pierre cursed. They told Charles how it had gone. He was on the phone with Vincent. The general had had a heart attack in the bar and was dead. “Well, that worked out well!” said Charles. Vincent also knew that the Germans were looking for a young French woman. The description of the person was ridiculous, ten witnesses and 20 different statements.

Rimbaud ordered four days of rest, Charles had the rental car returned. The two of them rested, took long walks and made love on the lawn behind the house. Leni was happy with her grumpy bear, he was the right man for her. In peacetime they would probably have married, but now no one was thinking about it. Rimbaud came, he was an engineer in civilian life and had built many bridges in France. Now he was a key figure in the Resistance, but he regularly traveled to Paris to see his wife and child. Yvette had great respect for the architect, who did not accept any of the many tempting offers of a quickie with a Flamingo girl. A man with principles.

The next assignment took them to Brest in Normandy. Yannick, the liaison, had already done some good preparatory work. A reliable team for the night taxi, two rooms with connecting door were reserved, the rental car was parked in front of the hotel. But things didn’t go smoothly, unfortunately. The fat general was lured, he followed the tipsy widow into the hotel room and drank the poisoned champagne. He didn’t fall over. Leni lay down on the bed and let herself be fucked, although she was disgusted by the fat man. Nevertheless, she was battered hard through by a powerful orgasm, he fucked her well thoroughly before he ejaculated into the condom.

She knelt behind him, grabbed him under the chin and slit his throat. Blood spurted over the bedclothes, he held his wound with both hands and moved threateningly towards Leni. He swayed, it was too much for him. Pierre had come into the room silently and punched him hard in the face. Only now did the guy fall over. He bled to death in no time. Pierre was sure that he was dead. They had to wait two hours for the night taxi to arrive. It took less than a minute for Pierre to bring the body and his uniform down and throw them on the loading area of the pick-up. Yannick covered him with a tarpaulin. Pierre gave Yannick the money and said that he should

have himself brought home after the disposal and only then pay the team. Yannick nodded, that was his plan. That same night they drove to the farm near St. Vincent in a rental car. Rimbaud again ordered a few days' break.

Pierre drove to Paris with Leni. He wanted to prepare for the future afterwards and let Leni in on his plan. Madame Cheng had had the income from the Flamingo and the l'Orient siphoned off into her private account. Pierre said the only risk was that the Germans had discovered the private account and were monitoring it. But luck was on his side. The Germans had only blocked the accounts of Flamingo and l'Orient, they did not discover the private account, especially since it was not under the name of Cheng. Leni had to wait outside on the street; she was terribly nervous and worried about her Pierre.

Pierre went calmly into the bank. Three people had access rights to the account: Madame Cheng, himself and a certain Alphonse de Montmeril, a lover from her youth who Pierre did not know at all. Everything was very slow. Alphonse had withdrawn 500,000 a year ago, and there were still 5.8 million in the account. Pierre wanted to withdraw 5.2 million in cash. He had to wait an hour until the money arrived. The cashier discovered his pistols in his holster, his fingers trembling over the alarm button. Pierre smiled, "I have to protect myself with so much cash!" and smiled disarmingly. The clerk hesitantly took his finger off the button.

It was tough, but it worked. One last shock: his briefcase was much too small. The banker smiled, that happened often. He gave Pierre a small wooden suitcase. Pierre asked for an extra two hundred thousand, and the five million went into the suitcase. After four hours he was finally standing on the street. Leni joined him; she had been constantly looking into the windows, but everything seemed to be fine. They zigzagged four streets further and entered the BNP Paribas bank branch. He opened an account under one of the false identities; Pierre Montessier and Leni Montessier, his wife, were the authorized people. He gave an office building in Lyon as his home address because Montessier was a textile manufacturer there.

They sat in a café. Pierre gave Leni one hundred thousand, that was her handbag money. The five million was a lot of money; he could have bought a palace in Paris or 20 houses in the country side with it. But he said the money was for later, when the war was over. Leni nodded, that was a good plan. And how happy she was, as Madame Montessier she was married to Pierre, she said, giggling and smiling happily. Pierre smiled, “The fake Mr. Montessier with his fake wife, but very rich. That’s something.”

He was on the phone with his former friend, who worked as a concierge in the Lyon office building. He understood immediately when Pierre parlayed in the old code phrases. He gave Pierre a different phone number and said they could talk for 6 minutes, no longer. They spoke for exactly 6 minutes and had communicated and agreed everything. From the 6th minute onwards they talked about the fact that Pierre now had a steady girlfriend, like a wife. Yes, she fucked divinely. No, the friend was a bachelor. But when Pierre came to visit, they would both fuck Leni together like then in the old days. They talked piggish for a few more minutes for the wiretapping service.

Pierre told neither Charles nor Rimbaud that he had taken Madame Cheng’s private fortune and was preparing for “afterwards”. They carried out an assassination attempt almost every week, each one was exciting and thrilling. Leni had to fuck all the Germans before they drank the poisoned champagne. She made sure that she was fucked really thoroughly, if she was going to let herself be fucked for her homeland. She knew how much Pierre liked to watch her being fucked and she spread her legs wide, so he could see everything. Showing herself made her very hot. She often had a real orgasm and then winked at Pierre. When the guy was dead and finished, she was happy to let Pierre fuck her, who was turned on by it all.

She didn’t have to cut anyone’s throat anymore, Pierre just had to put a pillow in three people’s faces and shoot a bullet in their brains. The Germans were alarmed, a dead man was found every week. It was impossible to catch the serial killer. Rimbaud had taken the failure in Brest to heart, in all his files he was careful not to release any gays, but only seductive womanizers. He was very satisfied with the

results of the year. The resistance had a lot of success in northern France and the worst generals disappeared into a river or a small forest.

"But in Paris they really gave us a hard time, the Germans!" said Rimbaud and sent the two to Paris. The biggest hurdle was organizing night taxis. The street checks had become more stringent at night, and soon there was no one willing to take the risk. The two were forced to find new hotels more and more often because they had to simply leave the bodies lying there. That was very risky, and the Germans soon knew that there was a pair of killers. A tall man and a young girl. The resistance naturally had its people in the German administration and Pierre and Leni were no longer given any orders. They were blocked for weeks. Rimbaud deployed more snipers, which of course cost more innocent lives. Nobody was happy with the situation.

At the end of October, Rimbaud had a dozen wild fighters attack a confidential, secret Nazi meeting. No German survived the massacre, and the French suffered no losses. Now the Germans had to rethink their approach. They pulled together all their forces to protect their officers. Pierre sensed a chance. Now the enemy had no time to hunt down the killer couple. He set off for Paris with Leni. They had studied three files and wanted to eliminate all three targets in one week. Of course, there was no night taxi. The contact officers reserved a good, strategically located hotel in the vicinity. He himself and Lena would scout out and book hotels at the three attack sites.

They were very, very careful. Pierre decided who would go first. He didn't talk to anyone, no one but him was to know, how and where and when it happened. He and Leni disguised themselves so that the hotel staff would later give absurd and contradictory statements about "The Couple". On three consecutive evenings they killed all three Germans. They went to sleep, they would disappear again the next morning.

Leni had just gone to the bathroom to pee when four Germans pushed open Pierre's door and pounced on him. Leni came back and took in the situation at a glance. With her back to the Germans, she

went to the dressing stools and grabbed Pierre's two pistols. As she had practiced a hundred times, she released the safety catch on the weapons and cocked the hammers with her thumb. She turned around in a flash and the Germans were distracted from her naked body for a moment. In a flash she pressed the pistols into Pierre's hand. Four shots rang out, the Germans fell like sacks. Pierre had shot all four of them in the thighs, which kept them on the ground and busy pressing their hands to the large wounds. He threw all the towels from the bathroom at them because he didn't want to kill them.

Leni and Pierre left the hotel two minutes later through the delivery entrance. They were only half dressed, had thrown everything into their travel bags and walked quickly through the back alleys until Pierre stopped, out of breath, in a dark corner. They gasped for air, they dressed properly and he took care of the pistols in their holsters. He nodded grimly when Leni said angrily, "How did they know we were there? Someone in Paris must have betrayed us!" They now walked purposefully to the Gare de l'Este train station. Pierre called Charles on the emergency line and gave his public telephone number. He waited several minutes until Charles called back. Pierre gave a brief message. A Mole in Paris, they were to be arrested specifically, he shot his way through. The killer couple was burned forever, they had to go into hiding. Charles wanted to know where they were going, but Pierre hung up.

He wrote a postcard from San Sebastian on the Spanish Atlantic coast. "Lovely holiday, almost like a honeymoon. The north of Spain is beautifully wild. Best wishes, Paul. PS: don't forget Aunt Maggie's 80th birthday!"

Of course the post was read, but only Charles understood the message: "everything is fine here, we are still in Spain and are going to England immediately." Pierre Montessier and Leni Montessier disappeared from the scene without a trace after this postcard.

No one ever heard from them again.

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Little Jack

by Jack Faber © 2024

Jakob, who preferred to be called Jack, received a bad diagnosis as a toddler. He had a genetic defect that meant, he would have a large head, strong bow legs and a short stature. Even as an adult, he was no taller than 1.58m. But he was not an ugly child, he had a friendly face, a sunny disposition and huge blue eyes.

At the age of 8 he got his first computer, he was very clever, learned easily and remembered everything. Of course he soon discovered the first porn sites and that stole a lot of his time. With an advance on his pocket money he bought two expensive miniature spy cameras. He knew roughly what his parents and Irmi were doing. He installed one camera in the mirror frame of his older sister Irmi and hid the other in the bedpost of his parents' marital bed. He had to adjust it a little, but then he had a perfect insight into his parents' and Irmi's sex life.

He soon found out the sex rhythm of his parents and Irmi. Irmi always masturbated in the late afternoon in front of the big mirror, she had a big, thick pink vibrator. She didn't use the motor, it was obviously useless. She spread her legs wide in front of the large mirror and fucked herself slowly, then faster and faster with the vibrator, she fucked herself for minutes with her lips pursed together. Then she threw the vibrator away and masturbated with her fingers until she climaxed. Jack stared at the monitor and rubbed himself vigorously, and later he was able to squirt. He usually masturbated twice when Irmi fought her way to orgasm.

The parents fucked every night before going to sleep. Mom lifted her legs high above her head, clamped her toes to the headboard and presented her beautiful, wet pussy to him like an opened fruit. Dad held on to her legs with his hands and thrust wildly and quickly into her pussy. Mom usually had an orgasm while fucking, she let her legs fall down and twitched wildly while Dad held her tight and squirted the whole load into her cunthole. When she shaked vigorously and

twitched very wildly, Dad squirted his juice uncontrollably in all directions. Sometimes she didn't have an orgasm during sex, so she would rub her clit as quickly as possible after he had squirted until she had an orgasm. Dad liked to watch her and often made her masturbate again.

Jack often sat on the kitchen bench to study because he wanted to see his Mom's beautiful body. When she did housework, she often wore only an apron, bra and panties, often just a bra and panties, like a bikini. She exuded a sex appeal that clouded his senses, so he masturbated always under the table. He stared greedily at her curves, mostly at her panties. When she bent over completely, to scrub an invisible stain, her panties would shift a little and he could see a tiny bit of her pussy. Sometimes she worked without any panties at all, which was a sure sign that she would soon disappear into the bedroom to masturbate. And so it was. A frivolous game had developed between them that they had been playing for months. She knelt under the table and wiped his semen from the floor. At this point she took off her panties and bent over to rub the invisible stain. He stared at her naked ass and the fine line of her pussy crack, he rubbed very fast and squirted on the floor. She often watched with interest when he began to masturbate completely shamelessly. At that point, she would take off her panties and get on all fours to scrub the invisible stain. When she was already horny herself, a finger would play provocatively with her clitoris, but without masturbating. In those moments he saw her open pussyhole from an arm's length, which drove him crazy. Neither of them ever mentioned it; they both seemed to enjoy the frivolous game. When she disappeared into her bedroom, he ran into his room to watch her masturbating on the monitor. Twenty years later, she remembered how frivolously she had turned him on for a while, mostly because this game turned her on.

He varied the game. She had of course noticed that his cock had grown enormously in the year since they had been playing this game. She had long since stopped looking at his cock, as he was now kneeling behind her during the game. When her naked ass danced before his eyes, he knelt behind her and masturbated, his eyes fixed on her pussyhole. Before he squirted, he called out softly, "Now, Mom,

now!" She grabbed her ass cheeks with both hands and pulled them and the pussyhole apart. At first he squirted randomly on the pussy, but he soon learned to squirt directly into the cunthole from a distance of an inch. When his glans touched her pussy, she pulled away, "No, don't put it in! Never, we don't fuck!" But he continued to turn the spiral. He squirted directly into the hole and when he had finished squirting, he sank his cock completely into the cunthole. She didn't scold him anymore, let him in silence stay motionless inside there for a while and then pulled out. They continued like this for the next four months. He just didn't have the courage to fuck her properly. When he squirted, he put the tip of his cock into her pussy hole and squirted inside. Only when he had finished did he push his whole cock all the way in. She let him, she stopped scolding him. He didn't move his cock, or maybe just a little bit, when she moved her pussy a little, her being horny and signaling him fucking movements. He always reacted only fearfully to these signals and only went along very fearfully. She always did it, and by the third time he had ejaculated she was already wiggling quite noticeably. She was already very horny and was looking forward to the next masturbation. He had to join in with her violent movements, but his heart was full of fear because he was never allowed to fuck her really and his cock was now already completely exhausted. But after a good two or three minutes, the cock was really soft, so she pulled it out. They didn't look at each other, they were silent because the situation was embarrassing for both of them. Despite all the embarrassment, they did it two or three times in a row until Jack had squirted enough. Mom usually disappeared into the bedroom straight afterward.

On these afternoons he also told her all the news. He had told her that some of his classmates were already fucking their Moms. She looked at him in disbelief, telling him not to talk such a nonsense! But Jack named specific names, she knew the mothers and questioned them on the phone. Some denied it so harshly that she knew at once that the denial was a lie. With others, who she knew quite well, she had clarity after a few phone calls. Once the barriers were down, they told her everything. Most of them were embarrassed, of course, but they enjoyed it on a purely sexual level. This were no lies. It seemed like an epidemic that had struck Jack's classmates. Mom was horrified, quite simply. Jack had laid his head on her breasts, lis-

tening to the naughty, spicy details of the other woman, his fingers had slipped under her skirt and were cheekily touching her panties, her pussy and finally her clit. She had initially pulled his hand away, but she had long since given up, she listened breathlessly to the saucy sexual narratives and let Jack play with her clit. When she hung up the phone, he would lean his head against her breasts and murmured, “I’ll fuck you too, one day!” Most of the time she said nothing, sometimes she kissed him on the top of his head and murmured, that “this would never happen!”

The beautiful idyll fell apart when Jack turned 13. Dad hadn’t gone to work; he was sitting with a serious face at the kitchen table with Mom. Jack saw her red, tear-filled eyes and immediately closed the door again. Dad had filed for divorce and was going to Australia with his new wife. Mom, Irmi and Jack were left devastated. Dad had been Irmi’s and Jack’s great hero, they hadn’t noticed that the marriage was breaking up.

They cried and mourned for days, Mom let poor little Jack sleep with her, for the first time since he was a toddler. He hugged her and cuddled with her until his cock was unbearably stiff. “I want to fuck!” Jack mumbled indistinctly. So she always switched the little light on because she wanted to watch it. He pressed his body and his cock against her body, against her pussy. She grabbed the cock that was relentlessly poking at her pussyhole through the fabric of her nightgown. “Shh, shh,” she murmured and grabbed the cock even tighter. Mom’s eyes widened when she held his cock in her fist, because her boy had a huge cock, oh — my — God, what a giant piece of cock!

His cock pounded through the fabric of her nightgown, she opened her legs involuntarily and he penetrated her pussyhole along with the fabric wrapped around his cock. He only fucked her for a very short time and squirted into the fabric. She was disgusted by the wet nightgown and took it off. “Look, you can’t just fuck me, just for nothing!” she scolded quietly. He was still stiff and penetrated her pussy with force, although she protested half-heartedly, but at his fiery onslaught her thighs automatically opened, those lousy traitors! He fucked again very quickly and squirted inside. She scolded him. “You can’t just fuck your mother like that for nothing! I don’t want

it!" Jack hadn't listened. He penetrated her pussy again, he didn't hear her quiet protest. This time he fucked her very long so that she had a little orgasm, then he squirted the full load inside.

Her body was grateful for the orgasm, Dad had daily come to fuck her even though he had already married the new girl. Then they went to Australia a few weeks ago. She had only masturbated lonely and sad in the last few weeks, but those were completely different orgasms. She was completely at a loss, because he ignored her quiet protesting moans. Of course she was naked too, the nightgown was useless and disturbing only. Her legs opened magically by themselves, although she really didn't want to be fucked. Without saying a word, he entered between her invitingly open thighs and fucked her hard and for a long time. He knew from her fucking with Dad that he had to wait until she had reached orgasm before he squirted. He immediately continued fucking, again he fucked her to orgasm and only then squirted. He took a short break and she scolded him, but he entered again without saying a word. The third fuck was difficult for him, he only fucked slowly and sprinkled immediately when she had orgasmed. He fell asleep immediately.

The boy fucked her to orgasm two or three times every night without saying a word and didn't let himself be stopped. She felt helpless and exposed, her thighs opened against her will and she protested quietly each time before she was fucked. He fucked her two or three times a night and waited until she had reached an orgasm before squirting. He fell asleep immediately and she cried a little. It was incest, it was her own son who was fucking her so wonderfully. But she just couldn't take pleasure in this shame. After some days, after the third fuck, Mom sat up energetically, grabbed him by the shoulders and looked seriously into his eyes. "I don't want you to fuck me! Absolutely not! If you don't stop right now, you'll have to sleep alone in your room!" Jack hunched his shoulders, she was goddamn serious now! "You can masturbate here as often as you want, but don't fuck me!" Jack nodded and promised. "You don't mind me masturbating here, Mom?" he asked uncertainly and she nodded. "Do what you want, but stop fucking me right now!" She pretended not to notice that the boy next to her was masturbating and squirting, three or four times in a row. One evening, Jack grabbed Mom's hand while

she was masturbating and placed it on his cock. “Please, you do it!” he begged. She grabbed the big cock and masturbated it. She then lay naked sprawled in bed, because he liked to squirt on her breasts and pussy the most. She spread her legs wide and, grinning, let him squirt directly on her pussyhole, which he loved the most. She did it for him for many days, blushing shamefully at first and rubbing the boy hard and firmly with her fist until he squirted over her cunthole.

“I want to fuck in your ass crack,” Jack said one day. She hesitated, “maybe later, not now!” was her answer for a few days. She made him squirt with her fist, two or even three times in a row, she let him squirt on her breasts and her pussyhole. But he didn’t give up, he asked night after night. She gave in. “But only fuck in the crease of the ass, not properly, not in the pussy hole, I definitely don’t want that!” she told him. He promised. Jack turned her onto her stomach and jammed his cock into the crease of her ass, he pressed her beautiful, round ass cheeks together tightly with both hands and fucked her in the crease tunnel. “It doesn’t really matter,” she thought, because she didn’t feel anything, it didn’t excite her sexually at all. He fucked her ass crease like crazy, he loved it and he squirted long streams over her ass and over her back.

The spiral continued. “Can I fuck in your asshole?” he asked one evening and again she hesitated for days. She dug the lubricant out of the wardrobe and laid it out on the bedside table long before she gave in. “But only with lubricant,” she said, somewhat irritated, “and only in the asshole! Don’t get any stupid ideas, fucking in the pussyhole is out of the question!” she told him. He nodded and promised. He rubbed cream into her asshole and fucked her in the ass from behind, she lying on her stomach. A few days later she said she wanted to do it in a different position.

She lay on her back, clamped her toes in the headboard and presented both her holes to him like she did with his Dad, like back then. He rubbed cream into her asshole and fucked her in the ass. She now masturbated to orgasm while he was fucking her asshole. “That’s right now,” she grinned contentedly, “that way I get something out of it too!” Jack watched her masturbating as if hypnotized; it was nothing new, but always very exciting. He squirted into the

opened fruit, the full load. That went well for many weeks. But one evening, when he was already in the finale, his cock slipped out and he immediately went in again to squirt. She finished masturbating, then scolded him. “You really fucked me at the end and squirted inside me!” she said plaintively. Jack lowered his gaze guiltily, “It won’t happen again, Mom!” She gave him a light slap. “Don’t you dare!” she said soothingly.

Of course he ignored it immediately. At the end he always pushed into her pussy hole and squirted his full load inside. Mom didn’t scold him anymore, she didn’t really care.

Mom didn’t grieve for very long, that much was certain. She let her friends bring their husbands with them, who were forced to fuck Mom two or three times in a row. Many women still considered Jack a child; he lay in the girlfriend’s lap and played excitingly with her breasts and teats while she groped the child’s cock. Child Jack asked politely, lisping, whether he could touch her pussy under her skirt because she had taken out his cock and was playing with it. Everyone let him; the child surely had no idea yet! Jack and the girlfriend watched curiously as Mom let her husband fuck her. For most of the men, the second and third rounds were a really exhausting ordeal, but their wives didn’t let them off the hook. The poor mother absolutely had to be fucked really hard, Period! Jack could now judge for himself which ones were halfway decent fuckers. Most of them weren’t particularly good at fucking, only a few fucked well and brought Mom to orgasm. With these borrowed husbands, Mom didn’t lift her legs up like she did with Dad, but laid on her back and dug her heels into his ass cheeks to drive him like a donkey.

Every week one or two girlfriends came and let Mom get fucked two or three times by her husband, the poor thing no longer had a man! Many came often so that the poor thing really got fucked often enough! Hardly any of them would admit to coming because of Jack. And Jack, the little rascal, played with her clit very deliberately until she orgasmed a bit, completely surprised. They all shook their heads firmly when the child stuck his cock into her pussy under her skirt, but they all let him do it. They would never let a child fuck her! So the kid left his cock motionless in her pussy after she had played with

his cock enough. He just had to wait until it squirted all by itself. They were always surprised, but not one of them pushed him back unwillingly. He was proud to win.

Only one was so uptight that she didn't let him squirt a second time. Most of them came without panties to make it easier for him. They grinned crookedly when they put the boy on their laps. It was clear that he would first bring her to a quick, little orgasm very subtly and furtively. They all knew that, if she had stimulated or rubbed his cock for a while at the same time. He would then put his cock in her pussyhole and squirt inside. But since they didn't let him fuck them, it was something they let happen only very secretly, furtively and like casually. The main event was taking place elsewhere anyway, so they kept a close and critical eye on their men while they fucked poor Mom. It was not acceptable for their husbands to fuck poor Mom better than them, God forbid! The boy now knew exactly which one he was not allowed to move a millimeter and which one tolerated him moving secretly and inconspicuously in her pussy hole. He was not allowed to fuck a single one properly.

A time later, Jack had had enough of assfucking, he had already squirted in all of her girlfriends' cuntholes at least once, most of them several times. From now on he fucked Mom in her pussy hole from the very beginning, and was very careful that she had an orgasm while fucking or made herself one. Only rarely did she have to masturbate after fucking and Jack was very proud of himself. Mom didn't say a word about any of this. She let it happen because when she thought about it, she was quite happy to be fucked every night by a greedy boy with a truly enormous cock and to have an orgasm or make one.

Jack was very happy that she willingly lifted her legs up high and let him fuck her open pussyhole every night. They rarely talked about it, they both ignored the incest aspect, she perhaps out of shame at the disgrace. In any case, Jack was completely indifferent to incest, like the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus. He was young, full of semen pressure and far too ugly to interest girls at school. "A head that was far too big with bulging eyes, terrible bow legs and barely 1.50m tall — the dream of a boyfriend!" Yes, most of the girls hid with him in

the bushes behind the gym, let him grab her pussy and touched his cock. Most of the time they just masturbated each other, only one let him fuck her. Nicole fucked him in the bushes every day, while others let themselves be masturbated next to them. Jack watched the girl closely, when she was masturbated by her girlfriend. Only very few girls fucked at that age, because letting a girlfriend or, not so often, a boyfriend masturbate her was wicked enough in itself. Nicole was amazed at how big his cock was and how skillfully he could fuck with it. After months there were rumors that Nicole was letting Dwarf Nose fuck her! Oops! Nicole was a conceited, stuck-up girl, so she wouldn't allow an open admission of their friendship and broke up. It hurt him, of course, for a second, but he had his Mom to fuck and he forgot about the dumb nut overnight. Nicole was just a toy for him, he didn't miss her for a second.

He was the best student far and wide, he was not only hardworking but also highly gifted. He passed his A-levels a year early and immediately threw himself into studying engineering. At 23, his doctoral thesis was accepted and the young doctor was hired as an assistant that same day. He became less and less interested in engineering, but more and more interested in programming. In his opinion, the software that most engineers used was terrible. He founded his own company, Fabersoft, and designed a completely new concept for an engineering program system. He still earned his money as an assistant and every now and then he fucked a student. What kind of girls studied engineering? Chubby intellectuals with thick glasses, most of whom had never fucked and were sexually very inexperienced. They were very flattered that the young professor seduced them. He fucked the girls in his office, deflowered them and made them take the pill. None of them stayed on board for much longer than 14 days; they lost interest, but mostly he did. Variety was good!

He fucked with Mom every night, but she fell ill, had terrible belly pains and ended up in the hospital. He was devastated and worried about how Mom was doing. On the very first night he sneaked into Irmi's bedroom and crawled naked under her covers. Irmi turned on the small light and grinned when she saw his huge cock for the first time. "It looks kind of strange, your cock is much too big compared to your small body, when it's as stiff as it is now. Should I do it to

you?" she asked, "but we can't fuck because I'm still a virgin," she lied. He didn't say anything to this lie at first and said it would be fine if she did it to him. But his eyes widened when Irmi took his cock in her mouth and masturbated it there. He experienced that for the first time. She let him ejaculate into her throat and swallowed his juice with pleasure. "I do that with everyone," she commented with a grin. Jack was very relaxed, the mouth ejaculation was great! He leaned back and said, "We shouldn't lie to each other, little sister!" he said to his older sister. "Sometimes I opened your door a crack and watched you fuck yourself in front of the big mirror with the pink vibrator! Virgin, pah, don't lie to me! But maybe you meant that you've never fucked anyone, okay. But you're not a virgin, you're a secret dildo fucker!" Irmi sensed that he didn't mean any harm. "Yes, Jacky, I won't lie to you. I've fucked about 12 or 13 boys, that's true." She pulled herself together. "Daddy took my virginity the day after my 14th birthday and fucked me every afternoon for almost half a year until Mom caught us. That was the real reason for their divorce, and it's all my fault!" Jack put his arm around the sobbing Irmi. "I don't think it's your fault! Dad was an adult when he seduced you. He knew what he was doing. I'm surprised that Mom threw him out because of it. I think it's more likely that the young chick drove him to divorce, that seems more likely to me! Whatever the case, don't blame yourself, our parents weren't babies anymore, they knew what they were doing."

Irmi hesitated and asked after a while. "Did you often watch me do that? That, with the dildo?" Now it was Jack's turn to fib. "Oh, come on!" he said vaguely, "Maybe 10 or 15 times, I was only 11 or 12, didn't know anything about masturbating and it just got boring. Dildo in, dildo out, in and out forever. I never waited for your orgasm, I didn't know anything about it back then. The look on your face when you were fucking with the dildo turned really stupid, so I closed the door and left." Irmi smiled with her cat eyes. "Then you missed the best part. The dildo was just for warming up, I always had orgasms with my finger and watched myself in the mirror. That was hot!" Irmi took another cigarette. "When the divorce had already been decided, Dad took me into the marital bed a few times. My eyes widened because I had never spied when they were fucking. Now I saw it up close how Mom put her legs over her head and Dad fucked

her in that position. That really impressed me because it was hot to watch. Mom was furious when he fucked me in front of her afterwards. He replied that they were practically already divorced and he could fuck whoever he wanted. I was unhappy because the guilt about the divorce was making me very depressed."

Irmi stroked his cock. "Forgive me, but I'm curious. You've been sleeping with Mom for the last few years. Have you ..... ?" Jack nodded immediately. "Yes, we have, since Dad left." He told Irmi everything truthfully. Irmi put her hands over her mouth when Jack told her that Mom had let her friends' husbands fuck her for a while. He told her with a grin that he had played with her friends' clits with an innocent expression on his face until they came to a little climax, amazed and embarrassed. And that he had squirted into all of their cuntholes, most of them several times, over and over again. How could the little boy ...? Irmi laughed out loud at his boyish pranks and let him tell her everything in detail. She wanted to imagine it in detail. A few of them held him in their arms so that he could only penetrate from the side. The first time was very difficult with these women because they were very shy, chaste and modest, but he licked her breasts and her teats, so they became horny like ape shit. Then they allowed him to penetrate them very hesitantly, as if God knows how bad it would be to let a baby in your arms fuck you under your skirt. These women were completely focused on the fucking of her husband, she suffered with him. With these women it was easy for Jack to fuck them and squirt inside discreetly, over and over again, until the poor exhausted husband had fulfilled his duty.

But with most of them he slid off their laps and stood between their thighs, penetrating them secretly and mischievously under their skirts. They were very focused on his mother fucking her husband and paid no attention to what the little rascal was doing down there. He often had the impression that they were not even consciously aware that he was squirting inside them. Irmi screamed with delight because Jack told his stories in a really juicy, naughty and dirty way. Jack was happy that she was no longer crying and brooding over her guilt.

“Do I understand you correctly,” asked Irmi, “it wasn’t Mom who seduced you, but you did?” Jack smiled indulgently. “At first glance, I would say so. But the more I look into the female psyche, the more uncertain I am of saying yes. Mom wouldn’t be the first person who wanted to achieve something and made it look the other way around,” They were both silent for a long time.

Mom had only been in the hospital for two days, and no diagnosis had been made yet. The two of them wondered for a long time what it could be. “Mom has a beautiful body, she still looks slim and slender like a girl for her 40 years,” said Jack. Irmi corrected him. “38,” she said, “she’s only 38.” Jack nodded, “okay, I know her body millimeter by millimeter, I didn’t notice anything about her illness, just the pain she’s had for days.” There was another long pause in which he stroked Irmi’s body. “How is it, little sister, shall we leave the light on while we fuck?” he asked and Irmi smiled broadly and mischievously. “Let’s leave the light on, I want to see your fucking, little brother!”

This is how they fucked for the first time. Jack noticed that Irmi had a very small and tight cunthole. She moaned as he penetrated her with his big cock. “Don’t hurt me,” she breathed, “please don’t hurt me!” He nodded and began to thrust slowly. He noticed that she rubbed her clit while fucking. “Yes,” she confirmed, “I always do it when I fuck and of course every night before I go to sleep, of course!” She went along with the shared pace very well and had two orgasms before Jack squirted inside in full jets. “Don’t worry, I’ve been on the pill for years.” He had completely exhausted himself. This is how he ended up sleeping at Irmi’s every night and fucking her.

They visited Mom every evening. The diagnosis was devastating, but at least they now knew where they stood. She had ovarian cancer, and they had to operate on her immediately and remove her ovaries. She stayed in hospital for 4 months. “The doctors said I might stay in hospital for another month or two after the operation, but after that I would have survived. It’s a malignant cancer, but they’re very optimistic.” Mom was silent; the long talk was making her tired. “And —” Jack asked slowly, “will you be healthy again? Will you be able to fuck properly again?” Mom looked uncertainly at Irmi, but she

seemed to know. “Of course, my little one,” Mom replied, “I didn’t ask specifically, but they didn’t say anything to the contrary.” She took a sip of cold tea. “How are you, my Jack?” He stroked her cheek. “I’m fine, Mom, everything’s fine.” He hesitated for just a moment. “I’m sleeping at Irmi’s now, we’ve told each other everything, especially about you and Dad. She’s stubbornly silent about her love affairs, the dumb nut!” Irmi nudged him in the side with her elbow. “Because it’s none of your business, you nosy bastard!” Now all three of them had to laugh. Jack told them that he had gotten his doctorate and assistant position and was now standing in for his professor at the lectures. “They might as well have made me a professor straight away, but that would be much too quick for the portly old lady that is the university!”

Irmi loved fucking Jack. His cock was the biggest she’d ever had, even bigger than her Dad’s. And he was very persistent. Jack stared at her clit while he fucked her, because it excited him very much and made him last even longer. She loved it when she felt him squirt his full load into her in thick, full jets. He really squirted everything inside and rarely wanted a second round. She also gave it her all; after two or three orgasms during the fucking, she was completely exhausted and skipped masturbating before falling asleep. If you had asked Jack, he would have immediately named Irmi first, because she fucked the best and was the best to be fucked. Even better than Mom.

Jack had founded Fabersoft and spent every minute at the institute working on his new program system. He discovered how easy it was to seduce female students to have sex. But that came third, first came his sick mother and then the program. Nine months later he was finished and brought his system to the first customers. He spent many hours improving his application, but people were enthusiastic. Before he even thought about advertising, word of mouth overtook him. He had to take on people, and he kept the best five. The work was snatched out of his hands, and he let some students work with him because there was a lot to do. He never missed a single lecture and he shrugged his shoulders, there was just a lot to do!

He met Irmi and her new boyfriend twice in a café. He said to her in the evening, “he’s definitely a charlatan, maybe even a scoundrel!” But she didn’t want to hear it. When Mama came out of the hospital after 4 months, 24-year-old Irmi married her sweetheart; only Mama and Jack were at the wedding. Neither family nor friends came from the groom’s side, which didn’t surprise Jack at all. Jack got into a heated exchange with Irmi. She dropped out of university after her first diploma exam, just a few meters from the finish line, to become a housewife, mother and the daily squirt-in-hole for this nasty, slimy guy. They parted ways full of resentment.

Fabersoft was a gold mine. At 26, Jack was a millionaire; he employed his 5 regular programmers and other people, some of whom programmed, accompanied new customers on their first steps and handled emails, phone calls and the media. A year later, he had 15 million. He knew how to keep his people; he gave each of the five a Million for Christmas. They jokingly called him Napoleon because he was also short. But he was a popular, generous and good Napoleon, that was certain.

Jack was alone with Mama in the big house. They often talked about Irmi, who they didn’t hear much about. Jack fucked her like before, only something had fundamentally changed. After the serious operations, she had lost her ability to orgasm. Her mind wanted to, but her flesh was weak. It bothered Jack that she let him fuck her, even though she hadn’t benefited from the practice herself. She hugged him lovingly, she let him fuck her with a friendly smile, but she never had an orgasm again. Jack asked a couple of clever professors at the university, but there was no solution. Nobody really knew what the ability to orgasm really was. And certainly not how to regain it. It was enough to drive him to despair.

One and a half years later, Irmi called him. She urgently needed a good lawyer, but she didn’t have any money. Not that much. Jack was shocked and asked what she had done. “Not me,” Irmi cried, “my Alfred is in custody! I have to get him out of there!” Jack promised to find and pay for a good lawyer, no question. He was able to calm her down and sent her the best lawyer he could find. The details only slowly leaked out.

The smooth, slimy Alfred was accused of seducing and impregnating a minor. Jack met the lawyer privately and of course asked. “I’m sorry, Mr. Faber,” said the lawyer, worried, “but there’s no helping the guy. Unfortunately for him, a dozen other parents had joined the lawsuit, and he had also abused their underage daughters. There are so many electronic traces, emails, text messages and other messages, that he is buried under them. I can only try to reduce the sentence, but he will probably serve between 6 and 8 years. As a lawyer, I will of course do everything I can for your brother-in-law, but as a father of young daughters, I have my problems.” Jack was very upset, not because of Alfred, the asshole, but because of Irmi. She won’t get through this disgrace, he feared.

Jack was only worried about Irmi. He was at every court hearing and sat next to her. Jack was not a lawyer, but there was no doubt about it. No matter how persistently Alfred denied everything, everything could be proven against him, down to the last detail. There was no doubt that he had abused 8 of the 13 girls, but there was not enough evidence for the others. Alfred was sentenced to 7 years and 11 months in prison and the old judge added verbally that he would have loved to keep him locked up for longer. Alfred was led away, Jack put his arms around the crying Irmi and accompanied her. He took her to his house, made strong coffee and let her cry and calm down.

Then it all broke out of Irmi. She knew shortly after the wedding that Alfred was a child molester. She had laughed at it at first, but the more she noticed his addiction, the more her infatuation faded. She did not want to lose him, she clung to him, the addict who, after every disgraceful deed, wept and promised never to do it again. She could not leave him, but now he had left her and he would not be released for 8 years, by which time she was already an old woman. Jack sensed that she was gradually breaking away from Alfred.

Jack didn’t come right out and say it. But he was able to convince Irmi in long conversations that she was better off without Alfred. She didn’t need to visit him in prison or wait 8 years for him. Child molesters were the lowest ranked in prison, and he would have to take a lot of punishment there, Jack said. It took weeks before she was

ready to go with him to a divorce lawyer. She could no longer pay the rent, as Alfred's small credit was used up in no time. Jack and Mama convinced Irmi that she was welcome home, very welcome. Irmi moved back into her old room. Jack gave her money regularly.

Mom stood between them. She felt so sorry for Irmi and a divorce was a deep cut in the flesh, which she wanted to spare her. She knew that this wound would never heal. Jack, on the other hand, was vehemently in favour of a divorce. Irmi had to break free from this lousy guy and start a new life without him. Irmi sensed that Jack meant well, even when he got angry or said bad words. The infatuation had completely disappeared, she silently scolded herself for falling for the con man and letting him do whatever he wanted with her. She realised that Jack was completely right. She straightened her shoulders and told Jack that she wanted to go to the divorce lawyer again and clear the air.

She filed for divorce. It would take months, but that was just the way it was. Maybe even a year if he didn't agree. She didn't read a single one of his letters, she was fed up with him. She discussed with Jack every evening, she wanted to start studying again after a two year break. She had to start the second part from the beginning again, the previous exams had expired. But she wanted to continue. Jack was very happy because it was a good plan. Irmi could be a fully qualified lawyer in three or four years, that was really a good goal, she was only 27. Jack stuck his head into Mom's bedroom and said she shouldn't wait for him, he was sleeping at Irmi's tonight. Mom smiled and whispered, "be nice to her!", she nodded and turned off the light.

They fucked again after two years, it felt so good! Irmi clung to him, she came to orgasm without masturbating and let him squirt inside her, she was still on the pill. Jack was quite sure that of all the people he had ever fucked, she was the best fucker! After he had squirted, Jack dozed a little, but Irmi sat up and lit a cigarette. "I have to tell you something bad, Jack," she said sadly. He wasn't awake yet, "Well, what's wrong, little sister?" But he immediately woke up when she repeated, "Something really bad, Jack!" He also sat up, now wide awake.

“We were a perfectly normal couple in love in the first few weeks,” Irmi began. “He fucked me three to five times a day in the first few weeks, until he dropped dead. I masturbated daily a dozen times and was completely exhausted by then. Being married is wonderful, I thought. But then one afternoon he came with a little girl, a child. At the time I didn’t know that he gave all girls a pill that made them almost will-less and very very horny. The child said with shining eyes that she wanted to fuck, now, definitely! I was taken by surprise when Alfred led the girl into the bedroom. The two of them took off their clothes and he ordered me to take off my clothes too and lie down with them naked too. The child tugged impatiently at her little clit and kept saying that she wanted to be fucked at last! The girl was now masturbating like an adult and was getting well into it. He waited until she came to the finale like an adult and wanted to trigger her orgasm, now he threw himself right upon her. I was speechless when he actually deflowered and fucked the girl in the middle of her orgasm. The girl squealed with pleasure, he fucked and fucked and kept telling himself that he must not squirt inside! In the end he pulled away from the girl, mounted me and quickly fucked me to squirt.

He asked me if I had ever been licked or had licked a clit myself? Of course not, I said indignantly, only gay women do that! He laughed at me, “only judge after you have licked the girl, now, here and today!” At first I didn’t want to and hesitated when he set me on the girl. I closed my eyes in submission and licked her clit. It was so exciting, I never expected it! I could feel exactly how the girl was getting hotter and hotter and it spurred me on to lick her even more intensely. The girl exploded wonderfully! Alfred brought her home and I lay in bed masturbating like a madwoman. He asked me provocatively, “Well, just for gay women?” I was very embarrassed, he had judged me correctly. With the instinct of a predator he had recognized what was slumbering inside me.”

Irmi lit a new cigarette and smoked nervously. Then she continued. “I know that I am neither gay nor lesbian. It is something that I can neither understand nor explain. We have abused at least 50 girls in exactly the same way in these two years, both of us! And that really bothers me, Jack, I should really be in prison too. I licked their clits

greedily before he deflowered and fucked them, and then a second time after he had ejaculated inside me. He brought some girls to us several times when he had fallen for them. I loved licking clits so much that I had her in front of me when I masturbated, that I fantasized a lot about her and licking her clit. The only thing I don't understand is how the girl could get pregnant, because he only squirted in my cunthole every time, without exception! Some of the girls he didn't have to deflower, they had already been deflowered by their indignant father. They all admitted that openly. The conclusion I came to is that the father impregnated the daughter, before us or after us. But that is only a speculative assumption." Irmi paused and lit another cigarette. Jack broke the silence. "I can't blame you, dearest sis! He seduced you into all this, the blame lies only with him. It's crap that you played along for so long, you stupid goose, but you probably know that yourself. I'm sure you would have woken up from the spell after a while and reported him, like many wives do. I'm not acquitting you because you're not guilty, but I'm annoyed that you were such a stupid goose!"

Irmi smiled with relief because he was so good to her. "And there's something else I have to tell you, Jacky, while we're on the subject of washing dirty bed sheets. Alfred held a men's evening at our house every month. His best friends came, three or four of them. There was beer, wine and liquor and Irmi for sex. Yes, you heard right, Alfred ordered me to fuck with his buddies. At first I acted shy, ashamed and chaste, but he knew my soul. He knew very well that I had only had 13 or 14 lovers before him, most of them sexual failures. He looked deep into my soul, I wanted to fuck, with so many men that they would have sunk the Holland ferry. So it came to be that month after month I fucked these 3 or 4 men all night long, until I was dead. They were child molesters like him, but they simply fucked better than he. I could hardly wait to fuck with them, because they all fucked me incredibly well. I was inhibited in front of them to masturbate, something stopped me from doing so. So I learned quite quickly to orgasm without masturbating, which had previously seemed unthinkable to me. I lived out the whore that is inside me." Irmi lit her umpteenth cigarette.

Jack smiled broadly at her. “And — what? You fucked, I fucked too. Your talking about a whore is nonsense, sheer nonsense. Firstly, how many so called normal marriages do you think have these fuck sessions, with the chaste wife as the main attraction? I have taken part several times myself and thoroughly fucked the chaste, shy and shamefully-burning main attraction. And secondly, you only got what you always wanted. That’s normal, that’s fine with me. And my sister is not a whore, not in the least. Enjoying sex doesn’t mean you’re a whore.” Jack nodded in agreement. Irmi smiled again, relieved. How good was Jack to her! She asked him what he meant when he said he had also fucked? Jack told her about the female students he regularly fucked in his office. Irmi smiled crookedly. “That’s the usual prejudice about young professors!” Jack told her how shy and modest they were at first, but that excited him. Most of them were still virgins, they had never played sexual games and only a few masturbated. He laid them over the desk, lifted up their skirts and fucked them. At first he pulled his cock out to ejaculate, but over time he squirted inside. Over time he didn’t care whether he fathered bastards. He wasn’t interested in it and had never heard of a pregnancy.

Mom didn’t mind him sleeping at Irmi’s more often. She just asked about contraception and was satisfied. Jack sometimes fucked with her, mostly with Irmi and on weekends with both of them one after the other. But Mom didn’t want him to fuck Irmi in her presence or in her marital bed, that was just too much for her.

Fabersoft had grown very big. Jack was now 30, and he was given the professorship when the old professor retired. He gave the lectures himself, which was something he liked. He had just developed a new, even better system, and six of them had been working on it for a year and a half. He spoke to his closest people, he wanted to withdraw from Fabersoft and sell the company. He had given his all for almost ten years, but now he was fed up and very tired. Maybe he wanted more free time, maybe he wanted to do something completely different. He already had a buyer who was committed to continuing the business without restrictions. They stayed in seclusion for four days until they had clarified all the issues. Jack sold Fabersoft and went home with 129 million.

Alfred had been stabbed to death in the prison yard, the murderer was never found. Irmi didn't shed a single tear, Alfred at least had the terrible life of a child molester behind him, for good. Jack just said "Aha!" when she told him. Alfred was never his brother-in-law, he was a show-off, a suck-up and ultimately a nasty child molester. He continued reading his newspaper, unimpressed. What really worried him was Mama's illness. After almost 10 years, the cancer had broken out again. It was too late to operate. She was sent home, she only had a few days left, maybe just hours. Irmi and Jack learned to give her the morphine injections. Mama was emaciated to the bone, her eyes were oversized, her skin yellow and wrinkled. She had only one wish. If she died, she wanted to die while fucking, she whispered. Jack nodded and shaved her pubic hair for the last time, he washed her carefully from head to toe and sprayed a little of her favorite perfume.

Jack gave her the morphine every day. She smiled, "I'm not in pain!" and he smiled back, "Mom, you're high for the first time in your life, really high!" and smiled. On the third day she breathed, "come on now, I'm dying!" Jack lay down next to her, she was just skin and bones. "Legs up, like at Daddy's!" she asked quietly and he lifted her legs so that she could spread her toes in the headboard. "She looks like half a peach," whispered Irmi, who had sat quietly on a chair and who had never seen Jack fuck her. He fucked her with tears in his eyes and squirted, he gritted his teeth and continued to fuck her while crying, squirting again and again. She smiled sweetly into Jack's eyes, "Jack, dearest Jack!" and her toes let go, her thin legs fell lifeless down. Irmi and Jack lay down next to their dead mother and cried bitterly. They dressed their mother and called the family doctor.

They cleaned the house, they threw away everything that did not evoke personal memories. A cleaning crew swept through the house until it was sparkling clean. They had discussed keeping the house together. Dad had bought it and signed it over to Mom when he went to Australia. They decided to move into the parents' bedroom, and their children's rooms became their work rooms.

Irmi was now 36, Jack 33. She had passed her bar exam years ago and went to work for a large law firm. She took on cases of rape and child abuse pro bono, i.e. for free if the parents were not rich. She became an excellent lawyer, widely known for her persistence in finding out the truth. She remained Jack's wife for her entire life.

Jack could have lain lazily on his mat, he had enough money. He was loyal to Irmi, but sometimes he would run after a skirt and fuck the beautiful girl for a while with great pleasure. Irmi knew it and had no objections, as she also had the odd quickies. Jack learned languages, his brain wanted to be kept busy. He learned Mandarin and Arabic within two years and read many historical works from ancient China and early Arabia. He then also had to learn Persian, because the ancient Persians had a glorious cultural past. It satisfied him to see and hear Al Jazeera and the Chinese CGTV in the original.

For four years he fed his brain and one day decided to write stories and novellas himself.

This is how Jack Faber started writing.

• • •

Ray, the Lucky Guy

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ray discovered his special gift purely by chance when he was tutoring Leo in math. Leo was already 16, stupid and needed tutoring. Ray knew that Leo's parents were poor and didn't ask for any money. Leo was slow to learn, but Ray thought he could get him over the hurdle. In the middle of the lesson, Ray put his hand on Leo's forearm. Leo stopped in mid-sentence, looked at Ray with glassy eyes and asked what he should do. Ray's mind was elsewhere and he told him to take off his pants.

To his great surprise, Leo stood in front of him and let his pants fall down. Ray was completely surprised. Leo, the fat guy, had a smooth, round cock, just like him, only a little smaller. In a reflex movement, Ray grabbed Leo's cock, but Leo didn't bat an eyelid as Ray pulled the foreskin back completely and watched as the round boy's cock gradually became stiff. Ray looked at the cock, the tip of the penis gradually pushed out from under the foreskin. "Can you squirt yet?" asked Ray and Leo nodded, "Sure!" Ray was completely surprised, the guy obeyed as if hypnotized! Now he wanted to know. "Then squirt in the other hand!" he said, because he couldn't think of anything better.

Really! Leo began to masturbate in front of him, Ray looked at the fat boy's cock. After a short while, Leo squirted into his other hand. Then he looked into Ray's eyes again. "Do it again!" said Ray and Leo masturbated again, squirting into his hand again. "Again!" commanded Ray confidently, now convinced that he was hypnotizing. Leo masturbated for the third time, he found it quite difficult and after an eternity he squirted a few drops into his hand. Ray gave him a tissue and told Leo to sit down again and forget about it. Leo nodded in the affirmative, sat down and they continued learning.

Ray pondered for a long time after Leo had left. What was that again? He had put his hand on Leo's arm, whose eyes immediately glazed over. Could he hypnotize him so easily? So easily? He wanted

to check it out immediately. At that time he had to go shopping for his mother. In the meat department of the supermarket he asked for 10 deca of cold cuts. He grabbed the arm of the employee, who immediately looked at him. She was supposed to cut the sausage lengthways and crossways, i.e. quarter it. She did it immediately. On the way home he wondered, that wasn't a proof, the employee would have cut the sausage into eight pieces too, maybe that was normal service, so it's not a miracle.

He passed the children's playground and sat down for a moment. He had to try something unusual. He asked the older lady sitting next to him if she knew how to do a somersault? The lady stared at him sullenly. "Of course." He then grabbed her arm and told her to do a somersault on the grass. She's probably going to tell me off, he thought. But she got up, put her handbag on the bench and did a somersault so that her age-appropriate underpants were visible. It slipped and her old wrinkled pussy and stretched out cunthole were visible for moments, then she sat down again and looked at him. Ray left, it was unbelievable! He went home, provided the groceries and grabbed Mom's arm. "Can you get me a pack of menthol cigarettes from across the street, Mom?" he asked. "The Icebergs, you mean?" she asked, took off her apron and bought the cigarettes. This convinced Ray, as his parents didn't smoke any as he didn't. He immediately sat down at his computer and read everything he could about hypnosis, late into the night.

When he was still very young, Dad sometimes stayed in the conference at night. He was allowed to sleep with Mom, she explained all the sexual things to the boy. He was particularly interested in the clit, she showed him how girls masturbate, shortly for a minute only. He cuddled and snuggled with her, and she looked at his cock very carefully. It wasn't big yet, it would slide wonderfully into her very tight pussyhole. No question, the boy had to fuck her for sure, she thought. She wet her fingers with saliva, secretly moistening her pussyhole and his cock. She continued to cuddle aggressively and guided the cock secretly into her pussyhole at lightning speed. When he had penetrated deeply, fucked very hastily and squirted very quickly, she said hypocritically "Shh, shh!" and pushed him back unwillingly, "No fucking, my little one!" Smiling reproachfully, she

pulled his cock out, put his hand on his cock and made masturbatory movements for a long time until he understood. He masturbated and Mom caressed his balls really nicely, arousing him and watched him masturbate with piggish horny pleasure. The ball-stroking excited him very much and he squirted on the bed sheet. They always did that when Dad was a night away. She was laughing jarring aloud, because Ray always fucked her quickly at the beginning and only let himself be chased away after he had sprinkled. “No fucking, my little one!” she said with a subtle hypocritically smile, because she knew full well that he would fuck her again and again, the little rascal! He dozed off when she turned off the light. As he fell asleep he dreamed she was shaking her clit violently.

For weeks he tested the miracle. It was a miracle, only a few were insensitive. He grabbed the girls from the lower grades by the arm and told them to go with him behind the gym. They all went with him. They crawled under the bushes and the girls showed him their pussies. They let him examine them, touch them, and grope them, smiling. They were supposed to masturbate their clits, something he had only seen on porn sites. They all did it, without hesitation, until they climaxed. When he asked them, they answered that they had been doing it for years or only recently. One did not know what masturbating meant. He said rubbing the clit with her finger. She laughed, “Oh, that!” and masturbated to orgasm. He did it for several weeks, he toyed with the idea of fucking the girls. But he didn’t dare; they were underage children, mostly virgins. That seemed wrong to him. Of course, he also approached the older students; they willingly masturbated in front of him and let him question them when they were no longer a virgin. It was always the brother, the father and only rarely a classmate. The miracle was astonishing; it not only made the girls willing to masturbate in front of him, they also revealed truthfully their secrets.

But he had been in love with the pretty Gabi for a long time. She was about 15, popular everywhere and a damn beautiful girl. During all these weeks he had been thinking about approaching her. He would be rejected, he was sure. He was clever, intelligent and had a friendly, sunny disposition. But on the other hand he was a boy like all the others. Gabi, on the other hand, was many steps above him on

the social ladder, unattainable. She was besieged by many guys and Ray certainly couldn't keep up with them. Or could he?

One day he pulled himself together and gathered all his courage. He approached the group of girls in the schoolyard where Gabi was standing. He thought, damn it! and grabbed Gabi's arm. She immediately looked at him, he saw her eyes shining. It worked! The miracle!

"Would you like to be my girlfriend, be my date?" he asked with a pounding heart. Gabi looked him straight in the eyes. "Yes, of course, Ray, I want to be your girlfriend, even though I'm not the prettiest!" Ray had a lump in his throat. "You're the prettiest of them all, Gabi!" he exclaimed and gave her a quick little kiss on the lips. The break bell rang. "Are you coming to the gym after school, to the back entrance?" he asked and Gabi nodded eagerly.

When school was over, he immediately ran behind the gym, Gabi was already waiting. He was relieved, he didn't know exactly how long the miracle would last. He unlocked the door with a wire hook and led Gabi into the small office. They sat down on a gym mat. Gabi had of course noticed immediately that his cock was hard. They kissed for the first time. He only knew the theory of French kissing, he had never kissed like that before. Gabi smiled and said he shouldn't be nervous, she would teach him. In fact, he learned to French kiss with the prettiest girl in the world, the universe.

Gabi smiled. "Should I do it with my fist or with my mouth?" she asked, as if it were the most obvious thing. She put her hand in his waistband and grabbed his wet cock. "I'll do it with my fist first, okay?" she said quietly and didn't even wait for his answer, she rubbed him expertly until he squirted in his pants. His head and his ears glowed. He asked her, she nodded immediately and took off her panties. "Come on, just look, touching is expressly permitted!" Gabi said laughing. He looked at her pussy in the artificial light, it was a beautiful pussy, covered only by a very light fluffy down. "I'm not shaving yet," said Gabi, "maybe later, when it's already a real bush!"

Jack nodded, his heart was no longer pounding in his throat, he calmed down. “I don’t know how to do it with a girl, that with a fist!” he whispered in a hoarse voice, because it was a damn lie. Gabi laughed. “For us girls, a sensitive finger is enough, a fist would be out of place!” He stroked her pussy gently. “Shall I show you?” Gabi asked quietly and he nodded several times. Her fingers found their way to her clit, she masturbated very concentratedly until she climaxed. Jack had watched her and kissed her on the mouth when she had calmed down again. He had touched her arm again and again, he didn’t know how long the miracle would last. They sat quietly next to each other, he had taken the ashtray from the table and they smoked in silence.

“When did you start doing this?” was his first question. Gabi thought for a moment, “I was about 6, around that time. A playmate showed me, and since then I’ve been doing it all the time, before I go to sleep at any rate!” she said, “in biology class we heard that masturbating is good, healthy and private. That’s exactly right.” Ray said that when he was about 10 or 11 he always had naughty dreams, and he woke up and had ejaculated all in his pajama pants. He had seen boys masturbating on the internet and he did it in a tissue before going to sleep, every night, once or sometimes twice. Gabi nodded, “I’ve heard a lot of people do that.”

Ray said he hadn’t seen her hymen? Gabi swallowed before answering. “Ray, that has to stay between us! OK?” She waited until he nodded in agreement. “I’m on my word,” he said. Gabi closed her eyes briefly. “Dad had deflowered me over a year ago. Since then I’ve been taking the pill because he fucks me every now and then when Mom isn’t home. So I’m just the substitute, so to speak. Mom mustn’t find out, otherwise there will be a real bloody war.” They were both silent, that was heavy stuff.

“Why are you asking? Do you want to fuck me?” asked Gabi in a friendly voice. He shook his head. “No, I’m just asking because I’m an incredibly curious bastard. And no, I’ve never fucked before, I only know the theory from the porn sites.” Ray was secretly happy because they could talk like a normal couple. “Just say if you want to fuck me, dear Ray! I’ve only fucked my Dad so far, or rather let him

fuck me. I've never fucked anyone else, and you're going to be my first, even though I'm no longer a virgin. Dad only fucks for himself. He fucks and sprinkles, that's all. He doesn't seem to care how I feel about it. I've often imagined saying no, but he always gets me. I know quite a lot about fucking and know that there aren't just his clumsy ways. But I won't experience it with him, definitely not!" Ray put his arm around her shoulders, because he sensed her bitterness. "I don't know anything about Dads and Daughters fucking, but I can feel your bitterness. I'm very sorry, it shouldn't be like this! I will love and appreciate you if I can fuck you. I learned from a young age that girls are not second-class animals. They are just like us boys, only they don't have a dick. But that shouldn't separate us, but rather bring us closer. For my part, I already love you, even though we aren't a real couple yet." Gabi looked up. "We'll go out together at school, they just need to know that!" Ray was convinced that Gabi was saying that, not his miracle. "Do we want to dating together properly?" he asked and Gabi nodded, "Claro, Ray. We'll get to know each other better and maybe stay together for a while."

Ray hugged her and kissed her, the kiss turned into a French kiss and they both got hot. His cock had become hard again, Gabi noticed it immediately. "I want to fuck you, right now!" Ray was also horny and whispered, "You have to be patient with me, it's my first time, I've never fucked before!" Gabi smiled sweetly. "I'm not so old that I've forgotten. You saw it on the internet, that's enough." She lay on her back and lifted her skirt up to her belly button. He leaned forward and pressed a kiss to the soft fluff above her pussy.

Ray penetrated very carefully and slowly, Gabi sighed deeply. It was much tighter than he had imagined. But he felt that the pussy was adjusting. He started to fuck. Gabi's face became so beautiful and radiant as she got hotter and hotter. Ray was amazed how long he lasted. Gabi gasped with excitement as he squirted in thick, solid jets. She touched her clit just briefly, then hugged him in her orgasm. She held him tightly, she pressed herself tightly against his body and her lower body rhythmically pushed against his cock. They held each other for a long time and gasped for air. Gabi only let go after minutes. "I almost came, did you notice?" she whispered reverently, "maybe you're just the right one for me!" Ray nodded, "I want to be

that too, with all my heart!" They kissed for a long time and had a good chat before getting dressed. Gabi wiped the plastic mat with a tissue, "so that the stupid gym teacher lady doesn't have a heart attack!" she murmured with a smile.

Ray and Gabi were now officially dating. They didn't pay any attention to the whispers behind their backs. They sneaked into the gym every day to fuck. After six months, he brought Gabi home for the first time. His Mom took it kindly; Ray had already told her the day before that Gabi was on the pill. From then on, they fucked in his room and no longer on the unhygienic mat in the gym. Mom and Gabi got on quite well. Gabi never stayed long enough to meet his dad. The two remained together the next school year.

Towards the end of the next school year, Ray increasingly looked at strangers' skirts. Not that there was anything wrong with Gabi. He noticed how many other pretty girls there were at their school. He called himself an idiot for looking at the swinging skirts; they didn't have anything that Gabi didn't have! But the danger lurked elsewhere.

A newlywed couple had moved into the apartment opposite. Ray couldn't take his eyes off the beautiful young woman; she radiated a sexual attraction and sex appeal that made his mind spin. Damn, and what about Gabi!? For a while, Gabi was still around. But he was more determined every day to fuck the young woman across the aisle, even if it cost him his head! His inner battle lasted two weeks, and he lost it. He canceled Gabi's appointments more and more often. When his Mom wasn't home, he went to the neighbor's door. She opened the door for him wearing only an apron, she had nothing on underneath. That and her flushed, slightly sweaty face made him suspect that he had disturbed her while she was masturbating or having an orgasm. She invited him in and closed the front door. They shook hands as he introduced himself. He took her forearm. Her eyes immediately sparkled, his miracle working! "Did I disturb you while you were doing something?" asked Ray and she looked at him. "In the afternoons, when the housework is done, I usually masturbate until dinner," she said, smiling happily and full of pride.

“So what should I do, Ray?” she asked quietly. “I want to fuck you, nothing else!” Ray said cheekily, he had won her over. Evi, that was her name, looked uncertainly at the floor. “Ray, I’ve only been married for 5 weeks, I was a virgin and I’ve never cheated on Peter. Do you really want it?” asked Evi and took off her kitchen apron, underneath she was totally naked. “Let’s go into the bedroom!” said Ray and Evi went ahead. He switched on all the lights while Evi hesitated only briefly, then lay down next to Ray. She was slim and slender, had small, virginal breasts and beautiful rust-red hair that fell to her hips when she undid the brooch. “I’m not very experienced yet,” she said, “Peter only took my virginity 5 weeks ago.” Ray nodded and began to stimulate her clit. Her clit was a little bigger than Gabi’s and instantly reacted wonderfully. Evi was as hot as a stove in no time. Ray penetrated her deeply.

Evi’s pussy was not as tight as Gabi’s. But that didn’t matter, he fucked her with great pleasure and minutes later Evi had an orgasm. She clung to him, he had to fuck her for a few more minutes and she had another small orgasm before he squirted his full load inside. Then he rolled off and they smoked a cigarette. “No,” said Evi, she is not using any contraception at all, they both want a child soon! She answered his question about whether she masturbated often. “It’s a secret, Ray, Peter mustn’t find out!” He nodded, then she continued. “I learned it from a friend in elementary school. I masturbated every night before going to sleep until our wedding night. Since I’ve been lying with Peter at night, I haven’t done it anymore. I masturbate every afternoon when he’s gone to work. I give myself one orgasm after another until I can’t anymore. But that’s completely private and a secret, please don’t tell Peter!” Ray nodded, “don’t worry, I can keep quiet.” He got dressed and as he left he took Evi’s arm. “Forget what happened here. We drank coffee and gossiped a bit. That’s how it was!” Evi nodded, completely dazed. “Coffee gossip, nothing else, nothing at all!” she murmured.

He was able to convince himself that she had really forgotten. Nevertheless, it took Ray 14 days before he confessed to Gabi that he was having an affair. She nodded with tears in her eyes. Did he want to break up with her? He scratched his head. “I’m a pig, Gabi, I’ve been cheating on you for two weeks. I’m attached to you with all my

heart, only my cock is with her, not my soul, that still belongs to you! I don't know if I can put you through this shit. I'm a lousy cheater, just like many other men. I love you, but I fuck her every day." He buried his face in her neck and cried. They were real, honest tears, because it was just as he said.

Gabi cried too. But she hugged him and sobbed that she loved him too, with all her heart. She wanted them to stay together anyway. She could swallow the fact that his cock was cheating as long as his heart stayed with her. They looked at each other with tears in their eyes and kissed. It was decided.

He fucked Evi every weekday afternoon, at the weekend Peter slept at her place, Gabi at his place and she fucked him like a drowning woman. Evi was pregnant. She was as happy as a king, he was quite unsettled. But his miracle worked, she had no idea that Ray was fucking her every day, for the whole 9 months. The bigger her belly got, the more she demanded to be fucked. Sometimes he stayed with her all afternoon and fucked her over and over again. Then Evi gave birth to a girl. The child was definitely Peter's, because he was a mixed-race black man and so was little Katja. He never went to Evi again.

Over the next months, his miracle seduced many of the neighbors, even the most chaste ones. Most of them were very decent, chaste and faithful wives who didn't go around whoring. Ray especially loved the first time with them. They lay down with him willingly, even though they said at the same time that they didn't want to cheat on their husband. They willingly opened their thighs wide and pulled him towards them, and with great practice they pushed his cock into their pussy, because they knew exactly, how they needed it to reach orgasm. Only a few masturbated from orgasm to orgasm while fucking, most reached orgasm with some skill without masturbating. He loved this contrast, it was always very hot. But he seduced them all, he fucked them for a few days and then dumped them. None of them tempted him to have a longer affair. He made them all forget that they had fucked him to exhaustion.

Things went well with Gabi. His thirst was quenched, he no longer watched the swinging skirts.

Gabi often told him about her father, sometimes she cried a little bit. He only fucked Mom once every two weeks, she masturbated from orgasm to orgasm while fucking. She never masturbated otherwise, he claimed. When Mom fell asleep, he crept up to Gabi. Usually he came just when she was masturbating. He watched her greedily until the end and mounted her in the middle of her orgasm. He fucked her for a very long time and she had orgasm after orgasm. Gabi cried and told Ray how much she was enjoying his fucking now! Ray stroked her hair and murmured that it was fine with him. Her Dad was no competition, even though he now fucked Gabi every night.

He and Gabi had become very used to each other, they were fucking every day again, they studied together and prepared for their school-leaving exams. The devil never sleeps, they say. Ray would have put it differently, the devil never sleeps for long. The next danger came from a completely unexpected corner.

It was the hottest summer of the decade. At home, Mom only wore her apron over her bra and panties. Ray sat at the kitchen table, admiring Mom's beautiful body under her apron. It reminded him of Evi, who never wore anything else either. The devil entered his loins, his cock. He couldn't take his eyes off Mom's body. She was beautiful, 36 years young and good enough to be fucked to bits. She went on all fours on the floor for months, he could clearly see her panties slipping aside, revealing her pussy. She sometimes pulled her panties to the side; wasn't she doing it on purpose, wasn't she showing him her pussy provocatively? He was soon sure that she did it on purpose! There were days when she didn't have any panties on at all. None. He sat at the kitchen table, read his textbook and staring at her naked pussy. He knew that she was extremely horny on those days, she stopped, masturbated for just a minute on all fours and turned her naked ass towards him. Some afternoons she would take several breaks to masturbate shortly. When she looked over her shoulder at him with a mischievous triumphant smile, his red head

and red ears were already in the textbook. She did it for sure on purpose, goddamn it!

Now the devil was behind his poor soul. Ray resisted the devil for two whole days. He remembered how she had bought him the menthol cigarettes. She was very, very receptive to the miracle. On the third day he grabbed her arm and pulled her into the parents' bedroom. Mom's eyes shone as if feverish.

Ray lay naked on the bed. "Take off your clothes, Mom, lie down with me!" She obeyed, apron, bra and panties fluttered to the floor. She snuggled up to him, he hugged her. "I want to fuck you," he said. She nodded. "Before I met Dad, I was a real hottie, I had loads of lovers and I loved fucking. Since we got married, no one else has been allowed to fuck me. There were a few people hungry for love, but no one got more than a handjob or a blowjob." Ray was sweating just like her in the sweltering summer heat. "When I gave them a handjob or a blowjob, I only took off my panties, I always left my apron and bra on. They were allowed to play with my clit as they liked, because I always came easily and quickly. If someone masturbated me to orgasm, I rewarded him and let him stick his cock in after my orgasm and let him squirt inside, but that was never fucking, never!

Of course they pushed in before they came, some for a shorter time, some for a long time, but they were never allowed to fuck me properly! That was always my red line!" Ray wanted to know more about how long they were allowed to fuck before they squirted. She hesitated. "Most of them fucked for 2 or 3 minutes, but there were also a few, honestly a lot of them, who needed 10 or 20 minutes before they could finally squirt. I've often thought about it, but I assure you, no one really fucked me!" Ray grinned to himself. "And there were a lot of them?" he grumbled and she nodded rather unhappily. "Yes, a lot! Most of them!" and tears of guilt run on her cheeks.

She suddenly dived down, pulled his foreskin back completely and took his cock as deep into her mouth as she could. Her tongue played around his cock for minutes. She resurfaced again and hugged him

passionately. “I always watch you when you masturbate in the bathroom.”

She touched his cock and it all run again in his head in a split second. Instead of a door in the bathroom there was only a curtain, she masturbated very rarely sitting on the laundry basket, he did it every time.

“I was always happy that you have such a nice big cock and can squirt so powerfully. I always thought that you would fuck lots of girls with such a big cock. I never thought that you would fuck me!”

“But now I’m unsure. Your cock is bigger and thicker than any I’ve ever seen. Before we got married, it was always a problem with my lovers when they had normal or bigger cocks. I only have a small, very tight pussy hole, that’s why you were born by Caesarean section. I’ve always had a problem with my hole being far too small, that’s why I’ve been happy all my life that Daddy only has a very small cock, so neither of us has had a problem with it. But now I’ve looked at your cock very closely and I’m afraid it won’t go in at all or it will be painful.”

He hugged her and kissed her on the cheek. “I want to fuck you,” he said again quietly and she nodded. “Okay.” She took some lubricant from the bedside table and rubbed it on. She lay down willingly on her back, her thighs opening automatically. Mom didn’t shave her pubic hair, but only trimmed it on the sides, but she still looked very appetizing. Ray penetrated very carefully and very slowly, only with the tip of the glans. Mom’s pussy was incredibly tight, much tighter than Gabi’s! “It won’t go in,” she moaned, pulling her labia apart very powerfully, “it’ll tear me apart!” He pushed forward very, very carefully. “It’s much too thick,” she moaned, “It can’t go any further!” But it worked! She moaned as he penetrated deeply, and when he was all the way in, she sighed deeply. “It only hurt a little,” she breathed. She held him very gently in her arms as he fucked her for a good 20 minutes. He felt her heat rising, her excitement rising and she came to orgasm with violent cramps. He continued to fuck her, and she quickly got another very strong, powerful orgasm and clung to him tightly. She pressed her lips to his neck so as not to scream out loud

during her orgasm. She rhythmically thrust her lower body and pussyhole onto his cock until the orgasm subsided. He had to fuck her for minutes longer before he squirted inside. He rolled to the side, he was totally exhausted and the word incest was pounding in his brain. He didn't ask if she was using contraception, but it must be, if she let several men fuck her and squirt inside her pussyhole every single week. It was, of course, real fucking, although she stubbornly denied it. He wanted to light a cigarette, but Mom shook her head, not in the bedroom!

She told him frankly that she had masturbated every night before going asleep since she was a young girl, and she still does it today. Dad used to like watching her masturbate, but over time he stopped and they only fucked on Sunday mornings, once a week at most. Dad was 20 years older than her and he didn't find it easy to fuck anymore. Ray asked her about the handjobs and the blowjobs. His trust in humanity was seriously damaged, he knew all the guys and would never have suspected it. Mom laughed, she wasn't worried about a handjob or a blowjob. It was much more difficult to stop the guys from fucking, that was a red line for her. But she had never let anyone else fuck her! An hour later he fucked her again, she orgasmed several times, because she was sexually really starved! They got dressed and he took her arms. "Forget everything, it never happened!" and she nodded obediently, "never happened!" The miracle worked well.

He fucked her four or five times a week, thank God she didn't remember anything after that. He still fucked Gabi, but he didn't tell her anything about Mom. He and Gabi did their A-levels together, they went to university together. She studied Francophile languages, he studied medicine. The course was easy for him, he finished before Gabi. He still fucked Gabi and Mom, who didn't know anything about each other. He did his specialist training in cardiology, that was what interested him the most. It wasn't long before they were both finished, graduated from university . They married shortly afterwards. Gabi moved in with him, and her Dad never fucked her again after that day.

Ray, the handsome young cardiologist, still had his strong miracle powers. He fucked the young doctors, the nurses and of course the nursing students. And some young and pretty patients, but most of them were already old and no longer attractive. He also had very young patients on rare occasions, but after he had deflowered and fucked them for a few days, he was very ashamed because that was simply wrong.

His father died a little later. Ray decided to talk to Gabi. Mom was only 40 and still very lustful, but she didn't dare chasing after quickies. He wanted Mom to sleep in their marital bed. Gabi thought for a long time and he had to answer a thousand questions honestly. She put her hand over her mouth when he answered everything honestly, but she agreed finally. Ray took Mom's arm for the final miracle. It was still strange for her and Gabi to fuck Ray in front of the other. Gabi was always fascinated by how tight his mother's pussy was and how carefully he could only penetrate it, it was also fascinating how unbelievable often Mom orgasmed in a row when he fucked her. She had a strong orgasm first and then many small ones until he squirted. Gabi, on the other hand, only had one powerful orgasm; she didn't need any more. Things soon went very well; he fucked both of them one after the other when he was well rested. Otherwise he only fucked one or the other; both of them accepted that.

He never told Gabi or Mom about the miracle.

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Rita, Angel of Death

by Jack Faber © 2024

Rita's second birth, when she gave birth to Lea, was a disaster. Only 10 months after she gave birth to Jan, little Lea tore her pussy. She had to be operated on four times, and ugly scars disfigured her pussyhole. And as soon as the stitches were removed, John wanted to fuck again. Rita had been sterilized; she had consented while she was high after anesthesia. But now, fucking John was very, very painful.

Rita was grateful that her mother stayed with them after the birth, looking after two small children was hard work. She and John fucked less and less, the pain was hard to bear. Of course Rita noticed that John sometimes disappeared in the night and didn't come back until very late, but she was a very simple soul and suspected nothing.

Jan and Lea were both by nature mentally retarded. They had to go to a special school, they were both round as balls, with simple, sunny dispositions. Rita's mother moved back to the city. Rita's tyrannical father had died, Mom didn't mourn for a minute and let off steam, she fucked a new guy every day, as if in a frenzy. She developed a preference for young guys, loinstrong little bulls. Rita knew about it, but she shrugged her shoulders. Mom was now free from Dad's knuckles.

Rita slept with her parents until she was 13. She experienced their sexuality first hand. Every evening, Mom took a sleeping pill, curled up under the covers and masturbated under the covers. She slept immediately after orgasming. Once a week, Dad wanted to fuck, he uncovered Mom and watched her masturbate greedily. Then he mounted her, Mom covered the child's eyes with one hand, but the little girl saw everything. She saw exactly how Dad's cock parted Mom's labia and penetrated brutally. He fucked her quickly and powerfully, then he squirted inside. When Mom got hot during the fucking, she briefly rubbed her clit for a second orgasm. Then she turned on her side and fell asleep immediately. From a young age on, Dad taught Rita to masturbate him. At the beginning, Mom scolded

him for spoiling and perverting the child. He just laughed and carried on. Little Rita had to grab his cock with both hands, then she rubbed the foreskin up and down. From the beginning she found it exciting that his glans bounced and squirted at the end. Rita turned her head away so that he didn't squirt in her face. Mom always looked disgruntled when Rita let her Dad squirt night after night. But at 13, she stopped rubbing her Daddy to squirt and insisted on having her own room. She always lay naked on the bed and played fucking the little bear, but the stupid guy didn't have a real cock, so the fucking didn't work. But she soon discovered that she could use her clit to fuck the bear's hard button nose until her lower body exploded. Mom often sat on the edge of the bed and watched her fucking the bear. She stroked her daughter's bare buttocks when she fucked the bear. Mom's fingers touched her buttocks, slid into the crease of her ass and stimulated her little asshole, which Rita really enjoyed. Mom's fingers slid further through the crease of her ass, found their way along the crack to the very front, to the clit. Mom never masturbated her, she let the little one fuck her clit on her finger. That was much nicer than the bear's cold nose. Rita exploded and pressed her clit onto Mom's finger. Mom pulled her to her chest and kissed her hair. Sweat ran down Rita's heated face and she nodded in agreement when Mom said, "That was really nice, wasn't it?" "I have to fuck him again right now!" mumbled the sweaty girl. Rita fucked the poor bear for hours every afternoon until Daddy changed everything. She didn't dare to masturbate properly like Mom; only women who were being fucked did that! She believed that very firmly until Dad changed her mind.

Rita had never forgiven him for deflowering her when she was still very young and for fucking the mentally slow girl every night. At first she hadn't understood what it was all about when he deflowered her, fucked her and squirted inside her. She pondered and let her best girlfriend explain everything to her. He demanded that she open her thighs without saying a word and willingly, no arguments! She had to rub his cock at the beginning so that he could penetrate. She had to smile, smile and smile again while he fucked her, regardless of whether she felt like smiling. He fucked her completely coldly and without any feeling, and Rita felt been abused and humiliated. He was no longer her shining hero, the one she had loved to make squirt

as a child. He showed her how to masturbate because it was becoming increasingly difficult for him to get an erection. But when he watched her masturbate, he got an erection and penetrated her immediately. Of course she didn't like that either, because she had now learned to masturbate every night before falling asleep and when he penetrated her without the right timing, she lost her rhythm completely. He fucked her every night for 8 years until she married John. He continued to fuck her dispite been married every day until John found out after a few months and rudely kicked him out. No, Rita did also not mourn him.

John was a nice man and he fucked Rita every night, but he fucked her much more lovingly and passionately than her Dad. She forgot her old man overnight, John was good to her and he was a good father and a good fucker. But now, after Lea was born, her pussy hole was completely scarred and the fucking was very painful. John often went to Rita's mother after work, sometimes staying overnight with her. Rita was happy when she didn't have to fuck and that John and Mom got on so well. Rita never suspected anything behind it.

John held a men's evening once a month. His 4 or 5 best friends came, there was wine, beer and liquor. And Rita for all of them! She refused it the first time. But John used the next few weeks to soften her up. Shy, chaste and fearful, Rita let his friends fuck her one after the other, round after round they fucked her in a row, until they were all exhausted in the early morning. To Rita's surprise, she felt no pain during the fucking, because none of his friends had a cock as big as his. She really enjoyed it, she didn't have an orgasm every time, but often enough that she was pretty exhausted too. She was very surprised when one of them said to the other, "Well, what did I tell you? Jewish girls fuck the best!" She knew, of course, that her grandparents had survived the Holocaust, but she had never been aware of being Jewish. But it was a very nice compliment and it increased her desire to fuck with John's friends. From now on, she looked forward to the men's evening in advance, she was fucked incessantly until dawn and she orgasmed like crazy. When one of them had squirted inside, she grabbed the next one who had recovered and was stiff again. The men laughed good-naturedly at the love-crazed woman, she was really a good horny one! John didn't fuck her on the men's

evening so as not to cause her any pain. But the next morning, her pussy hole was so relaxed and soft that she felt very little pain during the fucking. She was grateful to him for the men's nights and the morning after they fucked, she took his cock in her mouth, masturbated him expertly and let him squirt into her throat. She drank his juice with a grateful smile. She asked her girlfriends one by one, she was amazed at how many of them had these men's nights and they enjoyed it very much, they giggled. Some had only small groups, an other had a dozen friends there and the fucking lasted to the next evening. They giggled on the phone and Rita had to recount her gangbang. It seemed to be a fashion at the time. When she remembered later on, she had fucked at least with 25 to 30 friends of John in those years.

John wondered whether Jan would be better off living with Mom, she lived right next to the special school and Rita would be relieved if Jan lived with Mom. Mom came back to them, she wanted to take Jan with her soon. Rita entered the bathroom unsuspectingly and recognized the situation immediately. Mom was squatting naked behind Jan, who had just turned 13 and who was standing in the bath water. Mom had lathered his cock with the bathing glove, worked very hard on his cock and now let go of his cock. Rita was surprised because the little fat guy had such a pretty big, stiff cock. Rita had seen his cock last, when he was a baby. "I'm just washing him, Rita darling, just washing his cock" said Mom with a fake smile and grabbed Jan's cock again, rubbing it with the glove. Rita nodded, completely surprised, and left again. She was a little ashamed of having such piggish thoughts. She could have sworn that Mom was masturbating his cock with the bath glove! Mom took Jan with her.

Lea was pretty precocious, she already had really full breasts. She masturbated a lot, Rita had seen her do it several times, but that was probably completely normal, because Rita herself still masturbated every night before going to sleep, even though her scars hurt when she masturbated. John no longer stayed overnight with Mom because Jan was there. He fucked Rita once a week, the fucking really hurt her a lot. He understood that and was considerate. He kept disappearing at night, even though Mom was no longer in the guest room. Rita began to wonder seriously and crept after him. He went

silently into Lea's bedroom and left the door ajar. Rita stood in the hallway with her heart pounding and just watched the shameful disgrace.

Lea masturbated in the diffuse light that came in from the street. The fat girl masturbated with her eyes closed, John sat naked on the bed and watched her. Lea rubbed herself faster and faster, she reached the climax. John mounted her and fucked the little fat girl in the middle of her intense orgasm. He continued to fuck her for a long time and then squirted inside. "Thanks God she doesn't have her period yet," Rita thought with relief, but she felt an uncontrollable hatred for John. The memory of Dad flashed through her mind. She had previously believed that John was as faithful to her as she was to him, but now it turned out that he was fucking his own daughter, the bastard! She would never forgive him for that! Her hatred became overwhelming when she crept after him every night and watched them fucking, night for night. The hatred turned her heart black.

Rita searched the internet carefully. Finally she found instructions on how to make poison from monkshood, a poison that caused a heart attack. She knew the place where monkshood grew wild. It took her 14 days to make a small bottle full of poison and her heart was black with hatred. She put three spoonfuls of poison in his dinner on Saturday, he had severe stomach pains all night but the bastard didn't die. "I'll make you a light lunch" she said on Sunday morning after fucking. She sucked his soft cock for a long time, which John loved very much. She let him squirt in her throat as usual and swallowed his semen for the last time. Then she covered him up and let him sleep on.

She made him rice pudding and poured the whole bottle of poison into it. She put a large portion of blackberry jam on top, which he loved very much. He came down to the kitchen and ate the rice pudding. He liked it thanks to the blackberry jam. Rita made him a fine espresso and a slice of chocolate cake, it was Sunday. A half an hour later his face crashed onto the table with a dull sound. She ckecked, that he was really dead and left him there, she disposed of the rest of the rice pudding in the toilet. Then she called the ambulance and went up to Lea. She was in the middle of masturbating when Rita

said that her Daddy was dead. Lea nodded without stopping masturbating and breathed, “I’m not finished yet!” and continued masturbating.

It was a sad funeral, Daddy John was only in his mid-forties when his heart stopped. After everyone had left, Rita was left alone with Mama at the kitchen table. Rita wanted to know everything, from the beginning. “It started with you during my pregnancies, didn’t it?” Rita asked her mother, “Be honest and don’t lie to me!” she ordered emphatically. Mama was silent for a long time, but then she nodded. “Yes, that’s when it started. I fled from your Dad’s arms into John’s arms. You kept him short during the pregnancy, and John was grateful that he was allowed to fuck me. We were very careful, we never wanted to hurt you. He fucked often and a lot and he loved it, even though I was already an old woman.” Mom was silent.

“You don’t need to shed a single tear for him,” said Rita with steely eyes, “he was just as much of a child abuser as Papa!” Mama turned pale and asked what she meant? Rita looked at her with pity. “You took a sleeping pill every night and didn’t notice anything.” Now she told Mama how Papa had deflowered her and fucked her night after night for the next 8 years, even for months after their wedding. It was only when John threw him out that it was over. “But John wasn’t any better, he had abused his own daughter and I couldn’t forgive him for that, I had to stop him!” Mama was frightened and grabbed her neck. Was Rita, her everything, a murderer?

“And what did you do with Jan?” asked Rita sternly, because it had hit her hard when she had once caught Mom masturbating Jan. “I’ve been bathing Jan for a year, three times a week. He had such a lovely little cock that I loved to make him squirt. He didn’t know it then and he was delighted when I made his little cock squirt! His cock grew very quickly, got bigger and thicker. I continued to make him squirt twice or three times in a row, and thought more and more about fucking him. Then he came to me, I taught him to fuck. He liked it very much.” Mom was silent again.

Rita thought for a long time. “John is dead, I’m alone with the children again. Would you like to live with us for a while, you could

take a lot of work off my shoulders?" Mom only thought for a moment. "And Jan?" Rita had made up her mind. "Of course he will sleep with me, it's not at all right that you continue to spoil, corrupt and ruin him by fucking him!" she said sharply. Mama was very sad, she had lost John and, by the looks of things, Jan too. But she loved the children with all her heart, more than her changing lovers, she could do without them. She nodded, she would come and sleep in the guest room.

Jan of course expected to fuck Rita just like Grandma. Rita had nothing against cuddling and snuggling nakedly with him, she loved Jan very much. She automatically opened her thighs as his cock pounded against her pussy hole. She caressed his buttocks, his balls and his cock intensely. She pulled his foreskin back and forth until he was completely erect. She loved him very much and she rubbed his foreskin until he squirted over her cunthole. He pushed his cockhead in and squirted inside. She ignored that and kept rubbing him, rubbing and rubbing, not wanting to stop. But he was very determined, in no time at all he had penetrated her pussy hole. Rita was completely taken by surprise and let him fuck her for some minutes. Then she shook her head vigorously, pulled his cock out immediately and said he wasn't allowed to fuck her. But she was very moved, because his cock went in so easily, fucked her without any pain. She sighed and took his cock in her mouth. "You'll love this," she said and Jan nodded curiously. She sucked and licked his cock in her mouth, she masturbated him expertly in her mouth and let him squirt deep into her throat. She swallowed his semen, then kissed him on the mouth with a loving smile. Jan beamed with pleasure. She had to let him squirt twice more in her mouth, he was only tired after the third ejaculation and quickly fell asleep. She really wanted to masturbate.

It was good. Until the end of the school year, she let him fuck her for minutes and then she scolded him, she took his dick in her mouth to squirt, squirt in her throat every evening; he was round and relaxed. Rita knew that Mom and Lea didn't fuck anyone, sometimes she curiously watched them both masturbate. Both were happy with it and just as relaxed as she was, because she too was masturbating more often than before, almost every night. Those were good months, they were a good family.

Jan hadn't let stop him from mounting her every night and penetrating her with his cock. The guy quickly got the hang of it, he fucked her really, really fast and squirted inside her cunthole until she pulled the squirting cock out and cursed. That was his technique for the next few weeks. Rita smiled and acknowledged that the boy was clumsy and stubborn. But she always pulled his cock out after some minutes of fucking and put it in her mouth; he had figured that out over the past few months. Rita was very happy that his penetration didn't cause her any pain at all; she increasingly let him fuck her for a few minutes longer before putting his cock in her mouth.

It was a really hot summer night, she was tired and sweaty and let him fuck her for longer than just a few minutes. She felt the horniness rising in her loins. She got hotter and hotter and had a completely unexpected orgasm. She clung to Jan and her pussyhole pounded rhythmically on his cock in orgasm. It quickly subsided, she let him keep fucking her hard because she was tired and exhausted. He squirted in thick, rich jets and rolled off exhausted. They lay next to each other, gasping for air. So it started.

Incest, incest! pounded in her mind, but she ignored it. She was dead tired and didn't give a damn shit whether it was incest. It didn't matter to her. She had fucked again after many months and it was completely painless. She didn't understand why, because Jan's cock was at least as big and thick as John's. But she didn't solve the riddle, it wasn't important. She let herself be fucked every night now, usually she had an orgasm, but not always. Then, just a few strokes on her clit gave her an orgasm.

That went well for the next three years. Then Jan let slip a side note that he regularly fucked Lea and Grandma in the afternoons. Rita's first thought was that Lea hadn't had her period yet. She knew that mentally retarded girls were usually infertile and didn't have their periods. She questioned Jan very strictly, but he remained friendly and willingly gave information. He only fucked Grandma once a week, sometimes not at all. He fucked Lea every afternoon after her masturbating. And Lea not only loved masturbating, but fucking too.

She went upstairs with Jan to Lea's room. She was in the middle of masturbating and gasped, "I'm not finished yet!" Rita and Jan sat on the edge of the bed and watched silently as Lea reached the finale and orgasm. She then sat up and looked at her questioningly. Rita looked at her daughter lovingly. Lea was quite fat, she had quite large breasts and a flat face. She had neither armpits- nor pubic hair. Only a delicate, blonde fluffy down covered her mons pubis, which was round and beautifully curved. Lea grabbed Jan's cock quite naturally, held it tight and asked what was going on?

Rita asked her how she had ended up fucking Jan? Lea silently and slowly rubbed Jan's cock until it was stiff. She couldn't remember exactly, she said, they just fucked at some point, it was great and that's why they did it every day now. Lea leaned back and pulled Jan on top of her. "Come on, fuck me, dear Jan!" she whispered hoarsely. The two of them were no longer paying any attention to Rita. Lea pulled her brother between her thighs, she grabbed his cock tightly and inserted it between her thick, fat thighs into her pussyhole. They fucked for a very long time and Rita was fascinated by the sight. Rita herself was slim, but her children were perfectly round. It looked so hot the way they wrapped their fat bodies around each other, simply gorgeous! Jan's big cock fucked Lea hard and powerfully. Lea's eyes went glassy as she got hotter and hotter. Her eyes were completely glassy and shone feverishly the longer they fucked. After a good quarter of an hour, Jan squirted rhythmically inside, Lea seemed to wake up and rubbed her clit for a few moments until she climaxed. Her pussy hole pounded rhythmically on Jan's cock until the orgasm subsided. Jan finished squirting and fell down next to her. They both gasped for air and looked triumphantly at Rita. "Didn't we make a great fucking?" Lea asked breathlessly. Rita nodded in satisfaction and left, excited and fascinated.

When her pussy was burning with desire and her clit was throbbing demandingly, she sometimes went up into the children's room and asked the two of them to fuck. The two of them didn't need to be asked a second time; they fucked wonderfully and enjoyed letting Rita watch. Rita was fascinated when Lea's eyes became glassy as she was being fucked, and the hotter the fat girl became, the more glassy and feverish her staring eyes became. She only woke up when Jan

started to squirt. Rita was almost bursting with lust, but she didn't masturbate in front of her children; she pressed her clit forcefully with her fingers, that was all.

Rita had no objections as long as Lea didn't have her period. She spoke to her Mom in private, who was very ashamed at first. But Rita overtook her inhibitions and now Mom admitted that she really enjoyed it when Jan fucked her thoroughly once a week until she was completely exhausted. She didn't want any more than that; when she felt like it, then she masturbated. But she was now 58 years old and her drive was slowly waning. Rita was approaching 35 and she wanted more men, a lot more men! She had only fucked her strict and cold father, John and his friends, and now Jan. She was horny as hell and wanted men's cocks, a lot of cocks!

She called all her male and female friends. Their husbands were keen to fuck the young widow and the female friends didn't want to be spoilsports. So many men came to her again. They got to work without much chatting, as they had already discussed it. Jan saw someone other fucking Rita for the first time, he held his stiff cock firmly in his hand and waited until the man was finished. Sometimes he couldn't wait, he pushed the good man aside in the middle of it and fucked Rita quickly and greedily. Rita sent all the men to the guest room so that her surprised mother would also be fucked thoroughly.

Some of the female friends came with their husbands, as they knew that Jan was a handsome young man. It was a fun game, Rita let her husband fuck her, Jan's fucking the greedy wife. He already felt very grown up and tried to bring even the most frigid wives to orgasm. He stamped, panting, and held back his ejaculation for as long as he could. Rita never sent any of the husbands to Lea, who wasn't mentally mature enough. Lea never told at home that when school was over she often got herself laid across the table in the teachers' room, where one or sometimes several teachers would fuck her properly and thoroughly in front of everyone, from the front or from behind. She loved being fucked in public, that gave her a special kick!

Rita had after a while fucked all her friends' husbands, now it was John's old friend's turn. Almost all of them came with enthusiasm, some of them remembered her. Jan always watched with great interest when Rita was fucked, that seemed very hot for him. Again he pushed the man aside and fucked her very quickly, then the man could start again from the beginning. But everyone was good-natured, they could see that the boy was special. Mama was always pleasantly surprised when a man came through the door, even if she had just masturbated.

Jan felt great, he wanted to bring a girlfriend from school. Rita allowed it, so one afternoon he brought Julia with him. She was only 15, also in the special school, sexually inexperienced and a virgin. Rita lay naked next to Julia. She caressed the girl who was lying on her back. Rita told Jan to wait a little longer. She caressed Julia's breasts, spread her thighs with her hands and felt for Julia's little clit. "Are you going to do it with your finger now, Jan-Mama?" asked little Julia. "I do it myself every night, you know?" Rita rubbed her clit gently and evenly until the little one was very hot. "It will feel a little prick," she said to Julia, who nodded, "I know, Jan already had told me!" Now Jan was allowed to penetrate her. Julia twitched violently when her hymen tore. "It wasn't bad at all," she said. Jan fucked her for a long time, Rita stroked the girl's hot face. But she still didn't have an orgasm. She came every afternoon for a week to let Jan fuck her, but she didn't have an orgasm. She had to rub for a long time at night until she came, she said, and she didn't mind that she didn't have an orgasm while Jan was fucking her.

Jan didn't bring Julia with him anymore, he had someone else again. Georgina was already 17, also at the special school and she was no longer a virgin. Later, after the sex, she told them that it was her young brother who had deflowered her and that he fucked her every night because they shared a room. The brother was only 14 at the time, but he just had to fuck his sister! Georgina also lay on her back on Rita while Jan fucked her. Georgina was very easy to come to orgasm, she first had a very strong orgasm and then many small ones. She was totally exhausted when Jan finally squirted inside her. Georgina came for a whole month, Jan was excited about fucking her and impressed by how often she orgasmed.

Jan had acquired a taste for it, he gradually brought all the girls from the special school to fuck them thoroughly. Some only came once, but most for weeks. Rita praised him when he gently and softly deflowered one of them. She stroked the girls' heads and faces while Jan fucked the girl. He soon got through them all and started again from the beginning, because he knew now, which one was good to fuck.

Rita was quite happy with this life. They all had an active sex life, even Mom got her cocks at the right time. She, and Lea were fucked by Jan every day, Mom sometimes and the boy never suffered from want.

It was a good life.

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Ben and Jen

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ben was a lucky guy. Uncle Joachim had given him a laptop for his birthday, that was something special! He had asked his older classmates and quickly found the porn sites. By chance he stumbled upon an advert, mini spy cameras! He was immediately excited, but his savings were nowhere near enough. He seriously decided to save up for it. He would install it in Mom's bedroom, that was for sure.

Jen, whose real name was Jenny, was a worse student than him, and she came to him every afternoon to study. Mom had checked a few times to make sure the two were studying, and when they were romping around naked in bed or greedily cuddling and intense rubbing their bodies together, she sat on the edge of the bed so the situation didn't get out of hand. Ben had repeatedly laid on top of Jen, bobbing up and down until he squirted, over and over again. Jen hugged him as he slid up and down on her belly. She kept her eyes closed because she was feeling such strange sensations, when he thrust and squirted. Mom made sure that his cock didn't go too deep into Jen's cunthole, just half an inch. She smiled because they both loved it so much! The next day, Ben stuck his cock an inch into Jen's slit and said they wanted to play real fucking! Mom didn't stop the two from playing fucking. But now, she put her hand protectivily over Jen's pussyhole so that Ben couldn't penetrate when bumping. When he squirted, she held his cock and rubbed it a little. The children understood well that they weren't allowed to go further, so after a few supervision sessions, she stayed away.

Of course they were studying, he didn't want to fail Jen because he liked the little girl. She admired his new computer, but she didn't know how to use it. He showed her how to open a porn site and search for "boys masturbating". Jen's cheeks turned red when they watched the first videos. She asked breathlessly if she could do that too and if he would instruct her? They had just been playing fucking and Jen had put her hand over her pussy so that he couldn't penetrate and squirt inside, even though Ben was itching like crazy.

But he was the older one, he had to start somewhere. He nodded. “Yes, of course you can make me squirt with your fist!” he said condescendingly. Jen had a big lump in her throat. “Okay, you can hold it in your hand and make it squirt, but then you have to show me your squirting too!” Jen blushed all over. It took a few seconds, then she nodded, “Okay!” and Ben said, “Deal!”

“So go on, take it in your hand,” he commanded. Jen hesitated a little before she dared to do it, even though they had already cuddled naked on the bed a few times. She took the cock very carefully in her hand. “It’s quite warm,” she said, surprised, and Ben joked, “it won’t get cold until I’m dead!” Jen laughed and he explained everything to her. She found the hole in his glans particularly exciting. “Peeing and squirting?” she asked again. “And for making babies!” Ben crowed happily. She blushed again. “Will you show me?” she asked uncertainly, and he said he couldn’t show her peeing, they would have to go to the toilet, that would startle Mom. But she could let him squirt into the tissue. Jen nodded uncertainly.

“And — what do I have to do?” she asked, looking at his cock, helpless. So he gave her instructions, and she had to hold the cock firmly in her fist. She obeyed and rubbed it. “It’s getting stiffer and bigger,” she exclaimed in surprise. Ben nodded that it was normal. She rubbed it more confidently and after about 10 minutes, Ben squirted onto the tissue; she aimed very precisely. “That’s semen, that’s what we use to make babies,” he commented, “but I have to squirt once or twice in the evening so the pressure of semen goes away.” He continued until Jen understood everything. Then Ben said, “It’s your turn to show me now!” Jen was only a little coy, she had only a sparse black down over her slit. Ben pulled her outer labia apart and she had to explain everything to him, pussyhole, hymen and clitoris. Ben asked if she did it often? Jen didn’t know what he meant. “Well, the clit rubbing!” he said. She shook her head vigorously, “No, I never do, only Daddy does that!” Ben listened, “Daddy?”

Jen willingly gave him the information. “Daddy checks at least once a week, but mostly more often, to see if my hymen is still intact. He watches over it like a dragon over the treasure of gold. I have to take off my panties and spread my legs wide, then he pulls my labia

apart to inspect it. He loves to play with my pussy and clit for a long time, it always makes me very horny! He rubs my clit with one finger, but he never says what he wants to inspect there. Mom laughs at him for being so clumsy, then she does it quickly until I explode and run to the bathroom because I have to pee." Ben said, exactly what her Mom did, doesn't she ever do it herself? Jen looked at him with wide eyes, "No!" Ben opened the laptop to the porn site and entered the term "girls masturbating". Now they watched some videos. Jen blushed all over. "I don't know that, I don't know anything about it."

Ben asked if she didn't want to just try it? Jen hesitated, but then she let him rub her clit with his finger, like the girls in the video. "Not so hard," Jen exclaimed, and he stopped pressing. It took him a quarter of an hour to get Jen excited, and then she exploded. He watched in fascination; she didn't squirt, only a few drops flowed out of her slit. They had experimented enough for today, they continued to learn. Now they repeated it every afternoon, Jen rubbed his cock to squirt, Ben rubbed her clit to orgasm. After a few days, Jen said, beaming with joy, that she had done it herself that night, it was wonderful!

Jen sometimes told her when Dad did the inspection. Mom laughed at him because he rubbed so clumsily. But Mom only did it not very often, not yesterday, for example. They studied hard, Jen was no math genius and Ben almost despaired when he had to explain something for the third or fourth time. They now watched real porn videos more often, where a girl was fucking. Jen shook her head, she didn't want to fuck because of the hymen. He was very stubborn and stuck his glans in her pussy hole, up to the hymen. He wasn't a meanie, he knew that her Dad inspected her at least once a week.

Ben didn't have a father and asked curiously if she had ever seen her parents fucking? Jen turned bright red and shook her head, her parents, no. But Mom very often had a lover in her bed, she was curious and watched through the crack in the door, the whole fucking. Her mother didn't let a single lover squirt inside her, said Jen. Ben nodded, she doesn't want to get pregnant by a stranger. That closed the chapter.

It was just before the end of the school year. Ben breathed a sigh of relief, Jen wouldn't get great grades, but she would still advance. She was intoxicated by it, she kissed and kissed Ben over and over again, he had saved her from great shame! She glowed with gratitude and whispered that she would let him fuck her! Ben didn't hesitate for long. They undressed and he lay between her thighs. She only felt a tiny prick, then they fucked for a quarter of an hour. He could squirt inside, Jen whispered, she didn't have her period yet. He squirted inside a girl's hole for the first time, it was just great! They lay there, smoked a few cigarettes and fucked again. Only now was Jen back in reality. She was afraid of the next inspection.

Days later she told Ben how the inspection had gone. Dad was shocked, he just couldn't see the hymen anymore, just her open hole. He interrogated her until she confessed. Not Ben, no, another boy. She refused to say the name. Mom pursed her lips in solidarity and winked, signaling her to just resist. Dad ripped down his pants, his cock was completely stiff and was dripping. He penetrated Jen's pussyhole and fucked her. Mom put her hands over her head and beat him up. He squirted inside and put his pants back on coldly smiling.

Dad had gone crazy. After watching TV they went to bed, he grabbed Jen by the hand and dragged her into the parents' bedroom, undressing her. The three of them lay naked next to each other, Mom was pale because she suspected something bad was going on. And sure enough, Dad mounted Mom and fucked her really brutally in front of Jen. Then he smoked a cigarette and stared grim into space. After a while he mounted Jen and fucked her just as brutally as he had fucked Mom. He turned off the light angrily and then they slept. "It's been like this all week," Jen complained after she had fucked Ben tenderly and lovingly. Ben thought about it. "You're still a minor, just tell him that you'll report him to the police if he doesn't stop!"

Jen had actually threatened Papa and was sleeping in the children's room again, but he came every night to fuck her thoroughly. Papa no longer spoke to her, he was rude and mean to Mama. She told him that if he continued to behave so stupidly, she would divorce him. Now Papa fell silent. He read the newspaper, he ate in si-

lence and fell asleep in front of the television. After a month, Mama filed for divorce.

During the whole summer, Jen came every afternoon, they fucked or went to the beach. Mama's divorce was still going on, Papa remained silent and dismissive. Jen or Mama could speak to him however they wanted, he would not open his mouth again. Iron-willed. The summer was coming to an end, Jen was becoming more and more distant from Ben, without either of them having done anything wrong. Maybe it was because Daddy fucked Jen brutally every night. They parted ways in style and without any fuss. Ben grieved for a long time. He had grown very used to Jen in two years, and now she was no longer coming.

He borrowed money from his uncle and bought the best spy camera. He had made up his mind, he installed it secretly in the footboard of Mom's bed. It was undetectable. He connected it to his laptop and his spying began quite unspectacularly. Mom went to bed naked, that was visible for a second, then she turned off the light. The camera was not equipped for night vision, but the software provided could improve the image. It was very dark and grainy, but you could see her outline. She was sleeping, quite simply, she was sleeping and he switched off after 5 minutes. So dead, my God!

It could only get better, and it did get better. Mom was reading a booklet, she was lying naked on the bed and the little lamp was on. She read and played with her pussy, with her clit, lost in thought, concentrating on what she was reading. Finally he saw his mom naked, he zoomed in so far that he could see into her pussy hole. He sat in front of the monitor, rubbed his cock and squirted. He had last squirted 14 days ago, that's how long it had been since he had fucked Jen for the last, very last time. Her father fucked Jen every night. Mom sat there, brooding, and said nothing. He fucked Mom daily for another year and a half, while the divorce was pending. Mom let herself be fucked passively; she despised him deeply. He always fucked Mom first, smoked two or three cigarettes, and then mounted Jen. Even though he fucked hard and brutally, Jen always got really horny and after fucking she would climax with two or three strokes on her clit. She had completely lost touch with Mom; they both watched

grimly as the other was fucked. When Mom held the divorce decree in her hand, she left without saying goodbye and never looked back. Jen was left alone with Dad. He came into her room every night and fucked her silently, but thoroughly. Jen felt helpless, abused and humiliated. He fucked her brutally, quite simply but thoroughly and left again. Jen was sad, she had become his squirt-in rag. But she didn't report him, she shied away from it.

Mom put her reading aside, caressed her body for a quarter of an hour, then sighed deeply and finally masturbated. Ben zoomed in so that her pussy, clitoris and fingers filled the entire screen. It was good that he had bought the most expensive model, he could see every single hair. Mom masturbated very differently than the girls in the porn videos. With one hand she pulled the foreskin over her clit back very tightly, so that the clit protruded an inch like a small pencil with the eraser on the end, that was the bud. She moistened one finger with her tongue and rubbed the eraser with concentration. She masturbated for almost half an hour, he squirted and squirted, it was so exciting! He had now found out when she masturbated: always late in the afternoon, not before falling asleep like Jen did. Now Ben was glued to the monitor every day, he watched her masturbate every afternoon and squirted like a fountain. They were both exhausted afterwards.

And so he found out that Mom fucked a lover once or twice a week. Ben's eyes almost popped out of his head as the cock slowly parted her labia and penetrated her cunthole. They mostly only fucked for ten minutes, Mom took his cock out and masturbated him until he squirted. Ben was somehow glad that Mom was paying attention and not taking any risks. She was a beautiful, very slim woman of 35 and had only small girlish breasts, her face always looked very strict and somehow repellent. But Ben loved her. It took him almost half a year to make up his mind.

He had watched her masturbate every day and fuck strangers once a week. His urges drove him forward. He waited until she had finished masturbating and was dozing naked on the bed. He went naked into her room and lay down next to her. She woke up immediately. "What are you doing here?" she asked immediately and her eyes fell

on his stiff cock. He didn't answer, the excitement and horniness were choking him. She grabbed his cock resolutely. "What are you doing here?" she repeated and her fingers wrapped around his cock. "Do you want to masturbate here with me?" she asked in a more friendly, very inviting manner. He still couldn't say a word. Her fingers kneaded his cock, she playfully touched his cock. It was a beautiful, round and childlike looking cock, big enough for fucking and its head was really big and had a very pronounced hole. She knew instantly how nice it would be to fuck it. He wanted to say that he wasn't grown up yet, but his cock was grown up. Not particularly big, but already pretty grown up.

She looked at him. They were fox eyes, he thought. "You probably expect me to do it to you!?" He remained silent, he felt her heating up. She rubbed his cock, almost to test it. "Well, I don't want to be like that," she said softly and masturbated him. He watched her body and face. She pursed her lips and rubbed him with her fist in concentration. He saw her eyes flash when he squirted. She must have had a lot of practice, she continued to rub him, slowing down. Only girls did that, who knew what the boys liked. She wiped her hand on the sheet and looked at him again, her fox eyes now glowing.

He lay there and took a deep breath. His cock didn't soften, it leaned to the side and stayed hard. He looked at her pussy, he found his voice again. "I want to fuck you, Mom, I love you very, very much and I desire you madly!" He was startled as the words rolled over his lips. She looked at him strangely, but her eyes glowed, those fox eyes! "What are you thinking!" she cried, but there was a shining glow in her fox eyes. He lay on top of her, she kept her legs closed. His cock hit her mons pubis. "I want to fuck you, more than anyone in the world!" She answered immediately, but he felt the tension in her legs easing. "That's not possible, mother and son, what would everyone say!?" was her answer, but he only paid attention to her legs, the tension of which easing. "I do not care about that at all!" He spread her legs with his knees. "I want to fuck you, here and now!" he whispered hoarsely. The way to her pussy was free, his cock pounded against her pussyhole. "That's not right, Ben, we can't… " her voice died away, the tip of his cock pounded against her pussyhole.

She gave in at that moment.

Her hand, with which she actually wanted to push his cock away, no longer obeyed her. The hand guided his cock into her pussy hole, pushed it in really hard and deep. She turned her face away to the side and pressed her lips together. His head was empty, his mind numb or stunned. He felt the surface of her inner pussy with his cock. She was warm and wet and just as tight as Jen. It was a wonderful feeling. He kissed her scrag and fucked her slowly. He felt her dictating his pace and increasing it. “Don’t squirt inside,” she breathed, “I’ll let you squirt in my mouth afterwards.” He whispered “okay” and continued to fuck at her pace, she was already hot and getting hotter with every thrust. He was surprised by her orgasm, her pussy hole pounding rhythmically and firmly against his cock. Her orgasm ended as quickly as it had come. She looked him in the face. “Ready to squirt?” she breathed, but he shook his head in denial. He still had to fuck for a while before he straightened up. “Now, now!” He pulled his cock out immediately. She leaned forward and took it in her mouth. She sucked it and her tongue licked for just a few moments, then she pushed his cock deep into her throat and let him squirt deep into her throat. He didn’t pay attention, but she must have swallowed all of his juice. She kissed him on the lips and lay down next to him. They remained silent for a long time to catch their breath.

“You forced your will on me,” she said quietly. She didn’t mean it accusatory, he could sense that. “Fucking always starts with a conquest, a penetration, a little violence,” he said. “I didn’t want to force anything on you, I just wanted to fuck you, I had to fuck you!” She nodded slowly. “I knew it for weeks, the way you looked at me, not innocently like a son, but like a predatory lover. I knew it, I had thought about it for a long time and my blood began to boil. Otherwise I would have kicked you out of bed if I hadn’t wanted it in a corner of my heart, I longed for it.” She stroked his hair. “I’ve fucked a lot of men, Ben, believe me. But very few have been able to trigger my orgasm. That speaks for you.” He raised his head. “Mom, I see that you have a boy with you every week, usually not the same one twice. Aren’t they good?” She smiled faintly. “I always tried to do it secretly, but you’re a big, smart guy, you probably don’t miss a thing.

And no, the guys are good for fucking, but very few of them give me an orgasm."

Ben went to her every evening after he had watched her masturbate and let her doze for a quarter of an hour. She hugged him lovingly and enjoyed being fucked, he pulled his cock out before he had to squirt and she always let him squirt down her throat. They often lay next to each other for a long time now and talked about trivial or meaningful things. They had never talked so much before. No strangers came, he noted with satisfaction. He had five question marks on his face, he didn't understand her sexuality. She masturbated every afternoon, without exception, even though she knew that he would fuck her to orgasm straight after. He asked how she came to masturbate. She looked at him in surprise, but he seemed to know. "You watched me masturbate?" she asked uncertainly and he answered vaguely, "You can hear everything through the thin wall," he said.

"A girl showed it to me in kindergarten, and since then I have masturbated every day. Even when I was allowed to sleep in my parents' bed. And during the pregnancy I couldn't have orgasms often enough, 10 or 12 a day. I felt you kicking and dancing in my belly when I had an orgasm, the gynecologist said that it was okay, it would definitely not harm the baby, which was very reassuring. The gynecologist said after the birth that it was probably the excessive masturbation that made my birth quick and easy. She was a very modern and enlightened woman." Ben said that she might be addicted to masturbation, obsessed? Mom laughed, "maybe, but it's not as bad as drinking or heroin, my dear."

He often asked her who his father was, he had been asking her that for years. He was rejected again, she didn't want to be reminded of it, she said. But she would tell him one day, I promise!

Her mother, his grandmother, had died, and just a day later her grandfather took his own life. Mom was devastated, she hadn't known that her mother had cancer. She would have liked to say goodbye to them both, to speak to them one last time. He just lay next to Mom and hugged her comfortingly, and they didn't have sex

until 14 days after the funeral. Mom sold the family home straight away, even though she earned quite well part-time. She needed the money, she tried to convince him, but she later admitted that she never wanted to see the house of horrors again. He didn't press her, she was very vulnerable for many weeks and cried a lot. Then, one evening, it burst out of her, like an exploding volcano.

"My father, your grandfather, was your father." Ben sat up, startled, but he said nothing. "Actually, it was my mother, your grandmother. She didn't like to fuck anymore and father started to take me into the marital bed. He loved so much to play with my childish pussy, he rubbed my clit very sensitively until I had an orgasm. Back then, I masturbated every day in the marital bed like an obsessed, even if Dad had already brought me to orgasm beforehand. He got so excited that he had to fuck Mom right away, even though she didn't want to. She pushed him on top of me and said that the little one would definitely prefer to fuck him. He didn't dare to fuck me properly, even though Mom pushed him right on top of me, between my willingly opened thighs. I felt his cock hitting my pussyhole and after a long time he squirted upon my cunthole. That went on for many months, then he deflowered me. I was still damn young and knew what fucking was, but I felt taken by surprise. From then on he fucked me every night thoroughly in front of Mom, until I got pregnant at 17. Only he could be the father, I had never fucked anyone else up until then. Mom wanted me to have an abortion, Dad didn't. There were many arguments, but I wanted to keep the child. I didn't care that Mom said I was ruining my whole future, that I would never find a man with a child. I didn't listen to her, I didn't want to find a man at all. After you were born, she helped me very much so that I could quickly start my part-time job. But something had broken between the three of us, I saw them less and less when I was able to send you to kindergarten. The three of us never really spoke to each other about all this, I haven't seen them for two years and we rarely spoke on the phone. That, dear Ben, is my story. I never wanted to tell you." Ben put his arm over her shoulder to comfort her, but he was sensitive enough not to disturb her crying. When she was calm again, he said how sad the story was and how much she must have suffered. "Of course I don't know why your mother didn't want to fuck anymore. But I'm convinced that Grandpa didn't want

to abuse you, he just simply wanted to fuck, that's all. The argument about the abortion shook all three of you up, I somehow can't understand it either. Maybe when I'm grown up." She was finally able to smile again. "Ben, you're already an adult, even though you're still quite a child. But thanks anyway for understanding it so far."

After the funeral, Mom stopped having her period and the gynecologist confirmed that she was infertile. She let Ben squirt inside her, which was very liberating for both of them because they didn't have to stop. Ben loved her very much, he fucked and squirted until he was exhausted. Mom smiled and stroked his hair. How wonderful it was to sleep together like a couple in love and talk about a thousand things!

Jen came to him crying. "Please, take me in your arms, Ben," she said and took off her clothes. He hugged her and let her cry. He put off fucking her until later, he hadn't fucked her for a year and a half. She had become very beautiful and womanly, she had shaved her pubic hair and looked very tempting, her sexual charisma took his breath away. What was wrong, he asked. She had pulled herself together after her father had silently fucked her thoroughly night after night. He began to beat her up regularly after the brutal fucking. When he gave her a black eye, she reported him, he was taken into custody and hanged himself on the first night. Not a word, not a farewell letter, just a bitter silence.

That was bad, really bad. He had made her feel guilty, Ben knew that very well, but Jen cried and cried and would not calm down. She closed herself off to clear arguments. He held her in his arms, he stroked her hair and her face. This was the only way he could calm her down and comfort her. After an hour she had calmed down a little, she spoke clearly and agreed with him. She would not accept the blame. Suddenly she said, "My God, what have you a giant hard-on! You have to fuck, yes, right now!" He took her gently in his arms. "Do you really want it?" he asked and she nodded eagerly. "In the last two years, no one has fucked me as lovingly and gently as you! Yes, I really want it!" They were definitely no longer children, they were both adults and much more grown up than they were then. They fucked, quickly found their mutual rhythm and she had a strong orgasm, her

pussyhole pushed rhythmically and powerfully against his cock. He fucked on and on, she remained at a high level of arousal and had one gentle, small orgasm after another until he straightened up, panting, and squirted powerfully into her. They lay still and silent next to each other for a long time. “Oh, that was lovely!” she whispered, moved. They whispered for another quarter of an hour, then she left. Much more relaxed and happier than when she arrived.

Jen came back every day to fuck with Ben. She wanted it that way. She had married an old, childless widower. He wasn’t a great fucker, he just wanted an heir who would inherit his large fortune. Jen did him the favor and had three children in quick succession, a son and two daughters. It was of course clear that Ben was the father of the three children, but the husband suspected nothing. Jen still visited Ben every day and during the pregnancies he had to fuck her several times in a row. She was sexually insatiable during the pregnancies and ate up the hair off his head. Mom smiled understandingly because she saw first hand that he now had to give Jen everything. She got on very well with Jen, she loved her and Ben’s children as if they were her own. She thought it was right that Jen had chosen a rich man for her children. She would certainly have done the same if the opportunity had arisen. Jen only found out years later that Ben and Mom were a couple. She had suspected it from the beginning.

He stayed with Mom until he finished college and married the sexiest, most active and sexually greedy Love Goddess in the universe at 38. Still, he kept fucking Mom and Jen occasionally, for many years.

He never regretted it.

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Rachel's Delights

by Jack Faber © 2024

Rachel lay naked on the big bed as usual. Ben's 16th death anniversary. She spent this day as usual in dreams and memories of him. He was her husband, whom she could never forget or ever wanted to forget. She stroked her body very lightly and remembered.

Rachel had an annoying purulent boil in her groin when she was 17. The young doctor, Ben Eli Baruch, took a close look at the matter. First he shaved off her pubic hair completely. He couldn't take his eyes off her beautiful pussy and her large clit. "The most beautiful between Aleppo and el Arish," he commented with shining eyes. "What now," Rachel asked with a cheeky smile, "my pussy or the boil?" He smiled, "I'm not looking at the boil, girl, but at your clit!" The phrase is attributed to the French politician George Picot, who is said to have said to King Faisal of Syria after World War I, "The Jewish problem will not be solved until we give them the land between Aleppo and el Arish!" Today, the phrase stands for "all of Israel." The doctor leaned forward and parted her labia with his fingers. "No hymen, clitoris greatly enlarged," he said into the dictaphone. She was late in reacting to his comment. "I forged my student ID when I was 14 so I could go to the disco at the weekend and take a guy home with me." He smiled kindly. "That's fine, Miss Bronfman, I'm not sexually repressed! But I have to ask, do you take steroids?" Rachel nodded, "I do bodybuilding, with steroids of course." He shook his head, "The steroids do make your muscles bigger, but they destroy your clit in the long run. It'll be broken by the time you're 40, that's not funny!" Ben was very serious, "not to mention other damage to your heart, liver, etc. I can only advise you against it in all seriousness." Rachel looked into Ben's eyes. She could trust him, she felt that immediately.

Bodybuilding was out from now on.

She watched him with curious eyes, he was smart, 33 years old and single, the fat girl at the reception had murmured that with a longing look in her eyes. He said a local anesthetic would be sufficient. Rachel nodded and he sprayed it around the boil. "You'll only feel a small prick, if anything." He cut out the boil quickly and expertly, then stitched up the wound with four threads. A large plaster to finish. She was supposed to come in for a check-up in two days.

Rachel came, he removed the plaster and shaved the stubbles on her pussy. He was only satisfied when there was no stubble left. She looked in the mirror, her pussy now looked like a little girl's pussy, only her stiff clit peeped cheekily out between her labia. "The most beautiful pussy," he began, and Rachel added like a shot, "between Aleppo and el Arish!" They looked at each other and both burst out laughing.

That's how it began.

She came every other day, he removed the stitches and looked at her pussy and clit with shining eyes. Twice a week he shaved the stubble, "that's the way it should be," he said. She picked him up every day after work, they went to the café, drank a coffee and got to know each other. Rachel really loved him, she wasn't just in love. After four weeks they fucked for the first time, she enjoyed it very much. His cock was normal size, curved upwards like a banana and he was very skilled at fucking for a long time. She always had an orgasm, which was rarely the case with her previous weekend acquaintances. At some point she told him that she had been masturbated for the first time in kindergarten by her now best friend Lena and that she had done it every night before going to sleep since then. Every night. Ben nodded, that was fine, he murmured.

Lena only fucked men very rarely, she was a lesbian through and through. Of course Ben asked and Rachel lowered her head. Yes, since kindergarten, until today, although she herself was not a lesbian. But Lena sometimes stayed overnight during the week, they masturbated each other and Lena always fucked Rachel with her clit. Rachel said that she really wasn't a lesbian herself, but she re-

ally enjoyed having Lena fuck her clit-to-clit to orgasm! Ben smiled, he murmured that was completely normal.

They got married after 6 months. He owned a nice little house on the southwestern outskirts of Jerusalem, you could see Mount Zion from the house. There was a big garden and a small pool. It wasn't for swimming, but for cooling off. Rachel had already finished her last year of school as Mrs. Rachel Eli Baruch and started writing journalistic articles. Being a journalist was her dream job, she had applied to dozens of newspaper editors, but had not yet received a positive response. She wrote an article of around 3,000 words every day and emailed them to the 5 largest daily newspapers, but none of them were ever printed. But she did it because she was stubbornly pursuing her goal. She soon became pregnant and would become a mother at 18 and a half. In her ninth month, Ben took her to work at the hospital. He was much more worried than she was and did not want to leave her alone at home. And then, one morning, it happened.

A driver overtook oncoming traffic and rammed her car head-on. Ben died instantly. Rachel, who like him was not wearing a seatbelt, flew into the windshield. The doctors did not believe that she would survive. A young doctor who had just returned from the USA performed a Caesarean section and sealed the horizontal cut with a special adhesive. The child, a boy, survived the accident unscathed. Rachel was in a coma for a week and they were sure she would never wake up again. But a kind God allowed the swelling in her brain to go down overnight and she woke up on the 6th morning. It was a miracle. She asked first about Ben and later about the child. "What should the child be called, Mrs. Bronfman?" She didn't have to think, "Esther or David" and the head nurse smiled. "Shall I bring David in for you?" Rachel nodded, he was brought in, but both her arms were in plaster because they were both broken. Yes, she wanted to breastfeed her sweet David, she had enough milk. The nurses brought the little one every three hours and Rachel was just blissful. She cried often because Ben was dead.

A boy came to her bed. Rachel didn't know him, he was probably a nurse. But he uncovered her and examined the Caesarean section

meticulously. Now she understood that he was a doctor. Daniel Eisenstein, surgeon, he introduced himself, he had performed the Caesarean section and used the new technique from America, and the new glue. Previously, the inner layers of tissue were sewn together and only the outer ones were glued together, but the new method glued each layer individually. This would result in fewer internal scars, which sometimes led to problems. He was very satisfied, it had worked out great. He asked if he could take a photo of the wound, for science. Rachel agreed, no problem! Eisenstein came back with the camera and wet shaving equipment. "The stubble has to go!" he declared categorically. Even Ben had never shaved her as wonderfully delicately as this surgeon with the golden hands. Then he took pictures, 35 pictures. He showed her the pictures. In each one her childlike pussy was clearly visible. In the first picture her clit was soft and in a resting position. But from picture to picture the clit got bigger and bigger, and in the end it stood out boldly and horny. She remembered the horny dirty photo sessions in her earlier years and that made her visibly horny. He would photograph the wound every day, said Eisenstein, and didn't say a word about her half-open pussyhole or her excited clit.

She couldn't masturbate, her plastered arms were attached to weights above. He photographed the wound every day, Rachel was embarrassed because her small, tight pussyhole and the swelling clit were clearly visible in every picture. Both grew larger, the pussyhole and the clit. But she got used to it. She survived the horniness on the first day without being able to masturbate. But on the second day she managed to free her right arm from the suspension and masturbate with her plastered hand, thank God! She only corrected Eisenstein once, "My name is no longer Bronfman, but Eli Baruch, Rachel Eli Baruch." To her surprise, Dr. Eisenstein laughed. "THE Eli Baruch? The religious philosopher, 13th century, Rabbi in Frankfurt, Germany!?" Rachel nodded in amazement, yes, that's exactly him. Eisenstein told her that a long time ago he had been a cheeky and rebellious student and had complained that the students were being read the 800 year old texts, that was absurd! The teacher made him stay after school and slammed an Orthodox magazine on the boy's desk. He was supposed to summarize the 4-page newspaper article about the Rabbi on one A4 page. He finished af-

ter two hours and therefore remembered Rabbi Eli Baruch for the rest of his life. Rachel smiled and said how proud her Ben is, no, was, because he was descended from this Rabbi. She cried and Eisenstein left.

She was mistakenly registered under her maiden name in the hospital. That always reminded her of her father. One night, when she was not even 13, she had sneaked into her father's bed. "Please, Daddy, make me a real woman!" she urged him in a quiet whisper. "I'm the only and last virgin in the class and that's just unbearable!" Dad thought for a long time, then nodded. They were inaudibly quiet as he deflowered and fucked her. Mom pretended to be asleep, but her heart was pounding in her throat as her daughter was deflowered and fucked. He always squirted inside her, she didn't have her period yet. She came quietly to him every night or every other night to fuck. Just like Mom, she didn't have an orgasm with Dad, who was such a nice father, but didn't fuck particularly well.

Mom acted as if she didn't know anything, but Rachel could see that she was secretly watching them fuck when she was just as secretly masturbating under the covers. Days later, Mom had spoken to Dad, and Rachel was allowed to lie with them in the marital bed. Rachel saw Mom's pussy up close for the first time. Her dark pubic hair lay in flattened curls, her inner labia hung out of her pussy a little like two knife blades. The clit was completely hidden. And she saw for the first time how Dad fucked Mom. Mom parted the labia with her fingers and exposed the small clits head under the hood that was connected to the inner labia. At first she just rubbed the hood back and forth and the clit grew visibly larger. She rubbed the head for minutes until her thighs began to tremble with orgasm. That was what Dad had been waiting for, his cock penetrated with a quick jerk and Mom sucked in air with a loud sigh. Dad fucked her impatiently in the middle of her orgasm, he wanted to fuck little Rachel as soon as possible! Mom seemed to enjoy being fucked in the middle of her orgasm a lot, they did it the same way every night! Dad smoked a cigarette or two, then he fucked Rachel. Rachel loved to lie on her back on Mom's breasts when she was fucked. She put a hand on Mom's pussy, her fingers gently touching Mom's

hardened clit. Rachel could feel that the clit was still very stiff from the initial masturbation and orgasmic fucking and was twitching impatiently. Mom kept her eyes closed and waited impatiently to finally masturbate! Dad didn't fuck for very long, he was finished with Rachel in a few minutes. Mom turned off the light and masturbated, which she did every night in the dark before falling asleep. Rachel listened to her noises and smiled as Mom orgasmed.

Rachel now had a full calendar. Some afternoons Lena came to masturbate and fuck her clit-to-clit, and in the evenings she went to the parents' bedroom to watch Mom and Dad fuck and then to be fucked by Dad. Dad preferred to go to the military barracks at the weekend to escape the boring Shabbat rules. Rachel was let in on Mom's secret. She called her friends and invited one over. She only called good fuckers, only those with big and enduring cocks. They fucked Mom and Rachel alternately. Rachel learned to work her way to an orgasm while fucking these good fuckers. Rachel thought it was perfectly fine when Mom let other men fuck her, it was just sex, fucking and orgasm, but never adultery, Mom never cheated on Dad!

Two years later, Dad was dead, killed in the Lebanon War. His two brothers were given leave from the front for the ceremonial funeral. Of course, they stayed overnight with Mom; grief and fucking went well together. They fucked Mom and Rachel in turns until morning, to honor their brother, until everyone was terribly exhausted. Rachel knew that with Dad's death, she was now an adult, at 15. Mom and she continued to let strong friends fuck them one after the other in the following period. Rachel, who ignored Shabbat, put on makeup on Saturday night and went to the disco. She always brought a young bull with her, let him fuck her thoroughly and then set him on Mom, who was not even 40 and loved to fuck very, very much.

One of the teachers asked what her father did for a living. She replied that he had been a math teacher at the school across the street, and that he was now dead. The teacher raised his head. "Bronfman?" She nodded cheekily, "Yes, Colonel Bronfman and I'm

Rachel Bronfman!" The teacher was a little embarrassed and she threw her arms around Lena's neck and cried bitterly.

The young Dr. Eisenstein was delighted, it would only be an almost invisible scar. And if a lover noticed it, she should throw the penny-pincher, the scrooge, out of her bed! Once he asked if she still did sports. She said she used to do bodybuilding. He nodded knowingly, the big clit, he had long since assumed it. And what else? Because she had lost the puppy fat in a very short time, she was slim and slender like an athlete, he noted appreciatively. She shook her head, but then smiled, "Fingersports, of course!" Eisenstein looked at her in amazement, what is that supposed to be!? She smiled mischievously, "Well, do it with my fingers!" His face lit up and he laughed heartily. "Fingersport, how cute!" Even as he left he was still smiling, "Fingersport!"

Her face was in a worse state. She had 4 operations in the 6 weeks she was in the hospital. But from then on she no longer had the angel face, but a dozen disfiguring scars on her face, and one eye was always half open. The doctors couldn't fix that, the tissue just wouldn't hold and the lower eyelid hung limply. She only had to look in the mirror and knew that no man would ever desire her again. And so it was.

Rachel woke up from her doze when David knelt next to her. He came every afternoon to masturbate, it had been like that for a long time. Rachel lay on her stomach, she dozed and watched him as he rubbed and rubbed and rubbed his banana. For years, following the same ritual, he would squirt two or three times on her asscheek, only then would he spread her legs with his knees and penetrate her cunthole from behind. He had been doing it for years, he used to fuck her just a little and squirt just a few drops into her pussy hole. She remembered the first time.

Rachel realized one day that little David was hopelessly horny and didn't know how to relieve himself. She had long since enlightened him and shown him everything. Of course she never masturbated to orgasm in his presence, but she had of course shown him

what she had a clit for and masturbated in front of him for minutes. But she stopped just before the orgasm rolled in. He wanted to see her masturbate again and again hundreds or thousand times and of course she liked doing it for him and only stopped when the orgasm was imminent. Show him the orgasm? No, that was much too private!

She could now see that he was completely overwhelmed by his strong erection. His cock was still childishly sweet, but he could already squirt. She had noticed the stains on the sheet because he ejaculated involuntarily at night, every night, she had checked that. He tried to maneuver his small cock into her pussyhole, but only when she reached back to her asscheeks and spread them wide, was he able to penetrate halfway with the tip of his cock. He pushed all the way forward, how soft, warm and pleasant it was here! He saw thr lover in front of him, pushing into Grandma's pussy hole. David pushed too, once, twice and three times. He squirted instantly and his eyes widened. She turned to him and smiled indulgently. "Come, sit down next to me, here." She took his curved banana in her fist. "Now rub with your fist until he squirts, I'll show you!" She masturbated him and he exclaimed in amazement when he squirted. Now she let him masturbate himself and then again. While he masturbated, he stared at her pussyhole under her asscheeks and squirted wildly on her asscheeks. She smiled. "You can squirt on my asscheek if you like!" He did so and said that it would be wonderful to squirt on her ass. In truth, he just wanted to stare at her pussyhole while he masturbated. She noticed his greedy look. She took his hand and guided his fingers forward along the crease of her ass until his fingers touched her pussy. "Do you like that?" she asked and he nodded. "Go ahead, it's expressly permitted!" David's fingers explored her pussy and his eyes took on a festive Christmas glow. "Can I touch the clit too?" he asked uncertainly and she nodded, "Ah, yes, you have often seen how I masturbate my clit. If you don't press it too hard, but just rub it gently and softly, then my legs will start shaking and I will have my orgasm, then it's good!" He did it as a test and she nodded, "Yes, that's right! You'll see, if you rub your cock and rub my pussy or clit at the same time, then the squirt will be really great!"

He tried it for a few days, she praised him and said, "It's important that you can do it, because then you'll fuck much better!" He somehow took it differently and started to fuck her from behind the next day, not masturbating. She let him fuck her, he squirted like a fountain, mostly besides her cunthole everywhere, and he didn't masturbate at all. When he had squirted everything out and besides after several fucks, she spoke to him about it because she didn't want it that way yet, he was still much too young to fuck. She reminded him that she had shown him how to masturbate, to squirt and play with her clit so that he would do it too. Maybe she had said it too harshly, he was quite frightened at first. She took it back a little. "When you've squirted everything out, you can fuck me a little bit from behind, but only a little bit, only then is it okay!" And so this procedure came about, which he followed conscientiously.

He was very excited and agitated the first few times, he hesitated for a long time and asked her if he was really allowed to do it? She nodded without hesitation. She had last time heard two mothers talking about exactly that and wanted to know exactly! She had therefore already spoken to many mothers about it beforehand and quite a few of them let their sons fuck them, there was really nothing wrong with that! She spoke to these mothers on the phone for hours and got everything out of them. When had it started, when, how and where did they do it, were the boys allowed to squirt inside, did the husband know? She wanted to know every juicy detail and they answered honestly. Hardly any husband knew. Some let their boy fuck them as soon as he got home from school, others were particularly clever and only let themselves be fucked when he had done his homework. All of them were on the pill and let him squirt inside without a second thought. Most of the boys only fucked once, only a few more times. One who regularly let the boy fuck her, had a men's night once a month. Her husband made her available to his friends, they fucked her one after the other until well after midnight and the next day she was completely knocked out. But she enjoyed it a lot, it was a wonderful change from the monotony.

David squirted several times on her ass cheek and then asked if he could now? She asked if he had squirted all out and wanted to fuck now and he nodded eagerly, "Yes, Mom, I really want to!" So it

came to pass that after masturbating he fucked her a little bit, shyly and a little reserved. David penetrated very gently and carefully and only gained some confidence when she showed him exactly how to do it. In the first few weeks she rubbed his banana stiff and inserted the small cock into her pussy hole from behind herself. She kept her fingers on his cock to guide him during the fuck. When he came to squirt, she caressed his balls, which inevitably triggered his squirting. He only ever fucked for a short time, he was still a child and didn't last long. Over time, his cock grew, as did his confidence.

Years had passed since then, he always masturbated first and ejaculated a few times on her round asscheek. While he masturbated, his fingers happily played with her pussy and clit, and now he triggered small orgasms with her clit every time. Only when he had squirted all his juice on her ass did he penetrate her pussyhole from behind. His clitplay when he masturbated also became more targeted and she liked it, because his clitplay was arousing, sometimes she even had a small orgasm. It was only when he reached puberty that he fucked her for longer and ejaculated more extensively. Now she masturbated more or less hidden, lying on her stomach while he fucked her. As soon as her asscheeks twitched in orgasm, he stopped and waited until she had finished masturbating. Then he fucked her again, it had taken him a good 15 minutes by now. She reached back and caressed his balls, and he squirted immediately. Strangely enough, he didn't think this type of fucking was "real" fucking. He had been fucking her from behind for years, with her lying on her stomach. For "real" fucking, she would have had to lie on her back and he would have had to fuck her from the front, face to face. She was rather amused by this twisted logic, he could define it however he wanted!

David experienced all these things a little differently from the beginning. He knew his father only from photographs, and he knew that he had left them a life insurance policy and a fortune of considerable value, which would provide them both with money for life, but his mother's love for his father impressed him the most from an early age. She had never taken a lover, she made no attempt to find a substitute father for him. When Grandma visited them both, Mom always shook her head, "No, thank you, Mom, but I don't feel like fuck-

ing!" she always said to Grandma, and David concluded that Grandma wanted to share her loverboy with Mom. Grandma was the sweetest Grandma in the world, in the evening did she retreat to the guest room with her lover. "We mustn't disturb them while they're fucking!" Mom warned him when she discovered him spying. He always did that, so he knew what fucking was from a very early age on. He was always amazed that Grandma had black, curly pubic hair and wasn't clean-shaven like Mom's pussy. Grandma always brought a new boy to fuck, and she was adamant that he fucked her at least a second time. During the break she took his cock in her mouth and sucked until the cock was hard again for fucking. David thought that sucking his cock in the mouth was actually disgusting but hot at the same time.

When David had finished his homework, he always went to his Mom's bedroom. She had sent her article by email like she did every day and was lying naked on her stomach browsing on the Internet. Sometimes he saw that she was watching porn videos, but she always closed the laptop. "You're still much too young to watch fucking, my darling!" she sometimes murmured. She lay down casually and dozed. He always sat between her legs, stared at her slit and her big clit and squeezed his cock. He could do that squeezing for hours, watching her slit and clit move, when she moved while dozing. In the early afternoon they went to the pool every day and then sunbathed.

One day she explained everything to him. Everything. The fucking, the cock and his little sack, in which the tiny babies swam and which the man squirted into the woman's cunthole while fucking. The hole was called a pussy, Mom showed him her pussy and he was allowed to touch it. Most women had bigger pussies, Mom said, when they had given birth to a child, the baby had to slide through that little hole. She hadn't given birth to him normally, he had been born by Caesarean section in emergency surgery after the accident. She explained the Caesarean section and showed him the barely visible scar. She explained all the parts of the pussy to him and finally the clit. The clit was there to give girls the same pleasures as the cock gave to men. That's why she had a particularly big clit, she explained, because she used to do bodybuilding. He touched the clit, it was almost as big as his little finger. "It'll get stiff like your boy's cock,"

Mom said, he should just take it in his hand, then it would grow and get stiff like his cock. In fact, that was exactly how it was.

She said she would show him how he could make his cock squirt when it was as stiff as it was now. She grabbed his cock in her fist, it was still so small that it nearly disappeared in her fist. David paid close attention to how she did it and was very surprised that his cock could squirt. She wiped the juice and the babies into a tissue and let him do it himself. It was really easy as child's play and he did it again straight away. He was thoughtful and asked how she did it, how the girls did it? "Okay," said Mom, "I'd be happy to show you, but don't forget that you normally only do it in private, boys and girls alike!"

She lay on her back and spread her legs. Her finger rubbed her clitoris gently and slowly, up and down, back and forth. David noticed in her eyes how she was getting hornier and hornier and now increasing the pace. After maybe 10 minutes she started to wiggle her ass back and forth, her finger racing over her clit. She squeezed her eyes shut, rubbed herself very quickly and her ass pumped back and forth. The orgasm was rolling on and she tried hard to hide it. So she stopped, she didn't want to show him her orgasm, she found it very private. She asked him if he could see it clearly? He nodded eagerly, "that's great and very exciting!"

Mom was good-natured and let herself persuade to masturbate herself first every day. She called it masturbation and the end was called orgasm. She always wanted to suppress the orgasm, but mostly she couldn't. David didn't seem to notice when the orgasm pushed her ass back and forth. This was what it looked like when she tried to suppress the orgasm. He was too busy masturbating and to stretch her pussyhole with his fingers, to squirt right into the hole from an inch away. Because she was still masturbating, she ignored his intrusion. That's how it was.

Before she had even finished masturbating, he started masturbating. He ejaculated from a short distance over her pussy. She smiled friendly but said, he should ejaculate on her ass instead, please! She turned onto her stomach. He now sat between her legs like before, stared at her slit and ejaculated two or three times on her asscheeks.

She sometimes masturbated beforehand, stopping before orgasming and he didn't ejaculate during it, she didn't like that. But her clit was now always stiff and red when she lay on her stomach afterwards. He always stared at her aroused clit while masturbating.

He ejaculated on her ass for months. He thought they both liked it. He moved closer and closer to her slit to ejaculate and ejaculated happily on her clit. She grinned mischievously over her shoulder when his cock touched her pussy and ejaculated on her clit. David had forgotten how they came up with this in the conversation, but she said that if he had squirted out all his juice while masturbating, he could fuck her from behind afterwards. The next day he forgot to masturbate and fucked her from behind, his hands resting on her ass cheeks. He squirted deep inside and squirted most of it besides. She scolded him, "that wasn't what we agreed on!" David was shocked, he had done it completely wrong. He was really upset. But now he did it right, he masturbated first and then fucked. "That's now fine," mumbled Mom.

They did it like that until the end of the school year. He noticed purely by chance that she was caressing her clit while he was fucking her from behind. Later she rubbed her clit harder, and when her asscheeks were shaking really hard, he stopped until she had finished masturbating, then he continued fucking. No, it wasn't "real" fucking, he had often seen how grandma let herself be fucked, face to face. Mom complained that spying was indecent, but at the same time she knew that David always spied when her mother was being fucked by a lover in the guest room. Rachel usually ignored his spying with a smile, because her mother showed him good things only. Mom didn't understand his assessment, but he was much smarter than her. Wasn't he?

At least he used the next school year wisely. He made Rachel get on all fours, he held her by the hips and fucked her from behind for 20 to 30 minutes. She masturbated while being fucked without hiding it and she loved to orgasm while fucking. He held her like a vice as he squirted his full load inside her pussy hole.

This school year had passed. Yulia, the neighbor's daughter of the same age, came every afternoon to get help with her studies. She was mentally retarded and attended a special school. Mentally she was more like 10 or 11, but physically 17. She was quite fat and had firm breasts. Of course she wanted to play much more than learn. She showed him her pussy, he showed her his cock. They romped around naked on his bed, cuddling and snuggling. Of course she could fuck, she had been fucked by her Dad for years. But she only wanted to have "real" sex in Mom's bedroom, if his pretty Mom joined in. He thought that was out of the question and only fucked Yulias belly, squirted on her belly and pussy, but only from the outside. Yulia was stubborn and he scolded her, saying she was 8 or 9 at the most. Yulia was insulted, but she insisted. So he gathered all his courage and asked Mom. She closed the laptop and agreed. So Yulia got to fuck, she cuddled with Mom in a cheeky and pushy way while he penetrated Yulia's pussy hole. He fucked her for a good 20 minutes while Mom and Yulia kissed like the lovers with his Grandma. David only found out later from Mom that Yulia was a lesbian and what that meant. He came to squirt and Yulia laughed hysterically as he squirted inside. "You squirt just like Dad," Yulia whispered in his ear. But from then on he fucked Yulia until the end of the school year, every afternoon, as often as he could. But Mom never joined in again.

David was completely surprised when he saw Mom fucking Yulia's father. He had never seen her fuck a man before, now he was secretly watching it. It was surprising how much Mom enjoyed fucking, she was rarely this exuberant and happy.

Mom experienced these things differently. Yulia, the neighbors' 17-year-old daughter, came to David's every afternoon to study. She was very weak and went to a special school. A 12-year-old in the blossoming womanly body of a 17-year-old. It wasn't long before the two were romping naked on his bed and playing 'Mommy and Daddy fuck'. Ben lay on her belly and moved up and down until he squirted. Rachel watched them both, but she had no objections. One afternoon David came into her room, his cock sticking out like a bayonet. "Yulia only wants to let me fuck properly, here with you, if you're there. She doesn't have her period yet and said I could safely squirt inside her pussyhole!" Rachel nodded in agreement and closed her laptop.

She immediately realized that Yulia was a lesbian when she lay down next to Rachel and tried to turn her on with French kisses. Yulia let David penetrate her, she no longer had a hymen. Yulia kissed Rachel constantly, she hardly paid any attention to David, who was basically fucking a girl “properly” for the first time. It was always clear to Rachel that he did not see her fucking as fucking, although he had been fucking her for a long time. After 20 minutes, David stood up and announced proudly like a peacock that he was going to squirt now! Yulia let go of Rachel and devoted herself to David, who, after further thrusting, squirted in firm, full jets. Yulia laughed happily and hysterically when he had finished. From now on, learning was just a short alibi, the two of them fucked all afternoon, but without Rachel, she didn’t want to do it anymore.

Ben had no objections when Lena came to visit every few weeks and stayed overnight with them. He watched the two of them fucking each other’s clits and then fucked one and the other, these little orgies often lasted late into the night. Although Lena was a real lesbian, she liked to let Ben fuck her, over and over again. She was much more passive when fucking than Rachel, she almost always had an orgasm and still masturbated wildly when he squirted. Ben loved her from the start, Lena was very easy-going orgasming and almost always had a strong orgasm when he fucked her, followed by more small ones until Ben squirted. When she climaxed, she squealed a long drawn-out Squeeeeee!” like a little piglet, both when fucking or when masturbating. Lena, oh Lena! Magdalena Trojanoff had become an internationally famous concert pianist and lived with her Finnish conductor Tove Pettälä in Paris.

Rachel got into the pool at midday to cool off and lay down on the lounger to let the sun dry her. She couldn’t shake the feeling that she was being watched. She heard a rustling in the thuja hedge and went over there. She parted the bushes and there he was, Shimon, Yulia’s father, naked and masturbating. They stood naked opposite each other and he just kept masturbating. She watched him and he stared at her clit, which rose up and became stiff. After 10 minutes he squirted into the bushes and grinned impudently. That’s how their affair began.

He came to her every afternoon and she liked to fuck him. David always waited until Shimon had left. He was very surprised because he had never seen Rachel been fucked before. Shimon was only mediocre at fucking, but she was still very happy. She was fucking a real man for the first time in 16 years. She looked curiously at his uncircumcised cock; she had never seen one with a foreskin before. She found it exciting when the glans fought its way through the foreskin when erecting. Although she always had to use her finger to orgasm, she was convinced that she had missed it a lot. She couldn't talk to Shimon about anything; he was a dumb simpleton. His original name was Wanja and he came from Belarus. He had impregnated Yulia's mother 18 years ago during a student exchange and he obeyed his Russian Orthodox sense of responsibility. He emigrated to Israel, took the name Shimon and became an Israeli. Or more precisely, an unemployed Israeli, because work had not been invented for him; his wife earned enough. He fucked Yulia and Rachel alternately; that was enough work. His wife only had him on weekends.

Rachel fucked him every afternoon, as often as he could, because he was the only man far and wide who ignored her scars and her disfigured eye. But the affair ended abruptly, the fine neighbors ratted them out and his wife caught them in flagrante. He only came rarely under cover of night, when his wife and child were asleep. So it all ended unspectacularly. David, who had diligently fucked Yulia every afternoon, was left by Yulia almost at the same time, she now went to another special school and had new friends to fuck there.

But Rachel imagined that she was missing real fucking. She only spoke to David about it briefly, he knew about the affair with Shimon, he had sometimes secretly watched and he had learned "real" fucking from Yulia that year. He lay down next to Rachel and they cuddled like lovers until they were both hot. He lay on top of Rachel and penetrated her from the front. She sighed and murmured that his cock felt like his father's. She thought for a moment when he asked. "It's curved upwards in the same way and that's why your glans rubs exactly the sensitive spot!" she said.

David should give up masturbating altogether, Rachel said, he could fuck her every night as often as he wanted and as long as he

could still ejaculate. He saw that. She had regular orgasms and was very happy about it, she once said. They fucked several times every night for the next few years, even when he was doing his military service. He studied medicine and married a very fuck-happy girl when he was 30. His wife and he didn't gagged each other, both had their free space. So he and Rachel continued to fuck, very regularly. Rachel accepted her fate, with her disfigured face she could no longer find a man.

She only had David left to fuck.

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Jim’s Slippery Slope

by Jack Faber © 2024

Jim’s father ran away when he was a toddler. Jim’s mother, Elli, made his life difficult. He was a gambler who lost a lot of money and a womanizer, which she just couldn’t stand. Elli was his third wife and didn’t want to keep the scoundrel. One day he won 28 thousand dollars at poker, kissed little Jim on the forehead, put 5 thousand dollars on the table and left without looking back. It had damaged his macho self-image that Elli was an obsessive masturbator. Of course he knew it from the beginning, she had been doing it since early childhood, but now it bothered him.

5 thousand dollars was a lot of money back then, 50 years ago. Elli lived very, very frugally in the first year, but eventually the money ran out. What was left for her? She had married very early and given birth to Jim when she was only 18. She had no choice but to prostitute herself. She was slim and slender, halfways pretty and liked to fuck. She fought for her life, she never wanted to submit to a pimp and worked only for herself. That’s why the other prostitutes respected and valued her. If she couldn’t find a babysitter, a prostitute would sometimes step in and look after Jim. So it happened that the boy had seen hundreds of breasts and pussies of all kinds in his youth, because he was full of curiosity chasing after the different pussies. The whores laughed and showed him everything. Elli knew it, but he was just a curious child.

Of course he slept naked next to her, like her, and the children’s room became a storage room. He went to school very well, he did his homework and helped Mama save money. She didn’t have to pay a babysitter, he sat obediently in the storage room with his textbook. Of course he spied through the crack in the door when a man came to fuck Mama. He was happy that so many men came and paid Elli. They never had to go hungry, the connection was clear to him very quickly.

He looked at the photos of his father and asked questions until she told him the truth. Gambling and womanizer were words that she explained to him and the boy resolved not to become either one or the other. But “obsessive masturbation” was much harder to explain. “Masturbating is what I do every night, you know!” said Mom and he nodded. “You rub yourself until you’re knocked out and happy again!” he answered. Mom nodded, “that’s called the orgasm. So, the two new words are masturbation and orgasm, got it?” Jim nodded, sure, “but what is an obsession?”

She scratched her head. “When you do something way too often, when you’re so driven by it that you just have to do it over and over again.” Jim thought for a moment. “So you fuck obsessively because you have to do it all the time?” was his logical question. She shook her head in the negative. “I do it to earn money, without money we would both starve and die. No, Dad was really disturbed that I had to masturbate many times a day, sometimes for hours, it was obsessive. It disturbed him because he thought I didn’t love his cock or his fucking as much as I loved masturbating! It hurt his pride!” Jim nodded, that was easy to understand. “So, do you still masturbate obsessively, Mom?” he asked. She nodded her head. “Maybe, but maybe not. I really like the orgasms, but I don’t masturbate nearly as often or as long as I used to. Dad shouldn’t have gone because of that, the idiot!”

Jim now paid closer attention to Mom’s masturbation. She masturbated every night, not very often twice. “Not obsessive,” Jim judged. But she drank a lot more whiskey than before. She was very cheerful and happy when she had been drinking, Jim had sipped the whiskey and found it disgusting. “You’re too young to drink alcohol,” said Mama. He nodded, he knew that, he was getting older and bigger and was gradually entering puberty.

He turned on the small light to get a better look at Ellis masturbating. She laughed drunkenly, not really caring. He moved closer so he could see better how her finger rubbed her clit, first slowly, then faster and faster, until her whole body stiffened and then rolled in orgasm. She let it die down and smiled at him. “Phew, that was good!” she said every time. He watched her every night, his cock getting incredibly stiff every time. He could squeeze and press the cock as

much as he wanted, but it only went soft again when she was finished. Once he asked if he could put his cock in? She stopped masturbating. “But no fucking!” she said half-heartedly. “Yes, Mom, only the men who pay for it can fuck you!” She didn’t answer, she wanted to carry on masturbating. So it came to be that every night he put his cock in her pussy hole and left it in until the end. And so it was that when she climaxed, he squirted inside. She didn’t seem to notice, but he told her. She was too tired for a long dispute, “Okay, you can put it inside a little bit or all the way in, whatever you want. But hold still, don’t move and let it squirt on its own! And don’t fuck me, you’re never allowed to fuck me!” she mumbled as she fell asleep. Jim promised. “Hold still, don’t fuck me!” she repeated, getting quieter and quieter until she fell asleep. She was soon deeply asleep and he carefully widened her pussyhole with his fingers, then he penetrated her, very deeply, without waking her up. But nothing happened, nothing at all! Very carefully and slowly he pulled his cock out to the tip of his penis and just as carefully and slowly pushed it deeply all the way in, so she didn’t wake up. He did it for a quarter of an hour, that way she didn’t wake up. He felt the squirting rising up inside his loins, in and out a dozen more times and he squirted the whole load inside. It was surprising and wonderful, squirting inside. He did it at least twice or more, until his cock was completely soft. He was very proud that he had invented it and always did it when she was deeply asleep. He told her, of course, and she asked him worriedly if he fucked her while he was doing it? He swore up and down that he never fucked her, and when the squirt rose up, he stayed completely still as he had promised and let it squirt inside of its own accord. He squirted all the juice deep inside, that was okay, right? She nodded and sighed deeply, and she believed him, he never lied to her. He continued to experiment, of course. He could fuck faster and faster without waking her up and that was really great! She sighed contentedly when he fucked the sleeping woman, the alcohol made her sleep deeply. When he had fucked enough and pulled his little dick out, she obviously felt an orgasm coming on. She sighed deeply and half submerged for a few seconds, she rubbed her clit for a few seconds wildly and triggered the orgasm. She breathed out deeply, put an arm around Jim and went back to sleep smiling. He did it for many years. It was always surprising and wonderful, that squirting inside! He re-

ally didn't tell anyone because Mom wanted to keep it a secret. Not even Aunt Jenny.

Here it must be explained, that Mama had a half-sister, Jenny. Aunt Jenny had dark skin, she was negroid, a Mandingo half-breed, Mama was white like Jim and his father. Aunt Jenny's mother was very dark, Jim had seen her a few times and was a little afraid of the black woman, who dressed in traditional Native clothing. Her father was a West African slave and her mother was a pure-blooded Indian. Perhaps also because her pussy was pitch black and not bright pink like Mama's or Aunt Jenny's. Jim knew this because as a child he often followed Jenny's grandma to the toilet to see how women peed, as they didn't have a penis! The second time the little boy dared and pulled the grandma's labia apart. She squirted not from the big, black hole, but from a small one. "But we're not curious at all, are we!?" giggled the old woman, and Jim shook his head. "No, Jenny-Grandma, I just wanted to see how you pee not having a dick!" Since then he knew that Grandma's pussy hole was pitch black and not light pink.

Grandma spread her pussyhole with her fingers and, chuckling and giggling, invited him to put it in. He came right up close and fearlessly stuck his cock into the black cunthole. She wanted to know if he was already fucking. Yes, the bear. He had cut a hole in the bear's bottom, on its belly, and fucked the bear in the storeroom until the man outside has finished fucking Mom. He should show her how he fucked the bear, said Grandma. He fucked her until his cock got soft. Grandma giggled and praised him, saying he would soon be a man who could really squirt. She pulled out his little worm and spoke to the cock in another language. When she was finished, he asked her and she smiled gently, it was a magic spell, but a good magic spell. Now Jim was quite sure that she was really a witch and since then he was a little afraid of her, even though she always let him watch her pee and then bump her like the bear. He shouldn't be afraid, she was just casting good spells and he would soon be able to squirt properly! The magic spell seemed to work, because he was able to ejaculate 1 to 2 years earlier than his peers, even though his cock was still a small boy's cock. But he shouldn't tell anyone, not Jenny and not his Mom either!

Aunt Jenny also worked as a prostitute in a posh brothel across town and came to Mom almost every week on her free afternoons, and went back to work in the evening. Jim had Jenny explain what a brothel was, then he asked Mom why she didn't work there too? Aunt Jenny made a lot of money there! Three reasons, Mom said, three reasons. First, she couldn't work there with a child. Second, she wanted to be her own boss. And third, she wanted to decide for herself whom she fucked. Jim was impressed, three reasons, that was a lot!

Before Jim knew the word, he knew that Aunt Jenny was a lesbian. That connected her with Mom. Mom wasn't a lesbian, but she made lesbian love with Aunt Jenny, who needed it, "obsessively," thought Jim. He always watched when White and Black made love, the women didn't care. The fucking clit-to-clit was particularly exciting. Jim lay down very close to see how Aunt Jenny's clit fucked Mom's clit. It was always Aunt Jenny who fucked Mom to orgasm, never the other way around. Aunt Jenny looked at Jim's stiff cock and said he could masturbate. Jim disagreed. "That's not possible, I don't have a pussy like you women, I have a cock!"

Jenny exchanged a look with Mom, then lifted Jim onto her lap. "Of course you can masturbate, it's just different than with us girls." Jim looked at her admiringly. She was a very clever woman, he thought, because to earn money she fucked men or let them fuck her, but to have fun she fucked Mom. That was clever, what a clever lesbian! Jenny grabbed his cock with her fist. "Watch out, I'll show you!" and she rubbed his cock and let him squirt into her other hand. Had he been paying attention? Aunt Jenny asked and he nodded, that was child's play. "How often can you squirt?" he wanted to know. "It varies from man to man. Some do it just once, others more often. As long as it squirts, it's OK. But if you do it too often," Aunt Jenny added, "then it's called obsessive!" Jim exclaimed, the word sounded so clever and funny. Aunt Jenny smiled, "how clever you are!" she said.

Jim had never thought about fucking Mom like the paying men did. Months later, Aunt Jenny asked if he masturbated a lot. Jim said three or four times at most, so only as long as he felt like it. When the

pressure was gone and he was relaxed, he stopped masturbating. She nodded in agreement and asked, “Are you fucking yet?” Mom intervened, “he’s too young,” but Jenny shook her head. “Look at his cock, it’s already big enough, and he can squirt too!” Mom took a deep sip of whiskey. “He’s too young, I say! At least his cock is a boy’s cock, not a man’s cock, you can see that!” and the subject was off the table. But Aunt Jenny had put a bug in his head. Several weeks later, Mom and Aunt Jenny were lying peacefully next to each other after the strenuous clit-fucking. Jack sat opposite them and compared their pussies.

Aunt Jenny had a bigger ass and bigger, heavier breasts than Mom, but Mom’s pussy hole was visibly bigger than Auntie’s. That was, because Mom had given birth to him and Aunt Jenny never had a child, Grandma’s spells prevented that. Jennys clit was also a bit bigger, although the clits were now resting and no longer stiff. Jim watched the two of them as he masturbated and squirted on both pussies. He leaned forward and spread Aunt Jenny’s labia. “I understand what you meant, dear Aunt, when you said that people have different sized cocks, breasts and noses. That’s why you two have different pussies, but thank God not as black as Grandma’s.” None of the sisters asked how he knew that.

Aunt Jenny nodded. “That’s why we don’t judge men by the size of their cocks, because it doesn’t really mean anything. Everyone fucks differently. That’s all that matters.” Jim mumbled that he had never fucked. Mom’s head jerked, but she said nothing, that Jim was squirting inside since some time. Aunt Jenny, who had beautiful black eyes, looked at him. “And do you even want to?” Jim nodded, with a big lump in his throat. “Mom says I’m still too young,” he mumbled. Aunt Jenny looked at him amused. “I asked if you wanted to, not what Elli wants, I know that. She also knows that I have a different opinion.” All three were silent.

“You don’t want to let him fuck you now, do you?” Mom suddenly groaned, “he’s just a child!” That spurred Jenny on, and how! “I’ll prove to you that he can do it, now, here and today!” Jenny gritted out and pulled Jim onto her stomach. Mom was about to protest, but only half-heartedly. Aunt Jenny took Jim’s face between her hands.

“You know how it works, don’t you?” Jim breathed almost inaudibly, “Yes, of course, I’ve seen it many times when the men were fucking Mom!” Mom rolled her eyes in despair, she hadn’t known that, only suspected. Aunt Jenny’s hand grabbed his cock and guided it.

She inserted his small, stiff cock into her fuckhole. A shiver ran down his spine, it was wet, soft and warm in this hole. He stuck his cock in as far as it would go and looked triumphantly at Mom. She turned her head to the side briefly, but then watched. Jim had seen the men fucking Mom a thousand times and just copied everything. Jim had only just earlier squirted, so his cock lasted a very long time. He fucked Aunt Jenny for 10 minutes or more. “I have to squirt, Auntie!” he gasped and the Aunt nodded. He squirted his full load rhythmically, in full, firm jets, into Jenny’s pussyhole. He squirted more than ever before. Jenny rubbed her hot clit briefly as he squirted and released herself. He saw his juice running out of Jenny’s pussyhole. He lay down between the sisters and gasped for air.

Mom muttered spitefully, “Now you can fuck him every week, my dear Jen! You brought this on yourself!” Aunt Jenny grinned from ear to ear. “One minute longer and I would have had a massive orgasm, Elli!” Aunt Jenny stroked Jim’s face. “You fuck well, little Jim, maybe one minute longer so I can have an orgasm?” Jim was confused, but he nodded. “Next time, Auntie, I promise!” Mom grabbed his cock, which was almost completely hidden in his lower body and squeezed, pressed and rubbed it until it was hard again and then she slowly masturbated him. Since he was able to squirt, she would smile at him and masturbate him during the day as often as he wanted, and at night he was allowed to squirt inside, masturbate, and continue squirting as often as he could. When she noticed that he was ready to squirt, she let him mount Jenny again, fuck her for a few moments and squirt inside. Aunt Jenny winked at him cheekily when she went back to work later.

That evening, Mom was even drunker than usual, she was in high spirits and happy. Alcohol was her friend! She laughed as Jim cuddled with her. She laughed as he knelt in front of her pussy and rubbed his cock until it was stiff. She laughed loudly as he penetrated her pussy hole. “Jen taught you something, didn’t she?” and he

fucked her for a long time. She stopped laughing, she was getting hornier and hotter by the minute. Jim held back his squirting until he couldn't anymore. "I have to squirt now, Mom," he gasped, feeling guilty because she hadn't had an orgasm yet, and squirted everything in, the full load. She rubbed her clit, grinning like a madwoman, and laughed obscenely and frivolously as the orgasm swept her around. She drank a whole glass of whiskey in one go and stroked his hair. "We're not allowed to do that, Jim, that's incest, we're mother and son! That's actually forbidden!" Jim snorted contemptuously through his nose. "And crossing the street when the light is red is also forbidden, but everyone does it!" They were silent for a long time. "And that's called incest?" he asked after a while. She nodded. "If we both fuck each other, then it's incest!" she mumbled sleepily. Maybe she didn't even hear Jim growling, "Then we'll just do incest and cross the street when the light is red!"

Mom didn't have it easy in the next few years. During the day the men came to fuck and at night Jim came, he had to squirt very often and fucked her often. He had to squirt and fuck very often when he hit puberty. The alcohol made her fall asleep, but Jim didn't care. He fucked her even though she was already half asleep. He didn't want to masturbate anymore, fucking was much more exciting, much better. He fucked her so often that he was completely drained. "But never more often, Aunt Jenny," he said to her, "otherwise it would be obsessive!" He and Mom laughed and explained to Aunt Jenny what this "obsessive" meant. Jenny said thoughtfully how much she had longed to fuck little Elli when she was young, when she saw her little sister masturbating obsessively and unashamedly in front of everyone. But back then she had kept it a secret that she was a lesbian. Jim liked those afternoons when Jenny came to visit. He watched them during the exhausting but exciting clit-fucking and then fucked both of them, one after the other, until he was completely exhausted. He found it very exciting because the sisters fucked very differently but really well. That's how the teenage years went by.

Jim had already gotten into trouble with the law at the age of 14. Petty shoplifting, purse snatching and using a stolen ATM or credit card. None of the judges wanted to put the clever, likeable boy in jail, usually he only gave him a few days of youth detention. He was also

different from his peers in that he didn't rape girls or forcefully fuck them like the others. He had enough to fuck with his Mom and Aunt Jenny. His criminal record was growing, he was 17 and at 18 he would be treated as an adult criminal. His deep anger at this world came from his genuine despise of his father, when he realized that he was no Robin Hood or street hero, but just an unsuccessful petty criminal and card cheat. He wanted to achieve more, so he applied to join a gang. They had strict initiation rituals. Stealing handbags and plundering ATM cards until he could put $5,000 on the table for the boss. A little exercise. Then he was supposed to steal a car. Also a little exercise. He took the Porsche to the gang's headquarters, a small, dirty wooden shack. He casually tossed the car keys to the adjutant, who immediately sped off in the car. The third and final task was the easiest, to fuck the wild Melanie in front of the assembled crew. They didn't want to accept any gay people. The rough guys were standing around the table as he pushed Melanie down onto the table. She was a real naughty slut, neither pretty nor sexy, but she was there for everyone. She hugged him, feigning affection, and whispered that he shouldn't squirt inside, but rather pull his cock out so that everyone could see the result. "We'll see!" he murmured and started to fuck her. Her pussy was much tighter than Mom's and Aunt Jenny's, but she was only 18 years old. It bothered him from the first moment that she moaned as if he was fucking her God knows how well. After ten minutes he covered her mouth. She couldn't breathe anymore and while almost choking, Melanie had such a huge orgasm that his cock was squeezed out. The tough guys stared, because Melanie only had an orgasm very rarely, usually only when the third man fucked her. Jim penetrated angrily again and started fucking from the start. Melanie was exhausted from the orgasm, she stopped moaning and he squirted everything into her pussy hole, all the juice. The tough guys nodded in agreement. He was taken in.

Fewer and fewer men came to fuck Elli. Jim now brought home money, although he knew that Mama would invest most of it in whiskey. He was worried about her because she had become an obsessive drinker. He held her tenderly in his arms every night when he fucked the drunk mother. She fucked pretty well when she was drunk. She hated the world in which she could get fewer and fewer guys to fuck her, but who would want to fuck a staggering, naughty

former beauty? She hated herself because she had been living in incest with her son for years and he was pretty much the only one who liked to fuck her passionately. Alcohol was the only friend who was really on her side.

Jim was an atypical gangster, unlike everyone else in the gang. He didn't drink alcohol, only non-alcoholic beer. He smoked, but he never took any drugs. And he didn't rape or fuck a girl against her will. When he felt like fucking, he fucked Melanie, even though they had no emotional relationship. Sex, fucking and squirting, yes. But it was never more. And he was the only one in the gang who went home to his Mom in the evening. Some people laughed at him for still living with his Mom at 22. But he was one of the most effective gangsters, he got money and young girls in abundance. It didn't turn him on at all when the girl was deflowered and fucked by the whole gang. He still found that disgusting at the time, but watching them fucking made him very horny.

And people were afraid of his fists. No sensible person would pick a fight with him, because he was always the winner. Even when he was arrested, he punched some police officers in the nose until they bloodied. He only got a few days or a few weeks in youth prison again, they didn't want to label him a serious criminal, he was smart and smooth. He always knew how to dissimulate himself so much that no judge wanted to seriously convict him. Then the turning point came.

He met Fox, an old man who had lived in various gangs all his life. Fox was someone you liked to talk to and listen to, he had the wisdom of a millennium in his veins. Like Jim, he didn't drink alcohol. He had been a drinker in his youth and had been sober for 40 years. Jim somehow saw his father in him, without thinking about the fact that Fox was a womanizer through and through. But he was wrinkled, white-haired and no longer looked sexy. This made his abstinence all the more difficult. But Jim could help him. The boy could get him a young girl at any time, sometimes even a virgin. Jim sat in the back room of the barracks and watched Fox deflower and fuck the girl. It was only exciting for him to watch and he sat still when the old man, who was already over 50, fucked the girl. Fox was not a

bully, he treated every girl decently, never hit one. It was a while before he took Fox home and let him fuck his drunk mother. Aunt Jenny wasn't so happy, in her opinion Fox was a bad, weak-armed fucker. She was always glad when Fox wasn't there and she didn't have to let him fuck her.

Once, when Jim had served four days, Fox spoke to him seriously. "Two things are holding you back, my boy," said the street philosopher, "your criminal record and your alcoholic mother." Jim listened with great interest. "You can overcome the first hurdle by moving to another state. There you keep a low profile, no one will read your criminal file. And your mother can get well again and maybe sober if she gets the change of scenery." Fox scratched his beard. "I would move to Nevada or California, it's nice there, the sun will do your mother good, maybe she'll get sober. I got sober in Nevada, 40 years ago."

Jim only said goodbye to Aunt Jenny, Fox and Melanie, he didn't have any real friends. He was 29, packed Mama into the car and drove off. In California he found what he was looking for: work and a nice home. Mama had hardly drunk anything the whole week they were driving. She sat on the veranda and let the sun shine on her face. "Oh, how nice, I haven't sat in the sun for 30 years!" She didn't get sober, but she drank very much less and was never drunk again. Jim wrote several letters to Fox, to whom he owed the good advice. Everything went well for a year.

He had changed jobs, a motorcycle gang owned a bar and he became a bartender there. Mama visited him often and started drinking a little more again. There was nothing he could do about it. She was 49 and started living the whore life again, she went from the bar to the top floor and let anyone who paid fuck her. There was nothing he could do about it either. Mom was 49 and fell in love for the second time in her life. Jim didn't like the guy, he was a financial burden on her and therefore on him and he was her best drinking companion. Jim saw how quickly she was falling apart, but he couldn't do anything about it. Jim slept with some chick in the bar, and now her new boyfriend was lying with his mother. 4 months later she was dead. Jim almost lost his mind. He gave her a proper burial, kicked her

drinking buddy out and banned him from the bar, he never wanted to see his face again. And then he fell apart himself.

He was divorced, it was nothing serious, just an accident 15 years ago. His wife and daughter lived in the neighboring state. Mom was dead, no one was expecting him for sex in the evening. He continued working as a bartender and got close to the motorcycle gang. They took him in because he had his tattoos, which were from the first gang. He had saved enough and bought himself a proper motorcycle, a Harley Davidson. He enjoyed the rides with the men and the girl in the gang, Lucy. Better to fuck Lucy than no one, that was a start. Lucy was almost 30, she looked wild, dirty and depraved, but she was the girl for the gang and fucked everyone. Jim really only saw her as a fuck buddy, Lucy was nowhere near as passionate about fucking as Melanie. Sometimes he let a chick in the bar pick him up, but it was all one-night stands. He became more and more bitter, he drove around a lot on his Harley and eventually started chasing young girls. The younger the better. He deflowered a girl for the first time in his life and fucked her every day for three weeks, then he lost interest in her. Girl after girl followed, that was his thing now. He looked good on his Harley, the girls liked to climb on the backseat and lay down on the grass at the edge of the forest with their hearts pounding. He didn't rape any of the girls, if one of them really didn't want to fuck, he brought her back and was disappointed every time. But the majority let themselves be fucked, more or less shyly, by the handsome Jim. He led this life between bar, Harley and girls for about 5 years. Then everything changed again.

A blonde woman in her forties entered his bar and turned his world upside down. She looked at the barman, she wanted him! Michelle had been divorced twice and had two daughters who lived with her ex. She went straight to the bar and after 20 minutes he dragged her into the back room. They fucked like mad and both believed there was no one else. He took her home on the very first evening, they fucked like they were on their honeymoon and he quickly got used to the fact that Michelle wanted a lot of violence and variety. They fucked in the cemetery, in the small chapel and at the back of the supermarket. They used toys that Jim had never seen before and played a lot of bondage games. Gradually the willingness to

use violence that lay dormant deep within him came to light. Michelle was much more brutal and violent than Jim by nature. It was only hot and fun when things got heated. For Michelle, he could never be brutal enough; for an outsider, she was only satisfied when Jim beat her to death and raped her. They were made for each other. They got married in Las Vegas, laughing and spending two years on their honeymoon. Then he had a problem.

He couldn't take it anymore. Michelle didn't give up, she did everything she could to get him to fuck her again. Then she made a mistake that would change both of their lives forever. But it was out of love, she had never been so in love with a man as she was with Jim, she just couldn't accept his impotence! She asked him how he drove around on the Harley and picked up young girls to fuck. That was the solution, he should fuck young girls again and then her, that was it! He bought a van, removed the seats in the back and put in a mattress. He set up a mobile torture chamber for Michelle there. Michelle had awakened dark spirits and powers in him that had been lying dormant until then. In the past, he would never have used violence on a girl. He had always felt this conflict when the gang members raped a girl, the conflict between disgust and an insane lust. And now he was about to put Michelle's violent fantasies and his own into action. So they went hunting together.

It always went the same way. They picked up a young girl somewhere who of course refused to be fucked. Michelle lived out her violent fantasies and tortured the girl until she gave in. Jim watched this violent orgy and got a hard-on. Now it was his turn to deflower the girl and fuck her. He could fuck again! He imagined that his cock was as small as it had been in his youth, and all these young girls had very tight pussies! It fit like a glove! Michelle had already given birth to two children and of course her pussyhole was no longer as tight. When he was finished, Michelle raped the girl by fucking her to orgasm with a dildo. Then they let the girl run in a deserted place so that they had a head start. Jim knew exactly how far they had to drive to avoid being stopped by the police.

They stopped at a parking lot in the woods, he could fuck again! Michelle enjoyed it a lot, but it never lasted more than a week. Then

he needed an untouched girl again and she needed a victim who she could fuck with a dildo and bring to orgasm at will, that was exactly her thing. She fucked thr girl by hand with a dildo to orgasm, some of them she could bring to more than one orgasm, with a devilish grin on her face. They were cunning, they were here and there. The police were in the dark for two years, they had more or less good statements, but not very good ones. Not even the color of their van matched. Jim and Michelle went on a successful hunting trip every weekend. But the end was near.

When they returned from a hunting trip, Jim was grinning from ear to ear, he had won a hat trick! Michelle turned pale with disgust and lust when Jim laughed and said that this girl had been his own daughter! Michelle slapped him lightly. “You deflowered and fucked your own daughter!? You let me fuck your daughter with the dildo several times to orgasm!? — Are we out of our minds??” But she quickly calmed down.

Her eyes glittered as she guided him to a certain spot on the next trip, where they waited for almost two hours. Then Michelle pointed to a girl and took the wheel. He dragged her into the car, Michelle put a sack over her head and began the torture. Jim was hard again and Michelle gasped softly, “She’s still a virgin!” Jim took the girl’s virginity with pleasure and fucked the willing girl for half an hour. The girl had overcome her first reaction and was calm and passive, perhaps she also thought that the fucking was far less bad than being tortured or even killed. In any case, it had a positive effect on Jim, who preferred it when the girl no longer resisted and went along willingly. That at least delayed the ejaculation for a long time.

Michelle picked up the dildo, but thought better of it and decided against her usual procedure. Jim was surprised, but he didn’t ask. He thought Michelle was already very horny and wanted to get fucked as soon as possible, the only logical explanation. They left the girl standing in the middle of the forest with the sack over her head and drove a good distance to fuck in a parking lot. He could do it again, without a doubt! After fucking, she looked at him and laughed. “Revenge! That was my older daughter!” she said triumphantly. Jim was

shocked, but Michelle just laughed hysterically and was eager to be brutally fucked all week long.

They continued, week after week they caught a girl. They caught a young girl of Chinese descent, she was no longer a virgin and obviously very experienced, Jim noticed that very quickly. She reacted so excitedly to Michelle's fucking with the dildo that Jim had to fuck her again. He choked the girl, he wanted to force her to orgasm like he did with Melanie. Although the girl was tied up, gagged and blindfolded, she just smiled lustfully and fucked very actively, she really was very experienced! He used a rope to help, but she just couldn't orgasm from choking. The girl passed out and was almost suffocated. Jim fucked the dying girl a third time and her legs twitched in death throes when he squirted. Michelle took over the rope and choked the girl until she was dead.

They left the body at the edge of the forest and drove away. They were both completely out of their minds, they fucked for two hours in the parking lot until it was already dark. Jim said, "What a goddamn mess, we must never do that again!" And Michelle said, "Did you notice that I had an incredible orgasm when I finished her off?" Jim growled very angrily, "What, finished her off? You strangled her, murdered her, killed her! So say it or shut up!" They didn't speak to each other for the whole week.

But Michelle's daughter did speak. She listened to the TV news with horror, she was not an isolated case. Over 60 girls had gone to the police, one girl had been murdered and the police were now asking for the public's help. She didn't think twice and went to the police. She said it was her mother and held her ground under sharp cross-examination.

Three days after the murder, Michelle and Jim were arrested. There was enough evidence in their van. Michelle was the first to give in and accused Jim of doing everything. Jim gave in a day later and confessed everything truthfully, with all the details that only the murderer and rapist could know. He didn't sugarcoat anything, he said what he had done and what Michelle had done. He knew that was the end.

Nine months later they were in court, they were found equally guilty and both sentenced to death. The victims testified behind closed doors, it was too cruel and too detailed. The jury rolled their eyes at how graphically they described Michelle's torturing. They described being fucked or deflowered by Jim as disgusting and shameful, not a single one found it great or hot. They all found the most shameful part of being masturbated with the dildo. Many burst into tears, they were ashamed of having orgasmed. Some who had orgasmed several times said that their bodies were perhaps too used to orgasming anyways.

Michelle tried everything to talk her way out of it, but she had no luck. Her DNA on the bloody rope spoke volumes, as did Jim's DNA in the girls vaginas.

Jim and Michelle have been on death row ever since, awaiting their execution.

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Ben in Heaven

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ben had been allowed to sleep naked at Mom's for longer than this school year because Dad was building a dam in Africa. His Mom, Claire, had been a novice in a monastery when she got pregnant and married Dad. The Mother Superior smiled kindly, but also a little condescendingly. Who was the lucky one? Claire avoided the boss's gaze, saying it was the builder from the construction site in the monastery. He was in love with the young, naive Claire and promised the Mother Superior that he would make the girl into a respectable woman. The Mother Superior gave her blessing, because Claire was not yet 17 years old. Claire prayed a whole rosary every night before going to sleep, then sighed deeply and masturbated to orgasm. She and Ben were not shy about being naked and masturbating in front of each other.

He masturbated while the rosary beads slid through her hand. To ejaculate, he sat up and ejaculated on her pussy, which he had been doing for more than half a year. He took a break until she started masturbating, then he masturbated again and ejaculated directly on her pussy before she was finished.

He found it very exciting to watch her masturbate, for some time now he had been letting the tip of his penis dance on her pussy when he ejaculated. Her dismayed looks confused him, did she want it or didn't she? He hit her pussy with the tip of his cock and only paid attention to her looks later.

It was a key experience, Ben told Mama later, when the bully Leo beat up little Emmett. The people standing around booed Leo; beating up a little boy was not a heroic act. Leo let go of Emmett and walked away, brooding dully. A jewel had broken out of his crown, which saddened him. Ben picked Emmett up from the ground, sat down with him on a bench in the schoolyard and gave him a tissue. That's how Ben found out everything first hand. Leo had called him a bastard and then beaten him up because Emmett had been fucking

his mother for six months. She had become a widow and in her grief let Emmett fuck her. That's the truth, Emmett confirmed. Ben asked him questions; he wanted to know how they fucked. "It's completely normal," Emmett explained, "I'm on top, she's on the bottom. I can squirt all the way in, only on some days she does it with her fist. She masturbates before the second fuck, because Mom is still young and needs her orgasm every night." Ben interviewed him for a long time, he wanted to know everything in detail. And he promised to support him against Leo, not even King Leo would dare to fight two.

Mom had listened patiently to Ben at the kitchen table. She instinctively knew where this was going. She shook her head vigorously. "We're not allowed to fuck each other, Ben. First of all, I'm not a loose widow like Emmett's mother. I understand very well why they do it and I honestly think it's OK. Nevertheless, it is and remains incest and it's forbidden. Mother and son are not allowed to fuck each other! It's been forbidden for thousands of years because fathers have always been afraid that their sons will kick them out." Ben lowered his gaze to the table. "Masturbating and squirting on your pussy was always great, Mom, but I'm almost grown up and I've actually wanted to fuck you for a long time." Claire took his hands in hers and smiled seriously. "I know, my darling! I notice how seriously you rub your glans on my pussy and sometimes you even squirt inside it! But it's strictly forbidden and I'm sure I'm making a mistake by letting you squirt on my pussy or inside it. Or do you think, little guy, that I don't notice that you've been squirting straight inside for weeks, three times a night? That's definitely not right either!"

But they carried on as before. To squirt, he pressed his glans directly onto her pussy hole and she half-heartedly pulled away, but mostly she let his glans penetrate and squirt inside. "I'll do it for you with my hand," she said determinedly during his break and rubbed him with her fist. He moaned with lust and happiness, it was so wonderful when she did it to him! She did it to him very often with her fist, because he had a lot of semen to squirt and she really enjoyed doing it to him. She knew how he wanted it and pressed his glans against her pussy and let him squirt in it. Before that, she had prayed her rosary and he had squirt on her pussy in the middle of it. He needed it three times every evening, at least. She masturbated, smil-

ing happily, because it was so hot when he stared at her clit and masturbated. He came first, only then did she let the orgasm roll through her body.

That went very well for a few months. But he thought more and more often about fucking her properly. She warned him that incest was forbidden. By the law, she emphasized, not by the Mother Church. If the Church had forbidden it, she would certainly have taken it much more seriously. Just a law of the state, she always emphasized, that didn't have the same weight. "No, please don't, it's incest!" she said for weeks and held him back. But he didn't give up, after he squirted, he briefly penetrated her pussy hole with the glans and she held him back. "Incest, that would be incest!" she said with a sigh and put him in his place. She kept it up for many weeks, letting him squirt inside her three or four times every evening.

But one day he was really determined. As soon as the mother had started the rosary, he knelt in front of her pussy with clear intention and pushed her thighs apart with his knees. Her quiet voice rose as he prepared himself. He had already squirted on her pussy a thousand times and had squirted inside her every time in the last few months, but he had never really penetrated her to fuck her. Her Hail Mary stopped as his cock parted her labia and slowly entered her pussy. He paused for a moment when he had penetrated deeply and his glans touched her cervix, that was the end. It was so beautiful, so deep inside her!

She didn't stop praying half quietly as he slowly started to fuck her. He fucked faster when he noticed that she was getting hotter and hotter and her voice was getting even higher. She continued praying the rosary relentlessly and after a good 10 minutes she squealed briefly in orgasm, but then continued praying straight away. He was in the finale, increasing his pace and squirting everything inside her. He rolled over to the side and gasped for air, she masturbated very quickly during the Ave Marias and triggered her orgasm so that she could immediately continue praying.

"It's incest, my poor boy," she whispered when the rosary was over and stroked his hair. "I don't care at all," Ben replied, "how would

they know?" She stroked the hair on his neck. "But it is and remains incest, my love! We are criminals in the eyes of the law, petty criminals, so to speak!" He was dead tired and actually wanted to doze a little, but he still said, "a little criminal, that's OK! Fucking is more important to me!"

He fucked her every evening while she was praying or masturbating, usually two or three times. He found fucking much more enjoyable than masturbating. And on the days when she rubbed him with her fist out of fear of pregnancy, he let her masturbate him several times, completely relaxed and happy.

It was always about Emmett when Ben fought with Leo. Leo was bigger and stronger, without a doubt. But Ben was the more skillful, the more agile, the more underhanded. Even though it was usually considered a draw, Ben was always the winner. After a few months, Leo had lost not just a few jewels, but the entire royal crown. Emmett was very proud of his protector, he often invited him to his house in the afternoon to study. Emmett's mother was a young woman, not particularly pretty, but with an enormous sexual charisma. And she let her skirt fly frivolously, so that Ben could see very clearly that she was not wearing any panties at home. Ben couldn't take his eyes off her body. Emmett noticed, of course, and once asked him with a smile if he wanted to fuck her?

Ben had already done it a thousand times in his mind, but he was still very surprised. Emmett didn't see anything wrong with it, so he set everything in motion. His mother, Ria, smiled kindly, because Ben already looked very grown-up, he was athletic and muscular. And so it happened one afternoon. Emmett led Ben into the parents' bedroom, where his mother was lying naked on the bed, pretending to be asleep. At Emmett's signal, the two young men undressed and lay naked next to Ria. She continued the sleazy theater and felt for Ben's cock in her sleep, which she took in her hand with satisfaction. Now she woke up and got ready. Ben also didn't say a word and penetrated, Ria's vagina was not as tight as his mother's. He was still excited and fucked the sexy woman, who was not yet 30, with the greatest pleasure. "You can squirt in there without worrying," Emmett commented quietly, "if Mom has to use contraception, she'll pull

your cock out long before you squirt!" Ben held back his squirting until Ria was really hot and had an orgasm. She had practiced this well and helped with her finger. Ben squirted in rich, firm jets into Ria's cunthole. Afterwards, the three of them discussed things for a long time. Ria was an educated, smart and well-informed woman. So it came to be that Ben went with Emmett almost every afternoon and fucked Ria, because she loved being fucked to orgasm.

His mom listened carefully when Ben told her about Ria. She wanted to hear all the details and Ben told everything truthfully. How it had started and that Emmett always fucked her after him. That Ria wasn't half as pretty as her, but she had a sparkling sex appeal and loved to fuck. He liked the way she rubbed her clit briefly at the end of the fuck so that he squirted right into her orgasm. "And — does she pray while she is doing it?" asked Mom and Ben shook his head. "No, and I suspect she doesn't pray at all." Claire looked at the table. "Does my praying bother you, Ben?" He shook his head. "No, Mom, that's you, that's just how you are. I don't mind that you want God to be there when we fuck. It's just part of you, I've always felt that way."

At the end of November, when Ben was walking home from Emmett and Ria in the evening, he was attacked by Leo and his thug friends two streets away from home, beaten and kicked until he was lying unconscious on the street. He didn't come to until he was in the hospital, Mom was already there. He had broken ribs, a broken arm and a fractured skull base. A young detective went to see him to take the report. He did, but he said he didn't know who it was. She suspected that he knew it exactly, but he kept a tight lip. He understood all her arguments, but he couldn't reveal Leo, he had to sort that out himself. He wondered if it was a conscious decision on her part that she was frivolously showing him her panties? He wasn't sure, maybe she was just sitting there awkwardly? But maybe she was doing it on purpose? This preoccupied him more than the description of the perpetrators. He gave a pretty good description of the four guys, but he said nothing about Leo. If the police could track down the guys, he wouldn't lie. She came back twice more and now he was sure that she was doing it unintentionally, frivolously flashing her panties. She was just thoughtless, when her pubic hair itched she really did absent-

mindedly scratch her flashing pussy. Ben grinned when she left again. He had been able to see her pussy and pussy hole very clearly, and that was something! After 12 days he was allowed to go home again. He didn't tell Mom that it was Leo either. He would deal with him later. Mom took him home in a taxi and he confessed that his semen was up to his ears. She smiled understandingly and went straight to the bedroom. They fucked until noon, she just made a quick snack, then she was happy to let him fuck her until late at night, until he had caught up on everything and fell asleep, dead tired.

Ben and Emmett were waiting for Leo's girlfriend. She was neither pretty nor cute, but the opposite. An ugly, rough thug. But Leo needed a good beating, Renate had not been involved in Leo's crimes, but she was his Achilles heel. Leo was very attached to her, she was his everything. They led Renate behind the gym, into the bushes that had seen generations of young sinners. Renate was disappointed that Leo had not come to fuck as they had said, but she let herself be undressed without resistance. It was not the first time that he had let others fuck her. First Ben fucked her and Emmett filmed Renate and his cock, but not his face. Then they changed horses, Emmett fucked her and Ben filmed with his cell phone. They let Renate go, they didn't want anything more from her. Then they sent the little film to Leo. "This is phase 1. Phase 2 will follow soon." It could be seen as a prank, but Leo should know that the video could easily be published and annoy him and Renate too.

Leo had gotten the message and was brooding over what was to come. Ben kept him in the dark for months. Then, just before the end of the school year, they struck. Ben overpowered Leo, put him in a headlock and Emmett suddenly had a stiletto in his hand. Ben was surprised, but he didn't object. They maneuvered him into the old bunker, stripped him naked and tied him up. Now Leo realized that he had a serious problem. Ben knelt down next to him, Emmett was the cameraman and made sure that only Ben's fist was visible. Leo had a surprisingly large cock and Ben was masturbating someone else for the first time, it was just awesome! Leo didn't really want to squirt, but he had to. His cock stayed stiff and Ben carried on. Leo had to squirt for the second time and now he had had enough. But

Ben continued to force him to squirt a third time. He had to rub very hard, then Leo squirted a third time. Ben didn't stop, no matter how much Leo moaned, he continued grimly. Leo couldn't squirt anymore, the dry orgasm brought him to the brink of despair. Now Ben took the cell phone and filmed Emmett squirting into Leo's mouth. He made sure that neither Emmett's face nor the hand with the stiletto could be seen. They cut into the handcuffs so that Leo could free himself later, kicked him properly in the ribs and said that if he went near one of them again, the videos would go on the Internet.

They showed the videos of Renate and Leo to Ria, but she just grinned crookedly, she had seen better. "But it's very nice," she said, "just don't do anything stupid with it, the punishments are proper!" The boys nodded, it was just about making Leo think, that really hurt him!

Ben showed the films to Mom in the evening, who reacted completely differently. She had never seen porn videos before and was immediately electrified. Even when he was fucking Renate, she became fidgety and masturbated under the kitchen table. Ben had it repeated on a loop until she had finished masturbating. Then he showed her the one with Leo. That excited her even more. Ben had it repeated on a loop again until she had finished masturbating. She was sweating when he showed her the last video, where Emmett came in Leo's mouth. Mom was torn. It was disgusting and hot at the same time. She wanted to see it three more times, but she didn't masturbate anymore. It was too disgusting for her.

"But the guy has a huge cock," said Mom admiringly, "and he squirts pretty well too!" Ben asked if she would like to fuck him? Mom shook her head indignantly, "you know I'm not one to whore around!" Ben nodded in agreement, he wouldn't have accepted it either. But he was astonished that Leo had an admirer, if only because of his huge cock.

Now came phase 3, Ben had squeezed it out of the tied up Leo. Only then would they be even. It was known that only Leo's closest friends were allowed to fuck Renate. Now he and Emmett wanted to fuck Renate every week in his presence until the end of school year.

Leo gritted his teeth, but gave in. He was already 19, had his own student apartment, and if he was charged with grievous bodily harm he would serve a few years under adult criminal law. He was stupid and repeated his school year for the second time, but he understood this facts.

For the next 7 months, Ben and Emmett went to Leo's place every Friday at noon. Leo was really devastated and dejected because Ben was adamant, he wasn't allowed to leave, but had to see his shame with his own eyes. Renate was happy to be fucked in front of her Leo, that was really hot! Ben and Emmett fucked Renate, one after the other, all afternoon until they had had enough. Emmett turned out to be a little pig, he squirted in Renate's mouth at least once. Renate had no problem with that at all and swallowed his sauce with pleasure. Leo sat naked next to them, his cock became rock hard and dripped a little. Renate felt sorry for him and rubbed him until he squirted, over and over again. School only ended after 7 months, and that was the end of phase 3.

Ben filmed Emmett fucking Renate and vice versa, because Ben's Mom loved these films. Ben filmed Leo's cock as Renate rubbed it while they fucked and let it squirt onto her flabby, heavy breasts. Ben played these films for Mom at the kitchen table so that she could masturbate under the table as long as she wanted.

Ben and Emmett studied every afternoon, the exams for the penultimate school year were coming up. Mom shook her head vigorously. No, Emmett wasn't allowed to fuck her, Ben's friend told her, she wasn't someone to fuck, and if she let Ben fuck her, it was a completely different matter. The two of them now studied with Emmett, because Ria let both of them fuck her now and then.

Mom's older sister, Christine, came to visit once a month for coffee. She was married to a captain of industry, they had two children and she had remained faithful to her husband all these years. In the past she had hardly looked when Ben walked naked through the kitchen to the toilet and back. Now he was a big boy with a cock to match and she started to look at him. Around this time, Mom admitted that she was living with him like husband and wife and that they

fucked every night. Christine got over the incest pretty quickly because Mom said how well Ben fucked after so many years. She asked Mom when it had started and was very surprised because he was still a child! Mom laughed, “Just wait, your son will soon be that age too and then you have to decide!” Christine’s staunch refusal was quickly softened because her husband let their 13-year-old daughter into their marital bed on Sunday morning and cuddled, snuggled and played with his naked daughter in a clearly sexual way. Mom said that was perfectly normal, all Dads did it! Christine knew it, Dad had deflowered her and then Claire and had fucked her well for years. Her mother didn’t care at all, the main thing was that he didn’t fuck around the neighborhood wildly and uncontrollably!

Christine’s worldview was shaken up. Her husband and daughter still played sexual games within limits. And if Claire was right, her son would want to play sexual games with her too. He was there on Sunday, of course, but he was still playing innocently with her breasts and pussy, and it was still enough for him that she gently stroked his stiff cock until it was soft again. But Claire said that she and her husband would ultimately have to make a decision.

Ben, who was lying on the marital bed watching TV, looked up in surprise when Mom came into the room. She sat down on the edge of the bed and he turned it off. Mom was usually very direct, but now she was beating around the bush. “Christine wants to fuck you,” she finally managed to say. Ben looked at her. “What do you say to that, Mom?” he asked. She nodded, “I’m fine with it, she’s been sooo uptight up until now! It would do her good to become a little criminal!” They both laughed, then Ben called for Christine. She came, shy and very embarrassed, staring at Ben’s cock.

Shy and embarrassed was exactly the right word. Ben nodded encouragingly and she slowly undressed. Mom stood up and wanted to leave, but Christine asked her to stay. Mom undressed very quickly and lay down next to Ben. Christine was the last to lie down. She and Ben caressed their bodies to get to know each other. Christine sighed, “It’s much too fat, it won’t go in!” but Mom replied, it’s just as big as her husband’s! Christine laughed. “Hell no! It’s much smaller and much thinner! It looks more like my son’s, like a boy’s cock, just a lit-

tle bigger." Mom leaned forward and licked Christine's clit for a few minutes. Ben had the impression that this wasn't the first time she had done it, but he wanted to ask her later. Mom let a lot of spit drip onto Christine's pussyhole and also onto Ben's cock. He kissed Christine with a long French kiss, which she returned. Gradually they both got hot and Christine got into position. Mom grabbed his cock and guided it to Christine's pussyhole, she inserted it carefully and slowly, and Christine moaned as the cock made its way in, then Mom pulled her hand back.

He understood why Mom was so careful. Christine's vagina was very small and virginally tight! She had given birth to the children by Caesarean section. Christine sighed deeply, because Ben's cock was normal size, but quite a lot bigger than her husband's. He fucked her slowly at first, with deep and powerful thrusts. Christine whispered that it was her first time, she had never cheated on her husband before. Ben whispered, "Don't think too much, Aunt Christine, just concentrate on your clit, wish for an orgasm, then you'll have fun!" Christine nodded and concentrated. He noticed that she was getting hotter and hotter and increased the pace. She came to orgasm with a quiet, astonished scream. Ben continued to fuck her for quite a long time until he squirted. They lay next to each other, panting and gasping for air. Mom asked if that was her first orgasm after her time with Dad? Christine nodded, "Yes, normally I only do it with my finger, I'm used to that!" Only now did they tell Ben about his grandfather, who had deflowered them both when they were very young and fucked them both for years. He was an extremely good fucker and usually brought them to orgasm. Their grandmother had died very young and he only had his daughters to fuck.

Ben was lying on the bed, naked as always, studying for his A-levels. He wanted to be the best in his class again and was learning German, English and French. Aunt Christine came almost every week to fuck, Ben was always happy because she fucked really well and let herself be fucked really well. Of course she reported how things were going on Sunday mornings. She had had a long and good conversation with her husband and they agreed to gradually push the boundaries. He no longer had to hide it when he played with his daughter's clit. The girl did not masturbate herself yet, she let her father do it

more and more often. At first she had not allowed it, but things gradually changed. Christine's son was only 11, but he could already ejaculate if she stroked him long enough. But they had agreed not to force anything, but to let it come naturally. The children came much earlier than before to watch their parents fuck. That was okay.

Aunt Christine told how her husband took their daughter in his arms and played with her clit until she was really hot. Then he masturbated her gently to orgasm. Most of the time his cock stayed soft and the little girl didn't dare to touch it. But sometimes his cock got hard when he played with her clit and masturbated her. He rubbed his cock and the little girl spread her legs so that he squirted on her virgin pussy, which she found very hot. Christine took her 11-year-old son in her arms and rubbed his little boy's cock with two fingers. He squirted and the little girl giggled because she did it to him during the weeknights, in secret. Christine's husband had a lot of responsibility on his shoulders at work, but he spent every weekend at home. Somehow this new openness helped the family to grow closer together.

Some people might have been tempted to think Ben and Emmett were gay, but they were proven wrong. A video spread like wildfire in the school and later on the Internet. Ben watched it with Emmett. They shouted as one, "Leo!" They hadn't made this video, it was clearly Leo's. You could see Ben and Emmett fucking Renate, the cocks and Renate's hole were razor sharp. You could hear Renate laughing and giggling stupidly, she masturbated from orgasm to orgasm while fucking, panting and giggling loudly. They didn't confront Leo, the connection between them had completely broken. Ben told Emmett that it was just to get rid of Renate. And that's what happened. Renate had been his lover for two years, and now Leo was dumping her in such a mean and underhanded way. Renate had enough stature that she answered everyone, "It's none of your business!" The separation between the two was much more painful for Renate than for Leo, the complete idiot.

Aunt Christine had a problem. She brought her daughter Flo with her. After long discussions she had decided that her husband should deflower 15-year-old Flo. But unfortunately his small cock was too

weak, it couldn't penetrate the hymen! Ben immediately agreed to step in. Flo was an averagely pretty girl, she had small, pointed breasts and womanly curves. Ben examined her pussy, it was all beautiful and tempting, but her hymen really seemed to be very firm. Flo knew what to expect, Ben made an effort and had to thrust hard three times until the leathery hymen burst. He gave her a tissue because she was bleeding. He looked at her lustfully and she understood that he wanted to fuck her. She invited him to fuck her with a smile. It was a very beautiful and graceful fuck, there was nothing slutty about Flo, she fucked shyly and gracefully. He hugged her very warmly before she left. She was looking forward to finally being able to fuck her Dad.

Nevertheless, he didn't see Flo until years later, when she had married a wealthy businessman. Unfortunately, he was not a man for fucking. He only wanted to fuck once a month at most, his cock was even smaller than her Dad's. She came to Ben, her first husband, every afternoon. He was very pleased because she had become a beautiful woman and when she was pregnant she couldn't get enough of fucking. She came every afternoon to fuck, she had three cute children and then had herself sterilized. Ben was convinced that he was the father of her children. Flo did not contradict him, even though her husband was a very loving and caring father to the children.

He had been on the phone with his father, who stayed in Africa, for years. He missed the week he spent visiting his family at work so much that he no longer came. His father built one dam after another on the Okavango, Zambezi and other rivers. He had bought a large English country house in Uganda, renovated the 11 rooms and three bathrooms and lived there with his new family. He flew to the construction sites himself in his own plane, which was faster and better than any car journey. He was already 50 and lived with his 20-year-old wife and her younger sister in a very satisfying love triangle. The sisters gave him 3 black children. Ben kept in touch via videophony and it remained a warm, friendly bond between father and son.

Ben had completed his doctorate and became an assistant professor. The high-rise buildings initially received a plaque on which he was named as "Designer: Ass.Prof. Dr. Benjamin Morgenshtern".

Later it became “Architect: Prof. Dr. Benjamin Morgenshtern”, which somehow amused him. He built the famous DNA house in the capital. There were two twisted towers, every second floor was connected to the other, so that it looked like the double helix of DNA. He built a penthouse and moved into it after his mother died. She had been suffering from heart problems for six months and one day her heart just stopped. She was 59 years old. He saw Flo less and less, she had her hands full with three children. He did what he had been doing since his student days, he fucked female students. He was 45 when he succumbed to the charm of an incredibly horny and sexually experienced 24-year-old student. They married and lived in the penthouse of the DNA house. Actually, it was she who introduced the men’s evenings that took place every 6 weeks. There was wine, beer and stronger drinks, and she was the dessert for everyone. Ben was skeptical at first, but she really enjoyed the gang banging.

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The Simpleminded Minna

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ben's father left him and his mother Minna when he was 10. Minna had given herself to the student and athlete when she was not quite 14. To avoid the scandal, they married immediately. Minna, who was still playing with dolls at the time, had been thrown into married life so quickly by pregnancy that her mind only gradually caught up. But she was by no means stupid, just a little slow and slow-witted in many things. Ben's father had dropped out of college, as well as out of his great career as an athlete. He founded a haulage company with his best friend, and that was hard work.

Sexually it was a disaster. Minna was literally faithful to him, but no help. He had to drive the truck himself, his friend the second one. They had enough orders, but he had to do all the paperwork, the phone calls, the emails and the accounting by himself. He slept in the office for weeks, came home for one night, fucked Minna two or three times and slept it off. Then he ran back to the office or back on the saddle. Ten years later there were more than a dozen trucks, a few employees and sweet Anni for the accounting. Oh, sweet young Anni!

Of course it took Minna many months to realize that she was divorced. She could keep the small apartment, two rooms, kitchen, bathroom and toilet, and she could keep Ben. She got a monthly check from her ex, which was more than enough to live on. Her ex might have been a cock-driven idiot, but he paid very well. Ben was always sad and sought comfort from Minna. Of course she allowed him to sleep in her marital bed. He stopped wearing his pajamas and slept with her every night naked.

She caressed her 10-year-old's body until he fell asleep. She gave his stiff cock, which he was clutching in his fist, a wide berth. To be honest, she knew nothing about sex except being fucked by her ex. Yes, the guy came over every few weeks and fucked her, even though he was already married to sweet Anni. But she always had something, a headache or pregnancy problems, so he had to avoid her. It

was a good thing that Minna never said no and let herself be fucked patiently like a sheep. Of course he always came in the mornings when Ben was at school, so they were undisturbed. He only spoke of his shipping company when Minna held his cock during breaks in fucking until it was stiff and ready to fuck again. She listened quietly when he talked about sex with Anni. She had never seen Anni, but she knew exactly what her body and pussy looked like and how she used to fuck. So everything was perfect.

Minna only had one good friend, a close girlfriend. She was a few years older, her name was Rachel and she was Jewish. She was also married and had a son, Aaron, who was already 14. Minna could talk to her about everything, after the divorce Rachel had explained and shown her how to masturbate and have an orgasm. Minna had not known either of these things before, but she did not have to masturbate every night like Rachel, she did it once a month at most. She did not need more than that. Rachel was pretty angry that her ex showed up every few weeks and now every day to fuck Minna. They were divorced, for God's sake! Minna ducked and whispered, "The poor guy needs it every day now because his Anni is pregnant and can't fuck." Her poor ex needed it every day and she didn't really care whether she was fucked or not, there was nothing wrong with that!?

Rachel became venomous. "He saves himself 100 or 150 Euros that he would have to pay in the brothel! But no, the fine gentleman gets it for free from his Minna. Hahaha!" she laughed caustically. Minna was confused, did she have to ask him for money? For the sex? Rachel put her coffee cup down hard. "No, you silly girl, you're not a whore! But he could give you something, something you fancy, something you need or want. Of course it could be money. Look, I'm married to Avi in a good Jewish way and he has a lot of fun when we fuck, you know that. But I still accept gifts from him now and then, jewelry, a new freezer, a bigger TV. That's why I'm not a whore, but a faithful, chaste and loving wife."

Minna knew how much Rachel loved her and that she wouldn't give her bad or stupid advice. She said to Rachel, "Thank you, that's a bit complicated, but I'll think about it at home." They drank another cup and continued chatting. Minna was sad that she wasn't Jewish,

because Avi had told Rachel that Jewish women were the best fuckers. Avi should know, he had fucked quite a few women before marriage, including non-Jewish ones. Minna went home.

Minna sat at the kitchen table, pondering. Her ex had only come over for a quick fuck and had left straight away. She hadn't asked him about a present, there was no time. Undress, fuck, squirt. There was no time to talk. She had prepared lunch and was now waiting for Ben. Minna thought back and forth about what she should ask for as a present. Perhaps it would be wiser not to demand it, but to suggest it. Yes, suggestion sounded better. She looked around. She had everything she needed. Jewelry or make-up beauty articles were just nonsense, she didn't think much of them. All the kitchen appliances were as good as new, she cleaned them carefully so that they didn't rot. She would need a new laundry horse, the old one kept breaking down. But that cost barely more than 30 Euros, too little for a gift like Rachel had suggested. She said 100 to 150 for fucking, didn't she?

Ben came home. The ten-year-old ate with a good appetite and she asked him if they needed anything new. He looked at her in surprise; she was slow but not stupid. What did she mean? She had never spoken to Ben about fucking, let alone about fucking his father. She thought about it. "For example, we need a new laundry horse, the old one is broken. For example. Can you think of anything you need?" Ben didn't have to think long. "A new school bag. Next year I'm going to high school and I only have the childish school bag that my Dad gave me when I started school. Do you mean something like that?" Minna nodded eagerly, "Yes, exactly something like that. School bag sounds good, take a look around and see what kind of school bags they use in high school nowadays. OK?" Ben agreed. It was still summer, so there was still plenty of time. "Well, a calculator with batteries too. We've been allowed to use one of those in maths since this year, but I always borrowed it from someone. Having one of my own would be great, of course!" Minna breathed a sigh of relief. "That's exactly what I asked you for." Ben was surprised, because they lived simply and frugally and as long as the school bag didn't fall apart, there was no reason to buy a new one. But the thing about high school was true. Minna picked up the notebook in which she meticu-

lously noted her expenses and wrote “school bag, calculator” on the last page. “So I don’t forget, you know what a klutz I am.” Ben smiled kindly, Mom was the best!

One of the following nights, her hand accidentally touched Ben’s cock while caressing him. She had seen it a thousand times before, Ben holding his stiff cock in his hand. As always, he held his cock tightly and now she touched it hesitantly. She should have flinched like she always did, but she felt his cock curiously. “It’s very stiff, why? Do you have to fuck now?” she breathed and felt Ben shrug his shoulders. Minna mentally prepared herself for fucking. When a cock was stiff, it was time to fuck, she knew that for sure. Ben was still very young, but if he had to fuck, OK! Minna grabbed Ben’s cock and stuffed it into her pussyhole. “Now you can fuck!” she whispered. Ben didn’t move. “I don’t know, Mom!” he said quietly. “I’ve never fucked before.” He closed his eyes, smiling blissfully, and pushed his cock deeper inside. “Now it’s running in, Mom, it’s running in!” he said quietly after a while, “it’s so nice!” Minna didn’t know what he was talking about. She made a move to pull his cock out, but he protested, “It’s still running in, it’s not finished yet!” After two minutes he pulled his cock out, it had become very soft. They went to sleep, Minna now thought that Ben didn’t want to fuck.

The next evening they cuddled and caressed their bodies for a long time, she loved it when he stroked her everywhere, except her pussy of course. Ben held his stiff cock in his hand, when she caressed his body. She asked if she should do something? He shrugged his shoulders again. “I’ll just hold it really tight until it gets soft again.” Ben paused. “Do you want to hold it properly?” he asked and she nodded. She had never touched Daddy’s cock with her hand. “We don’t need to fuck, Ben,” she said quietly, “I don’t know anything about it and I don’t know if mother and son should fuck each other at all.” She touched the cock and Ben pulled his hand away. She grabbed it curiously. “It’s so nice and warm,” she whispered, “it feels like a living animal, for example.” Ben smiled quietly. “If it were cold, you’d have to call the undertaker!” and laughed quietly. Minna had to think about what he had said and why he was laughing. “I understand. It’s only when you’re dead that your body gets cold.” She didn’t find it funny, she said. She didn’t want to think about Ben being dead, she

murmured, that was very sad. She turned on the small light to look at it. She saw the tip of the glans. “It’s completely hidden,” she said and Ben nodded, “you have to pull the foreskin back completely, then the glans will come out!” he said. She pulled the foreskin back very carefully and the glans did indeed come out. She looked at it very closely. “I can see the hole right at the top!” she exclaimed in astonishment.

What should she do? she asked. Ben said she should pull the foreskin back really firmly and hold the cock really tightly, after a few minutes it would soften. She did so and waited expectantly. A thick juice slowly oozed out of the hole. “It’s oozing out!” she exclaimed in surprise and Ben nodded, “that happens every time!” He kept his eyes closed. “You have to squeeze the juice out with your fingers.” She squeezed his cock and ran her fingers over the cock until nothing more oozed out. “I always have to do that, squeeze everything out firmly until nothing more comes out. Then it will become completely soft on its own!” She listened carefully to what Ben said. She held Ben’s cock very lightly and only let go when it became completely soft. From then on she always left the small light on because she found what Ben was doing exciting. He pulled the foreskin totally back and then let it snap back again, again and again, until his juice began to ooze out. He used his fingers to press the juice out of his cock, until it was all out. His cock remained stiff and he carried on straight away. His face beamed pleasantly as the juice oozed out. He carried on, letting the juice ooze out three or four times until his cock became soft. Minna knew that letting it ooze out was important to him and must feel very good. They did it every night for the next 14 days. She was allowed to do it first and let his juice ooze out. Then he carried on smiling and let it ooze out three or four times. Minna found it very exciting and smiled encouragingly at him, telling him to carry on. She loved her Ben with all her heart.

Minna was sitting with Rachel again. She had brought a pound of coffee and sugar with her; you didn’t burden a friend. Rachel smiled kindly. “You know, Minna, you’re not the only one who drinks coffee at my place. But you’re the only one who brings me coffee beans. You’re a really good girl, Minna!” Minna blushed. “I thought to myself, why should you always provide the coffee when we’re close friends?” Rachel made the best coffee anywhere. Coffee, half a pinch

of sea salt, a pinch of cocoa powder and liquid cream or whipped cream. You couldn't get such great coffee even in the city center!

"Can I ask you something very inappropriate, Rachel?" asked Minna, who always started her sexual questions like that. Rachel nodded and sipped her coffee. "Go ahead, my girl, even if it's something piggish!" Minna smiled wearily, she always said that and never explained what piggish actually meant. "Since my husband left us, Ben has been sleeping in my big bed." Rachel just nodded. "He can sleep completely naked with me, Rachel." Rachel nodded again. "We caress each other until we fall asleep." Rachel mumbled, "And?" Minna searched for words. "I've never touched his cock before and I've never allowed him to touch my pussy." Now Rachel looked up with interest. "And?" Minna took a sip of coffee. "A few days ago I accidentally touched his cock and since then he's let me hold his stiff cock until it gets soft again. I always thought that cocks only get stiff for fucking and I was prepared for fucking right away, but we don't fuck, I just hold his cock." Minna stared at the table, now it was out. The corners of Rachel's eyes smiled, "And, what do you want to know?" Minna looked her straight in the eyes. "I don't know if it's right not to fuck and just hold the cock or should I do something? And what?"

Rachel put her cup down noisily. "Can he squirt yet, Ben?" she asked and Minna looked at her in surprise. "Only my husband can squirt, I can feel it every time we fuck. But Ben doesn't fuck me, how should I know?!" Rachel scratched her head awkwardly. "Look, girl, we girls masturbate like I showed you." Minna nodded. "Yes, I know. But I don't do it every night, only every couple of weeks when my husband has left after fucking, sometimes I really feel like it." Rachel nodded. "That's right, we've already talked about that several times. By the way, it would be perfectly normal for you to masturbate after every fuck, just by the way." She took a sip of coffee and poured them both another cup. "But men masturbate very differently to us girls. They don't have clits, but they do have a cock. And young men of Ben's age masturbate every day in order to ejaculate, usually several times in a row until all the semen has ejaculated. The cock has to ejaculate the old semen every day in order to produce new, fresh semen. Can you follow me?"

Minna nodded, “It’s exciting! And I understand now why Ben’s semen is oozing out.” Rachel was satisfied, although she didn’t know what Minna meant. She looked questioningly at Minna and she told her, because she could tell Rachel everything. “I’ve only been doing it for 14 days. I could have noticed it earlier, but I didn’t dare to stare directly at his cock. But Ben has been doing it for weeks, for months. He keeps pulling his foreskin back completely, again and again and when the head is stiff and red, he holds the cock tight and lets his juice ooze out. I never paid attention to it, but now he lets me do it. I pull his foreskin back really hard with two fingers and let him go again, again and again. After a while, the cock is so stiff that the foreskin no longer pulls back over the head. Then I hold his cock really hard and squeeze it for a while until the semen oozes out, really tough. I use my fingers to wipe the rest of the semen out of his cock until nothing more comes out. He had always done it himself before, but he really likes it when I do it. I’ve never done it with my husband, but I like doing it because Ben likes it. And after I had let it ooze out, he continues and does it three or four times, until his cock gets soft.” Minna looked up and Rachel smiled gently. She took a quick sip of coffee and explained things to her friend.

“I think it’s better if you let him ejaculate properly, not just let it ooze out. There are roughly three ways in which a man ejaculates. First, you do it with your fist. Second, you do it with your mouth and with your tongue. Or third, you fuck, but he seems to be too young for that.” Minna jumped. “Fuck? For God’s sake, he’s only 10! Besides, I heard somewhere that mothers and sons aren’t allowed to fuck.” Rachel bit back a violent reaction. “Yes, all that nonsense about incest, I know. It’s illegal to cross the street at a red light, but most people do it anyway. It’s nonsense, I tell you!” Minna pressed her lips together, otherwise she would have asked Rachel something too intimate. “Well, forget about fucking, I only do that with my husband, my ex. But what else is it like?”

Rachel reached across the table and took Minna’s hand. She took her index finger. “First you have to caress the cock a little until it’s completely stiff.” She fiddled with Minna’s index finger and then stretched it. “There, now the cock is stiff. You take it really firmly in your fist and rub up and down, like that, over and over until it squirts

out of the cock. And if he needs it again, then do it again until he's had enough." Minna grabbed her index finger with the fist of her other hand and repeated Rachel's movements. "So?" and Rachel nodded, "just like that, after 10 or 15 minutes the cock will squirt, here at the front, at the tip of your index finger. You can wipe the juice off with a tissue."

Minna nodded. "Got it. And does he need that every day?" Now Rachel nodded. "Yes, at least once a day, but most young boys need it several times. Aaron ejaculated a dozen times on some days when he was very young." Minna looked at her intently. "And you did it with your fist to Aaron?" Rachel nodded, "Of course, he could ejaculate at 9 and he trained a lot to be able to ejaculate well." Rachel looked at her friend openly. "A lot of mothers do it to their sons, some Catholic mothers don't because their religion forbids it. But we are Jews, we are allowed to do it." Minna regretted again that she was not Jewish. "I don't belong to any religion, Rachel," Minna murmured quietly, "how lucky you Jews have it! And you Jewish women can fuck the best, your husband told you! How I would love to fuck as well as you!" Rachel smiled. "Don't forget that it was often dangerous for Jews to be Jewish, they killed us by the millions back then. My grandmother only survived the war because the Nazis liked to fuck Jewish girls the most!" Two tears appeared in Rachel's eyes and she angrily wiped them away with the back of her hand. "She was good enough to fuck!" she exclaimed and fell silent.

Minna waited a while, then asked, "You said that you can do it with your mouth secondly? How does that work?" Rachel took the pot out of the coffee machine and poured more. "It's just as easy as using a fist. Some guys prefer it with your mouth, some with your fist, you have to find out. I did it with Aaron with my fist for a year and then with my mouth for at least two years, his preference fluctuated a bit before he decided, that's completely natural. So, it's very simple. You make his cock stiff with your fingers and put it all the way in your mouth, like a lollipop. You suck and lick his cock in your mouth with your tongue, you make fucking movements with your head while sucking and then you let him squirt into your mouth. The juice should be swallowed, it's hygienically clean and germ-free, it comes from inside the body and tastes quite good. Some women are

disgusted by it and spit it out. They don't think about how damaging spitting it out is to his soul, because it's a rejection, a spitting out. That's the only thing you can do wrong." Rachel looked at her carefully, "I understand completely, Rachel," said Minna. It was easy to understand. "And you did it with Aaron?" she asked her friend. Rachel nodded. "For more than two years. When he wanted to squirt again, I rubbed his cock with my fist in my mouth, that's actually the best way. You should also find out what works best for you and Ben. Everyone wants it differently."

Minna held Ben's cock tightly in her hand that night and watched, how his semen oozed out. "Can you squirt yet, Ben?" she asked into the silence. Ben seemed to be thinking. "I don't know, Mom!" he answered. "Shall we try it?" Minna asked quietly. Ben hesitated even longer. "Do you know how it works, Mom?" Minna answered immediately. "Only theoretically, I've never done it in practice." 5 minutes passed in silence. "I'll try, OK?" she whispered. Ben nodded. "I don't know how to do it," he said miserably. Minna rubbed her fist up and down. After just a few minutes, certainly not 10, Ben's cock squirted. It didn't ooze, it squirted out in rich, thick jets, splashing onto his belly and her breasts. They were both panting, Minna from the effort, Ben from the unexpected orgasm.

Minna was still thinking about what to say while she was wiping the juice off with a tissue when Ben said, "Mom, that was wonderful! Thank you, that was amazing, I would never have thought that." Minna looked at his cock, it was still half-hard, which surprised her. Her husband's cock was soft after the fucking and squirting and was hiding itself. Ben's cock was not. She wanted to reach for it, Ben whispered, "Mom, can I touch your pussy?" She instinctively pressed her thighs together and thought about how she wanted to answer him, when she felt his fingers on her pussy. Her thighs relaxed involuntarily and she nodded resignedly. He pushed her thighs apart, his fingers explored every inch of her pussy, his index finger curiously entered her pussy hole. She opened her eyes after a few minutes and saw that his cock was rock hard again. She grabbed his cock.

He let go of her pussy and fell back. "Let me squirt on your breasts rather than on the sheet, please!" Minna whispered, "Yes, but

gladly," and did it with her fist. He smiled so happily, the dear little one, that Minna felt warm inside her heart. "Is it that good?" she breathed and Ben nodded silently. It took longer this time, 10 or 15 minutes, and her wrist was already hurting quite a bit, when she felt his cock stiffen. She pressed his cock against one breast and at the same moment he squirted. She held his cock pressed against her breast and noticed that it was getting soft and shrinking. She let go and wiped the juice from her breast. Ben had fallen asleep. Minna's clit was racing with heat. She had to masturbate immediately.

She drank coffee at Rachel's. Minna had told her everything precisely and in detail. She had been fisting Ben for almost a week and let him explore her pussy during breaks. She lowered her gaze. "It made me so hot when his fingers touched my pussy. The first time I was so agitated, I masturbated after he had fallen asleep." Rachel said very kindly that she had broken the ice and had done everything right. But she should properly educate him about sexuality, show him all the parts of the pussy and explain what they were for. "You have to explain the birth, but also that he was born by Caesarean section, what a Caesarean section actually is and that he didn't come out through the natural birth canal. I think that's very important for a boy who's about to turn 11." Minna looked at her questioningly. "And how do I explain the clit to him?" and Rachel grinned crookedly. "Minna, you cowardly chick! Show him your clit and show him how we girls masturbate. It's better if he sees it by you and not a whore!" Minna had turned pale. "I don't know if I can do that. At the end of masturbating, I lose control until the orgasm subsides and I don't know if I can do that!" Rachel agreed. "You can show him the technique itself, but you don't have to masturbate to orgasm if you don't feel like it. You should never do anything if you don't feel like it, dear Minna!"

Minna asked if she had shown Aaron too? Rachel nodded, it was no problem at all, not for him and not for her either. "Maybe it was because I got really excited just explaining it and I loved the guy with all my heart." Rachel paused. "I'm not saying that you don't love Ben enough, my sweetheart!" Rachel had been saying strange things lately, so Minna asked her if there was something on her mind? Rachel had to think about it first, then she said, "Forgive me, Minna,

if I seem strange at the moment, it has nothing to do with you or Ben."

Rachel continued. "Avi and I have a good marriage and a good love life. We don't grip or strangle each other, a purely sexual affair won't tear us apart. It's not the first time I've let someone else fuck me, as you know. But this one confuses me a lot. He's a rabbi student, very smart and clever. But he's very strange when it comes to fucking. He's been fucking me in the asshole for a few days, he says he can't really fuck. All his life he's only fucked little boys and a few girls in the asshole. That's what confuses me so much." Minna kept her eyes closed and pictured everything. Now she opened her eyes. "This is the first time I've heard of 'fucking in the ass.' I imagined it and the first thing I felt was disgust. The ass is for shitting and not for fucking, right? That confuses me, Rachel." Rachel sighed. "For us Jewish women, it is a given that you don't get fucked in the pussy if you are impure. Impure when you are menstruating. Of course, that is completely wrong from a medical point of view, but it has been the custom for thousands of years. Avi fucks me in the ass when I am impure, that was always OK for me. But now I'm dealing with a guy who only fucks me in the ass." Minna didn't think long. "He probably thinks women are impure in general, impure like pigs. Could I love a guy like that?" Minna shook her head. "I can't help you there, dear Rachel!"

After 14 days, Minna decided to try mouth fucking. She spoke to Ben for a long time and first explained sexuality to him. She showed him the scar from the Caesarean section and explained that to him too. She showed him the clit and showed him how it became erect and stiffened when she rubbed it gently. She explained female masturbation to him. No, she didn't end up squirting like a guy when she orgasmed. That was the real difference. Ben nodded understandingly that she stopped masturbating after 10 minutes and said that she wasn't craving orgasm at the moment. He understood and everything was fine. He had watched her for 10 minutes and of course noticed that her orgasm was already building and about to break out when she suddenly stopped. It was okay for him that she didn't want to go any further.

Her clit was still throbbing demandingly when she lay down and had him kneel in front of her. She took two more pillows so that the height was right. She grabbed his cock and put it in her mouth. It tasted good. She did it as Rachel had said. Ben writhed in pleasure because her mouth and tongue licked and sucked his cock so well. After a few minutes she pulled it out a little and rubbed it with her fist. He twitched and trembled and squirted into her mouth. She suppressed the feeling of disgust because she was prepared for it. She let the juice run down her throat and swallowed it. As Rachel had said, it tasted quite good, had a slightly salty taste and was vaguely reminiscent of sea water.

For Ben, the matter was completely clear. The fist gets the silver medal, but squirting in the mouth gets the gold medal. “Okay,” said Minna, “we’ll do it with my mouth until you want to do it with my fist again. The last thing, the real fucking, we can’t do, we’re mother and son, that’s forbidden like crossing the street when the light is red.” Ben nodded slyly. “As if you’d never crossed the street when the light is red!” But that was the end of the matter. For the whole of the next school year, she let him squirt in her mouth and only rubbed it with her fist at the end.

She gave him the brand new calculator. Ben whistled through his teeth, “the most expensive gadget far and wide!” and his eyes shone. “It must have cost a fortune,” he said and she answered that Papa had kept the receipt because of the guarantee. Ben’s eyes widened. “Papa?” he asked in amazement and she blurted out that she had let him fuck her often enough for it. Minna knew immediately that she had let it slip. “You had to fuck him for the calculator?” He looked at the thing with contempt. She had to explain it to him, immediately. “I have only fucked one man in my whole life, only your father. I am not a whore, I don’t do it for money. But he needs it, the poor guy, his wife won’t let herself be fucked when she’s pregnant, she’s not a Jew, who are known to fuck a lot when she’s pregnant.” Minna realized that she had gotten completely confused mixing up things. She pulled herself together and started again from the beginning.

“I really only fucked one man, your father. He complained that we fucked too rarely and got a divorce because of it. I wasn’t quick-wit-

ted enough to tell him that I waited for him in my bed every night and for no one else. It was him who was away in the truck for weeks or slept on the floor in the office because he was so busy working. He should have honestly said that the virgin in the accounting department was more important to him than his wife, that would have been honest. After the divorce he came once a week or once a month to fuck me. Since then I thought that little Anni wasn't that great at fucking after all, but I didn't say anything. He was decent enough to only come to fuck in the forenoon, he didn't want to confuse you. Now, during the pregnancy, he comes to fuck me every day, I'm fine with that. But you should know. It's only fair if he gives me something in return, like the calculator. It can't be so expensive that it ruins him and ultimately it's for his son. He's already brought me a very elegant leather suitcase to replace the old school bag, I wanted to give it to you when school starts. It's definitely not a whore's wages, he's just giving me presents for being allowed to fuck me. That's how it is and I hope you understand me better now."

Ben was very curious and wanted to know exactly. "Usually he only has 15 minutes, which is only enough to fuck once, squirt and leave straight away. If he has more time, he watches me masturbate, which he hasn't experienced either before, but it makes him horny again. He fucks me a second time, that's all he can do. He kneels in front of me and slides his foreskin back and forth over the glans with his fingers until the foreskin disappears and the glans stands out big and red. Then he fucks me for about a quarter of an hour, which is great and exciting, and at the end he squirts all inside. That's how we do it, every time." Ben asked what was wrong with Anni. "He says she didn't want to fuck when she was pregnant, but she masturbates a dozen times a day. But she never lets him watch her masturbate. During the day she lies covered in bed, puts her legs up and then the whole thing shakes for a quarter of an hour. The blanket kept shifting aside so that he could watch her masturbating, grinning, even though she wanted to hide it from him. He sat on a chair at the foot of the bed and watched her masturbate. When she orgasms, she kicks the covers aside, he had seen that happen a hundred times and she was ashamed every time. So if you ask me, it's a dead raccoon."

Minna let Ben squirt in her mouth all school year long. Rachel was very pleased when she heard it. “It’s clear that he likes it best.” Minna nodded too, she was a little proud of herself. “He asked me yesterday if he could squirt on my pussy. What should I do?” Rachel smiled gently. “He wants more, always more. He’ll want to fuck you very soon!” For Rachel the matter was clear, but Minna was at a loss. “I can’t fuck my own son, Rachel!” she cried, almost in tears. “Why not, Minna? I’ve been letting Aaron fuck me for almost two years, all Jewish mothers do that!” Minna curled up. “But I’m not Jewish!” she cried out in grief, “You Jewish women are allowed to do so many things that I’m green and yellow with envy!” Rachel stroked her hand. “It’s just a little complicated the first time, at least that’s how it was for me. Aaron was already 16, I did it to him with my mouth several times a day. I was still asleep when I woke up to Aaron squirting on my pussy, he almost never did that. He pushed his cock between my labia and I just smiled, that was okay. He pushed further for the first time and I made myself very soft. He penetrated really deeply, he only stopped at the cervix. That’s the back end, Minna-girl. “Your cock has already grown really big, Aaron,” I said, “it already fills me up completely, your battle rod!” Aaron just smiled. “So, are you already excited to fuck?” I asked unnecessarily and he nodded. Since then we’ve been fucking as often as we can.”

Minna thought for two minutes. “And all Jewish mothers let their sons fuck them?” because she was very unsure. Rachel just nodded and pointed with her chin towards the bedroom. Minna stood up and followed her. Ever since Rachel had masturbated her for the first time, it was up to Rachel whether they went to the bedroom. Minna had never suggested it, she only joined in when Rachel was horny. Neither of them were lesbians, Rachel had said. They masturbated each other and Rachel had grinned with satisfaction because Minna had learned it well and was now masturbating her divinely. She, in turn, loved to lick Minna’s clit to orgasm. Of course, they had also tried to fuck clit to clit a few times, but they never succeeded. When Minna told Ben, because she had no secrets from him, he was electrified at first, but it only interested him for a short time.

Now Minna was lying spread out on the bed and Rachel had licked her clit. Minna’s orgasm was already fading and Rachel was kissing

her neck and stroking her hair lovingly when the door opened very quietly. Aaron came in naked, he was an athletically built boy of over 17 years, he had a nice, big cock. The two women froze when he lay down next to them. “Aunt Minna,” he said in greeting and his hand slid over her body. She hadn’t seen him for 10 years and was now surprised. The little boy from back then had become a beautiful young man with a nice, big cock, she thought. Aaron had been on a student exchange in Japan for six months and had had a pearl piercing put on his penis. The Japanese had adopted this from the South Seas natives; they implanted a few pearls on the back skin of the penis, which increased the woman’s desire immensely. Unfortunately, Rachel was unlucky with the student exchange. The little Japanese only had a small cock, he was still a virgin and didn’t learn how to fuck well in that half year, even though he mounted her, the Mama-San, a dozen times a day to squirt inside.

Aaron’s fingers felt her pussy and found her clit with no problem. She involuntarily grabbed his cock, which stiffened further in her fist the longer he rubbed her clit. She felt her horniness rising uncontrollably. “My husband is the only one I’ve ever fucked, dear Aaron. We’re divorced, but he still fucks me once or twice a day, maybe he still loves me a little bit.” Minna fell silent, had she said everything important? “He fucks me really hard every morning because he really needs it. It’s fine with me. You understand that, don’t you?” Had she said everything, had Aaron even understood her? Aaron murmured, “Yes, Aunt Minna,” and gently lay on top of her. Her thighs opened automatically because they always did when her husband lay on top of her. She didn’t want to be fucked by Aaron and sighed deeply and emotonally as his cock penetrated, deep and all the way in. She moaned lustfully as he began to fuck her, the pearls were a blessing. She really didn’t want to be fucked by Aaron, hadn’t he heard her? She couldn’t think about it any longer because her orgasm was gradually building and the boy just kept fucking her as if she hadn’t told him clearly. The pearls ripped her to pieces in her orgasm. Her orgasm faded and Minna breathed, “I’m on the pill!” Aaron smiled and nodded as he squirted into her. He would have squirted in anyway, pill or not. He rolled over between the two girls and gasped for air. Rachel stroked his hair. “My good boy,” she whispered and kissed

him on the mouth. Minna got dressed and left quietly because the two continued to cuddle.

She didn't tell Ben until a few days later. She had accepted that when he started to squirt he took his cock out of her mouth, pressed the tip of his cock firmly against her pussyhole and squirted. It was okay for her and he was happy. Sometimes his cock would sink deep into her pussy after he had squirted. She would then hold him gently and murmur, "He's still too small to fuck!" He nodded with his face in her breast. "I know, Mom, I know, but it's so nice and fine inside there!" It went on like this until the next summer vacation. Aaron always came when she lay with Rachel and waited quietly until Rachel had finished licking her clit, then he fucked her once or twice. She had repeatedly told Aaron that she only fucked her ex, and Aaron nodded in agreement and fucked her to orgasm. He was the first and only person to fuck her to orgasm thanks to the pearls. Anni had given birth to her Elisabeth, she sank her greedy claws into Minna's ex's cock and he didn't come for months. Ben stuck his cock into her pussyhole every time he had squirted, he smiled in blissful anticipation. Of course his cock was still much too small for fucking, but sticking it in was just wonderful.

Minna was now masturbating almost every day, after much hesitation Ben was allowed to watch her, which made his cock rock hard. The second year of school at the college was already over, Ben was ambitious and the best in the class. His father still gave him presents, he didn't associate it with fucking either, he got that for free whenever he could slip under the radar. Minna said that was fine with her. She didn't know Anni personally, but secretly despised her. Anni couldn't give her husband everything, that's how it was.

Minna talked to Ben more and more often about fucking. He was already 15, he still had to squirt on her pussy at least three times a night until his cock was satisfied. She lured him, she let him penetrate her to squirt and thrust into her. He had even more fun with it. When the school year was coming to an end, he fucked her before he even squirted. Minna lured him for weeks until he finally fucked her properly. "Daddy comes far too rarely, I want to fuck in the proper way more often." Ben looked at her attentively. "See, I can mastur-

bate while fucking, those orgasms are the best!" Ben looked at her with interest, but she didn't explain any further. "If you only penetrate me to squirt, it's only half the fun for me. Please, Ben, fuck me properly like only Daddy does!" Ben smiled and nodded. "Yes, Mom, I've wanted to the whole time too, but I didn't dare." So it was that she let Ben fuck her right from the start. She masturbated to orgasm, he easily lasted that long. Then came the finale, he grabbed her ass cheeks and lifted her up a little. He fucked at a faster pace now and squirted in spurts. Then they lay next to each other for a long time and Ben gasped for air. They fucked as he felt like it. It was their shared secret, she only told Rachel days later.

Rachel was delighted that Minna had finally managed it.

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Westward!

by Jack Faber © 2024

Five years ago, three German emigrant families founded the settlement of Seven Pines, 30 km southwest of the small town of Jacksonville. They were given American names and had to swear an oath to their new homeland and Jacksonville. The Meyers couple were still childless, the Smiths were expecting their first child and the Blacksmiths their third. They already had 2 children, the pretty Liz was 17, her brother Jack was a year younger. The small houses had only one room and behind the house the newly planted grain fields stretched for miles, which secured them a modest income. In their old homeland they were unemployed, without rights and without luck. Here they paid 20% tax, and managed the rest quite well.

The Blacksmiths lived in one room like the others. There were only 2 beds, one for the parents and one for Liz and Jack. The pleasant temperatures allowed everyone to sleep naked. Liz and Jack were as quiet as a mouse when their parents were fucking. They held each other in their arms and watched in silence, the parents made no big secret of it. The mother spread her legs wide and willing, her pussy opened like a rose. His cock penetrated between her labia and pounded in her pussy hole for 5 or 10 minutes. She then finished masturbating and let him continue pounding. She smiled when he reached the finale and fucked wildly and fast. She hugged him, smiling blissfully, as he squirted into her pussyhole. After fucking, the mother masturbated unashamedly, she was pregnant again and always had a lot of sexual pressure. The two teenagers remained silent until the mother had her second orgasm and fell asleep. Jack pressed his body against his sister, who secretly rubbed his cock in her fist trapped between their bodies when their parents were asleep. Liz's hand slid slowly up and down their bodies, pulling the foreskin over the glans and back again, completely silently. She smiled and kissed him on the lips when he squirted his semen over their breasts and bellies. Liz masturbated every night when the parents were asleep. She pressed herself against Jack, who held her tightly, and rubbed her clit quickly and forcefully. He felt her finger rubbing against his

cock too, which was being rubbed at the same time. It was not uncommon for him to squirt again right in the middle of her orgasm. Jack kissed her neck during her orgasm, which she loved very much. Those were the moments when they felt closest to each other.

The three families were not only grain farmers, they could also do all sorts of other things. Mr. Meyer, who was in a love triangle with a Mr. Horax and alternated between lying on one side and the other of his wife, could brew beer and Horax could distill liquor. So alcohol played an unfortunate role in our little drama. A year ago, the father, Blacksmith, was once again completely drunk and raped his own daughter Liz. Liz screamed when her hymen broke, but he continued to fuck her brutally. The mother and Jack beat the father for 15 minutes and were able to pull him off Liz before he started to squirt all inside. His juice squirted inside Liz' pussyhole and then in a high arc over Liz's body. For a few days, everyone avoided each other; what the father had done was total crap. But they got over it, they didn't talk about it much.

In the past, Liz and Jack would sneak to the other houses, watch the Smiths fucking and Mrs. Meyers, who let Meyers fuck her every evening first and then the big Horax. Nobody knew exactly where this Horax fit into the picture. He was probably a relative of Mrs. Meyers, probably even her brother. In any case, he had the biggest cock of all, the six-foot man, and could fuck the longest of all, Liz and Jack agreed on that. He was clearly the champion. In any case, it was this Horax who fucked Mrs. Meyers to orgasm, her husband certainly couldn't. Now, after her father had brutally raped Liz, they stopped sneaking around.

But Liz didn't let that get her down. She was made of tough stuff and could take a lot. She would snuggle up to Jack at night and whisper in his ear. "In the first 14 days after my period I can fuck without getting pregnant. Well, what do you think?" Jack nodded, what could he say? He had seen the parents fucking and Liz had always looked after her hymen like a dragon looks after its gold. "Do you want me to fuck you?" he whispered back just as quietly. Liz nodded and pulled him onto her. His cock slid into her pussyhole as if by itself, and he remained motionless. How good it felt! Her pussyhole was

very tightly formed and he held her by her ass cheeks. They fucked very slowly, avoiding any noise. She hugged her Jack even tighter as he squirted into her cunthole. So it came to be that they fucked two weeks a month, quietly and without much movement. Liz blossomed, she masturbated while Jack fucked her and the combined menu did her good. They were quiet, quieter than mice, but Liz knew that her mother was secretly watching them. The two women had discussed it briefly, it was pro against con. Liz won.

Horax's liquor ruined their father. He was drunk senselessly almost every evening, he beat the mother or the children for no reason because the pain raged in his chest. Margrave Henry had stolen his life, his fields, his horses and his freedom. He spent six years in prison without being charged. The Margrave was known to throw everyone who contradicted him into prison. This pain was deep, no amount of liquor could numb the pain.

He shouted at his wife, asking who she was pregnant by, Meyer, Horax or Smith? He was senselessly angry, his wife had had to sell her body during his imprisonment. She had fucked hundreds of men and was no longer the shy, chaste maid he had married in love, who had given birth to Liz and Jack. His wife faithfully followed him into his drunken stupor, always one cup behind him. She still loved him like she did on the first day, even though hundreds of men had dishonored her body. She loved him even after he had raped Liz while drunk. She loved him even though he accused her of infidelity and beat her. She alone knew that he was actually beating the Margrave.

But today it was completely different. He hit her and kicked her, she crouched down in the corner and held her arms protectively in front of her belly to protect the baby. Liz was kneeling naked on her bed and screaming like crazy, her father had grabbed a knife and was stabbing her mother. He only injured her arms, then Jack rushed towards him, he grabbed the first thing he could find and hit his father on the head with it. The father collapsed silently in the middle of his rage. Jack threw the shovel away in horror. His father was very quiet, only Liz and the mother were screaming. With bleeding hands she reached for her husband, for her lover. "He's dead, my God, he's dead!" she screamed. Naked Liz fell silent and pressed herself against

Jack. They looked at their father, but he was really dead. Liz tore up a sheet and bandaged her mother's arms; thank God, the wounds were only superficial. They sat naked in total silence next to their dead father until dawn.

In the morning Liz went to the Meyers and Smiths and reported. They all came, the three men questioned Jack and the mother, but it was a clear case of self-defense. They saw the deep cuts in the mother's arms, there was no doubt about that. The men got their shovels and dug a grave 60 meters from the house. They stood around the grave. Smith and his wife were Jews, Meyers could hardly read, so Horax picked up the Bible and read something. It didn't matter what.

The three men discussed the situation. The Jew Smith insisted that they had a duty to fuck the widow. A sacred custom and duty since ages. And so they did. One by one they came to the widow Blacksmith and fucked her thoroughly and hardly, then they went home. The only marriageable man, Horax, didn't want to marry her. She wasn't pretty enough for him, too fat and pregnant too. He preferred to stay with the Meyers and fuck Mrs. Meyers. She was pregnant too, but she was a class better fucker, that much should be said. So the widow Blacksmith remained a widow and was fucked thoroughly hard every night during her pregnancy by one of the three men. The Jew Smith had really drilled that into them, he knew the customs best. Thank God the birth went quickly and without any problems, the two wives and Liz knew more or less what to do. Unfortunately, the little girl, Klara, was not destined for this world; she died on the second day. The widow Blacksmith went mad from all these horrible blows of fate. The little girl was buried next to her father, and a plaque would later be attached to the graves wooden cross.

Liz and Jack did the work in the fields, the mother ran the household. To be honest, she had already left this world in her mind, she was mentally with her husband and little Klara. But she kept the house in good order, cooked for the three of them and went to bed early. The three neighbors had done their duty and stayed with their wives, Mrs. Meyers was expecting her child soon and, to her great

joy, Mrs. Smith also became pregnant. For the first few months, the mother masturbated quite unashamedly before falling asleep, she slept long and deeply. Liz and Jack continued to fuck in the same rhythm as before. Jack, who drove to Jacksonville every day after the harvest with a horse-drawn cart to sell the grain, asked Liz if she wanted to go to the small town with him, perhaps to meet men? But Liz waved him off, she had nothing of the sort in mind. She laughed, the small city had nothing to offer and was desolate, here she had nature, the family and Jack, who warmed her feet in the night. And if she really wanted to have a child, it wouldn't be a problem, would it? She snuggled up to Jack. "You're my husband, Jack, I don't need anyone else!"

At night, after masturbating, her mother dozed a little and was plagued by nightmares. "Come on, fuck me!" she kept calling out. Liz was worried and a little amused. "He's coming, Mom, he's coming soon!" she said soothingly and smoothed her mother's sweaty hair with her hand. She spoke to Jack. Yes, of course, it was inappropriate. At least at home, in the old homeland. But here they were in the new nothingness, here there was no man anywhere near who could lie down with Mom. Liz appealed to him to hear how much Mom was dying for sex! Jack nodded a little unhappily, of course he understood what Liz was saying. His heart belonged to Liz, that was not up for debate. But the mother's moaning only got worse and worse.

Jack lay down next to his mother and hugged her. She calmed down as he stroked her head and face. "I'm here, Mom, I'm here!" he whispered and she smiled happily in her half-sleep. "Come on, fuck me, my love!" she called softly, enticingly. Jack lay down on top of her and before he could blink an eye, she had reached between her thighs and inserted his stiff cock into her hot, glowing pussyhole. Jack was stunned, but he knew what to do. He pushed aside the moaning sounds from his old homeland; here they were in a new country, in the middle of God's glorious nature. He fucked slowly and carefully, she masturbated and experienced several small orgasms in succession at the high level of arousal, completely different from Liz, who masturbated to a big orgasm and then was completely silent while Jack finished fucking and squirting. He held back the squirt as long as he could. She gasped and smiled in her happiness. But 20

minutes later he could no longer hold back and squirted. He squirted in deep, hard jets in jerks. Liz picked him up from the marital bed and stroked his hair.

Liz said that the mother had not had her period since Klara was born. He wanted to be careful for a long time and only fucked her for 14 days, then not for 14 days. But the mother no longer had nightmares, which was a good thing. Sometimes Jack fucked both women, but not regularly. He looked after the grain with Liz, it grew and fed them well. He returned from town with a fully loaded horse-drawn cart. They had stored the food well, they didn't let anything go to waste. The seventh winter came, the seventh spring too, and so did the Indians.

Nobody was prepared for this. There were 6 Indians on horses, they had tied the hunted game they had killed to the pack horses. They sat motionless on their small, brightly colored horses in the empty space between the three houses. Smith came out of the house with an old rifle in his hand, Jack and Meyers were unarmed. Horax grabbed Smith's rifle and placed it in the entrance to the house. They greeted the Indians in German and English. The Indians didn't move and stared straight ahead. One, who was more splendidly dressed than the others, shouted a few words loudly and slid off his horse. He took a few steps toward Horax, thinking the giant was the leader. Horax held out both hands and walked toward him. They grabbed each other's arms and the Indian chattered away. When he fell silent, Horax did the only right thing. He gave a short, meaningless speech in German, said their family names and pointed to them. The Indian nodded gracefully at each name and smiled. Of course they smiled back. "Horax?" repeated the Indian and tapped Horax's chest with his index finger. Horax nodded and tapped the Indian on the chest. "Wenne Tatulilah?" and he nodded, "Wenna Tartulila!"

The other 5 Indians had also slipped off their horses and went to the pack horses. They came back with a dozen rabbits and began to skin them and impale the animals on wooden skewers. They communicated with hands and feet, they wanted to make a campfire in the middle of the square and roast and eat the rabbits. Horax took wood from a pile of wood, the Indians made a fire and started roasting.

They laid blankets around the campfire, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Meyers and the widow Blacksmith brought home-made German bread and fresh fruit. Everyone ate and chatted, they all ate with a good appetite. Horax had already been told on the day he received his license to distill liquor that you were not allowed to sell alcohol to the Indians, otherwise you would be imprisoned for life. “When an Indian is drunk, he knows neither friend nor foe. He will scalp you!” Horax didn’t know what scalping meant. “He’ll cut your blond hair off your head, you stupid Viking!” the official had told him, drawing his finger across his throat. “Aha!” said Horax, and that made it clear. They drank clear water from the river, no one was going to get drunk today. Horax had whispered that to his drinking buddies beforehand.

They were full, the Indians were sleepy. Horax pointed to the grassy area, you can sleep there! The Indian nodded, but he couldn’t take his eyes off the women. He explained to Horax that they wanted to fuck the women and would give them part of the loot. Two deer? Horax saw no way out. Three deer for the three older women. Two deer for Liz, she was still damn young and beautiful, at least compared to the two pregnant women and the widow. The palaver with hands and feet lasted forever, because Horax didn’t agree to any other deal. 5 deer and four women, my last word. Both the whites and the redskins followed the negotiations, grinning with excitement. The whites knew that they had to negotiate with the armed Indians. Not sharing their women would mean fighting, and that would be bloody and wrong.

The Indians took 5 deer from the horses and laid them neatly in front of one of the houses. Smiling, they took the women by the hand and led them gently to the grass fields. They spread out colorful blankets and all 6 Indians fucked the 4 women, one after the other, until late into the night. Then they took the women gently by the hand and brought them back to the campfire. It was that simple.

When the small village woke up the next morning, the Indians were gone. Liz smiled as she told Jack how beautifully and tenderly the Indians had fucked her. She was fucked by 4 Indians one after the other, they looked like ragged highwaymen, but they were all real gentlemen. Tender and considerate, strong in the loins and wild in

the finale. She said that when she got one day tired of life here, she would live as a whore in an Indian village. They both laughed and hugged each other lovingly.

Children's screams could be heard in the Smiths' house, because the Smiths had given birth to twins and Mrs. Meyers had a magnificent son who had obviously sprung from Horax's loins. Funny children's screaming could also be heard when three years later they buried Mama, the widow Blacksmith, next to her husband and Klara. Before she died, she had only one wish: that Horax would lie with her for one night. Jack and Liz slept by the horses while Horax fucked the good widow thoroughly until early morning. Two days later, it was Horax who read the Bible texts at her grave.

Life went on, Jack and Liz had three wonderful children and Jack remodeled and expanded the house so that there was room for everyone. Neither the Smiths nor the Meyers had anything against Liz and Jack living like a married couple, it was normal and okay for everyone.

The Indians came every year in spring. They knew each other and knew how to have dinner around the campfire and fuck in the grass. They still communicated with their hands and feet, nobody spoke the other's language. It went fine for ten springs. Then the Indians stayed away. Jack learned in Jacksonville that the Indians had been exterminated by the Army and the pitiful remainder of the tribe had been taken to a so-called reservation. Jack drove home dazed and sad and told the others. But stubborn as they were, they made a campfire in the spring, ate peacefully and spread blankets on the grass so they could fuck the neighbor's wife thoroughly. This was a tribute to the Indians, the peaceful and fuck-loving visitors.

Seven Pines had existed for 15 years now when the next immigrants arrived. Five years later there were already 40 houses, the merchant from Jacksonville had opened a shop in Seven Pines. Horax became the first mayor and sheriff at the same time, and his job was easy. Ten years later, Jack was elected the first delegate, and once a year he rode proudly to Jacksonville. Liz opened the first school in Seven Pines. The village grew steadily.

Liz bought Jack a top hat, after all he was a delegate.

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Ben's real suffering

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ben had to stay in his parents' apartment for another 6 weeks. He was very sad, his parents had died in a car accident, along with Kira, his little sister. She was Ben's everything, she had allowed him to squirt inside or on her ass at night when he masturbated. Oh, Kira, little sister!

The woman from the welfare office who was supposed to look after him, but this Mrs. Schmidt was a real frivolous slut. Ben didn't know, of course, that she was only doing it as a temporary job and that her main job was a fotomodel. She shaved her pussy every morning with the bathroom door open and didn't care that he stood in the doorway and stared at her pussy. She walked around all day in a house dress that was open at the front. She didn't care that he stared at her naked body with glowing eyes. At night she left the bedroom door open and the little light on when she masturbated, because she masturbated every night. She didn't care that he masturbated in the crib in the nursery and squirted three or four times. She only cared that he ate three times a day. A hundred times he stood in the bedroom doorway, cock in hand, and considered lying down next to the naked, masturbating Mrs. Schmidt. But he didn't dare. Heaven knows how Mrs. Schmidt would react to that.

After 6 weeks the news came, now this was their last night. He didn't dare until that last night. He lay naked next to the masturbating woman. She just carried on masturbating without noticing him and finished masturbating calmly. She only needed a moment to turn to him. She grabbed his stiff cock. "So what are we going to do?" she asked and began to rub his cock lightly. "Squirt inside, Mrs. Schmidt, squirt inside three times or maybe even four times." His voice sounded very calm, although he was terribly excited. "And you know how to do it?" she asked curiously and he nodded. "At least exactly, pretty exactly, Mrs. Schmidt, I've squirted inside many times from behind, only from behind, dear Mrs. Schmidt!" She smiled because she didn't believe it and weighed the cock in her hand. "It's still very

small because you're still so young. But it does squirt, doesn't it?" He looked at her doubtfully. "I've done it many times, dear Mrs. Schmidt, and I haven't squirted yet today. But I need it at least three times before I go asleep! Or — don't you want me to squirt inside!?" Now she smiled broadly and warmly. "Yes, of course I want you to squirt inside at least three times, maybe four times, but first you have to fuck me, really fuck me hard with your cock! Deal?" Ben nodded, "Deal, Mrs. Schmidt, deal! Are you going to turn onto your belly or are you going to lay on your back?" She opened her thighs without saying a word, she wanted to be fucked like that. Ben fucked her very eagerly and she smiled very faintly, she had never been fucked with such a small boy's cock before. He left his cock inside and continued to fuck, he squirted for the second time and minutes later the third time. His cock became soft again, he squirted three times each night. Mrs. Schmidt enticed him, she took his cock in her mouth and sucked it. After just a few moments he had to squirt and he squirted into her beautiful mouth. She swallowed the semen with a smile and continued to suck his cock, which was hard again after a short while. She turned onto her belly for his sake and let him fuck her from behind. Her hand slipped to her clit so she could masturbate a second time; the little boy had really turned her on. Ben only squirted a little more, he pulled out his soft cock and watched her panting with effort and moaning and groaning strenously, until she finished masturbating. They both fell asleep immediately.

Aunt Erni, his father's youngest sister, got him in custody. Ben only knew that Aunt Erni was his grandfather's youngest daughter, she was neither pretty nor beautiful. He had seen her a few times and had been told that she was not right in the head, imbecilic, which she wasn't. She was still slim at the time and sexually a free game for the whole family. Even Dad fucked her again and again and clicked his tongue, "The little one really fucks excellently!" Ben had not understood that at the time, he did not know exactly how the fucking worked. Since then, Erni had gained a lot of weight, she weighed over 130 kilos and had a huge ass.

Ben packed his things and went to Erni with Mrs. Schmidt. Mrs. Schmidt gave him one last very confusing look and disappeared. Ben moved in with Erni, it was a one-room apartment, in one corner

there was a kitchen, shower and open toilet, a table and a bed. Ben's mind was racing, as he would be sleeping in the same bed as Erni. Erni was not pretty at all, she had narrow shoulders, tiny breasts and a small waist, but her ass and butt cheeks were simply huge. She undressed without further ado, he looked at the small blonde bush that towered over her slit. She lay down on the bed and waited for Ben.

Erni immediately grabbed Ben's cock. "A beautiful cock, Ben, you can be proud of that. I can judge that, I've had hundreds." She turned it over and over in her hand, then pulled back the foreskin again and again. "And, tell me, does he fuck well?" Ben blushed. "I've never fucked before, Aunt Erni, I was too young until now, all the women I asked said to me." Erni was really stupid, he could lie to her with impunity. Erni pulled back the foreskin really firmly. "Don't say aunt, everyone just calls me Erni. And, tell me, does he squirt well yet?" Ben nodded, his excitement subsided. "Yes, Erni, he squirts very well! I squirted on Kira's ass every evening, three times a night." Ben fell silent because he had to think of Kira. She had smiled so sweetly and winked at him as she left with her parents. Poor, poor Kira!

Erni of course interpreted the tears in the corners of his eyes differently. "You can also squirt on my asscheeks three times if you like!" Ben nodded and didn't think about Kira anymore. He lay down next to Erni. She let him cuddle with her, his body slid over hers. She accepted his cuddling, it was a fun playing, a very sexual playing. She hugged him, wrapped her legs around him. How good it felt to hold a man in her arms again after many many months, to encircle his body with her legs, to feel his stiff cock pounding on her pussy. They played this beautiful sexual game for almost an hour, she wrapped her legs around him and pressed him against her, letting him squirt on her pussy every fifteen minutes until he couldn't squirt anymore. But Ben shook his head when Erni asked him in a quiet whisper if he didn't want to fuck properly!? "I'm still too young, they said. I can't!"

Erni turned her back to him, she lay on her side and heard him masturbating. His hand caressed her big, huge ass cheek, following the crease of her ass forward, but he was afraid to touch her pussy more than lightly. Erni felt his fingers and also his hesitation. "Just

take it easy," she said over her shoulder, "you said you had squirted on Kira's ass crack. Go on, big boy, just squirt boldly!"

He squirted on her ass cheek, on her ass crack, three times every night. She smiled, he became bolder, he put his cock on her ass cheek to squirt, for weeks. They lived modestly, their allowance had been raised considerably so that they did not have to go hungry and there was still a little left at the end of the month.

Until the end of the school year, Ben squirted on Erni's big ass cheeks, three times every night. Then came the summer holidays, Erni insisted on going to the public baths. Ben hid in the rafters of the changing rooms and looked at the naked bodies of women and girls. They were so close that you could touch them. He masturbated more wildly than ever that night. Erni had suggested it. She lay on her belly and he stuck his cock between her ass cheeks and fucked her asshole, three times a night. They both laughed a lot, because she also enjoyed fucking her asshole a little.

Ben asked if she never did it herself. Erni laughed out loud. "Every night, big boy, when you're sleeping! I was taught from an early age that it was very private. That's how I've always done it." Ben really wanted to see it. Erni hesitated for a long time. It was private, couldn't she show it to him? Ben didn't stop pestering her. One night she was still pretty horny from the fucking in her asshole, and his cock had again only very hesitantly touched her labia. She had stretched her pussy towards him, but he pulled back in fright. He fucked her asshole like every night, slipped off at the last moment and squirted on her labia. Erni grunted contentedly, one more step.

She lay on her back and let her legs fall apart to the left and right. She mumbled that he should lie down right in front of her pussy and look. He crouched in front of Erni, his face just a hand's breadth from her gaping pussy. She stroked her pussy and exposed her clit. "I know," she mumbled, "it's tiny, but it works great!" Ben watched as her finger circled her clit for a long time. The clit didn't get any bigger, but it got really stiff. Now Erni rubbed her clit very deliberately, she was in the finale. Her body trembled and twitched, as did her fat ass cheeks. The orgasm lasted only a few seconds, then she calmed

down immediately. Ben took a deep breath, he had been holding his breath, it was so exciting! He immediately turned her onto her belly and fucked her asscrease, her asshole and finally squirted all his juice over her labia, her masturbation made him so damn horny!

Ben asked her questions night after night. She had a lot to tell. She had fucked a lot since she was a child and was fucked a lot. It started with her brother, Ben's father. He had deflowered her quite brutally and then fucked her for a long time, 12 years. Since then she had been fucked by many men and boys and she told Ben everything. She had nothing to hide, she remembered everything, every little thing. Ben laughed and slapped his thighs and his cock became rock hard. He turned Erni onto her belly and fucked her asshole. Now that it had already happened once, he came again from behind on her labia. He spread her gigantic ass cheeks to expose her labia before he squirted upon them. From now on it was no longer accidental, but he deliberately squirted from behind on her labia, which he had carefully exposed beforehand, with great pleasure. This happened for the next few weeks.

Of course Erni tried to find out why Ben wasn't fucking her. It didn't seem to be clear to him either. He told her in an emotional situation that he had of course been fucking Kira for a long time, ever since Dad had taken her virginity. Dad didn't fuck her often, maybe once a month. But then Mom caught them fucking, him fucking little Kira. She screamed bloody murder, he wasn't allowed to impregnate his own sister! Kira and Ben ducked in the storm, which culminated in her letting Ben fuck herself. She took off her panties and braced her arms against the door frame. She stuck her ass out to Ben and ordered him to fuck her from behind. She couldn't get pregnant anymore, the mother claimed. Ben kept eye contact with Kira, who was only briefly annoyed. She smiled gently and motioned to him to just fuck, go ahead, little brother, fuck her thoroughly! Ben was amazed that she was just as tight as Kira. He reached around her hips and his fingers reached her clit. He wasn't prepared for this, because her clit was much bigger than Kira's. Ben did rub her clit while he fucked the grown woman from behind, but he was far too excited to rub her to orgasm.

“I have to squirt, Mom!” he gasped and she just nodded. He held her hips and squirted in bursts, like he usually did in Kira. Mom warned them both again not to fuck and left quickly. Ben lay down next to Kira and quickly fell asleep, he was too tired to fuck Kira. This went on for almost 3 months before they left. Mom had whispered to Ben that she was having a baby, but she wouldn’t tell Dad until later, when they got home. But they never came home, Ben said sadly. Erni put an arm around his shoulders and let him cry.

“Was the child yours?” asked Erni after a while. Ben shook his head, he didn’t believe it. She fucked Dad every night and sometimes his friends when he was at a conference or congress. “She wasn’t a whore because of that,” said Ben defiantly, “she needed someone to fuck her really well before she went to sleep.” No, Mom wasn’t a whore!

Ben continued like that with Erni until the next summer holidays. He climbed around in the rafters again and was horny as hell in the evening! So it happened that he slipped while he was squirting and his glans penetrated her pussy hole while he was already squirting. Erni thought, just one more step. He should just stick his glans in to squirt, she breathed, it would be great for her! Ben just looked at her in surprise, but he stuck his glans in her pussy hole to squirt. Erni said that was wonderful and when he had finished squirting, he should stick his cock really deep inside and leave it there until it was soft again. Ben nodded, there was nothing wrong with that.

Erni masturbated every evening, watching that turned him on. Sometimes he squirted all over her pussy when her orgasm was already building up or beginning. She mentioned it every evening that he should fuck her properly, but he still didn’t dare. She understood that the dead mother and dead sister stood in the way. She didn’t push him too much, they had all the time. She instinctively felt that he needed a little more time.

More and more often she pulled him deep inside just before he squirted, he got used to it. It was on her birthday. Ben did the math, it was Erni’s 28th birthday. He was exactly 10 years younger. For once they were drinking red wine and they were both in a great

mood. Erni told him for the hundredth time how her brother, Ben's father, had deflowered her. She had only partially understood what he wanted. She had one hundred percent trust in her big brother, and if he really wanted it, she wanted it too. She had listened carefully when he explained it to her and now she was waiting eagerly for the prick. It was actually only a small prick. He fucked on and on and on until he tensed his body and squirted inside. Erni didn't say a word, she looked at his face, which relaxed and smiled. "You're a real woman now, little sister," he said, "from now on we're going to fuck thoroughly every night and you don't have to do it with your fist anymore!"

Erni's face beamed as it did every time she told him. Ben hugged her and kissed her cheek. "And of course you want me to do it like that too?" Ben asked with a heavy tongue. "Like my brother, your Dad!" Erni nodded. "Just without the prick, because I've been fucked in the meantime a thousand times!" Erni's voice was also shaky because of the red wine. Nevertheless, she pulled Ben into bed.

Ben liked to fuck her best when she was lying on her belly, she lay with her belly on her hand so she could masturbate wonderfully while he was fucking her. He grabbed her ass cheeks with both hands and pulled them wide, very wide apart and pressed her labia firmly apart with his thumbs so that her pussyhole also opened. This way he could penetrate deeply from behind and fuck her to his heart's content. He usually fucked her for 10 to 15 minutes and squirted deep inside, humming with satisfaction. He continued fucking Erni and squirted again after 10 minutes, it was the mother's forgiving pussy that he squirted into. He fucked Erni for the third time in succession, it was now Kira's wonderfully tight pussyhole and he felt her encouraging softness, into which she was happy to let him squirt. He stuck his cock deep in Erni's pussyhole and left it there until it became soft. He remained on his knees and watched Erni's fingers rubbing her clit to the orgasm after a long time. Ben was now sure that his mother and Kira had always forgiven him and let him fuck in Erni's pussyhole. It was far too complicated to explain that to Erni. But she seemed to understand it instinctively.

Since then they've fucked normally, warmly and trying to have an orgasm while fucking and to empty the juice with three ejaculations at least.

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The Doomed

by Jack Faber © 2024

Jack was deadly stunned. He held the report and the X-rays in his hand, but he stared into space. 6 to 8 weeks. He had fetched a packet of morphine and syringes from the pharmacy. Both doctors he had consulted independently came to the same conclusion in view of the disastrous X-rays.

6 to 8 weeks. The morphine would drown out the pain.

Jack filled both prescriptions at different pharmacies. In case the pain became terrible.

He awoke from his stupor as the sheets fell from his hand. A coughing fit shook him. He almost automatically dialed Anita's speed dial. His sister, who had married 20 years ago and only spoke to him once or twice a year. They hadn't seen each other in person, she didn't want to do it since she was married. She always hung up when he brought it up again.

"Nothing has changed, Jack," Anita said instead of a greeting. Jack said weakly, "Please don't hang up, Anita. It's serious. I've just come from the second doctor. It's damn serious." Anita thought for a moment. She heard Jack being shaken by another coughing fit. "Your cough sounds bad!" she said when he had calmed down again. "Oh, the cough. That's why I went to the doctor. It's much worse than I thought. That's why I wanted to talk to you, but not on the phone. It's too difficult." Anita thought for a moment. His cough seemed to mean something serious, he was going to the doctor. That didn't bode well. He had even refused to go to the doctor and almost died of appendicitis, the idiot. No, all of that sounded worrying. "I'll make some cough tea and I'll be with you in 20 minutes, no, 30 minutes. OK?"

45 minutes later she came, she had had to search for his keys first. Anita didn't say much, Jack looked terrible and kept coughing. She

warmed up the tea, two small spoonfuls of honey. He drank obediently and she searched for her reading glasses. She skimmed the radiologist's paper, there was too much Latin in it. She read the lung specialist's diagnosis. That was easier to understand. Widespread tumor in his lungs, inoperable, 6 to 8 weeks on morphine. She read it three times. Then she started to cry, she had understood. Jack could hardly bear the crying, he put his arm around her shoulders and cried a little bit with her. He could no longer cry properly, he had probably forgotten how to do it, although it was one of those things you can't unlearn.

After half an hour she pulled herself together because Jack was again suffering from a heavy cough. She fetched a cup of cough tea, which he drank obediently. "The doctors don't know anything," he said, "only grandma's cough tea helps against the cough, it's as simple as that." Anita dared to smile a little. "Good, that saved me from having to study medicine, twice in fact, now that I think about it."

They talked for almost an hour, what would happen, how things would continue. Jack had recovered slightly after the third or fourth cup of cough tea. He was the same womanizer he always was. He talked about the past. How they both watched their parents fuck night after night through the crack in the door. Anita shrugged her shoulders. "That wasn't right done of us." Jack shrugged. "We did it, and we learned fucking from them. We were still very young when we started fucking each other." He put his hands on Anita's shoulders. "It was, sexually speaking, the best time of my life, Anita! My wife Johanna was not good in bed, not even halfway. That reduced my love for her. Even when she didn't want to fuck anymore and got one of her girlfriends into my bed night after night, I didn't get full enjoyment. Yes, she really did make sure that I had a willing woman to fuck night after night. Sometimes she could only manage it by having a threesome because the other woman had a strong lesbian tendency. I really found it very hot when Johanna's clit was fucked by the woman's clit from orgasm to orgasm and Johanna fainted, when the woman fucked her hard in her maddening final orgasm. I fucked them all, even the most iron-clad lesbians. Johanna sat next to us, her knees pulled up and her chin on her knees. She was actually a

textbook voyeur. I couldn't cry at her grave, she had ruined my infatuation, my love and just everything. That's how it was, Anita."

Anita said she hadn't noticed any of it. She wanted to be faithful to her husband and so she stopped fucking Jack. Her husband was no master at fucking, not even a journeyman, but she stuck to her vow of loyalty. Three years ago she found out that he was fucking his secretaries. She confronted him and since then they have stopped fucking. She hadn't fucked for three years, she was hurt and numb, but she didn't want to give up her comfortable life. She was very sad that she didn't have a child.

He held her in his arms. "It's a horrible diagnosis, Jack. I can imagine quite well how confused you are, how alone and lonely you feel. I won't leave you alone tonight, if that's okay with you. My husband isn't home anyway, he won't miss me," she said bitterly. Jack drank a fifth and sixth cup of grandma's cough tea, then went ahead into the bedroom. He lay naked on the covers and watched Anita undress.

They had stopped fucking when she was 35 and married. The 20 years had taken their toll on her, or was it perhaps the three years of abstinence? Her shoulders were sunken like her cheeks. Her beautiful, full breasts had lost the fight against aging; even for 55, her breasts were too emaciated. But she was just as slim as she had been then, hips, arms and legs as always. But she seemed to have forgotten how to laugh. He left the little light burning; he wanted to take every look, every gesture, everything with him to the grave. Anita nodded; that was all too human and quite understandable. They held each other in their arms and he asked her about her love life. She had only fucked two men, him and her husband, and hadn't done so for three years. Did she still masturbate? he wanted to know. "Of course, I need that every night to fall asleep. In the last three years, sometimes during the day too, when I was sad and desperate. Look at me, I've become an old, ugly woman, I don't even need to go to bars. The most I'd find is a drunken slob, and I'm too proud for that."

Jack hugged her warmly and warmly. "I don't care what you look like 20 years later, 55, so what? I see the same girl I fucked and loved

for over 20 years. I want to see that sparkle in your eyes again, I want to see how orgasm makes your face shine and glow again." Anita smiled gratefully. "Yes, Jack, my dearest Jack, that's what I want too!"

He penetrated very carefully. She was just as tight as before, she hadn't given birth to a child. Jack was overjoyed, how easy it was! From the very first moment they found a common pace, she masturbated as usual while fucking and he held back from squirting until she had triggered her orgasm. He squirted a little, he was already 57 and didn't squirt much anymore. They sat in bed, Anita had made cough tea again and he drank it obediently. She would stay with him for two nights if that was okay with him. Jack nodded, it was good that she didn't leave him alone.

What a stroke of luck that Anita stayed with him. What a stroke of luck that her husband was so fascinated by his secretaries. Anita had given hundreds of handjobs back then, she had tried giving blowjobs, but she couldn't do it. The boys were allowed to fondle her pussy during the handjob, which was known to speed up squirting. Jack laughed, "That was the case with all schoolgirls back then, don't worry about it. I was a wild boy back then, I fucked two dozen girls and was too ashamed to tell you. But it doesn't matter now, I can tell you the truth."

Jack and Anita fucked over the next two days, as often as he got an erection. He told her everything. When he was sleeping, she typed on her cell phone, she looked for all the girls from back then, who were now women and mostly had changed names. But Anita was very clever and stubborn as an ox. She found them all, wrote down their names, both then and now, addresses and telephone numbers. On the second day she had them all. In the morning she gave the list to Jack. "All your adventures or exes or one night stands, whatever you call it. Call her, maybe you'll still have some luck in all this misfortune." He hugged Anita. "You mean I should approach her and fuck her again?" Anita nodded. "Exactly, my love. I'm on duty at the university nonstop for the next three days, so I'm happy if someone is with you. Fucking or not, that's up to you." Anita hugged him warmly and drove to the university.

The first of his 6 weeks was almost over and he had no time to lose. He was incredibly lucky in all his misfortune. His cough had already gone down a lot, he called Andrea. Oh yes, she recognized him, she understood the seriousness of the situation and would come to see him, the terminally ill man, at noon. Andrea came, touchingly concerned. Of course she wanted to fulfill his last wish, she wasn't particularly committed to the vow of fidelity. Jack was already lying naked in bed when Andrea slowly and lasciviously undressed. "I'll make it nice for you, Jakob!" she chimed and he said that his official name was now Jack. Andrea had grown a little fuller, she had three children after all. But her breasts were divine, full, firm and simply wonderful. Back then she had very small, virgin breasts. And her cunthole was no longer as tight as it had been, because she had given birth to three children. But she fucked much better than she had when she was at school. She had a lot of practice and she only touched her clit briefly to trigger the orgasm. He squirted with pleasure, she let him squirt inside with a smile, she knew what she was doing. They gossiped rather superficially, her husband was a politician and was always on the go. But she stuck by him, even though he was pretty corrupt and took what he could get.

They fucked one more time, then she had to leave as she had said. He stayed alone for two hours, he ate a little something and read the newspapers. Then Dora came. She seemed even more like a frightened mouse than before. She had to be home in three hours at the latest, where her husband was waiting for her. He led her straight into the bedroom. Dora undressed very hesitantly, she didn't cheat on her husband very often, she said quietly. "But you do, now and then?" smiled Jack. She nodded, "yes, but only very secretly, like today. Officially I'm at an exhibition opening, a dozen of my girlfriends can confirm that, Inspector Jack!" She smiled. "I had a miscarriage a few months after our tete a tete, and since then I have been infertile. My husband didn't care whether the child was his, he loved me dearly and still does. He is a famous pianist and is giving a concert today, he won't arrive until around midnight." Jack was happy that they had to hurry. Now Dora took off all her clothes. She still had no breasts worth mentioning, slim hips and her pussy was clean-shaven. She was still as clumsy at fucking as she had been when she was a girl, but she was great to fuck. She was already around 50, but she

had a young-looking, girlish face that now glowed and shone after orgasm. She was one of the few who had an orgasm when they fucked, without masturbating. And she never masturbates, she told Jack, then they fucked a second time, but he couldn't squirt anymore. Dora called a taxi and drove home, just in time. Jack went to sleep.

The next morning he woke up early. The second of the 6 weeks of grace began, he felt refreshed and full of energy. For a few minutes he forgot his misfortune, brewed Anita's cough tea and dissolved two spoonfuls of honey in it. He drank two cups as instructed and started to make phone calls. Renate sensed from the phone that he was in deep shit and promised to come in the afternoon. He also called Johanna, who was now calling herself Jo, and she promised to come after dinner. He ate a little lunch and dutifully drank the cough tea, which was only bearable with the honey. It tasted really awful when he had forgotten the honey. Grandma had a recipe for a really horrible brew that was undrinkable without honey. Renate came in her own car, they greeted each other warmly and he served a coffee from the coffee machine. No, thank you, he only drank the cough tea himself, his doctor had prescribed it. How Anita would laugh when she found out that she had been appointed a doctor.

He didn't recognize Renate when she undressed in the bedroom with a teasing smile. Like him, she had been a widow for two years, and they had even lost their spouses in the same month. But she said it was her release from a poor guy who was constantly ill. Nevertheless, she had mourned him greatly, buried him and thrown herself into the nightlife. She never missed an opportunity to let a strong, healthy guy fuck her, hard and firm. She was tall and Rubenesque, a huge, round woman. He looked at her with favor; back then she was a skinny, love-hungry brat who took turns fucking all her schoolmates. She lay down next to him happily and willingly and they started fucking right away. Like many of the people he fucked, she masturbated during the fucking, she rubbed herself expertly to her first orgasm and let others follow until he squirted. They took a break and she talked about her life, the sad life of caring for her husband, the many sexless nights when she stayed awake at his sickbed and had to do it with her fist because he was too weak to fuck. Yes, she did it with her fist and her mouth for years, he was such a poor guy!

Now he was dead and she only took strong, healthy men who fucked her hard and fast. Yes, that was a completely different life! They fucked a second time, she hugged him and said goodbye to him. She was sad that he had to die, but now she had to leave, she had arranged to go to the bars with a girlfriend.

He called Anita over lunch. Yes, he brewed the cough tea and drank it properly, with honey. Anita laughed, he mustn't forget the honey! He laughed too and told her about his misfortune. He also told her that he had been lucky with four exes. She was coming this evening, Anita said, she could spend two nights with him, then she would be on duty again. He continued on the phone. Jo was also a widow, she understood the situation immediately and promised to come before noon. He recognized her, she was still a virgin at the time and he had been allowed to deflower her. He wasn't her great love, but she was the only one in the class who was still a virgin, so he was allowed to fuck her. He recognized her immediately, she was just as slim and breastless as she had been back then, only deep wrinkles in her aged face revealed that she was already in her mid-50s. She drank a coffee and listened to his story, he drank his cough tea. When she undressed in the bedroom without any fuss, he looked at her. She was as slim as ever, she had been in a childless marriage with a rich industrialist who had died unexpectedly at the beginning of this year.

He would have lost the bet, Jo had a perfectly smooth-shaven pussy that still looked very childlike. It really looked very hot. He was even more surprised at the routine with which she fucked and responded to him. He cursed quietly because his cock almost didn't go into her tight, girlish pussy and she helped him smiling, she was used to be too tight. She fucked very routinely and with little emotion. He squirted inside and needed a break, so he asked her naughty questions. She hesitated at first, but then she remembered that he would soon take everything with him to the grave. They had fucked in her parents' house when her parents were away. She had asked him if he could deflower her and he agreed on the condition that he fuck her all weekend, which they did. She had married a rich businessman without knowing what he would demand of her. In those 35 years she had to fuck hundreds, many hundreds of men; that was his way of

doing business. Often she had to let a dozen customers fuck her so hard that she was weak in the knees in the morning. She fucked everyone, or rather let everyone fuck her; some wanted to fuck her like a baboon fucks his harem, so that she hardly knew which way was up. But she did it because her husband needed these deals and she needed her husband. She asked Jack if she was entitled to feel like a whore? But Jack said no, she was only doing it out of love for her husband. Jo was very relieved. After his death a few months ago, she had seriously considered entering a monastery as a penance. Jack, who did not believe in God, gods or spirits, reacted violently. Yes, she didn't have to lead a whore's life or become a chaste nun, there were many shades in between. First she had to get his affairs in order and get everything in order there with his business. But the monastery was definitely the wrong choice. Whether she would find a new husband which was possible, but not certain. She should allow herself as much sex as she wanted. And when he was dead, he wouldn't care anymore. She hugged him, he was still the generous, kind boy to whom she had sacrificed her hymen. She felt the urge to fuck him again, so they did it and she fucked him with her whole love she could feel for her first man. After a minutes-long hug to say goodbye forever, she left with tears in her eyes.

Anita came, she had bought food from the Chinese takeaway and they ate dinner in a good mood. He wasn't coughing anymore, he said, Grandma's cough tea was actually working. They also drank the second bottle of red wine and he told Anita about the women he had fucked in the last few days. They were all around 50, but they let themselves be fucked, whether shy and chaste or willing and vulgar. They went to sleep, they fucked until midnight with joy and pleasure. Anita was still the best of them all.

The next morning she encouraged him to invite an ex-girlfriend for the afternoon, she was going into town to do things. Jack obeyed, because Anita wasn't playing games. Jenny immediately understood what he meant. She had often remembered him, he had been one of her first and had fucked her well back then. She had just gone through her fourth divorce, had no children and no husband at the moment. She was horrified by his impending death and jumped into the taxi immediately. She arrived just as Anita was getting ready to

go out and they greeted each other warmly. She was his sister and was supporting him during this difficult time, said Jack. He offered Jenny a coffee and asked her about her life. She had married far too hastily, she just wanted to escape the clutches of her father, who had deflowered her far too early in her youth and fucked her day after day throughout her school years. She did not see him again, only when he was lying in the coffin. Her tears dried up, her heart remained cold and hurt. Her mother, who tolerated and even encouraged his incestuous behavior out of sexual dependence, took her own life just days later. Jenny was finally able to cry properly at her grave; she was now experienced enough to understand her mother's idolatrous, desperate love and sexual dependence. She had married four times, was driven away each time by a much younger woman and squeezed every cent out of the cock-driven idiot. She was currently searching again, she had become quite wealthy and very selective.

Jenny willingly and happily lay down with Jack, the doomed man. "I want to make it as nice for you as I can!" She had kept her body fit and athletic, her age was only visible in her hands and her face. So she willingly and happily let Jack fuck her, she was very experienced and really very practiced at fucking. She didn't want him to watch her masturbate, she only ever did it at night and alone, because it was her most intimate secret, that's how it was. She had only remained physically faithful to her husbands until he found someone younger. Then she fucked as hard as she could. She hadn't counted it, but there were many more than a hundred men who had fucked her.

Jack hadn't fucked that well in a long time and Jenny was truly a master. He squirted wonderfully and so intensely that at the end he couldn't feel his cock anymore. Jenny said goodbye in tears, it was a goodbye forever.

Anita was very vulnerable that night and constantly close to tears. She had spoken to her husband on the phone for an hour and complained to him about how hurt she was by his escapades. She told him in no uncertain terms that he could stick his vow of loyalty wherever he wanted. She also reserved her right to fuck someone else. That was it. She hadn't told him that it was Jack, she had never told him about the years of her fucking with Jack. Jack hugged her and let

her cry on his chest. After a while they fucked, Anita was as soft and sweet as she hadn't been for a long time. They fell asleep in a tight embrace.

At breakfast, Anita asked how many more were left on the list. There were more than 10 left, said Jack, but if she didn't want to anymore, he would stop fucking his exes. Anita was strictly against it. She would sit in the kitchen and read a good book, he should order the next one. And so it happened. Julia came, the three of them drank coffee and chatted, then Anita retreated to the kitchen and he went into the bedroom with Julia. She cried incessantly, his death sentence was worse than bad. She had two grown-up children, her husband had run off with a very young girl ages ago and she was only the first of many. He wasn't thinking about divorce, he came over every few weeks and fucked her all night thoroughly like a madman until breakfast, so she hardly could walk the next morning, then he left again. Julia had only fucked two men in her whole life, Jack and her husband. She had given herself to Jack then, he had gently and tenderly deflowered her, the shy and reserved Julia. She was completely frightened when he then fucked her and came inside her. Julia wasn't one to fuck around a lot. She only had a few secret affairs during her pregnancies, because the pregnancies lit the fire in her pussy and she had to fuck and be fucked day and night by some dozen men. At that time, she had not yet known or done masturbation. Only a few years ago, a sweet lesbian had seduced her, fucked her really hard with her clit on her clit until she passed out, and had also taught her how to masturbate. Now Julia had overcome her fears, her first boyfriend was dying.

She undressed very hesitantly. She was slim and thin, the 50-year-old looked like a grey field mouse. She pulled her shoulders in and hid her small, wrinkled breasts. Behind the black bush he saw her fairytale little girl's slit. She lay down next to him and hid behind him. He took her in his arms. "Don't be afraid, little Julia, just think about how beautiful and uplifting our first time was." Julia nodded, "we should have stayed together, it would have been nice. But you were a hunter back then and far too restless to lead a quiet life with me." Jack hugged her, kissed her and made her terribly hot. Finally she was ready to get fucked and with tears in her eyes she begged

him to please please be fucked! He did all the work, she was the passive type. Nevertheless, the fucking was nice and satisfying. She only had her orgasm when she masturbated after the fucking. She didn't mind at all that Jack was watching her masturbating. It was another tearful goodbye, a goodbye forever. Anita lay down next to him after dinner. She was satisfied, Grandma's cough tea had conquered his cough. He held his sister in his arms and told her about Julia.

It continued like this for the next few days, on those days he fucked Nina, Magdalena, Michaela and Nina Two. He reminisced about the old days, listened to their lives and love stories and asked them all naughty questions.

It was already the fourth week of the countdown when Nathalie arrived. She had just returned from the front, where she worked as a medic. She was full of life and vivacious. She got straight to the point in the bedroom, she was as daring as she had been at school and wanted it right away. She wiped the sweat from her brow. She told him how exhausting the job was, there was no time for flirting or real affairs. She let everyone on her side fuck her without any fuss and went out in her free time to get fucked by as many locals as possible. She was doing her own anthropological study, she loved it.

Nathalie wanted to see the medical results. She glanced over them and shook her head. "According to this, you should be sick in bed, weak, and not fucking fresh and happy like a perfectly healthy 57-year-old!" She shook her head and picked up the X-rays. She fished a magnifying glass out of her backpack. She looked and looked, "Yes, that's a damn tumor, and it's spread far, everywhere. I understand why the doctors only gave you a few days, a few weeks. It's clear!" her magnifying glass got stuck on the edge of one of the images. "When were you in the war, Jack?" she asked and he was astonished. "I've never been in the war, darling!" he assured her. She pointed excitedly to two X-rays. "That's a shrapnel, there! I know what I'm seeing, definitely shrapnel here, between the ribs! Of course, you could mistake them for a tumor nest if you don't look closely. But I know what I'm talking about, that's a shrapnel!" Nathalie looked at the image, counted the ribs and pressed hard. "No, I don't feel any pain, nothing except your pressure!" Jack cried out desperately. Nathalie sat up.

“These aren’t pictures of you, big boy!” Nathalie left briskly, she gave him her new phone number and hoped that new pictures were being taken.

Jack and Anita were panicking. But that was good, he wouldn’t be turned away and insisted that new pictures be taken immediately. The new female X-ray doctor placed the old and the new next to each other. “The old ones aren’t pictures of you, Mr. Himmelwasser. It’s clearly a different lung. This is the new picture, we even put your name on the picture so there won’t be any more confusion. At first glance, I’d say it’s a typical, healthy smoker’s lung.” Jack waited in the anteroom until the doctor had dictated the findings. Then he went home, his knees weak, as if he were walking on clouds. He didn’t have to die, not now.

He had sent Anita home; she was so nervous that she could hardly bear the wait for the results. He threw his arms around her neck and then read the results out loud. He didn’t have to die, not now, definitely not. Anita cried her eyes out and clung to her brother. It was only after a quarter of an hour that they both calmed down. They drank coffee; the cough tea had done its job. Anita asked him how far he had already worked through the list. He counted quickly, about a third, two thirds were still open. Anita laughed at him. “Why stop?” she asked provocatively. “Just carry on as before, you don’t need to lie to her. Tell the truth. You thought it was over and you wanted to fuck her one last time. That it was a medical error and that you didn’t have to die after all.” Jack looked uncertainly at his sister. “And you? What do you think about me fucking the old women?” Anita smiled very gently and delicately. “If you were to pounce on the young girls, I would be disappointed or a little bit jealous. But so far they have been your exes, you have already fucked them before, and that is completely fine with me. I suspect you didn’t tell me all of them three weeks ago, and I’ll be happy for you if you can think of a few more.” He nodded, there were probably 15 more that he hadn’t thought of straight away. Anita smiled and grinned from ear to ear. She would find out the addresses and phone numbers. So they agreed, he should continue to fuck his exes, she wanted to, absolutely. She could feel how good it was doing him.

But first he called Nathalie, she had saved his life. She was happy and very proud that she had discovered this tiny little thing. No, she said no, she was already on her way to the front. But she would be happy to let him fuck her when she was back in town. He couldn't thank her enough.

Jack managed to get through the list. Almost all of them came, whether out of curiosity, nostalgia or sexual hunger. But they came, they told him all the secrets that had accumulated over the 30 to 35 years. He listened intently and was amazed at how many of his exes lived in incest and patiently let their son fuck them for years. Anita knew most of them from school and listened intently to Jack.

Anita still spent 3 days and nights researching in the sleep laboratory. She told Jack because things were very exciting there too. The test subjects were told that it was important that they fell asleep like they normally did. So if they were used to masturbating before or to fall asleep, which most young women do, then they should do it now too and press the bell when they were finished, then the measurements would begin. Many didn't dare, but many did. Anita brought the videos home because Jack couldn't get enough of them. Most of the women were just wiggling under the covers, but there was always one or more who was masturbating naked and not under the covers. They were only black and white videos, but Jack couldn't take his eyes off them.

Day after day an ex came in the afternoon, for most of them it was pure nostalgia and they had no concerns whatsoever. But there was always one who was cheating for the first time. Jack didn't pressure anyone, he never forced anyone. But they had come, the fall from grace had happened the moment they agreed on the phone. There were only a few who didn't want to come for sex, but they did exist. One was now living as a prostitute, but she came anyway, for the good old days' sake. Jack fucked his exes for years, and they always liked to come back for a good fuck. Anita lived with him four nights a week and spent the other nights in the sleep laboratory.

They were beautiful, wonderful years in which Jack and Anita lived together like husband and wife.

Strange customs

by Jack Faber © 2024

Aaron and Rachel had fallen in love with each other, and the wedding would be in six months. According to tradition, Rachel was allowed to move in with Aaron and his mother, Mame, who stuck to the old customs very strictly. Aaron and Rachel sat down together, it was the day of honesty, when you had to tell the other person everything or confess everything. Mame urged them to be completely honest with each other.

Aaron was the older one and began with his life confession. He was 49 and, according to his father's will, had to marry before he was 50. His father had died when Aaron was 11. He left his successful diamond business to Mame, who ran the business with a firm hand until Aaron was 22 and took over. Mame had become a widow, but her husband had no brothers who would have been obliged to provide the widow with the sex she was missing. So Aaron was allowed to sleep with his Mame at the age of 11 and witnessed her sexuality firsthand. He had noticed that Mame masturbated every day when he was a small child, and she never made a secret of it from him. So since she didn't have a husband, she let her best girlfriend into her bed.

Aaron loved Julia, Mrs. Meyer, who came every afternoon and got into bed with Mame. Little Aaron was always very excited when the two women rubbed each other's clits or licked each other's clits. Aaron was a little horrified when he imagined licking another woman's sex, but Mame and Julia were not disgusted at all. When Julia had rubbed her clit until it was stiff and was pressing it against Mom's clit to fuck her like crazy, little Aaron would rub his stiff cock with his fist at a furious pace and would get really excited when it started to throb and pulsate. Mame screamed softly with pleasure because Julia really fucked her wonderfully.

Julia was quite wicked and did everything she enjoyed. Unlike Mame, she took the little one on her lap and cuddled in a sexual

manner with him, but so gently and tenderly, that his cock became stiff to bursting. She laughed when Mame said he was not yet 12, he was too young for that. Julia took him to her breast, her legs wrapped around Aaron. She grabbed his little boy's cock and put it into her pussy hole. Aaron's heart almost stopped the first time, but her heels on his buttocks drove him deep inside. She pushed him rhythmically until his cock raged and throbbed. "It's throbbing, Auntie, it's knocking!" the little one shouted excitedly. Julia laughed loudly and told him it was his orgasm and Aaron nodded submissively. At first he couldn't squirt, but after a few weeks he squirted inside Julia's pussy. "Now it's squirting, Auntie!" the little one shouted excitedly. Julia laughed, "Good, big boy, just squirt properly inside!" It was divine, he loved these sexual cuddling games that Julia had taught him; first fuck a little bit and then squirt inside the pussy at the end. They played those plays for several weeks.

Julia came less and less often and then stopped altogether. Mame was very nice to him, she continued Julia's lovely sexual cuddling games, but he was not allowed to put his cock in her pussyhole. If it did happen, she immediately stopped and pulled his cock out forcefully. "You're still too young for that, my dear Ari," she said and they continued playing. She spread her legs and he was allowed to rub his cock up and down her slit until he squirted. He was allowed to squirt on her pussy, but not inside. Of course he tried every time and often squirted inside because Mame wasn't paying enough attention. Her thoughts were often far away and she didn't notice that the little rascal was fucking her a little bit, squirting inside. Nevertheless, Mame stuck to the customs until he was 12.

From his 12th birthday onwards he was allowed to fuck her properly. He had seen how it worked when Mame brought a man along and let him fuck her thoroughly. Aaron bent down really low to see how the cock penetrated Mame's cunthole, pounded in there for minutes and finally squirted inside. But Mame rarely brought a man along to fuck, and when he turned 12, she didn't bring any more. It was enough for her that the boy fucked her while she masturbated. Aaron lowered his eyes as he told Rachel. "During puberty, I had to squirt very often, at least five times a day, but Mame was very patient and let me fuck as often as I needed."

When he woke up at night because his cock was stiff, he turned the sleeping Mame onto her belly and mounted her from behind. She let him fuck her while she was half asleep, it became routine, and she usually continued to sleep blissfully when he fucked her from behind. That was how things were, Aaron had never fucked any other woman than Mame, and that was his whole story. Rachel nodded and took a deep breath. Then she told her story.

She was also a half-orphan like him. She was now 19 and a virgin, like most good Jewish girls she kept her virginity until her wedding night. Aaron nodded, he thought that was wonderful. When her father died, Rachel was already over 11. She was very sad because she loved Papa more than anything. He died relatively young, Rachel was allowed to lie next to Mama because that way they could comfort each other in their grief. She had been masturbating since early childhood and breathed a sigh of relief because Mama did it every night too. But her father had 4 brothers who now had the duty and obligation to fuck their brother's widow. Every night a different one came and fucked Mommy thoroughly. So Rachel got to know fucking up close. The brothers came, lay down next to Mommy and Rachel and the uncles discovered how horny it made them when they first caressed the child and her pussy until their cocks were hard as iron. Mommy smiled and had no objections when the men cuddled and snuggled with the young girl and got excited by her body. Of course they weren't allowed to fuck the little girl because she was a virgin and had to stay that way.

But they got hornier and hornier and then fucked the happy Mommy so hard that she often didn't know which way was up and which way was down. Then they discovered that they could take Rachel on their lap and press their cocks between her inner thighs from below. Rachel held the cocks with her inner thighs closely, the men fucked between her inner thighs and squirted on her virgin pussy. Mommy was amused, she didn't mind, because the brothers fucked her really wonderfully afterwards. Every night one of the brothers fucked between Rachel's inner thighs, he stuck his glans into her vaginal vestibule to squirt and squirted inside. How often was she tempted to drive the cock really hard into her pussyhole, but Mom's attentive gaze kept her in check. Two years ago, her uncle

stuck his cock in her vaginal vestibule and started to masturbate. But that was too much for her Mom. So Rachel grabbed her uncle's cock and pressed it against her clit. She gripped the cock in her fist and masturbated it. This was very hot even for her, because her clit got hot from the rubbing, often so hot that she had an orgasm. Now she rubbed the cocks like this, the uncle got hot and fucked her Mom through and through with the greatest force thoroughly, so that she was very grateful for her daughter's foreplay. Rachel had rubbed the cocks a thousand times, she had become a master at it. The older she got, the more intense her desire became. It was high time to fall in love and get married! That thighs fucking and pussy squirting continued until today, Rachel was now 19 and ready to move in with her fiancé.

The three of them lay in Mame's big marital bed. Aaron usually lay in the middle and was allowed to cuddle with Rachel until they were both hopelessly horny. Now Aaron mounted Mame and fucked her for half an hour, because he was very tenacious. Rachel watched and secretly played with her clit. After 20 minutes Aaron whispered, "Now, Mame, now!" and she asked, if he was ready to squirt? She pulled his cock out and looked at it carefully. "Okay," she said, "let's finish it!" She turned around and got on all fours in the doggy position. This gave her a great way to masturbate and Aaron fucked her from behind, reaching the finale and squirting in jerks and spurts. He remained motionless and left his cock inside her while Mame continued to masturbate, panting, moaning and rubbing very hard. She always had a very strong orgasm and only then was Aaron's soft cock spit out. It took Aaron a few minutes to calm his breathing and now he devoted himself entirely to Rachel. He never made any attempt to fuck her, he just groped her pussy when she was still masturbating. Usually it was him who masturbated her, but he was never skilled enough, so that at some point Rachel pushed his finger out of the way and finished masturbating herself. She hugged him as her orgasm subsided and they kissed deeply. In this way, the six months passed night after night in the same way until the wedding.

It was a beautiful, splendid Jewish wedding, the groom crushed a champagne glass with his shoe heel, which was the public display of deflowering. Mame was grumpy when Aaron and Rachel went into

the bridal chamber, because Rachel's mother insisted on being the bride's mother and serving as a witness to the fresh couple. The three of them lay on the bed, Aaron was very sensitive and gentle when deflowering her, but Rachel felt more than just a small prick and she bled quite heavily. Her mother went to the window and let the blood-stained cloth hang out. The guests applauded and sang loud chants to drown out the bride and groom.

The mother lay down next to them again. She whispered to Aaron that he should spare Rachel, as she had bled heavily. Aaron nodded in agreement, but he was not prepared for Rachel's mother to now lay down for sex. He had to bite the bullet, even though she looked quite appetizing for her 37 years. He fucked the mother with increasing enthusiasm, her pussy was firm and tight, not as soft as his Mame's pussy. She masturbated while fucking and brought on her own orgasm. Aaron's cock remained semi-erect after he had squirted, so the mother took his cock in her mouth to suck it until it was stiff. Aaron had never experienced this before and almost immediately squirted in her mouth. She smiled and swallowed the semen, "It doesn't matter!" she said smiling and continued sucking his cock. Now he got stiff again and fucked her again, he lasted a good 20 minutes because the woman was so good to fuck. She was already on her way to her second orgasm when he squirted. He left his cock inside until she skillfully and cleverly triggered the orgasm.

Aaron took care of Rachel. "It hurt more than I expected," Rachel said, crying a little bit, but she held his cock tightly in her fist. He asked in a whisper if he could fuck her now, but she shook her head. "Tomorrow, my love, give me a little time to get over it." The mother had watched closely and pulled Aaron on top of herself. He fucked her a third time, for almost half an hour, and she had enough time to give herself two orgasms. She was already working on the third, panting heavily and sweating, when he squirted, hard and powerful. And again he left his cock inside her pussyhole and waited patiently until she came to the finale. She panted and moaned loudly, because the third orgasm had to be worked for. She orgasmed very hard, her pussy spat out his soft cock immediately. Then they were finished, both lying next to each other, gasping for breath. They both knew that they would never fuck each other again.

The nights went on as before. Aaron fucked Rachel first, then Mame. Half a year passed, then Rachel was pregnant. She had insisted that they buy the apartment opposite, now the whole floor belonged to them. But it was months before they could move in. The pregnancy made Rachel's clit burn and glow in horniness, she had the shoemaker from the ground floor come up twice in the afternoon and let him fuck her, because Aaron was working. Rachel had to accept that Aaron went to Mame before dinner and fucked her like before. Only during and after dinner did her husband belong to her alone, he fucked her well and for long, he was very tenacious.

The birth of little David was terrible. But finally he was here, the heir, a beautiful boy! Rachel consulted three gynecologists, one Christian and two Jewish. She was even close friends with one of the Jewish ones. But she only confirmed the diagnosis of the other two. Rachel had become infertile. The gynecologists used a special computer program, they pushed a penis-shaped instrument into her pussy and masturbated her with their rubber-gloved fingers. Rachel had never been masturbated by a girl or a woman before and she was very excited. But she had a powerful orgasm, then the measurement was over. She was somewhat ashamed when her friend masturbated her, but she enjoyed it very much. "No," her friend replied, "you are certainly not a lesbian just because you can enjoy it. That is only good and absolutely normal." For months Rachel dreamed about how she had been masturbated by the doctors, how hot it was and how she had exploded in orgasm under the experienced fingers. So she woke up, drenched in sweat, in the middle of a nightly orgasm.

Rachel was very upset, she actually wanted more children, but that was over now. Aaron was also affected, but he didn't have the head space to worry too much about it. Like every evening, he went to fuck Mame first and then home. He had big plans, he wanted to expand the business, Antwerp in Belgium was the top address for diamonds. It would take him ten years to gain a foothold there and open a shop. Rachel took loving care of David, who was growing well and was already the best in his class. Since he was ten he was allowed to sleep at Rachel's, Aaron was always in Antwerp for several weeks and only came home to Berlin for two nights. He really fucked Rachel very well and also Mame, who was already quite old, approaching 70.

Rachel had heard that Aaron had a very young Jewish housekeeper in Antwerp. This worried her, because Aaron admitted it openly after the first few questions. The girl, Orah, was sterile from birth, so Rachel need not be afraid of a bastard. Rachel said he was the bastard and that she would break her vow of loyalty. Aaron lowered his head, it was more than fair. Of course he knew nothing about the shoemaker who had fucked her during her pregnancy, Rachel had been too ashamed of it. Now she called the shoemaker, who had no wife and liked to come up for sex in the afternoon.

Rachel had no secrets from David. She had enlightened him very early on about everything on sex, and when he slept at her side, she made no secret of the fact that she masturbated every night before getting asleep. Now the shoemaker came in the afternoon to fuck her. David had already finished his homework, he crawled naked under Rachel's blanket and watched Rachel and the mute shoemaker fuck, that was really exciting. The shoemaker's cock penetrated between Rachel's labia without any manual help, penetrated deep into her fuck hole and then he thrust for 5 or at most 10 minutes until she had triggered her orgasm and he had squirted. David initially thought the shoemaker was mute, but he was not a man of many words.

It had already been 2 years since Rachel had broken her oath to Aaron. Every day a man came, not always the same one, to fuck Rachel. She didn't give a damn about her reputation, fucking was more important. And she made it clear to everyone that they only came in pairs. All the men more or less accepted that little David was in bed with them. He bent down low to get a good view of the fucking from behind. The men had different cocks, most were circumcised Jews, but a good number were Christians with strange looking foreskins. There must have been hundreds of men, but neither Rachel nor David counted them. Many were mediocre fuckers, only a very few were really good fuckers that Rachel invited a second or third time. One of these stood out in particular, Ariel, the Rabbi's assistant. He had the biggest cock Rachel and David had ever seen. Rachel sighed and moaned as she helped Ari's thick spear penetrate her cunthole. But he fucked very skillfully and tenaciously, Rachel had in him one of the few men who brought her to orgasm during fucking. David was amazed that she did not masturbate during this fucking.

She clung to Ari and let her orgasm rise. A small, quiet scream usually escaped her throat when she orgasmed. She clung to Ari, let the orgasm fade away and let herself be fucked to the end, purring contentedly. David obviously benefited from the good fucking, because when they played their sexual cuddling game soon after, Rachel often didn't even notice that he was sticking his cock in like he did with Julia and squirting inside. Only now did she notice and pulled his cock out, then he had to listen to a reprimand before they continued playing and he was only allowed to ram his cock on her pussy from the outside and squirt on it.

Every night they played those obviously sexual games that David loved so much. The shoemaker or the strange man had long since left, David lay on top of Rachel and cuddled with her to his heart's content. He loved her beautiful, small breasts with the large nipples, which he was allowed to suck and lick until her thighs opened wide. She never let him penetrate her, she pulled his cock out immediately when he got lost in there, as he often did. "No, David, no! Not until you're older!" she said each time and pulled his cock out. But he was allowed to ram and thrust his cock against her pussyhole until it squirted. She smiled good-naturedly and hugged him before he continued the ramming and squirted two or three times over her pussy. She had allowed him to do it because it was culturally not acceptable for him to rub himself with his fist. He loved this sexual cuddling and rubbing against each other and ramming her pussyhole with his cock until he squirted. That was great, they both loved that.

The 12th birthday was something special. A boy became a man on that day, he was responsible for his actions and was allowed to fuck too. Rachel had tears of joy in her eyes when she let him into her bed that evening. "You're a real man now, David, and if you want, we can fuck!" David nodded with a thick lump in his throat. Of course, he had stuck his cock in her pussy many times and had also squirted in it many times, but she didn't want it, she didn't know it. And now he was allowed, officially.

"You are the most beautiful woman for me," he croaked and sucked eagerly on her nipple, "the most beautiful and I'm happy that I can fuck you." He sucked and bit the nipple very lightly so that her

thighs opened. Rachel closed her eyes, the little bites in her nipple flashed down to her clit. “Yes, of course, big boy!” she whispered in his ear, “now you can really!” and her thighs opened as if by themselves. David didn’t even need to help with his hand, his cock found the path all by itself. He was incredibly excited, he had never penetrated so deeply inside before. He had to squirt immediately. She smiled and stroked his hair. “Just keep going, it’s OK!” she whispered and he started to fuck her properly. Like his father, he lasted a long time, Rachel only started masturbating late when her desire grew. Nevertheless, her orgasm came earlier than his, she held him tightly and let him squirt, he squirted in thick, full jets. He lay down next to her, breathing heavily.

They always fucked two, sometimes three times a night. Rachel no longer invited men over, she had enough with David, she always had her own orgasm. Even when Aaron came again, David was lying with them. Rachel had somehow explained it to Aaron, he fucked her hard and brutally, so that in the morning she could hardly feel her legs. David sat up and watched them fucking, he rubbed his cock in his fist and squirted from time to time. In the morning, when Aaron had finished fucking, David mounted Rachel and fucked her until the end. Aaron was somehow unhappy, rubbed his cock and squirted a few drops.

But Aaron rarely stayed a second night, business in Antwerp was excellent, but he had to stay in the shop for six days. He only honored the Sabbath like the other Jewish diamond dealers. He had set up a large workshop, bought rough diamonds directly from India and Africa and had them cut and polished by his own people, that was the best business. He was very generous when it came to Rachel and David, he sent a very large check every week so that the two of them could really live in luxury.

David was in the middle of puberty, but he was not the rebellious type. He had to ejaculate much more often than before. How often did he wake up in the middle of the night, he had to fuck! He turned his sleeping mother onto her belly, spread her ass cheeks with both hands and her labia with his thumbs. Between her labia he saw her pussy hole, you could see deep inside. That was the hole Aaron had

fucked in and squirted into to conceive him. The hole through which he had been laboriously brought into the world. He saw the clit, closer and more beautiful than ever before. From this perspective he saw very clearly how to masturbate the clit properly. He did it instantly and Rachel woke up confused in orgasm. She was only half awake, she mumbled in her half sleep and let herself be fucked as she fell asleep again. He fucked her two or three times every night, she always fell asleep again quickly and he fucked her with pleasure, from behind or from the side. He began every night by masturbating her clit to orgasm and fucked her as she fell asleep. She got used to it surprisingly quickly, first masturbating and half-waking in orgasm and then being fucked several times in a deep sleep. It was probably the most wonderful thing she had ever experienced in a dream.

David finished high school with excellent results and began an apprenticeship with a diamond dealer in Berlin. Aaron had initially suggested that he could study with him in Antwerp. So David went to Antwerp for a year, but he did not feel at home there. Aaron trained him diligently, and he learned a lot about diamonds. He missed Rachel very much, and they spoke on the phone every other day. She had got back together with the rabbi's assistant Ari, and that was fine with him. His father, Aaron, had no objection to David fucking the new, very young housekeeper, Miriam, several times a night. Aaron was already 60 and only fucked once a month at most, so not very often. Miriam, a very sweet Jewish girl of 17, preferred to do it Aaron with her mouth, because he could no longer fuck so well. She was very skilled to give Aaron a blow job, which he liked very much. But Miriam slept in the same bed as David. The small, shy girl from the countryside loved fucking as much as masturbating. She never masturbated during sex, she always did it before or after. She liked to be woken up by David several times a night because she loved sex. She was a lonely kid and was very in need of love, she needed the touches, hugs and kisses like the air she needed to breathe. He rarely fucked her in her sleep, only when she was dead tired and didn't wake up right away. David thought of Rachel when he carefully turned Miriam onto her belly, spread her little ass cheeks with his hands and her labia with his thumbs. Her cunthole was much smaller than Rachel's, a fluffy down covered her labia. He didn't bring her to orgasm, when he rubbed her tiny clit, so he fucked her quietly from

behind. He was always surprised because Miriam always had an orgasm when he fucked her from behind in her sleep, her orgasm made her wake up confused. Of course, she had grasped the situation in a split second and they continued fucking straight away. Aaron slept in the other room and didn't let their noises disturb his sleep.

David stayed with Aaron for more than a year, and actually because of Miriam. She fucked so wonderfully, five times a day, and he was really sexually addicted to her. They fucked at a good, mutual pace and she concentrated on him, not on her clit. She grabbed him and pressed his body against her's when he squirted. The Norns were angry at so much luck, they almost burst with anger, they simply had to tear a thread of life in their anger.

Miriam's mother, who lived with ghe invalid father and looked after him, did not wake up one morning. Miriam had to leave immediately, her father could not live alone. She lay next to David on her last night, they could not sleep. They smoked a cigarette and fucked as often as he could. Miriam told him that her father had deflowered her when she was 12 and that he had fucked her every day for the next four and a half years until she got this job with Master Aaron. Her mother was always ill, she could no longer fuck as often because of weakness. So she brought Miriam into his marital bed despite her youth. And now she had to go back to him and run his household. And of course fuck him, she loved her father very much.

Miriam was gone, Aaron was looking for a new housekeeper and found one pretty quickly, because times were bad and there was little work. The new girl, Magdalena, was already 20, but she willingly let father and son fuck her. However, she didn't like it when David woke her up in the night to fuck. This contributed to the fact that he didn't love her as much as he did Miriam. Nevertheless, he fucked her as often as he could. He spoke to Aaron, he spoke to Rachel. He wanted to go back to Berlin, to Rachel. Aaron let him go with a heavy heart, because the boy was perfect for the diamond business.

Rachel picked him up at the station, they drove home in a cab and went straight to her bedroom. Rachel had hardly changed, her breasts had even grown, but were still firm. She had split up with Ari

a week ago, he was a good guy to fuck, but otherwise a total dumb. She didn't shed a tear for him.

From the train station straight to the bedroom, where they stayed from midday until breakfast. Rachel had decided to hire a housekeeper on her 40th birthday. David was already very curious about her, he had heard a lot about her on the phone. Ethel, that was the name of the 19-year-old, was waiting for them with a good breakfast. She was only averagely pretty, skinny and slim like most girls in this time of scarcity and hunger, and she didn't have any breasts at all yet. But there was something about her that aroused and appealed to the predator in David's loins. He didn't let it show. He fucked Rachel like in the old days, and of course she asked him a lot about Miriam. Aaron had only fucked Miriam very rarely, David reported, she did it but only with her mouth, almost every day, which Aaron preferred much more. David had loved Miriam to bits, he had missed her very much. He had given her a fat purse so that she could make ends meet. Magdalena, the next one, was not his cup of tea. There was not much to say about her, really not.

Rachel snuggled up to her son. He had grown up a lot, he had tasted real love for the first time with Miriam. She had found a good apprenticeship for David beforehand, with one of the best diamond dealers in town, who, like Aaron, had his own cutting workshop. David, who was almost 25, was very grateful for this, he would take the exams in two years and then run Aaron's business together with Rachel. Rachel was not a qualified diamond dealer, just the wife of one, but she was a good businesswoman and let her masters take care of the technical side of things. She told David how happy she would be if he was a qualified master in two years and could take over the whole shop. She was not glued to her chair, she would gladly hand everything over to him. Everything.

David took his time seducing Ethel. He first had to get Rachel's approval for his plan. But Rachel had no objections. So he seduced Ethel with ease and fucked her twice every afternoon in her room, which had once been his childhood bedroom. Ethel was already 19, but still a virgin. He played all the stops until she gave herself to him. Shy and very modest, she opened her thighs and waited for her first

man. She had fallen in love with Master David from day one, she dreamed of him at night when she masturbated. He had resolved to treat her fine and gently. She waited for the prick, it was really only a small prick and she didn't bleed at all. He fucked her carefully and considerately, she had an orgasm very quickly during sex. It stayed that way, she never masturbated during sex, only at night when she was alone. He fucked Ethel every afternoon, she was in the clouds and he had a very natural, shy girl in his arms who came to orgasm more easily than almost anyone else. At night he slept at Rachel's, of course, she asked him about Ethel's fucking. No, he wasn't in love with the girl, he just loved her shy, girlish way of fucking and her wonderful way of coming to orgasm.

David passed the exam after two years, he took over the shop and kept Rachel in the business, simply because he liked her very much. Ethel had left, the new girl was called Mariella, a 17-year-old Jewish girl who were now plentiful on the market. She was hardworking and lively, she was no longer a virgin and David could fuck her every afternoon at will. She masturbated while fucking, that's how she had learned it. David was happy with that, he didn't love her any more than he did Ethel, but she had a good, very active way of fucking. Business was going well, the general difficult economic situation did not affect them. On the contrary, a new clientele was coming to him, the National Socialists. Unpleasant, uncouth guys who showed off their money and would pay any price to hang the bling around the necks of their spruced-up mistresses. Aaron called very often, wanting to know how the political situation was affecting his family. David said they were safe, but he had no doubts. You kept hearing that Jews and Jewish shops were being attacked and the police were completely overwhelmed.

How could he have guessed that 15 years later they would be taken to Auschwitz in a cattle wagon!

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The Naked Troop

by Jack Faber © 2024

Jack was glad to get out of the orphanage. He went to live with foster parents, Joe and Anni. They seemed like normal people, but Jack discovered in the first few hours, that they were really weird birds. He noticed two things straight away. Firstly, they ran around the house naked, and secondly, they drank like thirsty oxen, both of them. Anni told him straight away, “We’re nudists, so you have to be naked at home too, okay?” Jack nodded, that wasn’t a problem for him. They were obviously even weirder than he was.

Anni and Joe were in their mid-30s, Anni immediately grabbed his cock. She held it in her hand, weighing it. “It’s pretty good, Joe, just look! A fine, beautiful cock!” Jack smiled, but that was a very direct idea! Anni pulled back the foreskin a few times and let Jack’s cock grow in her hand. She clinked glasses with Joe and drank the liquor like water. “And, tell me, does it ejaculate well?” she asked, gripping his cock tighter. “I don’t know, Mama Anni,” said Jack a little uncertainly. “Just Anni, I’m not a Mom, okay?” said Anni emphatically. Jack nodded, he didn’t care at all. “Well, let’s just look at it, okay?” said Anni, “in the mouth or on the breasts?” Jack shrugged.

Anni was really serious. She squatted down, Jack stood in front of her. She began to rub him quite skillfully with her fist and Joe poured more booze. Jack looked at Anni’s body very carefully. She was very slim, almost emaciated. She had small, firm breasts, no belly at all and a clean shaved pussy. Her arms and legs were as thin as her small buttocks. Her ash-blonde hair was cut very short, her face was sharp-edged and had some deep wrinkles. She looked very strained as she rubbed him with her fist. Jack couldn’t help it, he just had to squirt. She knew it, of course, and held his cock a few centimeters in front of her slightly open mouth.

The first and second jets squirted right into her mouth, she directed the jets on purpose. She lowered his cock and let the rest squirt and drip onto her chest. She swallowed the semen and licked

her lips with her tongue. She drank another glass of booze, like water. Her eyes shone and she beamed. “Joe, did you see that? He squirts like a dream, our Jack!” Joe nodded, drank the third cup of liquor and slowly stood up. “I’m going to lie down,” he said to Anni, “you can come with me!” Only now did Jack see that Joe’s cock was stiff as he went into the bedroom.

Joe’s cock was about the same size as his own. Jack stood there a little confused, what was going to happen now? Anni stood up and said, “I’m going to go fuck him now! Are you coming with me?” Jack followed her in silence, it was perfectly normal for him to follow requests or orders. He simply followed, went behind her into the bedroom. Joe was lying on his back, his cock standing up like a guardsman and he had trouble keeping his eyes open. Anni put the bottle of liquor on the nightstand after taking a deep drink. Jack saw that she could hardly keep her eyes open either. Jack had seen it many times in the orphanage, the fucking, and he had also often fucked the volunteer, the 56-year-old slut.

Anni mounted Joe with her back to him. She put his cock in her fuck hole and began to ride him slowly and gently. Jack had stopped in the doorway, somehow feeling superfluous. But it was exciting, because Anni kept touching her clit, which was small, but the constant touching seemed to turn her on. Shortly afterwards she was ready, she closed her eyes and masturbated while riding Joe slowly. Jack had not seen girls masturbate very often, the girls in the orphanage had been too inhibited. The old slut had of course masturbated when Jack fucked her, but he couldn’t really see it as clearly as he could now with Anni. She was now rubbing at a rapid pace to the finale, her orgasm spitting out Joe’s cock. It had gone soft, Joe seemed to have fallen asleep. Anni lay down on her belly next to Joe, the fucking was over. Jack sat on the edge of the bed and observed the situation. Joe hadn’t ejaculated, his cock was leaning to the side and throbbing in rhythm with his heartbeat. Joe was now really asleep, with his mouth half open. Anni resisted sleep. Jack stroked her hair, somehow he liked the two lustful newts.

Anni was sleeping. She smiled sweetly in her sleep. He looked at her back and lay down next to her. Her back was beautifully and gen-

tly curved, he ran his hand over it, his fingers gliding over the crease of her ass and following her until they reached Anni's labia. She moaned contentedly, she lifted her ass cheeks up, her legs spread. The woman wanted to be fucked, even though she was sleeping. Jack didn't need a special invitation, he knelt down and penetrated the demanding, longing pussy. She sighed very contentedly, opened the eyes shortly and just went back to sleep. Jack fucked her gently and carefully, he didn't want to wake her. She sighed, moaned and grunted, but she didn't wake up anymore. Jack continued to fuck her, slowly and carefully, he didn't want to wake her and eventually squirted into the cunthole of the sleeping, contentedly moaning woman. He didn't pull his cock out and fucked her twice again, until it was already completely soft.

He remained sitting at the kitchen table, he had turned off the light and laid his head in his arms. He only woke up when Anni was busy with the breakfast dishes. He suddenly remembered everything. But apparently Anni didn't. Jack looked at her inquisitively, but she looked friendly and clueless, no chummy wink, nothing. Joe came and they had breakfast. Anni said they had to go away for ten days, he could stay here or sleep at Erni's. Erni was a harmless madwoman, said Anni, she wasn't all there, but she was good-natured and cooked well. Jack agreed, he was lost here alone. Anni took him three streets away to Erni's.

Stupid Erni was also a fan of nude body culture, but she didn't know why. She wore a worn-out house dress that was completely open at the front and revealed her old bodys nakedness. As soon as Anni had left, she took off her ridiculous house dress; this was, damn it, her apartment! Jack looked at her more closely. She was small, fat and round. Her breasts, which might have looked like melons once, hung sadly. Her pussy was covered in thick, grey and curly hair. She was 62, she told Jack when he asked, but her birthday was two years ago, she added.

She went out onto the balcony, picked off all the flowers and watered the stems. She really was not from this world. When she came back in, Jack had also taken off his clothes. They sat down at the kitchen table, drank strong coffee and ate dinner. "Your cock is really

hard, little Jack," she said kindly, "what do you usually do about it?" Erni looked at him with clear eyes; she had a moment of clarity. "I usually fuck and then it gets soft again after the third ejaculation," he said and Erni nodded. "Right after I put the cake in the oven." In fact, Erni took an empty baking dish and put it in the oven. But of course she didn't turn the oven on when Jack said it was already night and she couldn't leave it on overnight. Erni nodded regretfully at first and went into the bedroom. She was already in bed when he followed her.

"You know," said Erni, "I fucked my Daddy all my life, he was very sick and died many years ago. I buried him in the city park, he had been dead for a really long time. But now he's in a good place, I picked a nice place for him." Jack suspected that the whole thing was just made up. Erni laughed as if she had made a good joke. "Shall I do it with my mouth, like Dad, he was already too old to fuck. Or do you like to fuck yourself?" Jack nodded and looked at her kindly. "I'm still very young, only 17, dear Erni, I want to fuck myself and three times." Erni spread her thick legs willingly.

"Three times, you say? Then we have to hurry, the sun will soon be up again, little Jack!" Jack nodded contentedly. "How old are you, Erni?" he asked her for the second time. "60, you can see that, and it was my birthday last week! But it's nice of you to ask!" Jack lay down next to her. "Have you been fucking for a long time, dear Erni?" he asked, but he knew that she wouldn't answer. "Oh yes," said Erni and her eyes lit up. "Daddy took my virginity a week ago, it hardly hurt. Mommy had died, she was only 62 and I was already 12, so I was his wife to fuck until he died too." Erni's eyes clouded over. "Daddy loved me very much. At first we lay in bed all day and he hugged me, loved me and fucked me when he got hard. Those were the best years of my life. Then I went to the orphanage with the other children, because Daddy was already dead from the gas in the oven. But the children were mean, the girls took money so that the strange men could fuck me. I didn't really care, but it annoyed me that they didn't give me any of the money. So I fucked all the guys in the orphanage and they gave me a little money so that I could buy myself an ice cream every day. Only in the summer, of course. In the winter it was too cold to fuck. Their cocks didn't get hard, not at all. So I got this apartment from Anni, because I always let her Joe fuck me because she

was at work. Well, I've fucked a thousand times, not just with Daddy. But he was my favorite, my Daddy!" Erni sank into deep brooding. "But I live alone here, I have to do it myself every evening because no one is here to fuck me anymore. And Joe doesn't fuck me anymore either since he married Anni."

Jack stroked her pussy. "Do you want to, Erni?" he asked and she said yes. "From the front, from behind, or in the mouth?" she asked and he answered, "First of all, completely normally, from the front, Erni." She lay down, he lay on top of her and they fucked. Jack was very surprised, she fucked like a dream! He was amazed, for a sixty-something-year-old she really fucked excellently. When he closed his eyes, it could have been a younger woman. She held him in a very loving embrace as he squirted. "Just squirt, my darling, just squirt inside!" Erni stroked his hair. "It's so nice to fuck again after so many years!" Jack was a little surprised. But one thing was clear, Erni had no sense of time.

During the break she stroked his half-soft cock. "You know, she once made me the hottest chick, back then!" Jack kept his eyes closed, but he listened. "One weekend, when the staff were on strike, we had a fucking contest. There were 53 boys in the orphanage, and I let all 53 of them fuck me from Saturday morning to Sunday morning. I was the first to finish with them and I won!" Erni's face glowed. "That was the only time in my life that I won something! I sat on the toilet for a quarter of an hour afterwards and let it all come out! Liters and liters!" Erni laughed. "We can do the second round, your cock is already hard again!" They fucked twice more, then Jack fell asleep.

He had never had a holiday before, never spent a whole week lazy and without obligations. Erni never cooked, the food was delivered by the city, like to all the needy pensioners in the city. They were lazy and fucked all the time. Jack fucked Erni in the morning, in the afternoon and in the evening. She always wanted to be fucked and he finally had someone he could fuck at any time. The days flew by and one day Anni came back. She saw at a glance how enthusiastically Jack had fucked Erni. "Good!" she said and it didn't matter that no

one understood what she was referring to. “Good!” she repeated before packing up his things.

Anni and Joe had returned from Hamburg, they had acted in a porn movie and had been paid for a year. First Joe took a taxi to the liquor store and bought a lot. “Tomorrow is DNA evening,” Anni said explaining. DNA stands for Dad’s Naked Assembly, she said. Joe grumbled, “and there’s drinking too!” Jack didn’t ask any more questions. The guests arrived, 7 of them. Each brought a case of beer, bottles of wine and lots of clear liquor, the main course, Joe muttered. In no time at all, everyone was naked, 8 men, one woman and Jack, who was naked straight away too.

The first half hour was spent drinking seriously, only Jack held back and sucked on his only bottle of beer. Then the main attraction, Anni, went around and looked at the cocks one by one until she found one that was really hard. She actually sat on the cock and rode it. Jack couldn’t believe it, but she just let the guy squirt inside! And then, my God, she sat on the guy sitting next to the first. So she rode all 8 of them, one after the other. The men and the lady were completely drunk, but they bravely kept drinking and fucked Anni, over and over again on the sofa. Jack had already stopped counting who drank how much and who fucked Anni how often.

Of course, Anni noticed at some point that Jack was just watching, holding his stiff cock in his fist and hadn’t fucked her. She nodded to him and told him to come on the sofa! Jack hesitated for a moment, but then he pulled himself together. Fucking, here, in front of everyone? She nodded encouragingly. “Don’t you feel like it? Your cock is definitely up for it, so let’s go!” she giggled, because she was pretty drunk too. He fucked Anni so hard that she laughed out loud. “Man, you have a lot of power!” That was how his first DNA evening ended. There were many more to come.

Every Friday there was a DNA evening at one of the guys’ homes. Everything was the same as every Friday, only the main actress was different each time. They were all different. Most of them knew the procedure and fucked all 9 of them. Yes, 9, because Jack did the same as the others, only he drank a single beer and fucked twice as

often as the others. He was thrilled, a different woman every Friday! There were also very shy ones who only fucked with their eyes downcast, but they also loved being fucked by the whole drunken group. Anni let herself be fucked too, and when the men were tired, she fucked the woman too, with her clit pressed hard on the other's clit, that woke up the tired men.

Eva was the sign maker's wife, she was the 39-year-old woman with the Rubens figure who danced naked on the oak table and let anyone who climbed onto the table fuck her. The sign maker had saved her, she had been a go-go dancer in a strip club and he had saved her. She had already fucked thousands and the few drunks didn't matter to her. But the sweet boy, the young guy, fucked better than anyone else. Maybe because he didn't drink like the others. She let him fuck her whenever he circled the oak table like a tiger. Then she pushed the guy who was struggling inside her pussyhole off the table and grabbed the boy.

The tailor's wife was actually his daughter, the tailor was a widower. But his daughter was a sweet little snake who wound herself around the men and squeezed them like lemons. She had learned to fuck from her father when she was a little maid, she was now very good at it. It satisfied her to suck the last drop out of the men at the DNA-evening. And Jack joined in, he was sober and fucked the sweet young girl twice as often as the others.

Rita was the master painter's new wife. She had never taken part in a DNA evening before, the painter had explained it to her while he was handing out the liquor bottles in the living room. It was too late to leave, Rita greeted the guests and when they were naked, she hesitantly and shyly let her dress fall, she was not wearing any underwear. If the painter hadn't been such an idiot, he would have noticed long ago that Rita was looking for a big fucking gang. She was new, but she fucked everyone, everyone without exception, until no one could get his cock up anymore.

Jenny was the butcher's young wife. She knew about the DNA evenings well and loved them very much, because she was enthusiastic about letting everyone fuck her brutally. The guys knew that the

butcher liked to tie her up and fuck her brutally. But you can leave out the tying up, she said cooing, you really have to fuck me hard and brutally! The men drank courage and fucked her as brutally as they could.

Jo was the oldest of the wives, she had already taken part in the DNA evening a hundred times. She actually didn't enjoy all the fucking, although the sober boy fucked very skillfully. But she remained sour-faced and joyless, only the liquor made her laugh like the madwoman of Chaillot.

Renate had grown like a Nordic Valkyrie and she fucked like one. Her husband was the preacher who captivated the audience in the assembly hall, but in the bedroom she tied up the preacher and fucked him to shame. Everyone fucked her, of course, but no one could shake the feeling off that they were actually being fucked. Jack only fucked her once, that was enough for him. She wasn't his type, sexually speaking, but watching her fuck and be fucked was a real pleasure.

The hairdresser's wife was called Anita. She had only recently been chosen as a beauty queen and looked great accordingly. She loved these DNA evenings, they were the evenings where she was fucked all night long. She wasn't the active type, but she was willing and ready to be fucked by anyone. Jack turned her onto her belly, she had a similar body type like Anni, he ran his fingers over the crease of her ass all the way from behind to her pussy. She flinched when he touched her clit. She had never masturbated her clit in her life and the predator in Jack felt it instinctively. He masturbated her clit to orgasm before he fucked her. It was a very, very satisfying experience for Jack. She looked at him with dark, glowing eyes. It was the first time that she had an orgasm not from fucking, but from his delicate fingertips. It confused her so much that she spent the whole evening floating on clouds and letting everyone fuck her to orgasm.

Jack loved these DNA evenings, Joe and Anni were happy to take him with them. They noticed that the boy studied day and night. Jack knew that only education would open the way for him to the top. And he had been at the bottom for far too long, he wanted to go up. Finish

middle school, go to college and take up a prestigious academic career. That was what he really wanted. And he was grateful that Joe and Anni supported him in this. They were both alcoholics, but mostly mentally clear and they understood their foster son.

Jack was happy, they were the best foster parents he could imagine. During the week he sneaked into the bedroom, where Joe was sleeping with his mouth open and Anni slept on her belly. Joe's cock was as always, pointing up at an angle and pulsing in time with his heartbeat. Jack had only masturbated Joe's cock sometimes with his fist and let go immediately when Joe squirted in thick jets.

Jack always stroked Anni's ass cheeks, she loved that and so did he. She didn't have a big ass, but a cute little one. He loved to run his finger along the crease of her ass until he reached her pussy. She was completely drunk like every night and was sleeping soundly, but she smiled because it fit so well with her dreams. He touched her pussy and clit from behind, over and over again, and made her smile. It wasn't long before she smiled endlessly because he masturbated the sleeping girl's clit, as always, from behind to an orgasm, then she opened her eyes for a second and slept then. Jack loved that very much, to fuck the intoxicated sleeping woman three times in a row. She orgasmed time and again, moaning and sighing deeply in her fucking dreams. On weekdays he fucked Anni every night and squirted three times inside, then his cock was satisfied.

Jack never joined in their drinking, but one night he fell asleep next to Anni, completely exhausted from fucking her. In the morning Anni kissed him awake. She whispered that he could always sleep with her and fuck her in the morning with his morning wood, that was fun and healthy, very healthy indeed! Jack nodded in agreement and ran to the toilet, then he came back with his morning wood. He fucked Anni for the first time face to face and sober. She fucked incredibly skillfully and orgasmed effortlessly without touching her clit. When Joe woke up, he let his morning wood squirt into her mouth. He couldn't fuck that early yet. It went on like that every day, Jack fucked Anni in the morning, she usually licked Joe's cock and swallowed his semen. Jack studied until the evening, the two foster parents got drunk every day and at night he fucked Anni, two or three

times every night. When they went filming again, Jack stayed with old Erni and fucked her as often as he wanted.

He stayed with Joe and Anni for 7 years, then he finished his studies with a diploma.

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Ric and the Miracle

by Jack Faber © 2024

Richard loved it when his mother sat on the edge of his bed every evening in her transparent nightgown and stroked his cock very gently until he squirted. He looked his eyes out because the nightgown didn't hide anything. She wanted to show him her beautiful, slim body because he immediately squirted, when he saw her pussy. Elaine, his mother, was the countess's favorite maid and since the countess was now dead, she had to lie down with the old count like all the other maids and let him fuck her. His father was a member of the royal hunting party, which entitled them to live in the castle.

Ric discovered his gift during his puberty, at the banquet when the old prince married a very young princess. He sat at one of the back tables next to a noble woman, whose half-bare breast fascinated him. He thought for a moment how nice it would be if time stopped. Suddenly it was dead silent and to his amazement every movement stopped. So he discovered that he could stop time. A second for him was 200 times slower than for those around him. Full of fear, he put his hand on the noble lady's breast, but she was frozen. He became bolder and groped her beautiful breast without her objecting. He took her breast in his hand, he twisted and rubbed her nipple, until she gasped with lust, but she did nothing against it.

For days Ric tried out his gift, it worked only through his thoughts. Life stopped when he wanted it to and continued when he let it continue in his thoughts. Late in the evening, when his mother sat on the edge of the bed, he stopped time. His mother did not notice that he pushed up her nightdress and looked at her pussy, oh what a beautiful pussy! He released time again and she rubbed his cock very lightly and gently until he squirted. She left very satisfied and lay down next to her husband. Ric knew from spying how they fucked, how his father squirted, turned away from her and fell asleep. Ric knew that after a few moments she pushed up her nightdress and masturbated to orgasm, every night. He had seen it through the crack in the door again and again.

But now he could stop time. Ric waited a few minutes and let her masturbate, then he stopped time and went into the parents' bedroom. He sat on the edge of the bed and sat next to her watching his mother masturbate in super slow motion. It took forever for her to smile and expect the orgasm. Ric just couldn't hold back any longer, he knelt between her thighs and fucked her for the first time in his life. She was his first, he fucked her like he had seen his father do and squirted inside as her orgasm began. He fucked her greedily twice more and squirted into her orgasming hole. He left quickly and ashamed and released time, his mother rubbed herself to end her orgasm and fell asleep again.

Ric fucked her every night, he roamed the castle's bedrooms like a tomcat in heat and fucked all the girls as he felt like it. His mother was young, only 29 and not yet 30, but for Ric she was the most beautiful woman in the whole castle. He also fucked the princess very often, the little girl did not know how to masturbate and usually slept on her belly. The old prince slept deeply and of course did not notice that the pubescent boy was fucking the princess from behind, squirting and fucking again and again, because she looked so sweet and orgasmed every time.

Within a year, Ric had fucked all the women under 50. Of course he stuck to what his mother had told him, namely not to fuck virgins. But there were over 100 young women in the castle and he had fucked them all, every single one, and he started again from the beginning, he had his favorite girls. He didn't care about her social status. Whether it was a noblewoman or a kitchen helper, it meant nothing to him. He was amazed that many girls and women never masturbated, but that didn't really matter. He fucked at least two, sometimes three times every evening. He even sneaked into the castle courtyard in the dark, where the traders or farmers' wives stayed overnight. Their status meant nothing to him. He lifted up the girls' and women's skirts and looked at their pussies. He ultimately fucked everyone who excited him.

He liked to fuck Elaine, his mother, the most. She was and remained the most desirable and she was in her own bed every night. Once or twice a month she was called by the prince, came to him in

the afternoon and let herself be fucked in silence and without saying a word. For the prince she was just a sexual distraction, nothing more. Ric despised the prince a little for that, whenever he could he prevented the prince from squirting in Elaine's pussy. Ric waited until the prince strained up to squirt, he stopped time and masturbated the prince's cock, which he had pulled out. He regularly let the prince squirt on Elaine's stomach, sneaked out and released time again. Ric was furious at the thought that the old man would impregnate Elaine. But over his dead body, he had to prevent it at all costs.

He thought it was OK that Elaine let her lovers fuck her in the afternoons when his father was out in the woods. She was a beautiful young woman of 29 years and Ric thought it was right that she didn't waste any time. She wanted her lovers to squirt inside her happily and with lust, unlike the prince, whose will she had to obey. Ric did nothing about it, he himself squirted in her pussyhole every night. He was 15 when the killing began.

Bands of robbers or neighboring princes regularly attacked the castle, robbing and raping. Now that Ric could control time, he did not remain idle. He stopped time when the castle was attacked. Friend and foe froze in mid-motion. Ric took the dagger of the first man he came across and cut the throats of the attackers. Then he released time again and the remaining attackers fled headlong. There was a demon in the cursed castle who slaughtered the attackers. The news spread like wildfire and people avoided the castle. If a troop was sent out, they returned with the severed heads of their officers. Ric limited the killing to the leaders and officers, that was enough of a deterrent. The castle was cursed and people avoided it. The prince did not believe in ghosts and laughed at his enemies. A demon, don't make me laugh! That were his brave men, and only them. No demons anywhere in sight, the prince said.

Another year later, Elaine was pregnant. She had forbidden her husband and lovers from squirting inside on the dangerous days, but she was definitely pregnant. She didn't know who the father was, her husband or a lover? At that time it wasn't that important, except for the nobles and nobility, where paternity was important. Ric ducked, because he had fucked Elaine every day. So it could very well be that

he was the father. But he didn't think too much about it, Elaine was in heat like a hot bitch when she was pregnant. He stopped time several times a day to fuck her secretly. But that wasn't enough, he had to rub her clit to orgasm after fucking, he had learned that in the meantime. Elaine was happy, and that was all that mattered.

Elaine gave birth to a sweet little girl, Katharina. She looked so much like her father that Elaine no longer had any doubts. Ric also wanted to believe that it was his father, but the doubt nagged at him for weeks. Katharina was his sister and perhaps his daughter. For the first time he was plagued by the thought of how many bastards he had produced in recent years? There was no doubt that the two children of the princess and the prince were his own. The princess fucked the old prince once or twice a month, she was chaste and faithful, she had not had a single lover, Ric knew that, as he fucked the princess several times a week. She was one of the few who easily reached orgasm during sex. He had known for years this division of women into those who did and those who did not reach orgasm at fucking.

The princess had given birth to two beautiful, sweet little girls, and now Ric was working hard to give her an heir. Elaine, who had not only been stroking him for a year now, but had also been making him squirt with her fist, said he was old enough to fuck now. Ric let her talk, he couldn't tell her the truth, he couldn't tell anyone. That made him a bit of a loner. But Elaine talked and talked while masturbating him, she told him that it was quite common in the farming community for a son to learn to fuck from his mother. His father, for example, had fucked his mother, the old grandmother, from his early youth until they got married, and he was then already 30. She talked and talked about how common it was for mothers to fuck their sons.

Ric nodded and nodded and felt her pussy with his fingers under her nightgown when she masturbated him with her fist. So it happened that one evening she took off her nightgown and lay down next to him. Ric nodded, satisfied and grateful, when she offered to fuck her. He was now fucking Elaine for the first time in normal time, she sighed and moaned at how well he was fucking her. She was having an orgasm more and more often when fucked, without

rubbing her clit. Ric enjoyed it a lot, he had to admit. Elaine lived in opposition to the priests who were raging against the bad habit of incest. Like the peasant women in the country, she didn't care. Incest or not, it was a duty for every good mother and Elaine wanted to be a good mother. Papa knew about it, but he didn't have much say.

The emperor sent an armed force to collect taxes. The captain had heard about the demon, the people he took seriously warned him credibly. So the imperial troops camped far outside the castle and only an unarmed emissary presented himself to the prince. The prince was not intimidated. He offered the emperor a modest tax, which he would pay. If the emperor wanted more, he should send his troops. The prince did not name the demon explicitly, but he said proudly that no armed men had been allowed into the castle in the last five years. The emissary went to consult with the captain. The captain took the voluntary tax and let the troops move on.

The captain knew what he was doing. One morning the demon had piled all the weapons, swords, daggers, lances and spears into a large heap. The guards swore they had not slept a second. The demon had entered the camp invisibly and demonstrated his power. Even from the captain's well-guarded tent, all the weapons had been thrown onto the heap. The captain was sure that there were ghosts. He didn't go against invisible ghosts and preferred to run away.

Elaine did not remain idle. She lured the finest patrician girls into Ric's bed. The girls of the patrician families had all already lost their virginity, that was a privilege of the head of the family. The girls were deflowered by their father between their 12th and 14th birthdays, that was the custom. But only a few fathers subsequently fucked the girls, that was not the custom. Ric grinned because Elaine wanted so much to set him up, but he accepted it peacefully. The girls were all sweet and willing, they stayed for a week or 10 days. Since Ric did not choose one, Elaine lured the next one over. He fucked these tender, sweet creatures until he was exhausted, but he did not keep a single one.

The princess gave birth to a boy, Conradin, who died days later. The prince locked himself away for a week and didn't want to see

anyone except his favorite maid, who slept with him and shared his grief. The prince was in his mid-60s and knew how badly he needed an heir. He had chosen his youngest, smartest brother to be prince regent or the next prince if he had no heir. Ric had seen this chosen one many times and didn't think he was a bad choice. But the prince was alive and did everything he could to wring a few drops of semen from his loins. Ric, for his part, did everything he could to impregnate the pretty young princess. She was quite uneducated and stupid, but she had a friendly, sunny disposition and always came to orgasm when he fucked her. On the occasion of Conradin's death, she opened an orphanage where all the orphans in the region were given shelter, warm food and a little human warmth. Ric really respected the princess for her good heart.

Ric had learned to read and write from an early age on. He wanted to be a scribe at the prince's court. The printing press had not yet been invented, so Ric went to the monastery for 6 hours every day to copy. He liked writing very much, and over time he understood Latin from the manuscripts he copied. It was clear to him that he was not suited to the life of a monastery. Elaine encouraged him, but his father was grumpy because Ric didn't like hunting at all. Hunting was the best activity for a healthy young man!

Ric was completely occupied with fucking, dark rings formed under his eyes because fucking was a very strenuous work. Fucking Elaine, the princess and the patrician's daughter every day was hard on his bones. He had to sleep until midday, his body insisted on it. He never thought for a moment about giving up the pleasure, preferring to cut back on the hours he worked in the monastery's writing office. The more he understood the texts he copied, the more he realized how uneducated the priests were. They preached well and a lot of nonsense. Ric soon despised them, because no one kept to celibacy. They had taken their vows as adults and broke it every day. No wonder he, like Elaine, kept away from the parsons.

Ric was happy about every new girl that Elaine brought to him. He kept her for two weeks or longer, for Elaine's sake. He saw no reason to marry just one when he could have them all. And he was sure that he could not make a vow. He wanted to be honest and upright and

not have a wife that he would cheat on from day one. That went against the grain for him.

The years passed. The princess had given birth to a third daughter and did not become easily pregnant again. Ric still fucked Elaine, the princess and the patrician girl every day. He was now 25 and managed his energy well. He no longer fucked everyone who stayed overnight in the castle courtyard. He took a liking to the young peasant girls. They had all been deflowered by their father or a brother before they were allowed to go to the market in the castle courtyard. Fucking these girls was a really great pleasure, Ric had to admit. They were very natural and unspoiled. Ric was already 25 and had never deflowered a girl before.

This thought stuck in his mind. He spoke to Elaine about it several times and she said she would look around. There would still be a patrician girl who had no father and was therefore still a virgin. Ric listened very carefully to Elaine as she described and explained deflowering to him. And then she brought Miriam with her, a Jewish half-orphan. The mother was proud and quite conceited, but she was happy to take Elaine's purse. So Elaine brought Miriam to Ric. Miriam was almost 14 and very keen to fuck. Finally, finally Ric could deflower a girl! Ric drank a large goblet of red wine with Miriam, the wine loosened her tongue and released her inhibitions. So they ended up on his bed. He deflowered her exactly as Elaine had described. Miriam felt only a tiny prick, then they continued fucking. Miriam orgasmed very easily, she had never had one before because she had never masturbated. Ric loved how easily she orgasmed. So it was that Miriam stayed with him for almost a year, and they really did fuck like lovers. It only ended because Miriam didn't take fidelity seriously at all and started fucking other guys and men. It was Elaine who lost patience with the gorgeous girl. Let her cheat on someone else, but not on her beloved Ric! He knew it too, of course, but he wouldn't have thrown her out. Elaine did that, and she was very upset.

Elaine saw the whole thing differently than he did. She only fucked a lover when her husband was out of the house. That was something completely different, Ric was at home every night, Miriam

had no reason to let other men fuck her. Ric quickly realized that he could do nothing against Elaine's opinion and her insistence on her own fidelity and gave up all resistance. He did not miss fucking Miriam, he still fucked Elaine, the princess and at least one peasant girl in the castle courtyard every night.

The old prince had slipped dead from the saddle just as the hunting party was getting on. Since he had no heir, his youngest brother was appointed prince by the bishop, as stipulated in the old prince's will. He was already over 40 and was now officially fucking the 28-year-old princess. A year later they celebrated their wedding. And another year later, Ric had succeeded, the princess had given birth to a son, Carolus. A splendid, healthy boy who was the spitting image of Ric. He was incredibly proud and congratulated the prince and princess on getting a heir. He hid his face as he knelt; the prince and the princess never came closer to the truth than now.

The new prince ruled well. He had 'food for the poor' introduced, the poor were to eat warm food in the castle courtyard at least once at lunch. The other princes laughed at him, his generosity only showed how weak he was. Of course they threatened the castle. The prince warned them, he had seen the enemies' throats slit with his own eyes, so that they should fear the demon, not him. But they ran at his castle and all their officers ended up in the dirt with their throats slit. Ric concentrated only on the captains and leaders, the foot soldiers scattered in horror. After three or four attacks, the castle was avoided, the terrible demon raged as ever. An invisible hand killed the officers, they fell dead from their horses. No bodyguards could protect them. Peace soon returned.

A legend spread like wildfire in the surrounding area. The demon fucked and impregnated the women who spent the night in the castle courtyard. Ric was stunned to see that women, nobles and aristocratic, patricians and peasants, were now spending the night in the castle courtyard in droves. But he owed it to the demon not to disappoint the women. He gave up his job in the monastery's writing office completely, slept in the mornings and afternoons and fucked the women in the castle courtyard until he had no drop of semen left. Women who had been fucking in vain for ten years to get pregnant

and who had fucked their husbands and lovers to shame, miraculously became pregnant! Ric had to ration his semen carefully. After the first ejaculation, he squeezed his cock between his fingers and rushed from pussy to pussy to mate with several women in one ejaculation. The castle courtyard filled up night after night.

Some women traveled several days to get impregnated in the castle courtyard. The knowledge of the days when a woman could conceive was passed on from mouth to mouth, but pretty much every woman knew when she was able to conceive. Ric fathered a huge number of bastards, and he was thrilled. He had never seen and fucked as many different pussies as he had now. He divided his seed carefully and usually mounted 20 different pussies in one night. The demon stuck to the legend. There were still many women who were incurably infertile, but many of them returned home pregnant. Ric slept far too little, the rings under his eyes were black from exertion. Elaine was worried about him, but he wasn't sick, said Ric, he just slept badly. Elaine lay down next to him every day and watched over his sleep after fucking.

Ric kept up the demon's pace for two years, then he developed a fever and became seriously ill. Elaine sat by his bed day and night, so he quickly recovered. The sick man was given chicken broth or beef broth every day, and he quickly regained his strength. Elaine was heavily pregnant and gave birth to a son. She and Ric both knew that the little brother was also his son, but that remained a secret. She never got pregnant again after she turned 45, but she still fucked Ric every day. His father died just a few months after the birth of little Fredericus and Elaine stood at his grave supported by Ric. The father was 70, which was a great age at the time.

The pilgrims stopped coming when the demon stopped coming and no one became pregnant in the castle courtyard. Two years later, no one spoke of being impregnated in the castle courtyard anymore. Ric knew he had to take care of his health. Elaine and the princess were his daily routine. Elaine had not yet given up on the idea of let marry him and brought him the youngest and sweetest girls. He kept most of them for a few weeks and then sent them home. When they

became pregnant, he paid the child purse but never confessed publicly, as that would have been a promise of marriage.

Ric never married. He fucked Elaine until she died, he took in a nanny for his little son and his young siblings. The princess was a few years younger than him, he fucked her until she was old, partly out of habit, partly out of enthusiasm for her great fucking. Of course he also fucked the nanny every night, even though she wasn't really anything special, but he owed it to her because she had no one else to fuck her.

Ric lived to be 75 and was mourned by many.

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Ariel in Happiness

by Jack Faber © 2024

Grandma came once a week to give Ari's mother Tamar a wad of banknotes because that was the share for Doron, her son and Ari's father, who was in prison. Doron was supposed to be released in three years, but he had beaten a fellow inmate to death with a single blow of his fist and was given another 4 years. Ari sat down on the floor at this coffee party, because from this angle he could see between her inner thighs Grandma's pussyhole, as she never wore underwear. Tamar had forbidden him to take his cock out a long time ago, so he pushed his hand into his waistband and rubbed his cock inside his pants. Basically he knew Grandma's stories by heart, the more she drank coffee with a shot of cognac, the more intimate and dirty she told them.

Grandma had sent Doron's father to hell when he took a girl 20 years younger than her. She surprised them both fucking a dozen times, she stood angrily under the bedroom door and chased them both out of the house after he had squirted into the 17-year-old's fuckhole. At least he had enough decency to go with her to the notary, sign the divorce papers and transfer the jewelry business to her and Doron. She was 37, Doron 12, when she took over the business and with diligence and skill made it a thriving business. She told strangers that she was a widow, only acquaintances knew that she was a Blue Widow, left alone for a younger cunthole. Doron's father had no brothers who could have fucked the grandmother according to custom.

Of course Doron slept with her and he stayed in bed, when once or twice a week a stranger, but mostly an acquaintance fucked his young mother thoroughly. Doron became very excited during the fucking and the boy ejaculated again and again as he watched the genitals fucking. His mother was very young at the time, but unfortunately not very pretty. She tried very hard to fuck the men well. Even though she wasn't a beauty, she wanted to make an impression by fucking well. At night he pressed his cock against his mother's naked

body until she sighed and said he should rub himself to squirt, she didn't mind. Later she did it to Doron with her fist, let him squirt on her breasts and later on her pussy. Later still, when he was near squirting at masturbating, she would let him penetrate her pussy to squirt, penetrate her deeply and squirt inside. Maybe a year later his cock penetrated further and further, he enjoyed it for a while, watching her masturbate and she cried out before she climaxed that he had to fuck her now! So he really fucked her during her orgasm. He was to continue fucking her for two dozen years up to 6 months after his wedding to Tamar, until Tamar got tired of it.

At 14, Doron was expelled from school because he and two other dudes had raped the young art teacher in the school's boiler room. She didn't go to the police, but to the principal. Doron went afterwards to a public school, where he was again in a mixed class with mostly Jewish children. He no longer raped teachers, but lured girls into the boiler room alone or with his cronies. The girls were not virgins; their fathers or brothers had deflowered them years ago. Some continued to fuck with their brothers or fathers, but by no means all of them. The girls didn't make a fuss; Doron just wanted to fuck her and wasn't a girl murderer.

Ari was always very excited when Grandma brought all that money. He stared at Grandma's gray-haired pussy and her cunthole the whole time, played with his cock in his pants and squirted over and over again. Of course, the grandma saw it, because he immediately squirted when she spread her knees and presented her pussyhole secretly, but she didn't say anything about it. Ari was just going through puberty and all boys had to squirt very often, and Doron was no exception. Since his mother Tamar always sat with her back to him, Ari unbuttoned his pants, took out his cock and rubbed it, his eyes fixed onhis grandmother's pussy and pussyhole. Once a month Grandma was allowed to visit Doron in prison and told Tamar and Ari how he was doing.

Of course Grandma loved to cuddle and snuggle with young Doron at night before they went to sleep. Their games became more and more sexual from time to time, but at first she didn't want to let fuck him. Doron masturbated and squirted between her ass cheeks, where

he was allowed to thrust in and squirt. Many weeks passed before she allowed him to fuck her in her asshole. Doron was in seventh heaven, he carefully penetrated her tight asshole, fucked her quickly and squirted inside. It was almost like real fucking! She didn't stop him from pulling out his cock at the end of the ass fucking, because she was lying on her belly, and Doron was pushing it into her pussyhole to squirt inside. "Not a good idea at all," said the lady-doctor, "the risk of infection in this sequence is far too great," said the lady-doctor. So grandma told Doron, who then remained silent. "Then I want to fuck you properly from the start, Mom," he announced the result of his thoughts. "Don't even think about it!" she exclaimed. He was allowed to fuck and squirt in her asshole for another six months, but never again penetrate her pussy at the end. She remained consistent until the evening when she had a little too much cognac and began to masturbate out of lust and heat. He lay between her thighs and watched her masturbate, she didn't do it in front of him that often. He sat up as she ran towards orgasm. She nodded when she saw his greedy, glowing eyes, lay on her belly as before and his cock slid along the crease of her ass, sliding deeper and deeper until it found her labia. He penetrated her pussyhole, she sighed with happiness as he penetrated very deeply. She continued to masturbate for a long time and only triggered her orgasm after he increased his pace. He thrust and squirted in the middle of her orgasm, over and over until he had squirted everything in. That's how she liked it, cognac, masturbating, fucking and letting him squirt inside her orgasming cunthole. It was something really good, goddamn it! They fucked like that for the next years, until Doron married Tamar.

Ari grew older, he sat down at the table with Tamar and his grandmother, without pants of course. He questioned his grandmother shamelessly, he wanted to know all the sexual details. His grandmother drank a glass of cognac before answering. "In my time there was no pill, we didn't know how to use contraception. But I didn't want to get pregnant, I went to the wise women when I got pregnant. The fetus passed out eight times on its own, which was always sad on the one hand, but it was also the right thing. I didn't want to be pregnant by Doron, my acquaintances or one-night stands!" Ari nodded, "Mom is very lucky that she takes the pill, that solves the problem." Grandmother asked curiously if he was already having sex. Now

Tamar answered. “I keep telling him that he’s not allowed to fuck me or squirt inside me. But the boy is sneaky, Mom, I can tell you that!” Tamar looked straight at her mother-in-law. “When my lover has left, he takes advantage of my weakness and fucks me while I concentrate on masturbating. He always takes advantage of that and squirts inside, the rascal!”

Ari had been silent, Tamar told the truth. He answered Grandma honestly. “I’ve fucked a lot of girls at school, especially the Jewish ones. Not because there were more of them than Christian ones, but because they were much quicker to accept my offer. The Christian ones always hesitated for a long time. They didn’t fuck as well as the Jewish girls either, although most of them had been fucking their fathers for years. Hardly any Jewish girls regularly fucked their fathers.” Ari paused and added that there were 35 girls in his class, 5 of whom were Christian. He and the other eight boys had their hands full fucking the girls one after the other. But he fucked a girl almost every day, so his answer was Yes, I fuck often.

Grandma had been staring at his stiff cock. “May I?” she asked, grabbing his cock. “It’s the first time I’ve seen an uncircumcised cock,” she explained. Terribly curious, she grabbed his cock and pulled the foreskin back and forth, back and forth. Ari knew what was going to happen and closed his eyes as he squirted into Grandma’s hand. Tamar was very annoyed. “I don’t want you to do it with your fingers, Mom!” she said gruffly. “He’s big enough to do it himself!” A long silence followed. Grandma asked why she didn’t let Ari fuck her, he was already 14 or 15, most mothers let their sons fuck when they became men at 12. Tamar was silent. She wasn’t like the others, she said, she just didn’t want to. That was the end of the topic.

At night, Ari pressed his stiff cock against Tamar’s naked body until she told him to rub himself and finally give her some rest. Ari masturbated all year long with his cock pressed against Tamar’s back and ass cheeks. Tamar let him masturbate and squirt as often as he needed to, but she never took action. “No,” she said, “I don’t feel like it! Rub yourself!” After that year, Ari pressed his cock into Tamar’s asscrease when he squirted. She scolded him every time, but he did it

every time. He didn't care that Tamar didn't want to. He did that for a year, then he discovered asshole fucking. Tamar scolded him even more, saying how disgusting it was that he fucked her in the asshole and squirted inside. But Ari just grinned cheekily, he wanted to fuck her pussy too, but Tamar just wouldn't let him.

Tamar was no saint, of course. Ari no longer let himself be sent out when she had a male visitor. Ari stubbornly stayed in bed and didn't obey her. Tamar always had longer affairs and long breaks afterwards. The affairs usually lasted a few weeks until the lover stopped coming. Ari lay behind the lover so he could see everything much better. How exciting it was when the lover's cock penetrated Tamar's labia and disappeared deep into her cunthole. The thrusting and fucking always took a long time and Ari found it boring because nothing else happened. Tamar rarely had an orgasm during sex, usually only the first times. Now things got interesting for Ari, the lover squirted into Tamar's pussy, sometimes just for a short time, others for longer. He pulled his cock out and Ari felt how hot his mother had become during the fuck. She rubbed her clit for just a few seconds and then climaxed with a twisted face. How he would have loved to fuck Tamar during her orgasm, but he didn't dare, he just watched her masturbate and squirted on the sheet.

Tamar, like Ari, loved to cuddle, snuggle and wrestle sexually before going to sleep. They rubbed their bodies against each other, they groped each other's genitals and rubbed them, but it usually ended when Ari pushed his cock into Tamar's pussyhole during the sexual wrestling. Then she immediately became sober and dismissive. "No, we're not doing that!" she exclaimed, she didn't want to fuck Ari and didn't want him to fuck her. He changed tactics, he was no longer a child, he was a young man, damn it! Before he masturbated, he pushed his cock deeply into Tamar's pussyhole. She scolded him every time and pulled his cock out with her fingers after a few minutes of fucking. "Rub yourself now," she ordered, "that's okay with me. Fucking my own son is not okay!"

Ari kept bringing it up for discussion. Most Jewish mothers let their sons fuck them, for centuries, for millennia and maybe even longer. Tamar nodded, that was true, but she didn't want it. She

wasn't a typical Jew, and she didn't let Ari get circumcised back then either. She had always played with his foreskin until the tip of his penis was firmly protruding, then she let him rub it. No, she had enough circumcised men to fuck, but she loved Ari's foreskin and protected it, she didn't even know why.

Ari now always stuck his cock in her pussyhole before masturbating, when the sexual playing had escalated. She waited longer and longer to pull his cock out. She let him fuck her for minutes until the heat rose inside her, only then did she pull his cock out and scold him, like every time. Before Ari masturbated for the second or third time, he stuck his cock into her pussyhole, that was now the routine. He hadn't listened her ranting for a long time, his fingers were touching her pussy, when he masturbated. He didn't care where he squirted, whether it was on her belly, her breasts, her pussy or her thighs, he didn't care. Tamar was very quiet when Ari masturbated. She softened her pussy, then his finger play on her pussy and clit was actually quite pleasant. At that time she wasn't masturbating in front of Ari and he wasn't masturbating her clit either.

When Tamars lover had left, she started to masturbate and Ari immediately lay on top of her and started fucking. She protested only weakly and pulled his cock out after a few minutes. "You know very well that I don't want to fuck you!" He would have been surprised if she hadn't said it. She had already told him a thousand times, although her pussy and her clit were of a completely different opinion. When he mounted her and fucked her while she was masturbating, she would cry out in a weak voice, "No! No! No!", but she would keep masturbating because she couldn't stop. She would sigh sadly and submissively when Ari squirted all the juice inside.

Ari rubbed his cock and squirted right on her pussy, he widened her pussy hole with his fingers and squirted inside from a short distance, that was the latest craze. She rubbed his semen on her pussy and her clit. That felt damn good, but she didn't rub her clit for very long. She would maybe masturbate late at night, when Ari had fallen asleep after squirting. Masturbation was the most private thing for her at that time, she didn't masturbate in front of her lovers or Ari, at least not openly. But when she was already completely turned on,

whether it was while fucking her lover or playing sexually with Ari, she would reach for her clit, just for a few seconds. She would bring on an orgasm very quickly, so her lover could see that, as could Ari.

Ari had been fucking his classmates for a long time. He was the best in his class and this academic success made the girls weak and give in. They had been deflowered by their brother or father years ago and some of them still fucked their father or brother regularly. Ari sometimes thought that this was a Jewish specialty, but he only fucked very few Christian girls, they were rare and difficult to charm. But maybe there was no difference, because all the girls who fucked in her Christian family let Ari fuck them. Christian virgins were tough as nails, they never let themselves be fucked. Not a single one. Of course, they liked giving handjobs and blowjobs just as much as the Jewish girls. Ari was never sure whether this cultural difference really existed.

Tamar was drunk every night, or at least somewhat drunk. She became careless, she pulled his cock out later and later. He stopped moving before he squirted and let his semen just run inside without continuing to thrust into her. She smiled with a hazy look, usually not understanding why he had stopped. Often she knew, of course, but it didn't matter, it didn't really matter. She didn't scold him anymore, she just let him fuck her, she let herself be fucked without consent. Ari was already 18, after all, why shouldn't she let him fuck her? "All Jewish mothers do that," she sometimes slurred, because he fucked her two or three times a night. She always took a big swig from the cognac bottle before fucking. Ari said, "I have to fuck, Mom!" and she protested weakly as always. "I'm not like Grandma, who always let Doron fuck!" Ari looked down. "Or me!" Tamar was completely frightened. "You!?" He nodded because he had let something slip. "When you weren't home yet, she asked me to fuck her! I know she's old and wrinkled, but still great to fuck!" Tamar felt how much he had changed.

Ari developed well, he was one of the best in the class, he didn't drink and showed no signs of Doron's dangerously hot temper or criminal tendencies. She rewarded him and let him fuck her, until his cock went soft again. Gradually she gave up her affairs and one-night

stands, it was enough for her to be fucked by Ari, she also had feared to infect her son with a venereal disease. She loved him with all her heart and masturbated unashamedly after each round, why should she be embarrassed to masturbate in front of Ari? He always made her so hot when he fucked her, that masturbating after he had squirted was a natural thing.

But Tamar knew that Ari was a predator, because he fucked every girl at school who didn't say no. He told her openly and honestly when he had fucked another one. She felt her pride, which she couldn't really classify. But she was proud of her son, who fucked one girl after the other. She smiled quietly to herself when Magdalena, her niece and his cousin, stayed overnight with them while she was passing through. Tamar interpreted the signals correctly and after dinner lay down on the couch in the living room, which she had actually prepared for Magdalena. The two disappeared into the bedroom and Ari gave her a long look, then he left the door open. Tamar clutched the liquor bottle and watched the two fucking. Magdalena was only a year or two older than Ari, but she was just into fucking as he was. Magdalena grinned crookedly and let Ari squirt inside her, over and over again, only to masturbate with pleasure during his break. The two of them fucked almost nonstop. Tamar masturbated several times until her eyes closed. At some point in the night she had to go pee, and the two were already or still fucking again. She watched their fucking for a while and fell asleep in the middle of masturbating. Magdalena laughed at breakfast, she could sleep on the train, so the nightlong fucking with a loinstrong cousin was all fine for her.

Ari went to university and studied anthropology. How did people become humans? This question engaged him truely. The theory of evolution had an insurmountable problem. Why did only humans emerge intelligently from evolution, and why not other animals too? The Jewish and Christian story of God's creation contradicted his strictly scientific thinking. What preoccupied him most were the 6,000-year-old cuneiform writings from ancient Babylon and Sumer. He studied the cuneiform writings that reported on the gods who had descended "from heavens". The Anunaki. Couldn't these gods be extraterrestrials who mated with the animal human women and left in-

telligent beings behind? Why hasn't a single thread been found from their legacy? No discarded Coke can, no pencil, no crashed spaceship? Nothing at all! The Babylonian, Sumerian and Egyptian writings reported more or less the same thing: gods had descended from heaven, ascending later. For millions of years, humans had small, flat heads and very small brains like all other primates. But at some point it clicked!, heads became bigger and bigger, like did human brains, and there was good evidence for this. But what triggered this click!, what exactly was it? Just a natural mutation of the genes, as the evolutionists thought? Or did aliens, gods for that matter, make humans intelligent? Genetic manipulation would have been enough, or even fucking and impregnating human women. Ari researched very intensively, because whatever it was, it had to be found out.

Ari wrote his doctoral thesis after 7 years, and it was controversially received in the professional world. The creationists and evolutionists rejected his three theories, which he described very carefully, from the outset. The others thought all three theories were conceivable but unprovable. He received his doctorate and was allowed to continue researching as an assistant professor. He had eaten the forbidden fruit at university and had fucked with countless female students. He took a deep breath, because he never fathered a bastard. Perhaps he was infertile? He lived with Tamar until he was 32; she gave him warmth, stability and every night good marital sex.

Ari had free rein to continue his research at university. He always found fine female students or doctoral students who worked with him, fucked him unspectacularily with no fuss and helped him move forward. He quickly abandoned the first theory of targeted genetic manipulation by the gods, aliens or Anunaki. It was very unlikely that a well-equipped genetic laboratory would be taken on an interstellar flight. That the gods triggered the click! in some other way remained the least researchable theory. It was entirely conceivable, but there was not the slightest clue as to what the gods could do or what equipment they had. The more Ari delved into the writings of the Annu and Sumerians, the more he was able to find support in their legends, fairy tales and reports for his favorite theory. It was very, very laborious work, because only a few cuneiform texts referred to

it; the majority were lists of goods, berths and equipment lists. He had to sort them all out.

The reports of the shamans, medicine men and priests were extremely interesting. The Anunaki figures were usually depicted with wings, but it was unlikely that the aliens had real wings. One report said that an Anunaki "flew" from one side of the city of Ur to the other in the blink of an eye. Ari suspected that the aliens were able to "beam". In another report, a builder apparently told that the Anunaki invented clay bricks baked in the sun. That they could build rectangular or square houses. That they built straight walls with the help of a string. That they left an opening in the wall opposite the door so that a cooling draft was created. Ari was able to clarify these technical questions with the relevant professors. These clues were over 28,000 years old!

Ari summarized the medical reports. The Anunaki could apply a slime to a deep sword wound that would heal bone and flesh within a handspan of the sun's shadow, that's about 20 minutes. They could heal a head wound in the same amount of time by placing the head or any part of the body in a box where "the bees were buzzing." How else could a Stone Age man describe one of our modern machines or devices? At least, that's how it seemed to Ari.

The Anunaki gave human women "great joys," it said on several cuneiform tablets. The girls and women loved the gods' cocks, which were as big as a little girl's forearm. They impregnated everyone, and the offspring were called giants because they were a half or a whole head taller than the locals.

These offspring were mentioned in several reports, in fairy tales and legends. They were sexually mature at 12 summers, and they impregnated their mothers and sisters in very large numbers. Ari suspected that the custom in the Near East, still in use today, of declaring 12-year-olds to be men, might have come from this. The giants apparently had only two functions: firstly, to impregnate girls and women, and secondly, to build rectangular or square houses along straight streets. The fucking was not explicitly described, but that the offspring of the offspring had increasingly smaller cocks than their

fathers, until they could hardly be distinguished from the locals. Only in one place in a legend a widow in the city of Ur was mentioned who only experienced the “great joy” when her second son lay with her. Ari wrote many scientific studies, all of which were controversial.

He wrote a popular book that sold well and earned him a lot of money. He would have preferred academic acceptance. But his publisher wanted a pseudo-scientific book, right on the edge of pornography. Ari had already received the large advance and had to bite the bullet. His lector instructed him to follow the borderline of pornography exactly. He had to invent almost 90% of the text and ramble on without any scientific restrictions. He had to describe in great detail the gods fucking human women, said the lector. The Gods had magical powers, so they could take any girl or woman without encountering any resistance. The Gods cocks, big and magnificent like a stallion’s, penetrated their pussies with force and power, they fucked the girls and women to the highest pleasures of orgasm and impregnated each one. Very few of the stone-age human women, nearly no one, knew what an orgasm was, they learned masturbating from the Gods then in the later ages. The Gods wanted to produce as many offspring as possible to create an intelligent race. These, who were simply called the giants, were highly sexualized from adolescence on and fucked their mothers and sisters until they were pregnant, then they fucked the entire family and their acquaintances and impregnated them all. Finally, they magically took control of the girls and women in their area, fucked and impregnated each of them. It only took a few generations before they outnumbered the native population. He concluded that we were their genetically watered down descendants. Ari left it to the lector to shorten the content to this side of pornography, the pornography that was printable. The book was not a best-seller, but he suddenly had a lot of fan mail from longing ladies and chose the best ones to fuck. There were hundreds of them, and he took whoever he wanted to fuck.

Doron was released. He came home, Ari barely recognized him. Doron fucked Tamar for three nights, without a break, he had a lot of catching up to do. He didn’t care at all that Ari was in bed, he fucked Tamar like he always had. But she had developed, it was no longer enough for her to be just a hole into which he could thrust and squirt.

Ari, already an experienced young man, watched everything very closely. Doron had a pretty big cock, but he fucked very selfishly. He only cared about fucking her, but he didn't care whether she could feel anything or not while he was fucking her. On the fourth day she went with Doron to grandma, she let her mediate. They went to the notary, they signed the divorce papers and Tamar and Ari got half of the jewelry business. Doron now staggered from dove to dove, fucked the young girls in his own way and was quickly abandoned again. Tamar and Ari now received a decent chunk of money every week. Doron might be a selfish pig when it came to fucking, but he was no thief.

At 32, he married a very sexually active young Christian girl who fucked like a superhuman goddess and never turned him down.

They lived in Tamar's large inner-city apartment and he also fucked Tamar when she felt like it. His goddess allowed it with a good-natured smile, because she knew that many a girl had a volcano hidden under her clit. She understood it very well.

They were very happy with this life and had 3 children. Unfortunately, Ari's wife contracted a sexually transmitted disease and was subsequently infertile. It was a hard blow for Ari, who had remained faithful to her ironclad during their marriage. Now, with downcast eyes, she confessed to him about her thousand missteps. Ari was sad and angry. He revoked his fidelity vows and fucked as many student girls as he could. But he had little joy in this tit-for-tat. Perhaps modern female students had not learned to fuck? He now often lay in Tamar's bed; she was getting quite old but she still knew how to fuck. With age her pussy hole had shrunk, was now tight like a virgin's, and that made for a hot and horny fuck for both of them, herself and Ari. Since the goddess had betrayed him, he remained joyless. His academic work also received disappointingly little recognition.

Ari needed almost a year to reconcile with his goddess, he was convinced that she was no longer cheating on him, no longer lying to him. His son Jawi turned 12 and Ari decided that he could sleep with his parents. Jawi was of course enlightened, the goddess had also explained female masturbation to him and shown it to him many times.

He was not yet 12, he was only allowed to watch her masturbate and masturbate himself, he was allowed to squirt on her pussy, but nothing more. At 12 he was allowed to watch his parents fuck, Ari's goddess took his cock in her mouth, rubbed it with her fist and let him squirt into her mouth. She did this for three months, then she taught him how to fuck. First she let Ari fuck her and then took the boy, who still had a small boy's cock, between her thighs. He learned quickly and fucked her two or three times every night. Although he still had the small boy's cock for years, he really squirted well. Ari and his goddess were very satisfied, especially since Jawi learned quite quickly to hold back his squirting until she had reached her orgasm herself.

Ari and his wife had decided to deflower their older daughter. Onia was already very hot, she urged her mother, she wanted to be deflowered, she didn't want to be the last virgin in the class. Ari had talked to her about the subject for hours and was convinced that she really wanted it herself. They sent Jawi to his room, they wanted to deflower Onia very intimately. Onia's mother knew exactly what was right and important for her daughter. They had drunk red wine at dinner, because that helped Onia a lot to relax. Onia lay on her back on her mother's breasts, who gently and tenderly caressed her inner thighs and her pussy. Ari hugged his wife and daughter at the same time and brought his cock into position. With a single determined jerk he pierced Onias hymen and penetrated very deeply. Onia smiled, she had barely felt the prick. Ari fucked her twice that night and came inside without worrying; Onia didn't have her period yet. Over the next few months, Jawi and Onia fucked side by side with Mom and Dad. Onia withdrew more and more, because firstly, she got her period and secondly, she was in love with a boy. The boy wasn't allowed to fuck her at home and Onia saw no reason to keep letting her parents in on her love life. Neither Ari nor Mom forced themselves on her, they gave her as much free space as she demanded. Ari was well occupied with fucking his wife and Tamar and by God he no longer needed to fuck Onia. He had enough to do at university and was writing his pornographic book.

Jawi only fucked Ari's wife for three years and left the marital bed because he had fallen madly in love with a girl and now spent the

night with his girl almost all the time. The girl's mother was a widow and was very happy, that Jawi was sleeping with her and her daughter in her marital bed. Jawi fucked both, the widow and her daughter with great enthusiasm. At first, the widow was very embarrassed to masturbate while fucking, as she had never done it in front of her daughter. But she saw how naturally her daughter did it while fucking Jawi and how satisfying it was for both of them to synchronize their orgasms. She gave up her inhibitions and enjoyed fucking the boy very much.

His youngest, Miriam, talked a lot with Mom and Dad about fucking and deflowering. She was happy to wait a few more weeks until Dad's book was finished and he wasn't so nervous anymore. So Ari deflowered Miriam in the same way as Onia, she also let herself be fucked twice and hugged Ari, her hero, very very tenderly. Unlike Onia, she wanted to fuck Ari every night, she came easily to orgasm every time and much preferred fucking with him than with the boys. She was completely different from Onia in this respect, Ari remained her great hero and she fucked with him for years.

Ari allowed his wife to fuck Onia's and Miriam's boys, even if their relationship was over. She was very relieved because it was only fair that she could have some variety too. She mostly fucked the boys in Ari's presence, she never cheated on him again.

A young Swiss hotelier had read Ari's work and his pornographic book very carefully and visited him several times for interviews. The Swiss then wrote a bestseller.

"Were the Gods Astronauts?"

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Ronny, Mommy and Grandma

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ron left the parents' bedroom hesitantly. He took a long look back because he wanted to see Luigi's huge cock disappear into Mom's little pussyhole. He heard Mom's deeply satisfied sigh, then he closed the door. Luigi never wanted to let him watch them fuck, that idiot! He lay down in the big double bed in the children's room that Dad had bought back then. It was so long ago, Dad used to take the young things home to fuck him in the children's room. Until Mom got fed up and threw him out.

Ron always loved to cuddle and snuggle with Mom in the marital bed. Mom loved it too, she had told him all about fucking and about girls masturbating. She did it very often and let the boy watch her at doing it, the boy who sat next to her with his stiff little cock in his fist, squirting a bit and watching her very excitedly. They masturbated at the same time, but it wasn't a competition. She smiled kindly when the little one squirted. Mom cuddled with him before and after masturbating, but when he stuck his little cock in her pussy hole, she immediately became very serious and held him by the buttocks. "I've told you many times, Ronnie, mother and son are not allowed to fuck each other!" He nodded, ashamed because she had caught him again squirting inside and pulled his little cock out again. But no, she hadn't noticed the secret squirting.

Luigi went to Italy twice a year to visit his family. When he came back, things were tense for a few days at home because Mom scolded him a lot. Like always, he had been fucking his cousin the whole time and Mom didn't like that very much. But she was very deceitful, thought Ron. When Luigi fucked his cousin in Italy, Mom let the janitor into the apartment and let him fuck her. The janitor didn't care that Ron was lying in the marital bed with them and watching the fucking with greedy, curious eyes. Mom said that the janitor didn't fuck nearly as well as Luigi with his much bigger cock, but in return the janitor gave her a discount on the rent and that was worth a fuck to Mom.

Grandma had been evicted and was standing at the door with a suitcase. She was too old to go to work, she was too poor to afford a new apartment or a retirement home. Mom was her only child and had to take her in. Luigi refused to make room. He was the man of the house and his place was with his wife, his girlfriend. So it came to be that Grandma slept in Ron's big bed in the children's room. "The two of us will get along great," said Grandma to Mom, and Ron said, "each of us will get our half in the bed, I'll get mine and you'll get yours." So everyone agreed.

In the evening, when they went to bed, Ron was already very excited. Grandma took off her clothes, sat naked on the edge of the bed and washed her pussy with a wet washcloth. "I can only sleep if it's clean," said Grandma to Ron, who watched her washing her pussy curiously. "Okay," he nodded as she put on her long nightgown. This surprised him, because he, Luigi and Mom always slept naked. They got into bed and Ron immediately forgot about the half bed thing. "Would you like to cuddle with me?" he asked, snuggling up to Grandma's big ass. "How does that work?" asked Grandma and he explained it to her. He would lie on top of her and wiggle his ass a little like when he was fucking her. She nodded, "that sounds fun!" she exclaimed with a smile. He cuddled and wiggled with her and said in between, "you have to grab my cock and cuddle with it!" he said. Grandma did it, she laughed and grabbed his cock. "Oh, it's quite a big one!" she exclaimed and continued to cuddle with the cock in her hand. Ron said that after cuddling he squirted always three times, as usual. Grandma nodded and said that he wasn't allowed to squirt on her nightgown, she only had one to change. "But I do want to squirt on your asscheeks," he said whiningly and Grandma said that he would have to push up her nightgown, that would be fine. And she said that she really liked it when he licked her teats and bit them lightly while cuddling. Ron nodded and pushed her nightgown up over her melon-sized breasts.

He cuddled her teats and sucked them, so that Grandma sighed a lot about how nice it was. His Grandma was quite fat, everything about her was round and perfect for cuddling. She only had very thin gray hair and equally gray pubic hair. He pulled the pubic hair aside and looked at the old pussy. "Do you do it every night too?" Ron

asked curiously, but Grandma shook her head. “No, maybe once every few weeks, we old people don’t need it so often anymore.” That surprised him a lot, because he couldn’t imagine not squirting for a single night. Grandma nodded, he was just very young.

Of course he tried to stick his cock in Grandma’s pussy while they were cuddling and kissing, but she was on guard. “Your Mom warned me, little Ronnie, that you would try it. But she strictly forbade me from letting you go fucking, you were much too young for that!” Ron was very disappointed, of course, because when he was kissing and cuddling with his Mom, he always ended up sticking his cock in her pussy, but mom never noticed that he was secretly squirting inside her cunthole, that was his secret. She pulled his cock out and that was when the kissing and cuddling ended. He told Grandma, but she wouldn’t change her mind, and the cuddling ended without him putting it in. Grandma simply lay on her side to go to sleep.

Ron exposed her ass cheeks, he had to squirt now. He let his stiff cock dance on the delicate skin of her ass cheeks and rubbed himself, squirting three times in a row on Grandma’s ass cheeks, then he pulled her nightgown down again and immediately fell asleep. The four of them had breakfast and Mom asked how they had slept. “Great,” said Grandma, “each of us has their own half of the bed and I slept wonderfully!” Ron was amazed at how cleverly Grandma could lie! He went to school, Mom went to work and Grandma stayed at home with Luigi all day. In the evening they didn’t let on that he had fucked Grandma over and over again.

Luigi slept exhausted until dinner, he was very excited afterwards and joked around at dinner. Of course, Mom and Ron didn’t know that he had fucked Grandma all day. They went to bed, Ron pushed up Granny’s nightshirt to her neck and sucked her teats wildly. She squeezed and pressed his cock until he was dizzy. Then she lay on her side, he uncovered her bottom and squirted twice on her ass cheeks. They did this for many weeks.

One evening after kissing, Ron asked Granny if he could fuck in her ass crack. Granny asked why? So he told her that he was allowed to stick his cock in his Mom while she was masturbating and he let

his juice run in, but he was never allowed to fuck her. Granny understood immediately. “Of course you can fuck in my ass crack, between my ass cheeks, but stay away from my pussy!” Ron nodded and Granny turned onto her belly. He pushed up her nightshirt, stuck his cock in her ass crack and fucked back and forth until it squirted. Grandma laughed quietly as he squirted in her asscrease. “It tickles so nicely,” she giggled. But he carried on, he continued to fuck and squirted again, then it was enough. She let him fuck her asscrack for many weeks, his cock sometimes touched her pussy from the outside, but he never penetrated inside. Grandma obviously didn’t mind that he kept pounding her pussy with his cock and fucking against the tightly closed pussy until he had to squirt and his juice squirted onto her pussy. She smiled, “You’re fucking me really well, big guy, you’re fucking really well!” She took the washcloth and cleaned her pussy every time the little wild one had squirted on it.

Luigi went back to his cousin in Italy for the christening of her newborn. Mom sent Grandma and Ron to bed right after dinner. Grandma was surprised at her haste, but Ron explained everything to her. The janitor was coming to fuck Mom because of the rent. Grandma didn’t understand a word at first. Ron explained to her that the janitor only had a very small cock, but Mom let him fuck her because then she didn’t have to pay rent. Grandma raised her eyebrows, but she was satisfied with his explanation. Ron said that he was usually allowed to watch the fucking because the janitor didn’t care and didn’t make such a fuss like Luigi. Grandma lay down in bed and said he shouldn’t disturb her now, she really needed it now. Ron nodded and hugged her from behind. He could feel her arm moving very hard as she masturbated, Grandma needed much longer than Mom to orgasm. He then hugged Grandma very lovingly and stroked her face, which gradually relaxed. “Was it nice, Grandma?” he asked gently and she nodded. “I really needed it again because Luigi isn’t here!” He immediately realized that she had let it slip. “Luigi had fucked you?” he asked quietly and she nodded. “I sometimes have an orgasm when he does it well,” Grandma admitted, “but he’s been gone for 10 days and I really needed it!” Ron nodded, “I understand that, Grandma, I know what it’s like when you really have to ejaculate immediately!”

Grandma was totally relaxed and talked about her life. Her mother was quite ill and when she was 13 Mom took her to bed with her father. Mom smiled sourly when father deflowered his daughter and from then on fucked her every night. Unfortunately, her mother died soon after and she was left alone with her father. He fucked her every night and when she was 30 she became pregnant. It could only be her father, said grandma, he was the only one she fucked at the time. So Mom was born and her father took his own life shortly afterwards. She was completely penniless with her baby, so she had to sell her body because the only thing she had learned was how to fuck. She fucked hundreds, maybe even thousands of men, but she got too old for the job. Mom became pregnant and had Ronnie, then she began to hate her husband because he took childish, girlish women to bed with him. She threw him out and divorced him.

Ron now understood everything as it has happened. He asked Grandma for hours, practically interrogating her about what it was like to fuck so many men. Grandma laughed, saying it had been ages ago, but she answered all of his questions. The fucking always lasted very briefly, one customer after the other came to squirt inside. Yes, she had taken the pill as soon as it was on the market. That was a great relief. But none of the men stuck in her memory, none of them were worth remembering. Ron hung on her every word, Grandma had had such an interesting, untamed life! He never thought that she had been a whore, for a long time he didn't know that whores even existed.

Grandma scolded him when she lay on her belly and he slipped down her ass fold to her pussyhole during the assfuck. After a few days it became clear to her that this was no coincidence. Ron kept talking about how he wanted to fuck properly, like the janitor or like Luigi. The grandma always admonished him, but she always let let him penetrate her pussyhole, so he squirted and his cock filled her pussy with juice. And a few more days passed before he penetrated her pussy before he squirted and squirted inside. The grandma asked him sternly whether he was now determined to fuck her properly. And Ron hung his head, of course he wanted to, but he didn't want to say it out loud or admit it.

The grandma lay on her belly, sticking out her ass demandingly. Ron let his stiff cock slide along her pubic fold a few times, stroking the tip of his cock up and down her ass fold until the grandma sighed. Now he knew that he was allowed to penetrate. His cock touched her grey-haired pussy, moving up and down her pussy slit a few times. She reached back and spread her labia with her fingers. That was the decisive signal. He pushed his cock deep into her pussy, into her pussy hole, and Granny sighed deeply, burying her face in shame in the pillow. Ron began to fuck her very slowly. He increased his pace and squirted inside, two or three times a night. Sometimes she would turn over because she had become horny during the fucking. She masturbated completely unashamedly, not caring at all that Ron was watching it. She masturbated completely differently than Mom. Mom rotated her fingertip on her clit and rubbed it really hard at the end. Granny stretched out her fingers, spread them tightly, and rubbed up and down on her clit with just the edge of her index finger. It looked as if she wanted to saw her clit in half with the edge of her index finger.

Luigi had returned from the Italian christening and was proudly showing the photos of his newborn daughter around. It was just a baby, but he was as proud as if he were the father. Things were pretty tense in the house, you could say! In the end there was a huge row and Mom threw out her long-term lover. Ron had gotten used to Luigi and was pretty confused. Mom now slept alone, only rarely bringing home a one-night stand. Ron hid behind Grandma's back, he didn't want to see the strange guys anymore.

But he wanted to comfort Mom, he went to her every evening, cuddled and snuggled with her like before. At the end of the cuddling, he stuck his cock in her pussy, she smiled very sweetly, but she held him tight. "No, Ronnie, we're Mom and son, we're not allowed to fuck each other, remember?" Ron nodded, he had just secretly squirted inside. "It's a pity, Mom, because I really like to fuck and I'm pretty good at it!" but he didn't say anything, she could think what she wanted. Only once did Mom ask in passing if he fucked Grandma and he nodded in agreement, but she didn't say anything and the matter was settled.

He came home from school at lunchtime and fucked Grandma every afternoon. His grades got worse, he often didn't do his homework. He got a bad behavior grade and Mom had to go to the headmistress. Ron had received a grade for behavior, said the headmistress, because the gym teacher had caught him fucking a girl in the changing rooms. One more time, thundered the headmistress, and Ron would be expelled from school! His mom gave him a talking to and he promised to be more careful in the future. But he wouldn't give up fucking, damn it!

Mom was actually proud of him. He didn't hide in a corner to masturbate, he fucked the girls in the changing rooms, proud and cheeky. She stroked his hair with her hand. "You're a real wild one, my little one!" she said, smiling. "And be more careful in the future, or they'll throw you out of school!" Mom was actually very pleased with herself. She had finally found a place for Grandma in the municipal retirement home. Grandma was looking forward to it, she didn't want to be a rip-off for her daughter any longer. Ron said goodbye to her with tears in his eyes.

Ron lay down with Mom every evening, she masturbated several times in a row and let him stick his cock into her pussy hole before she climaxed. Ron was quite sure that Mom had never noticed that as soon as he put it in, he secretly squirted inside. She continued masturbating as long as he didn't fuck her, otherwise she would stop and admonish him before she continued. When her lower part of her belly twitched in orgasm, he let his juice run again into her pussy hole without fucking her. He didn't want to spoil things with her. She worked a lot and at most took a one-night stand with her at the weekend. She let Ron watch him fuck, she didn't care. Most men bit the bullet and had no objections. Of course there were a few who protested, but Ron gave in, he didn't want to spoil Mom's fun.

And then Mama joined a cult. Ron just went along with it. The disciples of the "Divine Union" followed the famous Shri Bonan Annushawarthi, who preached Divine Union in Love. Once a week, around 300 women and men met to unite. The large community hall was packed with women dressed in white, wrapped only in a white sheet and with nothing underneath. The same was true of the men,

about 10 or 12, who were a tolerated minority. The women showed the assistants their payment receipts, as they were asked to transfer half of their wealth to Shri Bonan. In this way, the assistants selected 3 or 4 lucky ones who were allowed to unite with the divine Shri after the hour and a half long sermon. The fat Indian didn't have a big cock, nor was he a good fucker, but the women fainted in droves when he laid his blessing hands on them.

Mama had never donated enough to be fucked by Shri Bonan. She didn't care either, because like the other 299 women, she made love and divine union with other women. Ron threw himself at the women like the few other men, none refused the divine union, known to us non-members as fucking. He fucked at least three girls or young women on a club night, usually a fourth and fifth as well, because his erection held, even if he couldn't squirt anymore. He watched Mama, who gave herself to the girls and women with great devotion. She had discovered her lesbian side. She watched Ron with mistrustful eyes as he fucked one girl after the other. He stuck to the young ones, avoiding the older ones. Thank God, thought Mama, because he didn't seem to be fixated on the fact that he had fucked her mother and his grandmother for so long. His mother's heart almost burst with pride when he fucked a young girl. It was often difficult to find him because the hall was full of copulating couples.

Two years later, the divine Shri Bonan was arrested; he had stuffed his pockets and stolen all the money. The sect fell apart immediately when the holy man was no longer there. Now Mama invited her friends from the sect for the weekends and celebrated the Divine Union with them. Ron pulled the white sheet over himself and went to the two women in Mama's bedroom. Watching them masturbate and lick each other's clits was very stimulating; he fucked all the girls and women without exception under Mama's distrustful eyes. Of course there were some who hadn't come to fuck, but Ron didn't let himself be turned away. He fucked them all.

It got really exciting when some women really fucked Mom, clit to clit. Ron bent down really low to see how the woman's clit fucked Mom's clit. It was great, even though both women had to contort themselves quite a bit. But for Mom it was pure madness, she

screamed as she climaxed. Ron's cock was stiff as a rock and he immediately fucked the young woman. He pushed the girl forward onto his mother's breasts, pulled her ass cheeks wide apart and fucked her wildly from behind. He squirted almost immediately and continued fucking her. But he was so excited that he slipped out and continued to thrust without realizing that he was fucking in his mother's pussyhole. He heard her screaming beneath the girl, but as if from far away, he couldn't care less and just kept fucking wildly. Fuck her, fuck her, fuck her! He had to thrust for a long time now because her pussy hole was now much tighter than the first time. He thrust and thrust until he felt the squirt coming. He had squirted inside as usual, even though his mother had told him once, not to make any more bastards. She didn't want to tell him who he had impregnated.

For a year, Mom swam in the lesbian sea. She always looked very suspicious when Ron fucked her lover girls, and he didn't miss a single one. When he managed to push the girl's face onto Mom's breasts and fuck her from behind, he slid deeper into Mom's pussyhole, fucked Mom's pussyhole a second and third time and squirted inside, despite Mom's loud protests and the girl silencing her with long French kisses. He was then hypocritical and fucked the girl some more to stifle Mom's protests. He fucked each of the girls two or three times, he squirted into her without hesitation and grinned after he had fucked her. For him, the world was right because during the week he fucked his classmates. He still kissed and cuddled with Mom every evening, even though he was already a young man. She still stopped him when he stuck his cock in her pussy hole and squirted secretly inside. "We're not allowed to fuck, Ronnie, we're mother and son!" There was no other option, he pulled his cock out disappointed. But when she masturbated, he rubbed his cock too and stuck it in her pussy hole to squirt inside. "I'm not fucking, Mom!" he justified himself and just kept squirting on and on. She was annoyed, but she kept masturbating until she had finished masturbating.

Ron had passed the entrance exam and got a place at university. To celebrate, he brought two bottles of red wine with him, they ate and drank, there was something to celebrate! He put Mom to bed, she was pretty drunk. He undressed her and lay down next to her. "You want to fuck me, Ronnie, I can see it in your face," she said,

slurring. But she was grinning from ear to ear. “Mother and son, they’re not allowed to fuck each other, remember?” she said, tongue heavy. “Maybe today is a special day,” she continued, slurring, “maybe today is the right time.” She fell silent when he lay on top of her. “But don’t squirt inside, I don’t want to get pregnant!” was the last thing she said before she blacked out. Ron penetrated her, he had penetrated her pussy a thousand times before, but he had never really fucked her. Even when fucking clit to clit, when she was completely exhausted and he penetrated her pussy first before fucking the other woman. He had squirted inside there each time and then gone at the other pussy. But he had never really fucked her.

Now he fucked her for the first time. Nothing and no one stopped him, she just lay there smiling and letting herself be fucked. He fucked her three times. After he had squirted outside, he took her head in his lap and stroked her smiling face. After the third fuck and squirt outside, he fell asleep exhausted. He woke up because he felt like he was being watched. Mom was sitting next to him, her knees pulled up, her face on her knees. “We did it, didn’t we, Ronnie?” she asked doubtfully, as if she didn’t know. He quickly ran to pee, then came back with a bouncing morning erection. “And we’re going to do it again?” she said when she saw his morning erection. She fell onto her back. “Come on then, don’t dawdle around!” The barrier had fallen, nothing stood between them. From now on they fucked like any other couple. He didn’t squirt inside when she asked him to. But they fucked, every night and sometimes in the morning too. Ronnie was now going to university, a pike in the carp pond. There were hundreds of girls here, they were good enough to fuck!

He lived with Mom for many years.

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Lucien, a Murderer

by Jack Faber © 2024

“I’ll be ready soon, Mom!” Luc breathed in Florence’s ear. His mother Florence nodded, she felt his warm juice squirting and running into her pussy hole. They had cuddled, snuggled and smooched like every evening. After a quarter of an hour, Luc’s stiff little cock found its way into her pussy hole. Now he let his juices flow in, exhausted he let his head sink onto her breasts. “I’m done, Mom!” he whispered and gasped for air. For years they had played this erotic game before falling asleep, which ultimately ended sexually. Luc’s cock had grown really big during puberty, he had started to not only let his juices flow in like before, he had started to squirt inside rhythmically. She held his buttocks and pressed him against her, but she knew he still didn’t want to fuck her.

Florence was 28, she had had Luc very young. It was her father, with whom she had slept since her mother’s death, who gently and considerately deflowered the little girl and then fucked her every night. They lived like husband and wife and Florence loved her father more than anything, he was her hero, her lover, her husband. She was heavily pregnant with his child when the king sent him to war against Navarre. She received his belongings along with the news of his heroic death in the name of the king. Less than two weeks later, Lucien was born, and she gave him the first name of his father and grandfather. Although she came from a noble family, she lived in extreme poverty. She supported herself and Luc by selling her body from time to time, which was not unusual in Paris at the time.

She did not consider herself a prostitute. Many her age who were unmarried had no other option than to sell themselves for a few silver coins. If you were lucky, a rich man or a high cleric would take the bait, and she would get a gold coin. That would last you almost two months. She could only afford a modest room in a modest house. Little Luc lay at her breast when she was being fucked by a customer. The customers added an extra silver coin, she had a baby to care for.

She breastfed Luc until he was 6, it didn't do him any harm and her milk only dried up after 6 years.

The two of them always played this game to get to sleep. They stroked and tickled each other, he sucked and bit her teats very lightly and wiggled like the customers lying on top of her. The world was so simple, they cuddled and snuggled for a quarter of an hour, as Luc's little boy's cock had already been stiff for a quarter of an hour. As far back as he could remember, he had stuck his stiff thorn into Mama's pussyhole, then he stopped and they held each other tightly in an embrace. "Just let it flow, little darling," said Florene to her little son, and he let it flow. It was such a nice game, he saw a flash and then his juice ran into the cunthole. After the birth, Florence had learned from the midwife how to calculate her fertile days. On these days she didn't take any customers into her room and didn't let Luc flow in her. He knew that she was afraid of the cuddling game on these days and that she took his little cock in her mouth and let him flow in her mouth. He was fine with it, what did he know about conception and contraception?

Florence had explained to him exactly how children were made and how women masturbated. His eyes widened when she showed him how she masturbated and had an orgasm. He liked that because she masturbated every evening after the cuddling game, he sucked, licked and bit her teats very lightly when she masturbated. She loved that very much, she had told him that. He also loved it when it flashed before his eyes and he squirted into mom's pussy hole, she had explained it to him very precisely. He played in a corner of the room when a customer came home with Mom. He had seen it a thousand times already how the customer fucked Mom and quickly left again. She had explained to him that she only let herself be fucked if she couldn't have a second baby. That was fine with Luc, he had seen many babies, ugly, red-faced screamers, he didn't need one of those.

Luc naturally asked about his father. His mother told him that he had died in the war against Navarre. He began to hate Navarre and the war in which his grandfather, his mother's father, had also died. When he grew up, he would go to Navarre and cut off everyone's heads, he was sure of that. After all, they had stabbed his father and

grandfather with their long swords. They deserved to have their heads cut off!

Florence had never been to school, she had learned to read and write from her father. Now it was the case that she didn't have enough money to send Luc to school. She taught him to read and write herself when he was 5, they read the daily newspapers together and of course she explained to him everything that was going on in the world and in the city. Most of these pamphlets were full of hatred or contempt for "the others". So she gradually explained to him that they had a king and a queen, that there was a large army where the soldiers fought against this or that enemy. That there was a people, that there were a few rich people who were called the nobles and that there was also the other people who were starving and had no money and that they were something in between, noble and destitute.

The king had died, there was a new king. They both had to travel to Reims to bury the old king and to see the coronation of the new king. All of the nobles, rich and poor, had to go there. Mama had packed a travel bag with their best clothes and they rode in the back of horse-drawn carts, piece by piece to Reims. They were on the road for almost a week, sleeping in barns because they had no money for an inn. Mama had wisely saved some money so that they could buy enough food on the way. Luc was very excited, it was a real adventure! He had never spent the night in a barn, never slept in a stable. It was just a shame that the animals in the stable didn't sleep peacefully at night and made a lot of noise.

Finally they arrived in Reims. The huge cathedral towered over the big city. Luc's mouth fell open, he had never seen anything as big as the cathedral. Florence said that one day they would be in the cathedral, at the mass when the old king was buried. And again the next day when the new king was crowned. After that they would go back home to their little room. Luc's feet soon hurt because they went from pillar to post until they found a place to sleep in a small hall. Luc was already exhausted and was asleep in Florence's arms when they got there. She laid him down in the straw and fell asleep next to him.

They both woke up when the first person came into the dormitory. It was a big, rough man. It was midsummer and unbearably hot. The man stripped naked and lay down in the straw opposite them. Soon he spread his legs, rubbed his cock unashamedly for a while and squirted high into the straw. Luc whispered quietly to Mama. She explained to him that some men didn't have a woman to squirt into and rubbed themselves with their fists to squirt. Luc nodded, Mama was probably right. She was very clever and knew almost everything. The dormitory gradually filled up. A young couple lay next to them, they cuddled and snuggled for almost an hour. Luc knew this of course and watched attentively. The young woman cast a pleading look at Florence as her husband mounted her. Florence hugged Luc tightly, but the boy knew how the fucking goes. Most of the people in the dorm sat up and watched the couple fucking. The young man had pulled his pants down to his knees and the girl's skirt up over her perky breasts. They were still very young and inexperienced at fucking. The people around could see exactly how he stuck his stiff cock into her pussy hole and immediately fucked her. Luc didn't understand exactly why so many spectators were rubbing their cocks. None of the women were playing with their pussy or clit. Strange. The young man fucked his girl and they kissed endlessly until he had finished squirting. Then they continued to cuddle and he fucked his girl a second time. The girl looked into Luc's eyes full of despair, then she closed her eyes as the orgasm flooded her. The very next neighbors were also watching, but the young couple continued to fuck until he finally squirted. After a short break they cuddled again, he mounted his girl for the third time, they fucked for an eternity until he squirted. Then it was very quiet, everyone was asleep. Luc lay down on Florence, he wanted to cuddle and snuggle. She opened her dress and let him lie on her naked body and the game began. She whispered that they had to be completely silent, Luc nodded and played silently with Mom. He looked at the couple next to them, who were sleeping with exposed genitals in a tight embrace. Finally he stuck his stiff cock in her pussy hole and let it run in. "I'm ready, Mom!" he whispered, then they fell asleep.

The celebrations were very exciting, Luc thought. They had put on their best clothes and stood in the crowd for hours. At the front of the cathedral people were busy, walking back and forth, and at the back a

large choir sang beautiful songs. The songs at the funeral were so sad that Luc had to cry the whole time, it touched his heart so much. But many adults also cried, because the old king had been very popular. He had sent thousands of soldiers to their deaths, but no one held that against him anymore. People would much rather remember the lavish parties in the Palace of Versailles or the cheerfully trumpeted hunts that the king loved so much.

The coronation the next day was endlessly boring, Luc thought. People whispered and laughed quietly, no one was sad. An endless line of nobles knelt before the king and presented his sword with both hands as an oath of allegiance. Luc saw the cathedral from the inside for the second time. They had managed to get a seat and Luc was sitting on Florence's lap. He had exposed one of her breasts and was absentmindedly sucking on her teat. Nobody was paying any attention to them. He looked up at the ceiling of the Gothic cathedral. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He saw the many beautiful angels frolicking up there. He could almost see them talking, these statues were so alive. Mama whispered back, No, they couldn't talk, they were made of stone. It was over in the late afternoon. They went to the dormitory at sunset.

Florence stopped, the rough man grinned at her and continued to rub his cock. Florence looked around and stood directly in front of the man. She lifted her skirt and let him see her pussy. The man grinned and stared at her pussy with his tongue stuck between his lips. He rubbed himself very, very fast and squirted. Florence nodded at him when he had squirted. Then she lay down on the straw and let Luc play the cuddling game. At the end he stuck his erect cock in her cunthole and let his juice run into it. Florence whispered to Luc that she had become very hot when she saw the horny man and his squirting and that she had to rub herself right away, but she was embarrassed to do it in front of so many people. Luc shrugged. They didn't know any of these people. They wouldn't hear if they were talking about her behind her back. Florence was already really hot and gave in. She lifted her skirt, let her knees fall apart and rubbed her clit in full public. Of course everyone was watching, some came very close and sat down to watch Florence masturbate. Men and women masturbated, grinning and squirting. They were distracted at

least, when the young couple next to them started fucking. All eyes were on the couple fucking, no one looked closely as Florence's finger continued to rub her clit.

Florence had started talking to the girl and found out that they were half-siblings. They had only found out recently, and they were already lovers. Florence had asked Luc to sit in front of her so that those around her didn't see her masturbating. She looked at the brother's big cock, which he was pushing into his sister's little pussy hole. This stimulated Florence's imagination a lot, she fantasized about being fucked as his sister. She had lifted up her skirt and was masturbating hard behind Luc's broad back. She came to orgasm at the same time as her sister, the orgasm was powerful and strong. She looked over, the brother was in the finale and was fucking his sister with powerful thrusts. All three of them needed a break, then the brother fucked his sister again. Florence looked at his cock, his thrusting triggered her horniness again. She masturbated and saw her sister running towards orgasm. She climaxed at the same time as his sister, and if she had reached out she could have touched the brother's thrusting cock. But then it was over.

Luc noticed that Florence had finished masturbating and was modestly pulling down her skirt. He lay down on top of Mom, he really needed the cuddling game. His cock had become stiff as he watched the couple fucking and Florence masturbating out of the corner of his eye. That was more than enough of a turn-on and he quickly stuck his cock in Florence's pussy hole because he had to squirt right away. The next day they went home, after 4 days they were back home.

The next year was completely unspectacular. Florence collected silver and gold coins, she was not ugly like so many others, the men liked to go with her. But one stood out in particular. An aristocrat, rich and paying in gold coins, but he was a rough and brutal guy. Florence reassured Luc that she didn't mind if the rough guy hit her after fucking. Luc always wanted to intervene, but Florence held him back. The rough guy always gave 3 gold coins, which was a lot of money. But Luc could no longer stand the guy beating up his mother.

The catastrophe did not come quietly, but with a loud bang and beating. Florence was bleeding from her nose and mouth when the guy finally let go of her. She lay on the pillows, dazed and close to fainting, when she saw a shadow scurry past behind her tormentor. It was Luc who grabbed the monster's dagger and rammed it into his throat. The guy fell over like a sack of potatoes, blood spurted from his neck and he was dead in seconds. Luc stood over him like an animal ready to pounce. Florence screamed like mad and jumped up immediately. Luc hugged her protectively, they both stared silently at the dead man. Thoughts raced through Florence's brain.

Luc was no longer a child. They would behead him on the guillotine. But she could claim emergency and self-defense, they would not behead her. She pulled herself together. She told Luc insistently what would happen next, what he should say, what he should not say. She would present it as self-defense, so the punishment would certainly not be so bad. It took Luc a few minutes to understand it. She ran behind him into the street and called for help. The gendarmes came quickly, she told her story three or four times, she made no mistake. She told Luc where he would find money in the room and was taken away. Since there was a dead person, the trial was carried out quickly. Florence could have been acquitted, but two of the three judges despised her because she worked as an unregistered prostitute. She had to go to prison for a year and a half.

Since Luc was not yet 18, he was put in an orphanage. Every week he was allowed to visit Mama in La Salpetriere prison for a quarter of an hour. But she was not doing badly, she had settled in and lived according to the rules of the institution, but also according to the unwritten rules of the crooks. At 17, Luc was one of the older ones, but he always said, "I'm not the leader of anything!" and behaved like that. He was more of a loner, he didn't cause any trouble for the staff and didn't take part in any of the stupid actions of his male colleagues. The only thing that interested him and that he was fully into was fucking. Fucking the staff was not a good idea, the staff chose their victims themselves. But he approached all the girls. First he fucked the ones his own age, then the younger ones. Most of these girls were completely perverted and let themselves be fucked. There

was rivalry and competition, but Luc didn't take part in any of that. He just made sure that a willing girl was waiting for him at night.

One of the older girls was very into Luc. She pushed herself forward, fucked him as often as she could. Of course he fucked her as often as he could, but he didn't return her fervent, lustful feelings. She couldn't accept that. So one night she came to him with a young, frightened child, triumphant. "This is Remy, she's brand new here. She's still a virgin and I thought I'd give her to you as a gift. You can be the first to fuck her, to deflower her. Well, what do you say?" He looked at Remy, then at Madelaine, his stalker. "Okay," Luc said slowly, "I'll accept her as a gift. I'll remember who gave her to me, Madelaine!" She made a terrible curtsy and pulled away with an ugly grin.

Luc hugged Remy very kindly and said gently, "I won't hurt you, don't be afraid of me. I'll give you enough time before we fuck, okay?" Remy nodded and breathed a sigh of relief. "You're a nice man, Luc!" she said, "I'm not afraid of you. But you definitely want to fuck me, right?" Luc nodded. "When you're ready." Remy told her about her family, about her mother who had died a year ago and her father who didn't want to deflower her, she was too young in his opinion. He let her do it with her fist and loved to squirt in her mouth. But he wanted to wait another year or two before they fucked. Now her father was dead too, run over by a horse-drawn carriage. Remy said she would like to do it with her fist and he could squirt in her mouth too. Luc nodded, that was a good idea. They lay naked on their bed in the girls' dormitory, Remy masturbated him with her fist and let him squirt in her mouth. He wasn't finished yet, said Luc after he had squirted, he needed it again. Remy did it to him a second and then a third time. She had gotten really hot, but he had to go back to the boys' quarters, he couldn't stay and watch her masturbate.

The next evening he went with her again. She told him how hard she had had to masturbate yesterday, she had gotten so hot and horny. She was now ready to fuck him. She had been pestering her father for half a year because she wanted to be deflowered and fucked. "Okay," said Luc, "if you really want it, I'm fine with it!" A

whole crowd of girls surrounded Remy's bed, there was a deflowering to gawk at! It didn't bother him, but Remy was quite frightened because so many girls were watching. He lay on top of her and told her to steer his cock and hold it afterwards in her hand, that felt very good. Remy steered his cock, it pushed through her hymen with a quick jerk and Remy let out a tiny little scream. Luc paused and asked if it hurt a lot? Remy shook her head, no, she was only frightened for a moment, it didn't hurt at all. Luc looked into the girls' circles and fucked Remy for a very long time, probably 20 minutes. She held his cock with her hand while he was fucking her, which made her very horny. Most of the girls had left when he came into Remy's pussy hole. Then he lay next to her, breathing heavily and gasping for air.

After the second fuck and after the third, Remy kissed him for a very long time. "You are my first man and my favorite!" she whispered softly. During the third fuck, which lasted a long time, the bell rang, in five minutes all the girls and boys had to be in their dormitories. He squirted as fast as he could and told Remy, who was showering him with kisses, that she would have to make sure she had contraception if she wanted to stay with him. She should ask the women in the kitchen, they were nicer and more reliable than the educational staff. Then he ran down to the boys' quarters.

Of course, Luc visited his mother every week at the Salpetriere. After a few weeks, he told her about Remy, as much or as little as he knew about her. Florence had lost all her fat, but she was in good spirits. She would be out in six months, that's what the friendlier guards had said, and they had to know. Luc said that he had only taken a handful of silver coins from her treasure so far, everything else remained well hidden.

He and Remy remained an inseparable couple. He had to fuck Madelaine now and then, almost out of gratitude, but he left no doubt that his heart belonged only to Remy. Everyone accepted that he lay with Remy every evening and fucked her until the bell rang. Even Madelaine gave in, she couldn't win him back, she turned to other victims of her ardent desires. But it took more than 6 months before Florence told him, beaming with joy, that she would be re-

leased the following Sunday. He checked out of the orphanage, said goodbye to Remy with a heavy heart and picked Florence up from the Salpetriere on Sunday morning.

They stayed in bed for two days. They didn't smooch, they didn't snuggle. They cuddled and fucked like a couple who hadn't seen each other for ages. Florence had missed fucking more than she thought. In the Salpetriere she had to masturbate all days and all night and she told Luc that she never wanted to masturbate again, only fuck. That was of course a hasty statement, but it was completely understandable.

Florence told him that she had learned lesbian sex in the Salpetriere, that was something particularly fine! She sometimes had a cellmate who could and wanted to do that. She had learned it and found the clit-to-clit fucking wonderful, even though you had to twist yourself acrobatically. She described it to Luc as best she could. And she was determined to do it sometimes in the wild, too; she would keep an eye out and let him watch. After a week, she went out hunting for men again and earned silver and gold coins again.

It only took a few weeks for Florence to get the hang of it. There were enough rich, bored women who would pay for good lesbian sex. It wasn't difficult for her to find customers. She brought the first woman with her and only had to explain why Luc was there. The customer was already hot and horny like yellow monkey shit and didn't give a damn about Luc. She wanted to be fucked by Florence, now, immediately, without further ado! Florence undressed the distinguished older lady and got into bed with her. The lady smelled incredibly good, Luc noticed as he lay down with the ladies. The distinguished lady moved away a little, she wanted to be fucked by Florence! Luc smiled, "but of course, Madame! I'm practically not even here, don't pay any attention to my cock, Madame!"

Florence unfolded her wings, she sold clitfucking for the first time for two gold coins! The lady was not ugly, she was well-groomed and smelled good. Florence and Luc had also bathed that morning as every day, albeit in the shared bathroom. Florence laid herself out for Madame, who had never done it before. Florence rubbed her own cli-

toris until it was stiff and hard. Then she placed her clit on Madame's clit and began to fuck her. Luc was very excited, it looked incredibly great! The lady closed her eyes and whispered that she hadn't been fucked for a long time! Florence gave it her all, she fucked the lady so much that the lady soon no longer knew which way was up and which way was down. The lady screamed softly as the orgasm overcame her, but Florence carried on and fucked her until she herself had an orgasm, only then did she let go of Madame. Luc stroked the old woman's pussy, her clit was stiff and hot again. Without asking her for long, he fucked her. The lady screamed at first, but then she let herself sink back and be fucked. Luc fucked her for another 20 minutes after she had come immediately and Florence touched Madame's clit. She immediately triggered her orgasm while Luc squirted powerfully into the old woman. Florence helped the lady to get dressed again. Unusually, the lady thanked both Florence and Luc with a kiss on the cheek before she left.

The ladies all paid with gold coins. Florence was already considering moving to a larger, more beautifully located apartment. Luc visited Remy in the orphanage every few weeks. His girl was not doing badly, she had mourned him for a long time, but her heartache was over. Like all the other girls, she now had the whole fraternity in front of her and fucked her way through the beds. Luc took her for a walk in the garden and listened to her. He was a little sad that he couldn't take her out of the orphanage. When she was 18, she would serve as a maid of all trades, for everything in a rich household like all the other girls. Remy giggled stupidly when she said "girl for everything". You know exactly what that means, girl for everything. For everyone, she said giggling. Before Luc left, he gave her a handful of silver coins that Florence had earned. Remy was a little embarrassed, but finally took the money.

Luc and Florence fucked every night. Florence also bathed every evening, she wanted to meet Luc clean and not infect him with God knows what. They both felt that her self was something completely different than at fucking for money. Only very rarely did a customer fuck so well that she felt something different or horny, but she could never have an orgasm, they were paying customers, not lovers. When it seemed necessary, she faked an orgasm, and of course it was Os-

car-worthy. But with Luc it was completely different, she didn't fake anything. Either she had an orgasm, which happened again and again, or she triggered the orgasm with her finger after fucking him. But she didn't need to put on a show for him.

Luc often talked about it. He had killed a man and it was actually self-defense, but he didn't have to pay for it. He had only been sentenced to one and a half years in an orphanage, where he actually had a pretty good life. Florence had been sent to the Salpetriere for one and a half years for manslaughter, even though she hadn't done it. Florence didn't like to talk about the subject. She had sat it out so as not to lose him to the guillotine forever, that was a small price to pay. And she had learned something there that she could now use professionally and that earned her a lot of gold coins.

Luc kept fit and ran for half an hour every morning in the Jardin de Luxembourg before he bathed and had breakfast. Sweating for half an hour was good for his body, but it was also good for him mentally. When he ran, he could think well. For example, that he had never fucked Florence before the Salpetriere. Only afterwards did they fuck, without talking about it any further; it was somehow natural. He had actually learned to fuck in the orphanage because it was completely normal there. The girls in the orphanage didn't make a big fuss; each of them was happy to get one of the few boys to fuck; that was also quite normal there. The fact that the girls learned contraception from the cooks was quite natural because the cooks were much nicer than the staff, who only cared about whom of the orphan girls they could fuck that night. All female staff were lesbians. That was also quite normal there.

Luc liked to remember the time before the Salpetriere. He had been cuddling and snuggling with his mother for as long as he could remember, and it was very nice. He had always been able to squirt, and she patiently let him let his juice run into her. She would have let him fuck her, too, she had always loved him. But he was obviously not ready to fuck, just let his juice run into her pussyhole when it flashed before his eyes, and that was all he wanted from Florence at the time. Somehow, for him, fucking was part of being an adult, he only saw adults fucking Florence. He only became an adult at 17,

when he stabbed the customer. He had to be an adult from one minute to the next and lie to the police without making a single mistake to protect himself and his mother from something worse.

Florence brought a woman or a girl with him every day who wanted to be fucked. Although Luc had watched it for years, it was always exciting and thrilling. Not a single customer complained that he was lying with them as a young man. Luc couldn't get enough of watching, the women fucked very differently, their orgasms were always different and unique. Hardly any of them refused when he fucked them afterwards, many even let themselves be fucked twice and some very young girls even three times in a row. There were at most half a handful who didn't want to be fucked and Luc respected that. He never, ever wanted to force or rape a woman, that was far from his intention. But fucking the women who had just let Florence fuck them and had wonderful orgasms was something very special. Most of them were surprised at first when he mounted them, but then they were happy to join in. They were still so full of beautiful emotions and horny, that many of them had beautiful and honest orgasms when they were fucked. Neither Florence nor he were fooled by fake orgasms, that was clear. He fucked them all, the young and the old, the thin and the fat, the lesbians and the happily married. The latter in particular loved to fuck, they had already had a lot of practice. That were very happy times, both Florence and he experienced those months, those years full of lust and sex.

Luc eventually got tired of hanging on Florence's coattails. No, he still wanted to fuck her, but he didn't do anything with his life, eating and fucking, that wasn't a real activity. He wanted to work professionally, earn money himself. Not because they needed it, Florence earned much more than they needed for daily life. He kept talking to her about it. She wasn't yet 30, she was pretty enough to fuck all the women and sometimes men, but she had to put the money aside because when she was older she wouldn't be able to earn money from fucking. It took Florence a long time to understand his thoughts and that he was right. She nodded and saved every gold piece for later. She was very happy that he wanted to work. He should organize his work so that he didn't miss out on fucking too many beautiful young girls, she said with a smile, but Luc knew that she was serious.

Luc found work and one with good prospects at that. He was apprenticed to a notary. Notaries were highly respected and earned good money. The notary was only three streets away, a five-minute walk. And he was carefully tested on how well he could read and write, which was important. He was also good at calculating with small numbers, but he would learn how to deal with large numbers, percentages and so on. The old notary, Monsieur Messier, liked him very much at first sight and that was precisely why he was hired. The notary's daughter, Perrine, ran the office with two female scriveners, and Luc knew after the interview that he would fuck both Perrine and the scriveners, one day, when the time was right. The notary had mentioned in passing that he could not give the office to Perrine because only men could be notaries. Luc went home elated and reported to Florence. She listened to his report. "Just be careful. Be slow with the fucking, don't conquer, let yourself be seduced. Women who conquer a man themselves are much more compliant and nicer when they break up than those who have been conquered by a man. They'll bite you to death!" Luc remembered her words and stuck to them strictly, for his own good.

Luc learned quickly and skillfully. Perrine was a well-trained lawyer who was not allowed to practice. So she took the young man under her wing and taught him the law. He came to work on time every morning and went home after 6 hours without a break, for a late lunch. From the very beginning, he dictated to the scriveners, he didn't want to waste his time with writing. The notary took him to his heart and taught him to the best of his knowledge. So did Perrine. Luc kept his distance and only showed professional interest. Perrine was not married, had no lovers and, as he would later discover, was completely sexually inexperienced and a virgin, a regularly masturbating virgin.

He didn't miss much at home. In the mornings Florence was out hunting, as she called it, and by the time they were fucking in the afternoon, Luc was already home. He fucked Florence's girls and women with great pleasure, he fucked so many that it made him tired. He had to take a nap before dinner to recharge his batteries. But he loved these things, watching Florence fuck a woman or a girl to madness. And then fuck the girl to his heart's content, as his heart

desired. Florence wrote down all the names and addresses in order to build up a solid client base. It could all be so simple.

Perrine took a long time, over two years. She too knew that her father would leave his fortune to her and his law firm to him. She dreamed of him when she masturbated at night. She hadn't felt the need to do so very often before, but now she saw him every day, sat next to him and taught him, she smelled his masculine scent. She knew how clean he was and how he bathed every morning, but he didn't use perfume, he smelled of himself. She had no sexual experience, even as a child she had never heard or seen anything about sex. Her mother had died when she was still quite young, and her father was a serious man, didn't let her sleep in his bed and never touched her inappropriately. He mourned his wife very much and kept stressing that he would never experience a similar love again. He hugged Perrine and kissed her, but when it came to sex, he had his own sources. Sometimes, she found out, he fucked his scriveners, the house maids and sometimes even customers. But he was very discreet and never revealed anything about it.

She had no idea how to get a man interested in her, how to seduce one, how to tie one to her. It was clear to her purely rationally that Luc de Laffitte was the best choice. Rationally, because he was the only man she knew. She was horrified to discover that she knew nothing about all these things. Nor did she have a best friend, someone she could have ask without losing face. Yes, her mother was Chinese, and during those few years Perrine had learned and internalized the meaning of losing face. She looked dazzling, but nobody told her this, only Luc. She was a beautiful Chinese woman, exotic and exciting. She was delicate and slim, she had no breasts to speak of and only a small, flat bottom. Luc was aware of how beautiful she was and that with a little makeup she would have outdone any French woman at a ball or banquet. But Perrine never wore makeup.

After two years of silent adoration and obsessive masturbation, Perrine acted rationally. There was not a single bed in the office. She rearranged her office and had a sofa installed. She told no one and would have just shrugged her shoulders. A sofa, so what!? She kept the reason to herself, not even Luc or her father found out anything.

A sofa, so what!? She now arranged things so that she sat with Luc for the 6th hour and taught him intensively about the law. He had to learn a lot to pass the notary exam!

But actually she and her body got used to his presence. Luc was 26 and she was 31. Not the ideal distribution in terms of general ideas about age. But she knew what would happen next. She was thinking very rationally when she increasingly involved her father in the subject of aging, death and inheritance in the evenings. He had to be clear about three things. If he died too early, Luc would have no proof that he was trained. So he had to leave a letter to that effect to clear the way for Luc. He was also to stipulate what would happen to the firm after his death. She could inherit his fortune, yes, but she could not inherit his firm. And thirdly — and this did not need to be in writing — thirdly, she wanted his blessing to marry Luc. Her father's head jerked up. Marry? Why didn't he know about their relationship, why didn't Luc ask for her hand himself, as was proper? Perrine immediately stopped him. "He has no idea, Daddy," she said quietly, "he doesn't know yet how much I love him. We've never spoken about love or marriage. But I love him madly, and I've decided to marry him, it's my decision, not his, not yours. I want your blessing, that's all. And no, I have no idea how to go about it practically. I have no idea about all this love stuff, as you may still know!" Perrine leaned her head on his shoulder so that he couldn't see the tears in her eyes.

But Monsieur Messier remembered how it was with love. Perrine's mother was the same, she had decided to marry the dashing lawyer, not him. Monsieur smiled. "I'll gladly give you my blessing, my dearest daughter, very gladly! But we both know that you'll snatch him up, with or without my blessing!" He laughed harshly. "Mama was like that too, I'm not in the least surprised." He poured himself a glass of cognac and gave Perrine a glass of cognac too. "I still live with Mama, inside me, nothing has changed. She is always with me, funeral or not. And you will have noticed that I get sex for money. I am perhaps the most unreliable person you can get. I know how Mama got me. Firstly, she seduced me, seduced me sexually, and secondly, told me how much she loved me and thirdly, that she wanted to be my wife. I was so overwhelmed that I couldn't even get a yes

out. That's more or less how she did it, like a triple jump." Perrine smiled again. "If you had told me this earlier, Dad, I would never have put you on the hero's pedestal from which you will now inevitably fall. No, seriously, I thank you for your blessing. I know how old-fashioned I am, but that is the first step, then comes the triple jump. Sexually seduce, confess my love and get married. It's actually quite simple, your recipe, Dad, and I kiss you for your wisdom!" she said and kissed him on the cheek like a daughter. "Dad, I confess, I need another cognac, a double one, please!"

The very next day, Monsieur had the two documents written, had Perrine read them and put them away in the top drawer of the desk. "I still feel far too healthy to talk about dying, but you did the right thing, Perrine!" Otherwise, he didn't let on that he was privy to Perrine's triple jump. She was completely rational. When they were sitting alone in her office, she asked Luc if he could tell her anything about sex. She had no idea, like a three-year-old child. Luc sat up straight. He was suddenly awake. How serious was she? But Perrine insisted that she was very embarrassed, but she wanted to hear it from him. Her mother hadn't told her because she had died far too early, and her father — she left the sentence open. An ice-cold shiver ran down his spine. This wasn't a play, this wasn't a test, this was a friend asking the person she trusted most. His heart warmed.

Perrine had locked her office door like she did every day when she was not to be disturbed. So he described the cock and pussy, the fucking and the masturbating. She pricked up her ears. She had often seen her mother masturbating as a child, as he had described female masturbation, and since then she had done it too, every night, just once. One orgasm was enough to get her to sleep, said Perrine. She had done it much more often during puberty, but that was long over. She was 31 now and one orgasm was enough for her. So that was settled. Would he show her his cock? She had never seen one before, even in pictures and statues you only saw a fig leaf covering it. He nodded hesitantly, but he felt her childlike, honest trust. So he pulled down his pants. "Go ahead and touch it, it won't bite," he laughed. Perrine really saw a cock for the first time and reached for it. "It's warm and soft," she commented scientifically-rationally. "Wait a while and hold it properly, it will grow." Luc explained the scrotum,

the foreskin, the glans with the hole. “Yes, for pissing and squirting semen into the vagina, while fucking.” She pulled the foreskin back a few times to inspect the glans closely. He looked at the grandfather clock. “We have to stop,” he said, “Mom is probably already waiting for me with lunch!” While he was getting dressed again, she asked if she would show him how to squirt and how to fuck tomorrow? Luc nodded, well tomorrow then! He went home as quickly as he could.

Florence congratulated him on having waited for over two years without batting an eyelid. And now she was taking the initiative, that was good, because if they split up afterwards, she wouldn’t bite him to death. Florence asked him to tell her again what he had said to Perrine. “So not a word about contraception, pregnancy and childbirth?” she said and he nodded. You can’t cram everything into a single hour. But should he tell her about his juice flowing in her cunthole and the subsequent fucking? Orphanage? Remy? Florence thought about it. “If she wants to marry you, you should tell her, but not a day in advance!” she said with great seriousness. “I’m your mother and you’re my son, and the fact that we fuck each other is socially rejected, frowned upon and forbidden by law. So not a day in advance!”

He was quite confused at work the next day. Perrine pulled him into her office half an hour earlier than usual and locked the door. They sat down on the sofa again as usual. “Squirting and fucking,” said Perrine, “we stopped yesterday.” He nodded, that was true. But first he had to address four topics, he said, deflowering, contraception, pregnancy and childbirth. Perrine fiddled with his fly and searched for his cock, childlike and completely uninhibited. Deflowering. He described it in detail and Perrine wanted to know if it hurt? He nodded, “I’ve deflowered many girls,” he lied, “most of them have felt little more than a little prick, not even like a bee sting.” Perrine nodded and pulled his cock out for good. “I’ll hold it firmly in my hand again so it hardens,” she said, because she was a rational person. He explained to her in broad terms about contraception and the connection to women’s menstruation. “I had it very late, I was already 27,” said Perrine. “Our family doctor explained my period and how to use the sanitary pad to me, thank God, otherwise I would have died of panic!” said Perrine. Luc felt his cock slowly hardening.

He hurried to explain the pregnancy and the birthgiving. The childbirth was much worse than he was describing, but he didn't want to scare her too much. "And the baby really comes out from down there?" asked Perrine in disbelief. Yes, he said, through the pussy hole. It is very elastic and can expand so much that the head can come out, and the rest of the baby comes out without any problems. But the head causes a lot of terrible pain. Perrine nodded. "I can't imagine it, my pussy hole is very tight and almost completely closed." Luc nodded, "that's the hymen that is pierced during the first fuck, during the defloration." Perrine nodded. "Squirting and fucking, that was our topic today, wasn't it?" she interjected. "Okay," Luc admitted after a moment's hesitation, "that's right. You can rub my cock to make it squirt if you want," he finished the difficult cliff. "Okay," said Perrine, "what should I do?" He told her how to rub the foreskin firmly with her fist and she did it. Perrine did it as if she had always done it. Luc took out his handkerchief before he squirted. Perrine paused in surprise, but he said she had to keep rubbing until nothing more came. He was damn careful to squirt into the handkerchief, he didn't want to mess up his dark suit.

Perrine sighed deeply. "So that's the squirting, okay. Now comes the fucking!" But he said, "that a man needs a rest after squirting, and besides," his gaze slid to the grandfather clock, "I promised Mom I'd be on time today, yesterday's lunch got cold," he lied cheekily. "So tomorrow we'll fuck," murmured Perrine, and he added, "Tomorrow the deflowering and maybe the fucking, if the prick was bearable." Perrine nodded, "anything else?" Luc thought for a moment. "A towel to put under so we don't mess up the sofa, that would be smart." He quickly ran home.

Florence laughed broadly. "She did it with her fist? And you squirted in her mouth?" He hung his head. "I knew," he said in a joking tone, "that I had forgotten something important, the squirting in the mouth! Oh my God, how stupid she will think I am, I only squirted in my handkerchief because of the dark suit!" They both laughed heartily. "It's very good that you are taking it slowly! The poor child will be rolling around in bed with excitement! We women like to be excited and wait for something to happen!" They laughed until they almost roared. "No, Mama," he said, becoming serious

again, “I don’t want to laugh at Perrine’s expense. She asked me in confidence, like a best friend. I’m not laughing at her, that would be a betrayal of our friendship.” Florence stopped laughing too. “You’re right, that was mean of me.”

Luc ate the dessert with relish. English vanilla pudding with raspberry jam. Florence asked what Perrine actually looked like. “Slim and delicate, no breasts, black shoulder--length hair and a fine, noble face, a Chinese face.” Florence’s mouth remained open. “Perrine Messier, a delicate Chinese woman?” Luc nodded, what about, Florence? She answered, “A young lawyer had come to the Salpetriere, the Chinese Perrine Messier, she had interviewed the prisoners, how, where and what. Everything, she wanted to know everything. A pleasant, friendly person, that’s why I remembered her name. She listened to everything and wrote it down, but of course nothing has changed.” Luc thought about it, one stone fit the other. “And the same one did it to me today with her fist!”

The next day at work was a disaster, he knew that. Now it was he who pushed Perrine into the office. “We need more time for our project today,” he explained. She closed the file on her desk and locked the door, then she came to the sofa. He asked her urgently if she really wanted to do it, because it reduced the chances of marriage if you were no longer a virgin. “Oh, come on,” she said lightly, “I already know who I want to marry!” He looked into her beautiful brown-gold almond eyes. “Well, if that’s the case,” he said a bit disappointed and slowly undressed. He nodded to her and told her to take off her clothes too. She had a beautiful, slim body, small round breasts and a small black bush towered over her pubic cleft. They lay down on the sofa, hugging each other tightly, on the white towel that she had placed under her small ass. “I don’t want to hurt you, dear Perrine,” he said, “but you will feel a little prick!” Perrine nodded, not bothered by the fact that he had spoken to her in a familiar tone. “I know, my dear Luc, I’ve remembered everything well and I’m not the least bit afraid.” They looked calmly into each other’s eyes and nodded to each other, then he got her ready.

He guided his cock into the entrance to her cunthole, where he immediately felt the hymen. With a quick jerk he penetrated, the hymen

tore instantly. “A prick,” smiled Perrine, “from a mighty big wasp!” she smiled as he pushed his cock deep inside. “Does it hurt a lot?” he asked, but she shook her head. He began to fuck her slowly and carefully. He lasted a long time, the squirt only came after 20 minutes. He pulled his cock out instantly, rubbed it and squirted on her belly. He continued to rub his cock until he had squirted everything out. “Why?” asked Perrine, slightly irritated. “This is the worst method of contraception of all,” he said with a sigh, “but I don’t want to make you a bastard, just like that!” Now she nodded, understanding. “You’re still really horny from fucking,” said Luc gently, “now you have to trigger your orgasm with your finger!” Perrine nodded obediently and masturbated very quickly. Her beautiful, smooth face twisted briefly into a grimace of pain, then she immediately relaxed and smiled into his eyes. He looked at the grandfather clock. “I have to go home, my love,” he said warmly. She looked at him and asked, “Are we going to fuck again tomorrow?” He nodded. “If you bring a clean towel tomorrow, I know you want to fuck.” He left quickly and she looked at the towel. A few small splatters of blood and his semen that had run down.

Florence gave him a warm hug when he told her. “She seduced you, she will never forget you, because you were her first husband.” He asked her, somewhat thoughtlessly, if she still knew who her first one was, as she had fucked thousands? She said immediately, “It was your father, your grandfather, and it was on July 4th, 1842,” she blurted out. He lowered his head. “Sorry, Mama, I didn’t mean to offend you!” Florence nodded, “It’s fine, Luc, you conquered a body today and you might lose your soul if she devours you, skin and hair. I don’t know how much of her is Chinese or French.” Luc was about to answer when there was a knock on the door. “She’s much too early,” said Florence, “you haven’t eaten yet!” She opened the door and let the beautiful young lady in. He waved and said he would warm up his food and eat it, they should start now. During the meal he watched the girl and Florence slowly undressing and lying down next to each other. The girl stood up again, rummaged in her purse and put three gold coins on the bedside table. If she hadn’t stood up he wouldn’t have seen her wonderful Rubenesque figure. The women cuddled for a long time, he finished eating and put the dishes away. He lay down next to the cuddling women. “Madame de Montjuich, the wife of the

Minister of War," whispered Florence and continued. "This is Lucien," she said between two long French kisses. The young Marquise gave him just a quick glance, and an even longer one at his cock. He couldn't suppress his grin, "and this is little Luc, Madame la Marquise," he smiled. She turned back to Florence with a smile and they cuddled for so long that Florence started to fuck her clit. The beautiful Marquise had one sighing orgasm after another until Florence orgasmed herself. Luc immediately leaned over the beautiful woman. "I was afraid you never asked, my little Luc," she smiled and let herself be fucked wonderfully, she was still very excited and horny from before and had another great orgasm just as Luc squirted inside. He was exhausted and sank onto the Marquise, he gasped for air and rolled up next to Florence. She stroked his hair. The Marquise stood up and let Florence dress her. She rummaged in her purse again and put three more gold coins on the bedside table. "For little Luc, I haven't been fucked as well as today in ages!" she exclaimed happily and relaxed, then she left with a bang.

Perrine brought a clean towel every morning and laid it on the sofa. Luc had marked in a book where contraception was described by counting the days after your period. Perrine took a rational approach and made a calendar. That's how Luc taught her how to squirt in her mouth, how to suck, lick and caress his cock with her tongue, and she read up on it in the clever book. He gave her Florence's regards. She was taken aback when he said that Florence knew her from the Salpetriere. He said that she had spent almost a year and a half in prison for manslaughter, a customer had beaten her half to death. He kept the whole truth to himself. "What, a customer? What does your mother actually do?" asked Perrine suspiciously. "She fucks rich women for three gold coins," said Luc dryly. But Perrine was stuck. "How can two women fuck?" she asked, confused. Luc said that they fuck each other with their clit, they fuck clit on clit. Perrine closed her eyes and imagined it. "You have to bend quite a bit," Luc added, "at least the person on top has to be very flexible. Mom is not yet forty and it's not difficult for her." Perrine opened her eyes and looked him straight in the eye. "It's OK with me," she said and never brought the subject up again.

Perrine had prepared Luc thoroughly for the notary examination. He was very nervous, but Perrine took his hand as they went to the examination. He passed with flying colours and received his diploma. Perrine's father called him into his office. Perrine stood at the window and pretended to look out onto the Champs Elisées. Monsieur picked up some documents. "It's amazing how beautiful the documents are, with these new typewriters!" he said, for his firm was one of the first to use typewriters. "Well. First, your appointment as a partner, dear Luc." He handed Luc the document. "Second, the change in the legal form of the company. My firm is now called 'Messier, de Laffitte and Partners', as you can see from the letterhead." The old notary paused for a long time. "Partner, this is Perrine for now. She has invested a considerable amount in our firm, Luc. Listen, she cannot be an Notary at the moment, but perhaps one day. She would be an excellent notary, believe me." Luc paid little attention to the documents. He had admired the typewriters at first, but they had simply become part of the daily business. He looked at the old man. "Thank you, sir, it is a very great honor! I promise to do my best to advance the firm. I swear that, by all that is holy!" So Luc became a notary and partner in the firm. His salary remained the same, but at the end of the year he received a decent chunk of profit sharing.

He invited Florence, Perrine and the maitre to the best restaurant in town. They got to know each other, with Florence only identifying herself as his mother and saying nothing about her livelihood. It was a very warm meeting, Perrine whispered to Florence, the Maitre to Luc about business.

Luc fucked Perrine every day or came in her mouth, she had learned to concentrate fully on her orgasm when fucking and it usually worked. Nevertheless, she masturbated after fucking because she had noticed how much Luc liked watching her. Luc still went home for lunch after 6 hours and in the afternoon fucked all the beautiful or ugly, lesbian or heterosexual girls and women with Florence. Of course he didn't tell Perrine about his double life, because she was the first person he fucked on the sofa every day.

Perrine waited a few more weeks before telling him how much she loved him.

And that she was going to marry him.

• • •

Raid in Mongolia

by Jack Faber © 2024

Mom let Dad fuck her every morning without feeling anything. Dad had to squirt inside her every morning, so that was OK. When Dad left, she carefully pulled her sleeping son Ben between her thighs. They weren't officially allowed to fuck properly until next year, but that was OK. Ben was only half awake when she pushed his cock deep inside her cunthole. She masturbated with pleasure because she had become so horny while fucking. She stroked his buttocks and his cock grew steadily until it completely filled her pussyhole. Ben's cock was already much bigger and harder than daddy's, even though he was only 15. Mom ignored the customs, he was good at fucking and she would be stupid to miss it. For months she had been letting him fuck her properly, he did it while he was half asleep and dozing. She guided him and controlled the fucking, she stroked his asshole and his balls finely. He fucked her for at least an hour, he squirted again and again until he was completely empty after an hour. After an hour she grabbed his balls really tightly and he woke up. He was still lost in a dream and stammered, "Mom, can I now, can I fuck you really hard and squirt all inside you!?" She nodded, "Yes, now, my boy, fuck me really hard and squirt all inside!" He straightened up, grabbed her hips and fucked her hard and relentlessly for a few minutes. She squeezed his balls really hard, giving the signal to squirt inside. He sank down next to her and she pulled and tugged at his foreskin. She licked and sucked the last drops out of his cock and licked him clean. The boy dozed and now she masturbated with much pleasure, this was the hour of paradise.

When the attack took place, Ben was lying inside Mom's thighs and labia. In the last six months, his cock had started to squirt on its own and Mom held his cock tight and let him squirt inside her with a good-natured smile. She waited patiently until he had finished squirting, then she rubbed his foreskin back and forth until nothing more came. She loved her own slow masturbation in the morning, the hesitant and slightly anxious thrusting of her boy, who was afraid that his father would catch him fucking again. His father often

caught them fucking, he only interrupted briefly to fuck mom, but he did not scold him and let them continue fucking with a good-natured grin. Mom took her time and usually let the boy thrust and squirt inside her for an hour. It was the hour of paradise.

The strange warrior pushed Ben roughly to the ground and delighted in his mother's naked body, she was indeed a feast for the eyes. Ben had squirted into her pussy hole as always and his semen was running thickly from her furrow. The horrible guy didn't hesitate for a moment, ripped his cock out of his pants and rammed it deep into mom's fuck hole.

Mom's dagger cut his cheek and he roared. His sword scraped along her ribs and he stabbed her through the shoulder. Now she was unconscious and he began to fuck her hastily.

Ben held his breath, the guy was fucking mom just like dad, that couldn't be right! Only now did he hear the noise of battle. His hand clutched the spearhead that dad had been working on. He stared at the guy. He had grabbed Mama around the hips and was squirting in full jets! He wasn't allowed to do that, the bastard, not even Ben was allowed to do that, even if Mama had put him in herself like today and in the last few weeks.

Ben reached out and rammed the spearhead deep into the guy's eye. He fell backwards, head and upper body fell out of the door into the open. A rider stopped, then shouted a command and the whole gang disappeared, without any prey. All of the men in the small settlement had been slaughtered.

Ben had thrown a fur over himself and buried the dead with the others. Papa and his little sister Pam were among the dead. Ben was crying like a little child, Pam had only been 10 and they had only been really fucking each other for a few weeks. It was all new for both of them and now she was dead.

The old Umma had taken care of Mama's injuries. She shook her head as Ben entered the yurt. She had done everything, but whether Mama survived or not, she couldn't say. Umma covered Mama

warmly and asked about his arm. Ben shrugged, it hurt like hell. Umma sat up and felt his arm. “Dislocated shoulder,” she murmured and let the boy sit between her open thighs. “I’m old and weak,” she said, “I have to use my legs!” Ben nodded, what could he say? She was the healer, the midwife!

She braced her legs against him and he couldn’t take his eyes off her. He stared at her reddened, sore, big fuck hole. He had only seen Pam’s and sometimes Mama’s fuck hole when she masturbated. But Umma’s hole was definitely the biggest. “It’ll hurt for a moment,” she said and he stared at her pussy hole as if hypnotized. There was a jolt, but he felt no pain. She opened her thighs even wider and grinned at him. “Well, have you never seen a pussy before?” she asked kindly. Ben shook his head, but it was a lie.

The Umma pulled his fur down. “You have to warm her up, warm her up with your body!” and let him lie behind his mom. The Umma grabbed his half-hard cock, rubbed it for a few moments and stuck his cock in the crack of her ass. “You can rub and squirt in her crack, no problem. But make sure you keep her warm. I’ll be back tomorrow!” and so the Umma disappeared.

Ben covered them both tightly. I’m supposed to keep her warm. And I can rub myself inside too. But he didn’t feel like rubbing, Mom didn’t like it. She wanted him to keep his cock still, at least recently, she rubbed it really hard and pulled it out earlier to squirt. Ben closed his eyes at the memories when she forgot to pull his cock out and just let it run in and squirt. “We’ll ask Dad if you can fuck me now!” but that didn’t happen. Ben poked a little in the crease of her ass and deeper, he squirted listlessly several times in her pussyhole, then he fell asleep.

Umma came every hour to check on Mom. He looked Umma straight in the eyes and asked why her pussy was rubbed raw. She didn’t lie to him. “I rub my pussy and my clit very, very often,” she said, “we women need rubbing too!”

Ben said no, he hadn’t rubbed in Mom’s crease. He said Mom didn’t want it, she much preferred to rub him with her fist and let

him fuck her and squirt inside. Now Umma wanted to know exactly and he told her everything. Mom used to let the foreskin slide back and forth until he squirted. For a few months now she had been putting his cock all the way in and rubbing it, but she still pulled it out to squirt. For a few weeks now she had been leaving his cock inside when he fucked her and squirted inside.

Umma nodded understandingly and said she could do it for him with her fist in the evenings. He just had to keep Mom warm. And so it happened. Umma stuck his cock between his mother's ass cheeks, into her pussyhole and rubbed it gently, as Mom had done. Before he squirted, Umma stuck the tip of his cock into Mom's asshole and let him squirt inside. Ben's eyes widened, Mom had never done that before. "I can see that she likes that very much!" Umma stated when he gazed startling.

Before Umma left, she praised him and said he could fuck Mom's asshole and squirt inside every time his cock got hard. And so he did. His cock got hard three times, he stuck it deep into Mom's asshole and fucked her until he squirted inside. That was actually very pleasant, similar to how Mom did it to him. He kept Mom warm all night.

Umma was sad because Mom was still not feeling well. She asked him how the ass fucking was. He said honestly that fucking with little sister Pam was much better. After he had told Umma all this in detail, she asked him provocatively why he didn't fuck Mom like Pam? It was very difficult to explain all this to the old woman.

He was only 14 and dad would only have allowed it if he was 15. Mom had explained the law to him, he wasn't allowed to fuck her properly until he was 15 and dad was pretty strict about it.

Of course mom had been letting him squirm and thrust a little for months because otherwise he couldn't squirt. But mom only let him squirm for a long time and then let him thrust thoroughly for 5 minutes because he swore solemnly. Umma asked him again. "You thrust for minutes and then you squirted inside?" He nodded, fucking her usually only for 5 or 10 minutes, then she would stroke his balls hard and that was her signal to squirt. Umma said that dad had unfortu-

nately already died and they couldn't ask him for permission anymore. But she was already old and wise, she could give him permission. He hadn't really enjoyed the ass fucking, had he?

Umma guided his cock through the crack of her ass all the way to the front and stuck it in from behind in Mom's pussyhole. She nodded in satisfaction, then left. Ben thought that Umma was a very smart and clever woman. She had seen at a glance how much he longed for Mom and had quickly given her permission.

As before, he fucked Mom very gently until she seemed to smile. Her smile spurred him on, he pushed faster and faster and squirted everything in. His thoughts went to Dad, who would never push and squirt in Mom's fuckhole again. I'll do it for you, Dad, he thought. He loved Daddy so much that he only briefly interrupted their fucking to quickly fuck Mom. He shook off his cock and, smiling, put Ben's cock back into Mom's fuckhole and let the two of them carry on fucking. He hugged Mom again to warm her up. His cock woke him up three more times that night, so he fucked her three times well and made her smile three times.

He realized that Mom wanted something when he fucked her. He played with her cold/warm. She guided him to her ass. He had to spread her ass cheeks as wide as possible. So far, so good. She guided his index finger to her asshole, where he was supposed to fuck her really hard with his index finger while fucking her. She smiled very sweetly, now things were going the way she liked them. Ben fucked her ten times a day, for as long as he could. Mom rewarded him every time with a sweet smile for fucking and assfucking at the same time, that was quite clear.

Mama fought for her life for another 10 days before she lost. Ben buried her under the stones next to Papa and Pam. Then he cried for two days because he didn't know what to do. Umma came to comfort him and let him fuck her too because he needed it so badly. She good-naturedly let him fuck every day, the poor guy.

He pulled himself together and continued the repairs to the yurt that Papa could no longer finish. The Umma brought him several

young girls and young women every day, and he had to fuck them until all 28 were pregnant. For years he was the only man, he fucked them every day until he was completely empty and gave them all one child after another. The Umma no longer needed to fuck him, he now had enough girls to fuck. Gods and good spirits were really impressed and sent him a miracle.

It was a child standing there half-naked at a safe distance with its thumb in its mouth. It was obviously hungry and thirsty. Ben lured her over with flatbread and camel milk, bit by bit. She was terribly frightened, but Ben was friendly and smiled encouragingly until she took the bread and milk. Ben told her to eat in peace, there was enough of it.

The girl in the torn shirt made no attempt to cover her pussy. Her name was Kim, she was 13, almost 14. Her village had been attacked and she had hidden herself well. No, they were Mongolian horsemen, people like you and me. She had wandered around for two weeks, licking the dew off the grass in the morning and not eating anything.

Ben told the story in broad strokes. He was the last survivor and only a few dozen women. He had no one left to fuck, he said plaintively, with the old Umma could he cum and ejaculate as often as he wanted. And he fucked several women every day to impregnate them. Of course it was great to fuck and impregnate different women every day, it was very exciting, sexually exciting, because each one fucked differently than the others. But that was a service he owed to society. So, if she let him fuck her in love, then she could stay with him, that's my suggestion.

Kim was clever and smart. She had no one to fuck either, she said in the same plaintive tone. She would gladly stay with him and fuck him if that was how she got food and drink. Ben nodded in agreement and pushed another cup of camel milk towards her. She had never fucked herself, but had watched every morning. Babbo, her father, fucked her mother every morning before he went to work with the animals. Mammo let Babbo fuck her patiently, but he never did it properly for her. So he went to work and Mammo uncovered himself completely to masturbate. She and her brother watched breathlessly,

because Mammo was the only one in the family who could masturbate so masterfully. When she was finished, she waved her brother over in a friendly manner. At first Kim had stuck his cock into Mammos cunthole, because he was quite a clumsy guy. But Kim taught him not to squirt immediately when he penetrated her, but to fuck Mammo for a long time until she was exhausted and only then to squirt inside. Mammo was soon satisfied with the boy, he fucked her three times in a row every morning and waited to squirt until Mammo had trembled and wriggled and writhed like a worm with lustful desire.

So, said Kim, I can live here and you can fuck me!?

Ben nodded hesitantly. “That’s our deal. But I have to deflower you first, Kim,” he said with a sad expression on his face, because he had deflowered Pam years ago and it had hurt her. Despite that, Pam was all fired up and loved to fuck.

Kim nodded with wide eyes, Mammo had explained it to her in detail. And the prick was only tiny, forgettable. Kim fetched a bucket of water and washed herself from head to toe. Ben gave her one of her mom’s shirts, she didn’t need it anymore. He had Kim lie naked on her back and examined her childish pussy. It was a beautiful, fine pussy. He gave her his cock in her hand. Kim looked timid at first, but he calmed her down. The cock had even gone into Pam’s very tight pussy hole without causing her any pain.

He asked Kim if she masturbated often. Kim looked at him wide-eyed. “We watched Mammo masturbate every morning, but I’ve never done it myself.” He nodded, it didn’t bother him. He had seen it sometimes with Mom, and Pam masturbated day in, day out when she felt like it. Kim nodded, that was very kind of him. But at the moment she was looking forward to fucking. And so it happened.

When she was deflowered, Kim actually only felt a small prick. She looked into Ben’s eyes. “Just put it in really deep,” she breathed. Ben did it and they both tried to feel the other. It was now Kim who started fucking. She had only learned it by watching, but she was really good at it.

At first they fucked day and night. Kim soon learned how to orgasm and Ben just loved fucking her tight pussy hole. The women of the village still came to him every day to be fucked and impregnated. Kim preferred to lie down directly in front of the girl's pussy to watch the fucking up close. She always asked if she could rub the girl's clit while she was fucked, because she loved to do that very much.

Kim stayed with him for a very long time. She was very skilled and hardworking and so they could afford a good life. They quickly had a son and two daughters one after the other. The herd of cattle thrived and so did the family.

The women brought him their daughters when they were old enough. He deflowered all of his daughters and impregnated them. He was in the prime of his virility and he fucked them all until he was completely drained. On most days he fucked a good dozen women and girls. They all loved him very much because for a long time he was the only man far and wide and was always ready to fuck and impregnate the girls and their mothers too.

When the son turned 10, he was allowed to lie with Kim. She held his cock in her hand, but he couldn't cum yet. Ben looked at his son with pleasure; the boy tried to cum because he knew that he would then be allowed to fuck Kim. Kim was very patient with him; he was allowed to put his cock in hundreds of times, even though he couldn't cum yet. Ben was happy. He lay between his two daughters, who gently caressed and stroked his body. Of course, his cock too, but they didn't rub it to make it cum yet. His son lay between Kim's thighs and worked himself to death. Kim let him fuck her repeatedly until he was completely drained. She had trained him excellently. Every morning he fucked her with his morning hard-on at least three times in a row until he was drained. She panted and gasped with desire because the boy almost brought her to orgasm every morning. She uncovered herself completely and masturbated until she had triggered the orgasm. Kim never masturbated otherwise, only every morning after sex.

Ben, who loved his two daughters very much, had also trained them well. They learned to clamp his shaft between their labia and to

grind it up and down until daddy's cock squirted. Of course they also had their orgasms, he saw when they pushed their clitoris firmly and rhythmically against the shaft with a tense expression on their faces. "Yes, that's good, my child! Press your clit as hard as you can until you feel the orgasm coming! We'll do that for the next few years, until you're 11 or 12, then I'll make you a real woman and we'll fuck properly!" The prospect of this only encouraged the girls to rub themselves on his cock to orgasm and make him squirt.

Ben deflowered them both gently and considerately. The girls beamed from ear to ear when they were allowed to ride him. He and Kim smiled because he impregnated them both every year. So things were going well for the family.

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Ron and the Sleepy Bears

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ron lay freshly bathed on the lounger, the maid gently massaging his battle-weary body with oil.

Princess Sira lay down on the lounger opposite. She was perhaps a year or two younger than him, perhaps 21. The maid removed the golden breast harness and the golden floral tangle that covered her pussy a little bit. It was attached to the girl's pussyhole with a long penis-shaped handle, and as the maid slowly pulled it out, Sira sighed deeply several times and it made a smacking noise. In this sexually permissive country, this seemed to be something embarrassing. The maid pushed the handle in and out a dozen times, fucking her, making it smacking loudly each time she quickly pulled the penis-shaped golden dildo out and brutally rammed it back in. The princess breathed heavily and gradually came to orgasm with a deep sigh, but she stopped the maid at the last moment. The maid saw his covetous look and winked at him with a wicked grin.

The maid put the golden piece of dildo aside and looked into his eyes so that he could see everything too! She stuck two fingers deep into Sira's pussy hole and worked on it with a broad grin. The show was only for him. She oiled and massaged her mistress's pussy, who hummed with satisfaction. She willingly spread herself so that the maid could pull her clit out of its hiding place. The maid continued the horny antics with a grin; now it was time to get down to business. The princess was already halfway out of her skin when the orgasm finally broke out, so she called a halt. "No, the warrior is here!"

The princess lay there exhausted, she had almost had a proper orgasm three times. "Take care of him!" she breathed tiredly. The maid lifted her skirt without a word and sat on his cock. The maid's pussy was rubbed red from all the masturbating. Grinning, she rode on his cock, because that was part of her job.

The princess had sat up. “I’ve never seen such a big cock in action,” she murmured quietly, her eyes wide open. Ron stopped the maid in the middle of his squirting. “No, the princess is here!” He grinned cheekily. “You didn’t let it finish either!” he commented cheekily and, slowly rubbing the foreskin, he came on the maid’s open pussy, who, still hot from riding the cock, was masturbating like crazy!

Sira smiled. “In your culture, it is frowned upon to masturbate in front of a man. It is not like that with us. There are only a few men to fuck, so it is quite normal for a girl or woman to masturbate in public without any shame. Anyone can watch, but for most people it is not interesting. Only when a girl masturbates particularly gracefully do they stop and watch.” Sira waited politely until the maid had finished masturbating. “If it does not seem inappropriate to you,” and ordered the maid to come over to her again.

Sira leaned back with pleasure and spread her legs and labia wide with her fingers. “You are welcome to watch, warrior Ron” she breathed, and the maid began to masturbate her very skillfully and masterfully. The princess writhed in love pains for about 20 minutes, then the maid triggered her orgasm, which was really very intense.

Ron had seen it a thousand times, but the first time with Princess Sira. They only knew each other from combat training and had never been so close sexually. The princess ordered the maid to finish him off!

“Be very gentle and careful,” he said, “my cock is still sore from fucking!” The toothless maid grinned cheekily: “I’ll do it very gently for you!” and that’s exactly what she did. With two fingers she rubbed his foreskin back and forth, the show was now for the princess. She had seen it a thousand times too, but this was the first time she saw Ron ejaculate in a high arc.

They drank another glass of wine. “Don’t get any ideas, friend Ron. You’re not from around here, so remember this. Fucking a princess is only allowed with the Queen’s permission! Even if I really want it! Or why, do you think I decided to bathe with you today!?”

Ron lowered his head sadly. “I’ve been looking forward to fucking you so much, Princess Sira!” She smiled slyly like a cat. “You’re not allowed to fuck me, but you can always stick it in, of course!” In an instant, Ron was lying next to her, turned her to the side and penetrated her soft and tight pussy hole from behind. She smiled and nodded. “Don’t fuck me!” she warned. “Sticking it in and squirting inside is okay, just don’t really fuck me!”

And that’s how it stayed. He didn’t move, he didn’t fuck her. She masturbated for about half an hour and his cock kept squirting inside, but when he squirted he had to fuck her really hard. She enjoyed the fucking wonderfully, her pussy hole cheered him on as he fucked and she cooed and laughed every time he fucked her properly in the final spurt, which was forbidden, and squirted a juicy load inside her.

The two of them bathed like this every day after training, she let his juice squirt inside her while masturbating or simply let it slowly trickle in. She always masturbated for a long time, much longer than it took him to squirt. Ron didn’t find the opportunity to ask the queen for permission. And of course he wanted to keep his head. Sira was under no pressure to take things any further. In fact, they were competitors for the next step on the military ladder.

Ron couldn’t figure out Sira. On the one hand, she obeyed the royal order and officially didn’t let him fuck her, although she really longed for it. She was content to let his big cock stick in her, fuck her and squirt inside her while she masturbated. Was she even interested in him? On the queen’s orders, Sira let herself be fucked by every foreign king or state guest, and the sparks flew!

Ron didn’t know what he wanted from Sira either. Since childhood he had slept with his mother, she was a warrior and led the army as a general. She wasn’t very picky sexually. She enjoyed fucking a lot, but had no time for flirting. She taught Ron to fuck from an early age and he fucked her as often as he wanted.

As long as Ron was still a small child, she was content with pushing the little boy’s foreskin back and forth while she herself mastur-

bated with intense pleasure. She saw no reason not to let him watch her masturbate. He was allowed to watch when she let a well-endowed dragoon fuck her every few days. She explained everything to him without hiding anything. She taught him from a very early age to rub her G-spot with his fingers and when she called “Now!” before orgasm to rub the G-spot really hard.

Of course, Mom also let him watch when she had girls or women over for sex. Mom was very much a lesbian, although she often let men fuck her, she explained that to her little son in detailed clarity. He understood instinctively that girls actually couldn’t fuck. Even as a small child, he put his face right in front of the pussyhole and watched very closely how the girls licked Mom’s clit to orgasm. He immediately noticed how much Mom loved to torture the girls. She licked the girl to her first hard orgasm and then continued, ever further, from orgasm to orgasm, until the poor girl was completely exhausted. But that’s exactly why they kept coming back, so that his Mom could lick them until they were insanely orgasming!

Gradually she introduced him to fucking, she taught him to fuck when he was 6, long before he could even ejaculate. She showed him how he had to pull back the foreskin really hard and penetrate her. He learned to feel her G-spot with the tip of his penis and, when she called out “Now!”, to fuck it really hard while she was wonderfully shaken by the orgasm. She then played with his foreskin for an endless amount of time, playfully letting the tip of his penis pop out and slide into her mouth to suck out the drops of semen. He was still a long way from being able to ejaculate, but he sighed happily when she sucked his semen out of his childish cock really hard with strong licking and sucking. She was convinced that his cock had grown bigger and bigger because of the sucking and the vigorous sucking out of his semen. Every night after she masturbated, she sucked out his semen, he squeezed and pressed his semen into her smiling mouth. Even when he began to squirt timidly, she let him squirt for a long time in her mouth.

Gradually, she let him fuck her when he was 7 or 8, and warned him to hold back until she had masturbated to orgasm. From the beginning, he learned to fuck her G-spot with the tip of his penis as

soon as she called “Now!” She could not reach orgasm during sex, she masturbated with her finger while fucking. They fucked every night until he had completely drained his juice. Over time, she stopped taking men to fuck her, fucking Ron was completely enough for her. Ron got a nice big cock and was allowed to fuck all of his mother’s girlfriends.

The mother watched them fuck and she was mighty proud of her loinstrong son. The girls moaned when he held them down by their arms. They cried fearfully and moaned desperately as his big cock approached. No, they howled and moaned, they didn’t want to be deflowered or fucked! His cock found its way into her vaginal vestibule and he waited there for her mother’s signal. She made him wait and really enjoyed the girl’s fearful crying and desperate moaning. Often she waited until his cock started to squirt. Ron always waited for the mother’s approving and encouraging nod before he drove his spear into the girl’s pussy, with no regard for the hymen.

Many of the young and most of the old ones had never been fucked before and he tore their hymen mercilessly. He fucked her several times from the front in a row and finally from behind, his thumb or index finger fucking her hard in her asshole at the same time and then they all came to the final orgasm, crying desperately and howling in lust and orgasm. He fucked each of them, the young and the old alike. He didn’t take No for an answer and violated everyone, whether they wanted it or not, he fucked them all several times in a row until he had completely drained his juice.

Many of them cried out of shame and guilt, but Mama made them smile because she then masterfully licked their clits to orgasm. Actually, they all came just to have their clits licked by Mama. He learned to fuck different types of women, but fucking Mom remained his favorite for his entire life.

The war interrupted the idyll. The queen, Sira’s grandmother, wanted the land and took it. Ron and his mother were allowed to live if they joined the army. She as a general, and she kept her only son with her because she claimed he was her sleepyhead. For more than 10 years he was able to fuck her night after night. She said that her

body had long since stopped needing it, but she let him fuck her as often as he wanted during the night, smiling good-naturedly. Ron also joined the army much later, as a scout, spy and assassin. Although the assassins always worked in groups of three, Ron's wingmen were dead and he preferred to work alone anyway.

He had already been in this kingdom for eleven years. He kept close contact with his mother, the general. He slept in her arms as often as possible. Even though he had already fucked or violated hundreds of women, he still liked fucking her the most. He had told her about his plan, but she didn't think much of it. He did it anyway.

He kidnapped the queen, Sira's grandmother, up to the roof and held the enemy captive for 3 days. "You invaded my country and killed many. Not because we had a lot of treasures, no! But because you are a bloodthirsty, evil old witch!" The queen looked very pathetic without her splendor. "Are you going to kill me?" she whined. Ron nodded. "On the third day you shall hang!" He fucked the bound woman day and night until he could no longer.

He ripped off her clothes, which had been torn to rags. She could afford to have her old body cared for and was therefore pretty enough for anyone to fuck. Ron had never seen anything like it, a golden pussy! Instead of pubic hair, the entire pussy was covered with gold plates decorated with precious stones. It was a work of art and a piece of jewelry, glittering and dazzling. "I usually get fucked by 4 or 5 men a day, I'm used to it!" she replied miserably. He untied one of her hands so that she could masturbate as she pleased. It was somehow very strange to watch, because she was obviously completely inexperienced in masturbating with her own fingers.

A sadistic character trait delighted in the pleas, begging and pleading of the over 50-year-old. He let her whimper for a long time, but then he fucked her again and again, brutally and mercilessly. On the 3rd day he hanged the naked violated woman in the highest tower, then disappeared into the forest and reappeared a day later with game in his luggage. A perfidious and perfect murder. The mother gave him a brief nod of appreciation; more communication was not possible at the moment.

Everyone had hated the old queen, no one shed a tear for her. By the time Sira's mother was crowned, the kingdom was in ruins. Even Sira ignored the rules for a few days and let Ron fuck her thoroughly. Sira's mother was much more popular and still ruled with a strong hand. When Sira asked for permission, the queen looked thoughtfully at the muscular warrior. She made a wise statement. Sira and Ron had to sleep in her bed for a month.

Queen Nibra let Ron fuck her every night until she was completely exhausted herself, then Sira could pick up the leftovers. Ron liked it. The queen was only 36, pretty and well-groomed and fucked just as well as any other. Graceful and delicate, definitely! You could tell straight away how much practice she had in fucking and Ron was very pleased. She had enough with 2 orgasms and was completely exhausted after a 3rd. Like most people in this country, she had no desire for affairs and love affairs. A good fuck, a good orgasm were much more valuable. And the queen fucked a lot and liked it.

Sira and he now had the queen's permission to fuck. Contrary to her expectations, it made everything much more complicated. They were competing for leadership positions as warriors. The fights became harder, although shortly before or after they lay in each other's arms and fucked greedily. But they were not sleeping together at that time.

Since we will be talking about "sleeping bears" below, it should be explained here. Healthy little boys were bred to be sleeping bears from an early age. There was witch's tea and magical charms that quickly turned the child's boy's cock into a big, powerful man's cock and sterilized him. The boy's virility was increased so that he could ejaculate properly at the age of 4 or 5. Every little girl from a good family got a sleeping bear when she was 8 or 9. The boy was bound to the girl with a magic spell, and she was his mistress for at least a year. The sleeping bear was usually much younger than the girl, he brutally deflowered her and fucked her half the night, he stuck to the girl like a shadow, day and night. He was not allowed to get jealous if the girl let young people or relatives fuck her during the day. Only in the evening was he her only one. The girl should learn from an early age to let herself be fucked really often, that was the boy's main task.

Most boys started the evening by fucking the girl really hard. Then the slow part began, he fucked the child from behind until he had completely drained his juices. Most girls learned to let themselves be fucked in their sleep. Many girls were very arrogant and asked for a new boy every year. But some stayed together for years and loved to fuck each other.

Since childhood, Sira was used to having a “sleeping bear” with her at night. It was customary for the little princesses to sleep in the arms of the slightly younger boys. They fucked the little girls night after night and got the little ones used to the fact that the girls were fucked or had to be fucked. Every year, Queen Nibra chose a boy for each of her daughters, whom she herself had of course fucked a dozen times as a test. Every year, Sira got a very young boy, Amadeo had just turned 10. He was well drilled and knew his job. Sira was already too old for that at 21, but she stuck with having the sleeping bear.

Amadeo waited patiently for Sira, because he had been bound to her with a magic spell. He looked into her face to see if she wanted to be fucked from the front, face to face. That was his favorite, but she only wanted it once or twice a week. Most of the time, however, she turned on her side or belly, because she had always loved being fucked deep in her pussy hole from behind. She never wanted to be fucked in the asshole. Amadeo fucked her in her silky-soft fuckhole and kept squirting in it, and when he fell asleep, his cock stayed in her silky-soft pussyhole. The girls of that time loved it when the cocks were in their pussy hole all night.

Amadeo’s job was now to penetrate her pussy hole from behind and fuck her with very slow movements, even when she was already asleep. He had to squirt all his juice, no matter how long it took. Only when he was allowed to fuck her from the front did he hold back until his mistress had an orgasm. Otherwise, when he pecked at her ass cheeks like a monkey and kept squirting into her, she never had an orgasm. She usually fell asleep halfway through and Amadeo fucked the sleeping girl without waking her. Amadeo was of course not finished with just one squirt. He rubbed his cock until it was stiff again, then he fucked the princess again. He followed the magical command

and fucked his mistress so many times, even in her sleep, until he had completely drained his juice.

Sira was not surprised that Ron was so keen to fuck her two younger sisters. In some conversations with Ron, she had revealed intimate sexual things about the sisters, because at that time people liked to talk obscenely and frivolous. They were just little things, but the alert male ear could put everything together in a really hot way. And so it turned out. The sisters, 16 and 13, were immediately on fire. They had spied on them many times and seen what a monster awaited them.

They lay down with Sira and Ron. He was so full of energy that he fucked all three of them one after the other! He was totally exhausted. It was clear that a marathon like that every week would send him to the grave. Ron was particularly enthusiastic about the youngest, 13-year-old Lina. Firstly, she loved to fuck. Secondly, she was damn good at letting him fuck her until the last drop. And thirdly, she was the only one of the sisters who was easy to orgasm. Just seeing her orgasms one after the other in quick succession was a great thing!

There were two bedrooms that were not separated. In one was the queen, in the other the three daughters, the sleepybears and finally Ron. The queen wanted it that way, the daughters were allowed to follow her love life just as she was allowed to follow theirs. Queen Nibra, who closely followed her daughters' love lives from her next room, became more and more attracted to Ron from night to night. She watched when Sira fucked Ron. It was a feast for the eyes! Ron fucked 16-year-old Jula energetically and powerfully to orgasm. But watching the warrior when it was her 13-year-old Lina's turn was a blast. The queen arranged for him to fuck her afterwards.

Amadeo was bred to be a sleepy little bear from an early age. Witches' tea and magic spells made his cock grow to twice its size and increased his virility immensely. At 4 he was already his mother's sleepy little bear. He fucked her half the night and his childish juice only dried up after a dozen times. At 16 he would probably be sent to one of the warriors' dormitories, where he had to fuck 20

or more girls every night and, if possible, impregnate them. Every boy had to do that for a few years. The warriors were very proud when they were pregnant as desired and expected and gave birth to a child every year. Nobody knew why the warriors almost exclusively had girls.

Of course Amadeo fucked the queen and her daughters every day if they wanted to. But it was Sira with whom he spent the whole night. Like every evening, the queen came exhausted into the shared sleeping area, which ended the working day and the general fucking could begin. The queen let her robe fall to the floor and lay naked on the bed. “Well, children, don’t you want to watch?” she called out enticingly, because she was a little bit of an exhibitionist. Lina and Amadeo lay down right in front of her, because mom could do something that none of them could. She masturbated so quickly that she came after less than 2 minutes. As soon as the orgasm had subsided, she waved to Amadeo. He was already 12, almost 13, and fucked better than some men, he had a big and very enduring cock, just like the queen loved it. He loved it very much, because she was one of the few who let him fuck her face to face. Usually after an orgasm she had enough and sat down at her little desk, not without losing sight of what was happening. Amadeo and Ron were the only men here and now got to work.

The two took turns and fucked Jula and Lina until the girls were exhausted. Ron often had to wait a long time until Sira came home. Then he pulled the queen onto the bed with him and fucked her really hard. She was still young, maybe 35 and very athletic and fond of sex. He couldn’t remember her ever having turned down sex.

In this matrilineal society, nobody wasted time on an affair or flirtation. They got straight to the point, a good fuck, a good orgasm, that was really enough! There were no marriages anyway, you either stayed together or you didn’t. It was quite normal for women and girls to masturbate in public if they didn’t have a male partner. Often a dozen girls and women would sit on the sidewalk and masturbate non-stop, for hours, hoping for a fuck. It wasn’t unusual for a passerby to come along and fuck the masturbating girl in public, without any shame in front of everyone. Because there were far too

few men, 250 to 300 women had to share one man, statistically speaking. So everyone flocked around the pair fucking in public, which was rarely seen.

In the first few years, young Ron would lean out of the window for hours and curiously watch the women and girls masturbating on the sidewalk below. Only when he saw a very young, pretty girl would he run down to her. He loved to fuck very young girls or virgins, there were plenty of them. He usually had the girl kneel in the doggy position and mounted her from behind. The hymen and defloration had no meaning in this culture. It was important to him to deflower as many girls as possible and he was happy every time, as if she had given him something. Most girls had already lost their virginity by the age of 10 or 11. “You’re my first, dear sir!” said the girl out of natural shyness. Little Ron nodded very worldly. “You’ll only feel a little prick!” he assured her. With a strong, quick jerk he pierced the hymen and immediately continued to fuck her. Many asked him to squirt inside a second time. He was a good boy in this culture, in the old country he would have been kicked away. When he told his mother at night, she shook her head. “They’re all goddamn barbarians!” But she praised him nonetheless, he had to fuck as many as possible while he was still considered a boy or a teenager. They had the privilege of being allowed to fuck any girl or woman they chose. Husbands and partners had to grudgingly let their young, desirable wives be fucked by boys, and many a pretty thing was fucked by a dozen cheering boys every day. Even when it went against the general’s outdated ideas, she praised him because he deflowered a girl almost every day. Of course, that gave him more courage.

Amadeo made way for Ron when he fucked Sira. He sat next to them and played with his cock, his fingers slowly sliding the foreskin back and forth. Sometimes he squirted a little, on Sira’s lips and in her mouth. She loved it when Amadeo squirted in her throat. And of course the little guy was jealous of Ron, even though he was the one who let his cock dance and squirt in her fuck hole all night long. But that was his magical programming.

Ron and 13-year-old Lina quickly became closer. She loved being fucked really hard by his big cock. It was her first big cock, she had

only had small or childish ones before. He, in turn, loved her way of fucking a lot and having orgasm after orgasm, she was unique in that respect. Her sleepybears had only recently been taken away from her. He had turned 18 and every night he fucked Lina really hard first, then came the slow part. Lina wasn't sad because now he was joining the warriors and had to fuck 20 of them every night. That had always been his dream.

Sira would be the next queen and that's how she was trained, to be a queen and a warrior. Jula and Lina studied hard during the day because only with a good education would they later get a high position in the kingdom. Princess alone wasn't enough.

Jula let herself be fucked without resistance, but it was obviously not hers. She masturbated all day, even when studying, and she did it very unspectacularly. She didn't care at all that her labia and her entire pussy were red, swollen and inflamed from constant masturbation. Apparently all the masturbation was doing her clit a lot of good. It had grown quite well and Jula enjoyed her big clit. Hardly anyone noticed that she masturbated nonstop.

Sira mentally distanced herself from Ron. Yes, of course she liked letting him fuck her. But at night Lina was lying with Ron. The queen had only agreed with a friendly nod, because Lina had taken him to her heart and he fucked her excellently, and Lina left a little of him left so that he could also fuck the queen afterwards. Lina had turned 14 and 15, she was serious and womanly. She only fucked Ron and her sleepybear, she turned everyone else down. Ron was fine with it because he was away a lot, he was successful and the queen gave him lots of presents.

The queen and her daughters liked to fuck Ron. He had become part of the family and he ensured harmony. Lina studied hard and didn't let Jula slow her down. She wanted a great job in the future, there was no doubt about that.

Lina's sleepybear was called Tove. Ron kept watching the two of them fucking. He was just as jealous as Tove, he liked the concept of sleepybears. Tove, who was maybe 13 or 14, only fucked Lina from

behind, not in the asshole of course. He only fucked the queen face to face when she needed to relax at lunchtime. Lina lay on her stomach and gave herself over to Tove. Of course he started the evening with a hearty, strong fuck. He spread Lina's ass cheeks firmly apart and pulled her pussy hole open with his thumbs. Lina smiled because she loved a little bit of violence. Now he fucked away and watched Lina's reaction. His thumbs hooked into her asshole, he spread her asshole wider and wider. One of the thumbs woke up and fucked Lina's asshole. Now it took less than a minute and her orgasm broke out. She loved very much to be fucked in both holes at the same time. Lina turned her head to him and kissed the boy gratefully. Now she lay down to sleep and let herself be fucked in her sleep until Tove had completely emptied herself.

Ron later sneaked up to the queen when she waved to him. Ron was very attached to Lina, but he knew exactly how important sexual services or sexual favors were. Although the queen was already approaching 38, she took great care of her health and her figure. Ron was happy every time she waved to him.

Ron was often away on secret missions. He stayed at a different farm every night. No one dared to oppose him when he wanted to fuck the farmer's wife or her daughter. The farmer waited impatiently until he had fucked the farmer's wife or her daughter. Then the terrain was his again, so he fucked his wife and usually his daughter too, that was the custom. The farmers fucked all their daughters from a young age on until they married. He often had to start in the afternoon if he had several daughters. Ron, who came from a different culture, was always excited when the father fucked his own daughter. He usually only fucked the daughter, since the farmer's wife was usually not as desirable as the young, sometimes virginal daughter. He paid the farmer a gold piece if he could deflower the child daughter. For him it was still something special, even though virginity had no value in this society.

Ron was one of the queen's best assassins. He would quietly snuff out the life of her enemies and usually make it look like an accident. He usually fucked the wife and daughters of his victims for 10 days, because most of them were sexually desirable and extremely eager to

be fucked from orgasm to orgasm by Ron's big cock. He liked to fuck the newlywed daughters the most, they wanted to get pregnant as quickly as possible. For these young girls, fucking was completely new and as honest as they wanted to be, they felt defenseless against all the men who wanted to fuck them so badly and forced their virgin thighs apart more or less by force.

They trembled like leaves when such a rascal penetrated between their labia and fucked them. Breathless and overcome by curiosity and lust, they let themselves be fucked, mostly not understanding what was happening to them. Nobody had taught them to say No.

It didn't seem improper or wrong to them that so many guys wanted to fuck them during daytime, their husbands didn't really care. A kiss here, a kiss there, a cheeky grab on the breasts, there was nothing wrong with that! Having her shirt pulled over her head and her bare breasts be caressed, that was fine! The cheeky hand was of course allowed under her skirt, because she had never masturbated all her life and it now felt always really fine. She gladly and willingly opened her thighs so that he could get easily to her clit. She was soon as hot as a stovetop and stared at the cock that the guy pulled out now. Whether big or small, she grabbed it heartily, she had to push the foreskin back and forth to let him squirt on the floor first, that's how you did it!? They had all seen it because their dad and uncle did it every morning. Many of them learned it quickly and were allowed to do it with their fists to their dad and uncle every morning. She nodded contentedly and guided him into her pussy hole, that was part of it! Breathlessly, she let him fuck her, because that was part of it, to finally get pregnant.

She was always irritated when he didn't stop and fucked her over and over again, she couldn't understand that. Her husband only fucked her once shortly a night and then turned over to sleep. The newlywed daughters were too innocent to feel guilty. The clever guys followed every wedding and seized the young virgin one after the other during the day, only at night did she belong to her husband. Ron came just at the right time for the young virgin, like a predator he attacked the willing victims and impregnated them without hesi-

tation. They let anyone squirt the juice inside her, that was part of fucking, wasn't it!? The queen rewarded him richly every time.

The war against the neighboring kingdom lasted more than half a year. Sira commanded the stormtroopers of the naked fighting Amazons. Ron controlled the conquered territory and the prison camps. Every week Sira came back from the front covered in blood and after a bath let Ron fuck her really hard. They were by no means lovers anymore, Sira was happy for Ron and Lina that they had found each other. Nevertheless, Ron remained the only one who let Sira fuck her really hard and brutally every week. She only brought prisoners with large and promising cocks, they were valuable booty that she could sell to sex-hungry wives for good money. No, she did not fuck the prisoners, she and her Amazons tested the cocks with their fists.

Sira brought him a captured princess. "Perhaps you will enjoy her, Ron," she said and threw the prisoner into a cell. She was dirty and soiled, so Ron gave her a bath first. Princess Kim was only 13, but she was already as developed as a 20-year-old. Ron watched her bathing and his mouth watered. Sira had guessed well, this girl was very promising.

Kim asked him to stop tying her hands. She really needed it now, she hadn't had it for a week! Curiously, he pulled the large silver dildo out of her pussy hole. She made moaning noises as he carefully pulled it out. He let her lick her own slime and watched with pleasure as her pussy hole closed up again into a tiny hole. It was a lifelike replica of her father's erect cock, she said, tears streaming down her face. He had been killed along with his favorite maid. Ron weighed the heavy piece in his hands, it was lifelike, a magnificently erect cock with a large glans, thick veins protruding, ready to squirt immediately. He didn't care much about cocks, but he had to admit, it was a beauty.

The evil warrior, Sira, had tied her up and promised her a nice death. She fucked Kim for hours with the dildo, but she only passed out after dozens of orgasms, no matter how hard the warrior fucked her. Daddy won't kill me, she kept thinking. Now she lay in front of Ron, cleanly bathed. "May I, Lord, may I?" begged Kim and he nod-

ded in agreement. “But she shouldn’t watch!” begged Kim, but that didn’t move the warrior guarding the door.

Kim began to fuck herself devoutly with her father’s cock. She fucked herself for about 20 minutes with moaning sounds at increasing speed, finally rubbing her invisible clitoris at a furious pace and fucking herself with the cock in orgasm as if she were madly, until she was unconscious. Confused, she came to her senses, licked her slime from the dildo and whispered, “Thank you, Daddy!” The guard took the dildo in her hand and pushed it into her own pussy with a short moan. Ron and Kim watched in amazement as the warrior fucked herself to orgasm while standing. She licked off her slime and gave the good piece back to Kim, who slowly pushed it in with a moan.

Kim always slept naked at dad’s, her mother she didn’t know ever. Dad had a favorite black slave who he fucked near to death every night. Little Kim lay between his thighs and masturbated every time they fucked. He caressed his cock and squirted into the child’s mouth. But Kim loved it when the black woman masturbated his cock in Kims vaginal vestibule and guided his cock so that he could squirt inside through the hole in her hymen. The child loved that more than anything, it tickled so gently when he twitched and squirted inside. At 10, he deflowered her and fucked her every night before he fucked the sweet black girl really hard. She refused to fuck anyone, even though she was happy to let the the boys all squirt inside her. Of course they all had to fuck really hard before they squirted, because that was the only way they could squirt. Kim let them all fuck, of course, because it wasn’t like fucking with Daddy. The hundreds of boys loved her for it, because for them it was real fucking and squirting inside. Daddy smiled kindly and encouragingly when she let one boy after another fuck her and squirt inside her, tens of them every afternoon. He was the only man who had ever fucked Kim. She had refused to fuck the boys who enthusiastically stuck their cocks in and wanted to fuck her and had only stroked their balls and squeezed them tightly when they squirted inside. Of course they all had to fuck really hard before they squirted, because that was the only way they could squirt. Kim let them all fuck her, of course, because it wasn’t like fucking with Daddy. The hundreds of

boys loved her for it, because for her it wasn't real fucking and squirting. Daddy smiled kindly and encouragingly as she let one boy after another fuck her and squirt inside her. The more Daddy smiled, the more she let a dozen boys fuck her hard and pump her full of their juice. Daddy wasn't jealous at all and demanded that she more likely let 20 boys fuck her rather than just a dozen.

Ron mounted little Kim. "We're going to honor your father now," he said, grinning. Big tears rolled from Kim's eyes. "I wonder if Daddy would be OK if I let you fuck me!" she sobbed. Ron admonished her, saying that she was a prisoner now and prisoners always got fucked! "That's not right, my father wouldn't like me to be fucked, even if your cock is impressive and looks magnificent!" Kim continued to sob, but the sobs turned into moans of pleasure. She was so used to orgasming from her own fucking with the dildo that she had one orgasm after another. Ron fucked her for a long time, she was very well practiced at fucking. Up until then he had fucked one of the Amazons several times a day, and they weren't bad either. But now he fucked Princess Kim day in, day out. She was perhaps the best of all in the fortress. Ron was a smart leader and had his best men fuck Kim during the day. With a loud moan, Kim pulled out the big dildo and waited a few seconds until her pussy hole closed again to a tiny hole. Then she let the soldier fuck her indifferently. This often only lasted a few seconds only, Kim paid no attention to him and shoved the dildo back into her pussy hole with a loud moan.

How happy he was when the war ended! He threw his arms around Lina, kissing and hugging her constantly. They had a lot to talk about. Lina was fucked by several soldiers and guards every day and that was fine with her because she always thought of Ron when she was being fucked. There must have been hundreds, she said thoughtfully, and many of them fucked really well. She enjoyed it very much to be fucked every day by a dozen Dragoners or even more in a row! Ron hugged his great love with tears of joy, thank God she hadn't suffered any lack! Now he had to leave, the queen had sent for him, she too had to let her Ron fuck her hard again, he owed her that!

The queen and her daughters liked to fuck Ron. He had become part of the family and he ensured harmony. Lina studied eagerly and did not let Jula slow her down. She wanted a great job in the future, there was no doubt about that.

Lina's sleepy little bear was called Tove. Ron kept watching the two of them fucking. He wasn't just as jealous as Tove, he liked the concept of sleepy little bears. Tove, who was maybe 13 or 14, only fucked Lina from behind, never in the asshole of course. He only fucked the queen face to face when she needed to relax at lunchtime. Lina lay on her belly and gave herself over to Tove. Of course he started the evening with a hearty, powerful fuck. He spread Lina's ass cheeks firmly apart and pulled her asshole open with his thumbs, she liked that very much. Lina smiled because she loved a little bit of violence. Now he started fucking and watched Lina's reaction. His thumbs hooked into her asshole, he spread her asshole wider and wider. One of the thumbs woke up and fucked Lina's asshole hard, that she liked very, very much. Now it took less than a minute for her orgasm to break out. Lina turned her head to him and kissed the boy gratefully. Now she lay down on her belly to sleep and let herself be fucked in her sleep from behind until Tove had completely emptied herself.

Ron later sneaked up to the queen when she waved to him. Ron was very attached to Lina, but he knew exactly how important sexual services or sexual favors were. Although the queen was already approaching 40, she took great care of her health and her figure. Ron was happy every time she waved to him.

Lina slept with Ron every night. After fucking, Lina laid her face on Ron's chest and nibbled on his nipples. The sleepy little bear lay on her butt and fucked her from behind, half the night, until he had completely emptied himself again. Lina slept soundly and smiled in her sleep as she had one orgasm after another. She lived to be 19 and 20 and asked Ron to have a young sleepy little bear every year. He agreed, of course, because the sleepy little bear made her round and light-hearted. He usually held the new sleepy little bear's cock so that the boy didn't slip out.

Queen Nibra liked to see how Ron and Lina grew together and learned to fuck each other masterfully. She wasn't at all surprised when Ron bent his knee before her and asked to marry Lina. She raised Ron to the nobility, made him a general and an instructor of assassins. He shouldn't put himself in any more danger. Lina was happy to marry him and only asked to continue to fuck the sleepy little bear. The queen asked him in private whether he would like to fuck his mother-in-law occasionally? He beamed from ear to ear.

There was a lavish wedding and on the wedding night he fucked all three of them side by side, the queen, his mother and Lina, whom he loved more than anything. He fucked his mother first, who sucked the queen's nipples and greedily sucked on them while they fucked. She was a lesbian to the core, which they all knew. Next he fucked the queen, his mother grabbed the queen's clit as a matter of course and let her fly from orgasm to orgasm until the queen was completely exhausted. Lina had enjoyed licking the queen's clit until puberty, but since then she had never touched her mother's pussy again.

Ron and Lina fucked with great devotion and so gracefully and charmingly that the queen was moved to tears.

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Rose and the Little Philipp

by Jack Faber © 2024

Phil, little Philipp, had an exciting childhood. He always slept with his mother, the fat baroness, the world-famous author of saucy romance novels. As a child, he was allowed to sit between her thighs when she masturbated after her morning coffee. The boy was very fascinated by his mother's masturbation. Sometimes she took out the shiny silver dildo, a Mister Israeli from faraway England had had it made for her based on his big cock. He had fucked the Baroness for months until he became Prime Minister.

When Mom took out the dildo, the bare-breasted maid Rose joined her. Little Phil watched them, fascinated. She inserted the dildo penis very slowly into Mom's pussy hole, because Mom made noises of pain as she was impaled. She masturbated very quickly and Rose fucked her with the penis just as quickly and hard, relentlessly. The orgasm broke out after a few minutes and Rose continued to fuck her until Mom said, "It's good, Rose, it's good!" Again Mom moaned in pain when Rose gently pulled the fuck instrument out of her pussy hole. Rose licked it clean with pleasure, because Mom's slime tasted very good and she would have loved to lick Mom's pussyhole and clit, but that would be very improper.

Phil, the little guy, was allowed to push Mom's thighs apart with his little legs, because she masturbated every morning and every evening before going to sleep. Rose stood like a statue by the door, ready to hand her mistress a glass of wine or a wet washcloth. She blinked very discreetly, because a maid was not allowed to see her mistress masturbating.

Like all maids of that time, she had to wear her breasts open, even though she only had very small and flat breasts. Little Phil stood on tiptoe to twirl Rose's nipples and teats with his fingers. That made her horny, she had told the little boy, and he had not known what being horny meant. "Like the mistress when she wanted to masturbate, young master," she said to Phil. He twirled Rose's nipples to watch

her eyes cloud over and she began to tremble with her lips slightly parted. Back then, he only knew Mom's violent, cramping orgasms and didn't compare it to when Rose tensed shivering up and pulled her stiff nipples away from him. After a few months, it had become too boring for him.

Almost every day a nobleman came for coffee after lunch and was allowed to fuck Mama really hard. She needed it desperately and loved it very much. Phil sat motionless and silent at the foot of the bed, just as silent as Rose, who stood ready for action next to the door and cleaned Mama's pussy with a clean, wet washcloth after he had squirted.

Many a baron or marquis would have liked to fuck the fine slim redhead Rose, but she sometimes evaded their grasp. The guys wanted to fuck the pretty redhead first and then after the fat mistress. The mistress's look forced Rose to allow it, so she gave in always. So of course they managed to penetrate the statue's pussy hole. She didn't bat an eyelid and opened her legs a bit, so it was over quicker.

No one needed to fuck for long, they all squirted very quickly. Rose was very easy to get going and often had at least a small orgasm. Only a few of them needed to fuck for long, and the squirts usually came very quickly. She curled up when he squirted inside.

Rose smiled conspiratorially at Phil and let the little boy look, as she willingly spread her pussy so that the gentleman could shiver and squirt his juicy load into her pussyhole under her skirt. Phil, the little boy, was always amazed at how easily the cocks slid into Rose's little pussy hole; Mom's cunthole was much, much bigger. He watched with delight as the cocks fucked quickly into Rose's pussy hole. She smiled slyly and conspiratorially as she trembled in a small orgasm and then let the gentleman squirt hard and juicy inside her. Looking and letting him look was their little secret for a very long time.

But the mistress looked at her very gratefully, because Rose was the one who got the first quick, juicy full load, she didn't like that at all. Rose never let herself be properly fucked, not for 20 years, and

she did it to every master with her fist if the mistress specifically asked for it. For the lustful, horny maid, the every day getting squirted inside her wasn't real fucking; letting the little boy watch her getting fucked quickly, have short orgasms and letting the gentleman squirt inside her pussyhole was the real thing for her. But proper and real fucking, no, she never wanted that and the mistress accepted it.

Every time the distinguished guest buttoned up his trousers and left, Phil begged that he wanted to fuck Mama too. She shook her head firmly, "when you're bigger and can already squirt, then maybe!" They always spoke so formally, because that was the way it was supposed to be. "I don't know, Madame, whether I can squirt yet!" he said miserably. "Rose will rub you every day until you can squirt, won't you, Rose?" The slender red-haired maid nodded obediently, "Yes, gladly, Madame, just as you wish!"

Rose sat on the edge of the bed and masturbated Phil every day with her fist. Phil couldn't squirt for many months, but he twisted Rose's nipples very firmly with his fingers and quickly made the old girl tremble. He soon understood the trembling. It still took almost a year before Phil could finally squirt. Rose lifted her skirt a little and let him squirt deep on her inner thighs so that he didn't make any stains. She let him squirt higher and higher, finally right over her pussy. He laughed and wanted to squirt inside, but Mom didn't like it when Rose put his cock inside before squirting. "He's too young for that," she commented angrily, but she let him anyway. Phil was excited to squirt inside her warm pussy hole for the next months. Rose lay down on the bed and Phil stood between her thighs. Rose pushed his cock with her fingers halfway in, then she masturbated Phil. Her thighs trembled violently when she had an orgasm. And she had quite a few before she let him squirt inside. Mom was very dissatisfied. "Don't you know, foolish girl, how to masturbate a boy?" she scolded Rose. Rose nodded cheekily, "Of course, Madame, just the way the boy wants it. And the young master wants it just like that, this way!" Madame was silent and grumbled incomprehensibly. But Phil let himself be masturbated in this way three or four times a day, stroking Rose's smooth hairless pussy with great enthusiasm. He rubbed her labia minora until she shuddered and shivered in orgasm,

that he had learned. He loved that she continued to masturbate him for a while while he was squirting inside. Mama watched the squirting inside with displeasure and waited a few months before she kept her vague promise.

"Rose, help the young gentleman the first time!" she ordered and Rose obeyed. With her long, cool fingers, Phil's cock was inserted into Mom's pussy, who had already been masturbating for a while. "Hold back the squirting, young master, until Madame has finished rubbing!" she admonished the 10-year-old boy. She held his cock back with her fingers and slowed him down. Madame reached the final spurt and Rose rubbed him hard as he squirted. She wiped the juice from Madame's pussy and Phil hugged his mother tightly. "Thank you, Mom, Madam! It was better than ever!" Mom smiled faintly. "You can fuck me as often as you want, my dear brave son!"

And so it happened. Phil soon found it no longer enough to fuck Mom just once a day. He fucked her half a dozen times until his cock finally had enough. Since Mom always masturbated while fucking, she also had plenty of orgasms. The high-ranking gentlemen who sometimes came to fuck at lunchtime were quite surprised when Phil mounted Mom right after them and fucked her like a berserker. Phil became a very good fucker and Mom invited barons or marquises less and less often for lunchtime fucking. Phil had been fucking her for a whole year now and he looked at Rose more and more lustfully. He had to have her! The rascal lifted Rose's skirt and called, "Madame, Rose has no pubic hair, she is as smooth and hairless as a little baby girl!" Rose put her hands over her face as the boy examined her pussy with his fingers. "And she only has a tiny little clit not even half a centimeter!" he exclaimed as Rose spread her legs a little, willing to let him examine it. "Mama, Madame, I must fuck Rose, absolutely!"

Rose twisted her face into a tearful one. "No, Madame, don't demand it! I haven't let myself be fucked in 20 years, since my father sold me as a maid when I was 17! I swore to myself, Madame!" She persisted for days, shaking her head and tears streaming down her cheeks. Madame asked how that could be, what was that with all the high lords!?

Rose continued to cry, “That wasn’t a real fucking, Madame! I only let them squirt inside because you didn’t like the first full load of juice, Madame! But that really wasn’t real fucking! I only allowed that for your sake, Madame, you wanted it that way, didn’t you!? We talked about it, Madame, and you always said how disgusted you were when he squirted his first full load inside, the disgusting guy. I said that it didn’t bother me and that I was happy to let them squirt inside first so that he could fuck you and squirt inside you afterwards. I didn’t care about letting them squirt the first hot load inside me!

I knew how much I loved you and how I could spare you a disgusting pain! — But that really wasn’t real fucking, ever! I only let him do it for your sake, Madame, you wanted it that way, didn’t you?” Madame nodded, that was true, but the mistress remained firm. “I always thought that it made you horny and happy, my love! I often saw how fine your orgasm was and how happily you let it squirt inside you! — But now, Philipp wants to fuck you, Rose, and he will fuck you!” Rose gave in only days later.

She knelt beside the bed, lifted up her black skirt and stuck out her little white asscheeks with a sigh of submission. She buried her face in Mama’s melon-sized breasts, heavily crying. “Rose, dear Rose, I must fuck you absolutely!” Phil gasped, close to tears himself. Rose sobbed, “Yes, I know, young master! The mistress had ordered it, so I have to obey. And just squirt all in, I can’t have children anyway.” She stopped crying and buried her face in Mom’s big breasts, smiling in advance.

Phil very carefully penetrated Rose’s pussy hole from behind, something that Mom didn’t like doing. But the important Marquis of Montreuil could only fuck her in the doggy position, and he came very often to fuck. Mom sighed resignedly and let the Marquis fuck her from behind. He was the only one, everyone else was only allowed to fuck her from behind in the second round, because that was the only way she could take his balls in her hand and squeeze them tightly when he squirted.

But Rose was glad not to have to look her young master in the face, because she was very embarrassed when she twisted her face in orgasm. But now, with her face hidden in Mom's breasts, she could let herself go. She felt a great satisfaction when Phil squirted inside for the first time. She stood up. "Thank you, young master!" and kissed the boy's hand.

It wasn't over then, it was just the beginning. Phil asked Mom if he could fuck Rose again and again. Surprised, she allowed him, but Rose wasn't allowed to lay in her bed. She had to kneel next to the bed, that was the only way a true gentleman fucked his maid, and of course only from behind, like dogs did. Phil nodded contentedly and fucked the kneeling Rose from behind day in, day out. Mom said she was glad he didn't fuck her so often anymore. Rose, with her naked, childlike pussy, was perfectly fitted for fucking. Rose thought so too, because she now really enjoyed being fucked by Phil.

Mom asked him where he was hanging out in the evenings!? He didn't answer for days. "Madame, I'm not doing anything wrong! I just sneak into Rose's room and look through the crack in the door because she masturbates really hard every evening!" Madame nodded graciously. "That's right, my son! And is that exciting?" Phil nodded and his face beamed. "Yes, Madame, it fascinates me very much! Rose spreads her legs wide apart and masturbates her clit devotedly, even though she has almost no clit. Then she turns off the light and immediately falls asleep." Madame smiled, that was her son's way. "She masturbates every night before she goes to sleep," she said gently, "Rose has been doing it every night since she was a child, she told me that herself." Phil nodded, he understood that very well and had to fuck Mom immediately because spying had made him so horny.

Rose tells

I never saw Dad fuck Mom. That was done by his youngest brother, Uncle Eric, who fucked Mom every evening until she was exhausted. I watched in fascination because at the time I thought that was the right thing to do the fucking. I was allowed to lie between Daddy's thighs and masturbate with my legs spread wide, that was right for me back then. When I was finished, Daddy rubbed his foreskin for a long time, spread my labia with his fingers and squirted inside through the big hole in my hymen. It tickled wonderfully and I asked him day in and day out when we would fuck like Mom and Uncle Eric. He always told me when I was bigger, and that was that. I put my face right in front of Mom's fuckhole because I was fascinated by how Uncle Eric's cock fucked her hole and squirted always into it. She got pregnant and I was even more fascinated by the fucking because she had a big round belly. Uncle Eric was my biological father, said Mom, she had only fucked Daddy once. That was on their wedding night, when Grandma lay with them according to old tradition. Grandma wasn't happy with his quick fucking and let her son-in-law fuck her three times in a row until midnight, only then was she satisfied. Grandma let him fuck her almost every night, because Mom liked Eric's fucking much better. The two of them moved away and we never saw them again.

So I stayed alone with Dad. I continued to masturbate between his thighs and he squirted through the hole in my hymen every night. I loved it because it tickled so nicely. I asked and asked until he gave in. When I turned 10, he took my virginity without hurting me. Maybe my hymen had softened from all the squirting inside or all my masturbating, I don't know, but I didn't even feel a little prick. He was a good man, he fucked me incessantly at first so that I learned to love fucking. He fucked me at least once a night and let me masturbate while he fucked me.

Unfortunately, alcohol was our enemy. Drunk, he dragged me naked out onto the street and fucked me publicly, in front of everyone. It was only embarrassing the first few times, I got used to stand-

ing with my face to the wall and supporting myself with my hands. He fucked me from behind and the people standing around cheered with excitement. He let all the young boys fuck me from behind for half a silver coin. There must have been hundreds who were allowed to fuck me from behind. The more coins he collected, the more my poor father drank.

When I was about 17, someone put a bug in his ear. He bought me a princess dress and went from noble master to noble master day after day. The gentlemen pulled up my skirt and most of them fucked me from behind for a gold coin. That year, too, I was fucked by many noblemen until your husband, Baroness, fell in love with my pussy. He paid father a lot of money and bought me. From then on, day after day, I knelt next to your bed, Madame, and let your husband mate with me from behind as often as he wanted. You got pregnant, I was allowed to put my face on your fragrant pussy, my lips were allowed to caress your pussy hole, but I was never allowed to lick your clit. Only caress the clit with my lips and bring you to orgasm, Madame! Your husband fucked me for almost a year, me kneeling next to the bed. Unfortunately, he moved to the New World and was killed in battle there. That was 20 years ago, and I haven't fucked since then, until you ordered me to give myself to your son.

Phil gave up his cover. He stood in Rose's room and waited until she had finished masturbating. Rose could feel how much he was getting turned on by watching her. After her orgasm, he lay down next to her and fucked her face to face. It was wonderful and it became their daily evening routine.

Phil fucked Rose several times a day, she was kneeling next to the bed. Her lips sought the clit of the Baroness, who was not a lesbian in the slightest and had no idea about it. Surprised, she allowed Rose to lick her clit to orgasm while Rose was being fucked by Phil. Rose was overjoyed, this was her destiny. The Baroness loved the new thing and told all her friends about it. They flocked in to let Rose lick them. Rose licked them all. And Phil fucked them all, too.

“My Lord pleases to fuck you, Madame,” Rose said to the lady after the licking. Many cried and wanted to refuse, the young girls begged for their lives, they had never been fucked before. But Phil and Rose were a well-rehearsed team. They both loved to torture the girls and chaste married wives, making them wail and cry in despair. They would tear the girl’s legs apart and rape her. Rose held the little one until Phil had fucked her so many times, that he had emptied all his juice.

Phil was very surprised at how many young married wives had never been fucked before and still had an intact hymen. He fucked them all ruthlessly, violently tearing their hymens apart and continuing to fuck them mercilessly.

They held down the desperately crying and moaning girls, Phil deflowered them with a quick jerk, fucked them so often until he had completely emptied his juice. He kissed his horny accomplice on the mouth, although that was very inappropriate. The Baroness grinned maliciously when Phil had once again fathered a bastard.

One hundred years had passed since the French Revolution, but there were hundreds of thousands of noblemen and noblewomen and this was the pasture, where Rose lived out her lesbian desires and Phil deflowered, fucked and impregnated girl after girl.

It was a princely, really horny life.

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Fin becomes a man

by Jack Faber © 2024

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Madame de Tournailles, who had been called Fitzgerald since her damn short marriage, was quite fat, at least she had a big fat ass. Fin, her only child, was allowed from an early age on to push her thighs apart with his little feet when she masturbated. She masturbated every morning after tea and in the evening before going to sleep. Fin admired her fleshy vulva, which glistened wetly when she masturbated. He only discovered her well-hidden clit years later.

He loved watching her masturbate and was fascinated by it; her pussy looked completely different to his cock. After he had always seen her getting fucked, he naturally wanted it too. But she was strict; she only let him penetrate his erect cock a few millimeters while he was masturbating and then let him squirt deep. She smiled good-naturedly and slyly when the little boy imitated the stable boy's fucking while she was masturbating and squirted again and again inside, the little rascal! She was very surprised at how a young age he could squirt. She good-naturedly let him squirt deep inside and scolded him mischievously. "We're mother and son, damn it, we're not allowed to fuck, that's strictly forbidden and a mortal sin, young Sir!" she scolded in a formal tone when the little boy pushed in too hard during her orgasm and squirted inside. He did not know what a mortal sin was, but he had soon found out that she did not notice him squirting inside during her orgasm. He had been able to squirt for a long time and often stuck his cock into the big pussy hole to squirt, mostly without her noticing. When she noticed, she laughed like crazy while his little boy cock squirted into her again and again.

Madame had let the stable boy fuck her every other day at noon, for a long time now. The boy came in quietly and respectfully, just unbuttoning his trousers. Little Fin spread Mama's fleshy labia so that the boy could easily penetrate her. The older Fin got, the more he left his fingers on the labia or on the cock to watch and learn the fucking. The boy slipped the gold coin in and left without making a

sound. The mother was completely exhausted after his brutal fucking and never noticed that Fin immediately stuck his cock in, fucked her hastily and squirted inside. She didn't chase him away until much later, long after he had squirted inside. She shook her face in disgust. "We're not allowed to fuck," she groaned and pulled his cock out in disgust. Fin kept asking her when he could fuck her. "Maybe later, when you're bigger and can already squirt!" she said wearily, "maybe then!" She sat bolt upright. "How long have you been able to squirt, young Sir? Explain it, Sir!"

Fin realized he had to say it. "For many years, Madame," he said miserably, "Emily has been doing it to me with her fist three times in a row for the last year." His mother waited impatiently. "We'll wait until your sleeping powder takes effect, then she'll do it three times in a row. That's it, Madame!" She demanded to hear more. "Emily did it with her fist, she let me look at her pussyhole and then let me squirt on her inner thighs. Later, when she saw that I had to fuck, she pushed my cock halfway in and did it with her fist like before and let me squirt inside. She always has to stop in the middle because her thighs were shaking heavily." Mama had listened very carefully and didn't let up. Fin squirmed like a fish out of water. "Emily didn't like what I was doing at all. Before, when Emily came to me, I always mounted you with her help, Madame," said Fin contritely, "you're sleeping so deeply and Emily sticks my cock into your pussyhole with a devilish grin. Then she lets me fuck you for a little bit or as long as it takes and I squirt everything in, Madame! But Emily doesn't like that at all, she thinks it's underhanded, it's totally unfair! I think I'm allowed to do that because you're sleeping so deeply, Madame, Mama!" She pulled him by his hair. "Why!?" she exclaimed and he squirmed. "The stable boy is allowed to do it too!" he shouted in desperation.

She looked at him with a threatening look. "And what else, what have you done, you wretch!?" Fin flinched, she rarely shouted at him like she would at a coachman. "For a year now, Madame, dear Mama, I have been squirting inside, when you masturbate, when you orgasm," he admitted after a long hesitation. "And how is that?" she cried, turning pale. He could only escape the storm if he admitted everything. "As soon as you orgasm, dearest Madame, Mama, you don't

notice that I fuck you very quickly and squirt inside like I do with your girlfriends!"

He should first explain to her how he managed to fuck her in the middle of an orgasm. He felt he had the upper hand. "Nothing could be easier, Madame, I've been doing it for almost a year. I kneel on your thighs to push your thighs apart as you wish. You allowed me to slide my cock deep into your pussy hole a year ago. So I can start by crouching over your pussy like a gnome and slowly pushing my cock in and out. I usually squirt then, you know that, because you grin mischievously and remind me every time that we are mother and son, so! You slowly push me on so that I can keep fucking you! I only fuck you in slow motion, Madame, you sink deeper and deeper into your fantasies and enjoy my slow fucking with a subtle smile! Then the right time comes to fuck you hard, Madame. Sometimes you dream for so long that I can fuck and squirt twice. The second time I squirt as quickly as I can, because you gradually wake up from your dreams. I love to fuck you while you masturbate, Madame, because it always ends with your intense orgasm."

He had confessed everything, the whole goddamn truth. Mom's face turned red again. "What, like my girlfriends?" Now it was Fin who looked at her in amazement. "Your friends always come, Madame, for coffee and clit licking. I've always been careful so that you don't notice anything, Mom! I always crouch next to you, Mom, because I find it fascinating how you lick the girls from orgasm to orgasm. But when the friend starts licking your clit on her knees and stretches her ass out wide and invitingly, I mount her from behind and fuck her until I cum. They all like that! The only one who doesn't like it is Miss Florence. But she lets herself be fucked despite all her moaning." The mother opened her eyes wide. "All of them!?" and he nodded, all of them, for many months now.

The mother was silent for a long time and mumbled. "He fucks me every afternoon, he fucks me in the morning and in the evening when I orgasm. He fucks all my girlfriends, one and all! I can't believe it!" She pondered for a long time. "And you don't fuck Emily!?" she suddenly exclaimed. Fin shook his head. "No, Madame, I'm only allowed to squirt and splash inside when she's finished shaking. She doesn't

want fucking, under no circumstances, she said explicitly. She would prefer it if I fucked you before masturbating me, she doesn't care, it's my business, even though she thinks it's wrong."

Mom lay down. "I feel like masturbating right now and I'll be very careful watching this time!" Fin nodded in agreement and spread her thighs with his feet. His cock slid deep into her pussy hole from above, she nodded in agreement and smiled, she had allowed him to do that for a long time. He crouched over her like an evil gnome and fucked her in slow motion until she was completely lost in her dreams. He watched her masturbating very carefully and only fucked her in slow motion until she came to the finale. He sat up a little and fucked her really hard from above as she climaxed. She was completely out of it, she rubbed her tiny clit like mad and didn't notice anything. He squirted inside from above like a bat and let her orgasm fade away. She calmed down and stuck a finger deep into her pussy hole. She was completely surprised, "you actually squirted inside!" she exclaimed, aghast. "Have I not told you often enough that you are not allowed to fuck me, young man, we are mother and son!" Fin smiled. "You wanted it yourself today, mother, Madame! I only did what I have been doing for many months now, Madame!" Weary and exhausted, she took his hand and placed it on her pussy, on her tiny little clit. "No, that's not right!" she exclaimed again and again as he began to gently masturbate her, then she fell asleep, his hand rubbing her clit softly. He let her sleep for two hours and masturbated her very gently, so that even in orgasm she did not wake up.

She woke up, full of energy. His fingers were still in her pussy hole. She took his hand away and rang the bell twice. Moments later, Emily came in. She did not flinch, she was used to the Marquise and the young gentleman lying naked on the bed. The mistress gently stroked the boy's foreskin back and forth. This was nothing special either, only it was the first time Emily saw it. Emily was slim and tall, her beautiful red hair fell to her shoulders. It was unusual, however, for her mistress to lift her skirt and examine her pussy closely. Emily didn't bat an eyelid. "Ahh," said the Marquise, "completely hairless. You don't have any armpit hair either?" she asked and Emily shook her head in denial. "You're probably infertile?" murmured the Marquise and Emily nodded. "That's what my friends told me when we...

when we had girl sex. Just a little innocent girl sex, Madame, sometimes without men, Madame, that's the truth!" Emily had turned red, the nipples of her bare little girl breasts trembled excitedly. For centuries, maids had bare their breasts. "I love to lick their clits, even while they're getting fucked by the men!" Emily confirmed again that she only licked the clits and always let the guys penetrate her to squirt inside. No one was allowed to fuck her for more than a dozen minutes, just until he squirted.

The mistress asked her in detail about sex with girls, Emily admitted everything hesitantly. Yes, she masturbated to orgasm every night before going to sleep, otherwise she couldn't sleep. She lowered her head. Sex with girls was sometimes mutual or shared masturbation. Yes, she admitted miserably, she specialized in licking clits. Some girls fucked each other in a scissor position, clit to clit. She liked being fucked by a girl, but her clit was much too small to actively fuck a girl. Most girls allowed the men to fuck them, so she let them too. But only for a dozen minutes, none of them were allowed to fuck her for half an hour as men usually do.

The mistress had let go of Fin's cock during the questioning and was now gently rubbing Emily's clit, but Emily felt it swelling and stiffening dangerously. Madame had never looked at or touched Emily's clit before. Emily stared at the fat Marquise's wide open, fleshy vulva. She noticed the dried semen stains and immediately thought that Fin must have just fucked her. She noticed Fin's covetous, greedy look at her clit and felt her orgasm creeping up.

"And, you've been masturbating the young master for months?" asked the mistress sternly. Emily nodded resignedly. "Yes, Madame, first I let him squirt on my open inner thighs. He kept staring at my pussy, which I spread with my fingers and let him see my clit as I rubbed it until it was no longer enough for him. Then I put the young master's cock halfway into my pussy hole, rubbed it as it should be and let him squirt inside because it's the right thing to do." Emily felt that she was only a moment away from her orgasm. "And?" asked the mistress relentlessly. Emily hesitated for a long time. "The rubbing always turned me on and I masturbate secretly every time without the young master noticing. He only notices that I'm shaking and stop

rubbing for a moment, but I carry on immediately because he hadn't ejaculated yet." Emily felt how close she was to orgasm, she saw Fin's covetous look. He hadn't really seen her masturbating or orgasming before, she had always paid attention to that. "And?" the mistress urged.

"I always told the young master that it was wrong and unfair if he mounted you in your sleep, fucked you really hard and ejaculated inside you. I swear, Madame!" Emily managed to say, then she doubled over in orgasm. "He only ever fucked you lying on your belly, Madame! I helped him spread your ass cheeks and guided his cock into your pussy hole so that he wouldn't accidentally fuck you in the asshole. At first he couldn't find your pussy and fucked you in the asshole, but I didn't want to let him do that, only stupid little boys do that! He spread your butt cheeks apart and it was me that fucked you with his cock hard in the pussy hole the first few times. Towards the end he also fucked your asshole with his index finger, and you always had an orgasm in your sleep, happily moaning and groaning, Madame! I found it so hot that I had to masturbate secretly under my skirt every time, but he never saw it!" Fin smiled arrogantly and slyly. "I know, Emily, I know!" said the Marquise lightly and continued rubbing her clit.

"Fin wants to fuck you, Emily, he really wants badly to, and I've allowed him to and promised it to him!" Emily flinched as if she'd been struck by lightning and began to cry violently. "Anything but that, Madame! Please don't ask me to!" Emily cried, although she really enjoyed Madames clit rubbing. "Madame, anything but that! When I was 11, an uncle raped me in the stables, for hours at a time, until he'd had enough. He fucked me over and over again and grinned triumphantly, each time because I had one orgasm after another! I swore then that I would never fuck again, Madame!"

The Marquise turned her attention to her clit and Emily cried even harder. "And!?" the mistress urged. "There was nothing, Your Grace. Your former husband and his dirty accomplices, er, his friends, all wanted to fuck me, every one of them!" She was no longer crying so hard, because it felt so good to her clit. "And!?" the Marquise urged. "I didn't let anyone fuck me, Madame! At the men's evenings it al-

ways escalated, the men stripped me naked, but I didn't let anyone fuck me. Some masturbated themselves, all the others I did it with my fist, Madame, I swear!" She was silent, but the Madame urged her on.

"Your husband was the one who broke the ice. I did it him with my fist like every day, but he wanted to squirt inside at the end. I was paralyzed with fear, he had never asked for that before. I finally gave in, he squirted inside and fucked me before for a few moments. I swear, Madame, I never let anyone fuck me properly, not even your husband. But now everyone had to squirt inside, everyone fucked me for a few moments before they were allowed to squirt inside.

I had to endure it at least 20 times during those evenings, some only fucked briefly, but most for a longer time and I was very ashamed to be fucked in front of a dozen noblemen. On the other hand, I had more orgasms in a row than ever before! Afterwards my pussy hole was quite sore because so many had fucked me, one after the other. But no one was allowed to fuck me properly like a man, Madame!" She had stopped crying.

The mistress was still not satisfied. "Afterwards, Madame, it was your husband who wanted me to do it to him every morning with my fist. I was happy to let him fuck for longer if he had trouble cumming." Emily straightened her back. "Remember, Madame, how often you caught us doing it, but I was very grateful to you for not interrupting us!" Madame laughed, "Of course I remember. You always did it to him for a long time with your fist, only then did you let the nasty guy get fucking properly. Your face twisted with each of your orgasms, then there was a holy glow on your face, that's why I envied you so much!"

The Marquise got her going again. "But now, Emily, my son wants you! I've already told him how beautiful you are! Take off your dress, we want to see you naked!" Emily obeyed and cried again. The Marquise took her clit in her fingers again and Fin's cock was stiff to bursting. Emily turned directly to Fin. "Young master, I've let you squirt in me hundreds of times, please don't do me this injustice!" Her tears were real, she was really desperate. The mistress pulled her

onto the bed, spread her legs and worked on her clit devotedly and for a very long time.

Now Emily flew from orgasm to orgasm. She melted away, as if from far away she heard the Marquise's command to let Fin fuck her. She felt Fin's cock finding its way. Emily's resistance was broken, her thighs opened willingly. She put her arms around the little boy who was so incredibly young. Much too young to fuck a grown girl like her.

But now his cock slid into her pussy hole more easily and deeply than ever before. It was definitely much bigger than she had thought. It had been more than 10 years since she had been properly fucked by the Ruler of the house and his disgusting cronies. She gradually sank into her lust, she no longer counted her orgasms. Fin fucked her for a very long time and she clung to the little boy, he really wasn't a man yet. She bit his earlobe lightly as he squirted wildly. It was immediately clear to her that she would let herself be fucked in the future, it was so beautiful. She lay in the little boy's embrace for minutes.

"You're still stiff," said Madame and bit her lip. "Would you like to fuck me right now, my dear boy?" It was less a question, more of an order. Fin knelt in front of her. But she ordered, "Emily, help the young master!" and Emily obeyed immediately. It was a first for her. Madame let Fin fuck her for the first time publicly. Emily rubbed his cock very briefly. Then she guided the cock from above into the large pussy hole, she reached for Madame's pussy for the first time and spread the fleshy labia wide with her fingers. "Keep your fingers on the cock," Madame breathed. Emily inserted the cock very deeply from above until she felt resistance. Fin fucked Mama very devoutly, Emily set the pace with her fingers. She paid attention to every reaction of the mistress, she increased the pace at the right time and rubbed Fin's cock very hard when she thought it was right to make him squirt. She immediately masturbated the mistress's clit , who immediately had a violent orgasm. She just kept rubbing the clit until the mistress stopped her.

Fin remained lying on top of Mama and his cock was still inside her. Emily knew that she was present at an important event. Of course, she had often seen Fin fuck his mother. But now it was happening openly for the first time, not secretly. The Marquise looked Emily straight in the eyes. “A mother is not allowed to fuck her son, dear Emily” she said, infinitely tired. “But now it has happened and it will continue like this from now on.” Emily nodded in agreement and indicated that she would keep quiet as the grave.

Let’s take a trip to Versailles. Centuries ago, King Pippin rewarded his victorious troops by letting them fuck the most beautiful and noble women of the court, both youngs and married ones. This beautiful event was forgotten, the Moors were finally defeated. But King Louis had the idea taken up again, once a year. The Marquise de Fitzgerald also had to take part. The king and queen were sitting on the podium. He looked at her, he knew that cow face that the unchaste Spaniard always made when she was fucked. Her dress was artificially lengthened and hid the bodyguards who fucked her one after the other under her skirt. She rewarded her bodyguards and they were allowed to fuck her once a year. The king looked closely at his wife’s face, because he knew what she looked like when she was fucking and when she had an orgasm. Of course he had allowed her to let her Dragoners fuck her all day long.

He clapped his hands three times and called out, “Mesdames, votez! Un Non c’est un Oui!”, which meant something like “Ladies, vote! No meant yes!” The ladies voted and would not take no for an answer. Soon they were rolling around on the lawn fucking. Some had no particular lover in mind, they just leaned forward, lifted their skirts and let anyone fuck them from behind, all day long.

The king watched with delight as his cow-eyed queen was fucked from orgasm to orgasm by the dragoons all day long. He whispered to his favorite, Madame de Pimpernel, who arranged the queen’s dress so that the king could see the queen’s pussy been fucked. The Pimpernel knelt before the king and licked his cock, for he loved to squirt deep in her throat. Like no other, the Pimpernel could suck out his juice hard like a vacuum cleaner and swallow it.

The Dauphin, his 10-year-old heir to the throne, came before the king with a girl of the same age. “Papa, your majesty, may I?” But the king shook his head. “I didn’t know you could already fuck, my dear prince!” The prince’s face beamed. “Oh Papa, I’ve been fucking Mademoiselle Fleur for over a year, she was the first nanny that I didn’t have to rape to fuck like the other chaste and shy women! They all cried and resisted, the cowardly girls, because they didn’t want to let me impregnate them! But I wrestled them all down and fucked them violently, I squirted my full load into each of them, because I am your son after all!” The king smiled gently, because of course he had been told that the heir to the throne raped his shy nannies several times a day. He put on a formal face. “That one, she’s much too young for you, my prince!”

The king stroked his small beard and smiled. He too had started tearing off his nannies’ nightgowns and raping the shy girl when he was only 8 years old. He usually had her pray in Latin on the prayer stool and fucked her from behind, he reveled in her giggling and Latin moaning. She had to lie on her belly over the edge of the bed and tell him fuck stories in rough and dirty words while he fucked her from behind again and again until he got tired.

Just minutes later, his son was back, holding the 17-year-old Mademoiselle de Montjuich by the hand. The king lifted the girl’s skirt. Semen dripped from her pussy, ran over her inner thighs and down her legs. The king nodded to his son. “Show everyone how well the Dauphin can already fuck, my dear Ludwig!” and the boy showed everyone. Madame Fitzgerald lay full and satisfied on the lawn; more than 40 men had fucked her at random. She had herself driven home late in the evening.

Fin fucked Mama at all times, the taboo was broken. Just a week later, he said he wanted to fuck the second maid. Flo, as Florence was called, was no more than 19 years old, small, petite and slender. Of course, she also wore her breasts open and exposed, they were small, round breasts with noticeably large nipples. They were usually pointed and stiff, perhaps because she pulled and tugged at them hard at night when she masturbated and had orgasms. When no one was looking, Fin grabbed the older girl’s nipples and pulled and

tugged at them until Flo squatted down in orgasm. She lifted up her skirt and masturbated her clit. She had no objection to Fin crouching down opposite her and watching her. She laughed quietly because his cock began to squirt without being rubbed. She caught his juice in her hand and wiped it onto her skirt. She refused to let him fuck her, smiling. And so it happened that he became more and more horny for her every day.

The Marquise rang three times and Flo came in. She beckoned the girl to the bed. Flo had only seen Fin lying naked with his mother a couple of times. With a quick glance, she knew immediately that the semen stains on her pussy were Fin's. This was not entirely new to her, she slept in Emily's bed and Emily told her about it when they masturbated next to each other at night. The Marquise had her dress taken off. Like Emily, she was completely hairless, because they usually hired infertile girls, so there were no conflicts. Madame touched Flo's pussy for the first time and pulled out her well-hidden, tiny clit. Flo let it happen, she never objected to an orgasm. She positioned herself so that the mistress could easily reach her clit.

First, Flo had to talk about her love life. From a young age, even as a baby, her father licked her tiny little clit to orgasm, or at least that's what her mother claimed. Her father detested her mother's pussy because her torn-looking labia hung out far, and he fucked her no more than once a week. Flo had to go with her mother every day, because she went to the neighbors three or four times a day to get fucked by them. She actually looked pretty good and sexy and everyone was keen to fuck the beauty. The neighbors wives sat by and watched indifferently, only a few lifted up their skirts and masturbated. They would only have been bothered if a serious affair had developed. From a young age, Flo had to hold the neighbors' cocks while they ejaculated and then use her fingers to squeeze out hard the last drops. Her father had deflowered her when she was 12, even though her mother screamed and screeched. Flo was happy to let him do it, because she had been allowed to masturbate on her father's chest in the marital bed for a long time. She spread her pussy wide with her fingers so that he could squirt deep into her pussy through the hole in her hymen. She was not at all happy with that, she wanted to be fucked for real and her mother screamed that she was still much too

young. How much this spurred her father's resistance was never clear, but in any case he deflowered the 12-year-old. He fucked her every night for 5 years, much to her mother's displeasure. Her mother screamed and lay down in front of her father to masturbate wildly. Flo learned to fuck well, and from the very beginning her father sold her childish pussy to well-paying men. Her mother was furious and sold her as a maid for a bag of gold coins. For two years, Flo went from master to master, and everywhere she had to fuck the master of the house and his buddies, but that was fine with her.

The service with her last master was very special. The Marquis de Montlhéry fucked Flo every morning with his morning wood, but he only had a small cock and was a miserable fucker. The Marquise watched from the other side of the bed, smiling, and secretly masturbated under the covers, because she didn't care at all that he fucked the maid every morning. It was actually quite exciting to watch the fucking up close and masturbate a little without him noticing. The maid lifted the covers slightly and looked much more closely and saw the Marquise doing it again and again. The two women grinned at each other. What a fool!

But the newly discovered Daguerretype was his real hobbyhorse. Flo had to let 20 to 30 men fuck her in front of the camera all day long, but that was fine with her. Most of them fucked excellently and the photographer's clicking didn't bother her at all, even when he took juicy, scandalous close-ups. He not only took pictures of the entire fucking, but also outrageous pictures of the cocks squirting into her wide open pussy hole from a centimeter distance. She grinned shamelessly into the camera when the photographer took close-ups of her masturbating or licking a clit. At the end of the session, the photographer and his assistants were allowed to fuck the beautiful little girl and squirt inside her, sometimes they fucked her in between, of course, when things got really hot. Later she showed the Marquise and Fin a few hundred of the scandalous, exciting pictures.

Every Friday there was a men's evening. Flo was fucked in public by everyone until they had had enough. A special event was when the Marquis deflowered his 12-year-old daughter at the men's evening. The girl cried at first as the men fucked her one after the other. At the

end she laughed lustfully and nastily like a dock whore. The Marquise was naked sitting thereby every time and let everyone lick her clit and masturbate it. But she only let everyone fuck her in secret because the Marquis didn't want that.

Flo squatted as the Mistress brought her to orgasm. She tugged on her nipples and said she needed that when she climaxed. Flo really liked fucking. She never orgasmed when she was fucked, only when she was licked by a girl, usually Emily. She masturbated every night until she fell asleep from exhaustion.

She agreed to fuck Fin, of course. She had only refused before because she didn't want to have a secret affair. She winced when the Mistress triggered her orgasm again. She liked to lie on top of the Mistress, hug her and stick her fingers into the fleshy pussy. She finger-fucked the Mistress, continuously, and let Fin fuck her from behind, over and over again, until he was exhausted. She liked Fin's cock very much, it filled her pussy hole completely and fucked her brutally, just the way she liked it. She clung tightly to Madame as he shot his full load inside her. She stroked his hair until he was ready for the next round. Fin fucked the sweet little girl, who was lying on the marquise and stretching her ass towards him, until he was completely exhausted.

Like Emily, she helped Fin to mount his mother and watched the fucking calmly. She was amazed that he squatted on her thighs like a nasty gnome, fucked her very slowly from above and then squirted inside her from above like a big spider. Only at the end did Flo grab Fin's cock and rub it in her old, fleshy pussy as he ejaculated. She assured him how much she loved her job here and said she was always ready to fuck him again, then she left without a sound.

Fin spotted the cook, she also had to be topless. Fin opened his eyes wide. He had never seen such large breasts, they hung down like ripe melons. He demanded to fuck her and the Marquise nodded with a nasty smile. The cook came in and when she saw mother and son fucking in a close, naked embrace, him squatting on top of her like a spider and after a few minutes squirting into her, she knew immediately how much it had hit. She undressed completely submis-

sively. She wasn't actually fat at all, she just had enormously large breasts. She gladly went to the bed, the Marquise began to explore her hairless pussy with her fingers. "And you are infertile, aren't you?" asked the mistress and Marion, the cook, nodded. "They say so, Madame, I have never been pregnant." The mistress pulled her clit out of its hiding place, it was well-formed and medium-sized. She gladly told everything while Madame gently masturbated her clit.

She had a carefree childhood. Ever since she could remember, her father and his youngest brother had fucked her mother, one after the other, because her brother could not afford a wife of his own. She was 10 and already had larger breasts than other girls, so her father allowed his brother to deflower her and fuck her. He helped his brother deflower the 10-year-old, both of them deflowered her and after that everything went well. Usually only her brother fucked the little girl, often her father too. She remained hairless and did not have her period, and so it was known that she was infertile.

She diligently learned to cook and, as she grew older, fucked her father and uncle every night. Her mother taught her how to lick her clit , and she soon became excellent at it. The Marquis de Fitzgerald hired her as a cook. She cooked excellently and let the Marquis fuck her as often as he liked. After a few months, the new thing was gone, he no longer wanted to fuck the fat girl. Marion said she had never been fat, she was chubby, but her ass was always small and round. She trembled in orgasm and the mistress nodded very contentedly, then she continued and rubbed Marion's clit with enthusiasm.

No, she did not live a chaste life, she said. Several times a week she sneaked into the stables and let the stable boy and sometimes the old coachman fuck her. She lay down on the stallion and let him fuck her upon the horse. She rubbed the stallion's cock between her ass cheeks and made him squirt. She laughed with the stable boy, who found it very funny. Of course the stable boy wanted the stallion to mate with her, but it only worked out rarely, once a week at most. But fucking the stallion was not unpleasant. She always thought the stallion would tear her pussy hole apart, but it always went well because the horny stable boy helped her.

“Do you know why you’re here?” asked the mistress. Marion shook her head. “My son wants to fuck you, Marion, he’s been pestering me for days!” Marion was silent. Of course she could see the young man, who was dreamily stroking his cock. Marion hesitated. “I’ve heard rumors that you fuck your son, Madame, mother and son. I never thought that was wrong, because I’ve fucked my father and uncle all my life, that always seemed right to me, even though some people thought it was wrong.” The Marquise pressed for an answer. “I always thought your son was 11 or 12, much too young to fuck a mature woman, Madame!” The Marquise nodded, “he’s already 13, Marion, but a child indeed. His cock already fucks quite well, he’s been fucking me for a long time. He certainly won’t disappoint you!”

Marion nodded resignedly and knelt on all fours. “That’s what I’m used to, young master!” she said gently. Fin mounted her from behind and began to fuck her. The Marquise hadn’t promised too much, the boy had a surprisingly large and steadfast cock. Marion’s melons swung back and forth, she enjoyed the fucking very much. She stayed on her knees when he recovered. He fucked the cook three times, her pussy hole was very small and very tight, so he had trouble penetrating her.

Before she left, the mistress asked her again. Yes, she masturbated every night before going to sleep, much to the discomfort of the kitchen help, who had grown up in a convent and never masturbated herself. Although her face was twisted in disgust, the girl watched Marion masturbating with shining eyes. The little girl rolled around for hours and pressed her hand to her pussy, but she didn’t dare to masturbate properly. Of course, she had a twitching orgasm every night as she rolled around. And of course she was ashamed to death.

Fin stalked around the kitchen help like a tomcat cat. One day he was ready. The Marquise called the kitchen help into her bedroom. 16-year-old Marie was very surprised to find mother and son naked on the bed. Fin’s cock was stuck deep into Madame’s pussy hole from behind, as if by chance. Madame had put one leg up and her hand on her pussy made sure that Fin didn’t slip out during the side-on fucking. Marie waited patiently and almost didn’t dare to look until Fin came inside after a long moan.

She had to wear her breasts bare too, she stepped forward very uncertainly and the mistress took off her dress. Marie was also completely hairless and held her hands in front of her tiny breasts and her childishly hairless pubic area. The Marquise felt her body thoroughly. She only gave in very hesitantly when the mistress gently pulled out her clit. Her eyes widened in shock when the mistress began to masturbate her clit. “Don’t, Madame, please don’t!” she whispered almost inaudibly, but the Marquise did it anyway. Marie stared at Fin’s cock and it dawned on her what was about to happen. She cried, “Madame, please don’t allow it, I’m an untouched virgin!” The mistress nodded reassuringly and let her tell her everything.

Marie was born in a convent, her mother was a religious sister. She grew up in a sheltered environment, but she soon learned about the sins. She was never allowed to masturbate in her life, even though almost everyone else did it. She always watched while the religious sisters were masturbating, but she never touched herself. And when the great unchastity occurred, she had to stand next to it with a bowl of water and clean her pussy and his cock with a wet washcloth.

What did she mean by unchastity, the mistress asked after Marie had twitched in orgasm and writhed in a squat under Madame’s skilled fingers. Marie hesitated for a long time, because the mistress continued masturbating her clit with a mischievous grin. “When the priest or the monk takes out his cock, Madame!” she said miserably. “And!?” Madame pressed. “He rubs his cock for minutes until it is hard and the sinful sister rubs her clit really hard so that she is ready for the sin of fucking.”

Marie hesitated because Madame forced her to talk such frivolous things and use very dirty words. Madame had to tease everything out of her. “The master sticks his cock into the sinful pussy, right into the hole! Outrageous! But he doesn’t stop, he just keeps pushing in, over and over, until the sinful sister sighs loudly and then he squirted inside, filling her with all of his sinful juices. I saw it with my own eyes, how he squirted right into the hole and she spread the pussy hole wide with both hands, stupidly grinning. I couldn’t take my eyes off of that, Madame, I just had to watch! Then I have to step forward and wipe the dirty cock clean. I had to squeeze his cock hard with my

fingers and squeeze out every last drop, making him squirt and squirt again and again. Then I had to clean the sinful sister's pussy and rub her pussy hard and sinfully until she has another orgasm, sighing and twitching. That's all, the whole goddamn unchastity, Madame!"

Madame smiled gently. "And you've never done it, the great unchastity!?" she urged. Marie lowered her head in shame. "Yes, Madame, the evil sisters made me do it every day for the last year. My mother checked me again and again to see if my hymen was still intact, and it is still today. But the mean sisters kept choosing boys whose cocks went through the hole in my hymen. I had to fuck all the boys and let them squirt inside, I knew how to do it. It was very hot for the nasty sisters to watch me being fucked. They clapped enthusiastically because I had an orgasm with every boy and then had to let him squirt inside, tired and defenseless. There were about 20 boys with small cocks in the monastery and each one fucked me dozens of times. Usually three or four fucked me one after the other and I wasn't allowed to tell Mom."

"And!?" urged the mistress. "There was a monk, Father Anselm. He had the smallest cock in the world, and none of the sisters wanted to commit unchastity with his tiny pencil. He told me, that "night after night I would sneak around the corridors and fuck the sisters who were engrossed in masturbating. No one noticed that I was secretly mounting and fucking them," he said with a devilish grin. He usually fucked three or four sisters in a row during the night, and then he would have squirted out all of his juice.

Over time he had fucked all the sisters in the convent, even those who lived chastely and did not commit the great unchastity at all or only very reluctantly. Many sisters cried when the mother superior ordered them to do it, but everyone had to obey. He was very proud that he had fucked all of them, even the most chaste, during their intense masturbating, because all the sisters masturbated, only a few did not do it every night.

So he came to me night after night to commit unchastity with me, every night, because his baby cock easily came through the hole in my hymen. I knew that I was infertile because I had no hair under

my armpits or pubic hair and I didn't have my period. At that time I slept in a cell with Sister Martha, she did not take part in the unchastity but masturbated every night and let me watch. Four or five times a week she masturbated me, which I always enjoyed, even though I knew how sinful it made me. But I liked lying naked in her arms, sucking and licking her nipples and letting Martha give me orgasm after orgasm!

Father Anselm fucked me almost every night with his baby cock and squirted into me with pleasure, Martha watched us all horny and masturbated incessantly, sitting naked on her bunk. Then Father Anselm went to Martha and fucked her while she masturbated in complete seclusion. He fucked her once or twice in a row and always squirted inside. Martha was not infertile like me, she had nicely trimmed pubic hair and always climaxed after he had fucked her. She was usually wide awake during the second or third fuck, but she let him do it as often as he wanted. She often scolded Our Lord for not stopping Father Anselm, but he always disappeared very quickly to find another sister."

Madame shuddered in disgust. "And do you know why you are here, Marie?" asked the mistress. Marie thought for a moment. "I think you want to do it to me with your finger, like Marion does it every night. You have already made me come three times and you are still going on, Madame. I never do it like Marion does with my finger, I just roll back and forth and press my hand on my pussy until I come. Doing it with your finger like Marion is a great sin, Madame!" The mistress objected vigorously. "It is not a sin, the priests are just telling you that! You have my blessing and my permission to do it with your finger just like Marion!" Marie looked uncertain, but Madame was the person to be respected here. "Yes, Madame, I will do it like Marion, I will let her show me!" Marie was serious.

"But that's not why you're here, little Marie. My son really wants to fuck you, that's how it is!" Marie doubled over in orgasm. She cast a sideways glance at Fin's cock. "Madame, the cock is much too big, even though your son is still a little boy. It certainly won't fit through the hole in my hymen!" The mistress nodded. "It shouldn't fit

through at all, it should fuck you properly and make you a real woman, it's high time to sacrifice your hymen!"

Marie thought for a moment. "Do the great unchastity?" Madame nodded. "Everyone does that, even the priest, the monks and the sisters! We all do it, it's not a great unchastity, not even a small one. Or do you think I would let Fin fuck me if it were unchastity!?" Marie opened her eyes wide. "So it's true, not stupid talk? I always thought mothers and sons aren't allowed to fuck each other!?" The mistress laughed. "Yes, that's what they say. But many, many mothers let their sons fuck them, and it's a secret, but very widespread!"

She paused. "Well, now you can fuck Fin, really fuck! There'll be a little prick the first time, but then it'll be great!" Marie nodded, "I've heard that, Madame. I'm actually looking forward to it, because fucking with the small-dicked guys always made me want more." She lay down next to the mistress and spread her legs willingly.

Fin deflowered Marie with a quick jerk. Marie smiled, "It really was just a little prick, young Sir, I almost didn't feel it!" She hugged Fin tightly. They fucked for half an hour, Marie had an orgasm after the other and each time she breathed, "How magnificent, young Sir, how lovely!" After fucking, they lay there in silence for a long time. Marie asked Madame, "May I watch you and Sir Fin fuck?" The Marquise nodded.

She started to masturbate and Fin knelt on her thighs like a miserable gnome. He stuck his cock deep in from above and fucked her very slowly. His butt bounced like a wasp's and he fucked her very gently and slowly. Marie was completely fascinated, Fin had fucked her face to face in a tight embrace, now he was fucking his mother in a completely different way from above like a spider. Like a large butterfly he squatted on top of her and fucked her with infinite slowness. The mother sank into her fantasies and started her finale. He increased the tempo, the butterfly thrust harder and harder and then he squirted juicyly inside. The mother awoke from her absence and kissed Fin right on the mouth. Marie whispered "Thank you!" and left quietly.

The rest is quickly told. Fin, who had been interested in mathematics, geometry and astronomy since childhood, made the tutors sweat. At 17, he published a paper that made the professors at the Académie Francaise jump out of their chairs. The professor invited him. “The Germans were ahead of the game up until now, with Leibniz and Gauss and so on. You’re bringing France back into the game, young Marquis! It would be an honor if you could teach our students!” Fin had never seen the inside of a school, but he agreed. Three mornings, two to three hours. Of course he couldn’t teach, but he scribbled on the blackboard and went through the matter step by step with the students. The professors sat in the back row, stunned, because the boy led the students through the most difficult problems known to mathematics. Occasionally he would fuck a student girl who really wanted to fuck the young genius. But that didn’t happen very often.

At 35, he calculated that there must be another planet out there. It took almost another 40 years before the planet Pluto was discovered. He didn’t live to see it; at 45, he lost his mind and died in mental derangement around the turn of the century. The Marquise visited him in the sanatorium every day and let him fuck her as often as he wanted.

Posterity had long since forgotten that he had predicted that Pluto would be there in the right place.

It was no longer a scandal that the Marquise fucked her son every day in public, in front of all the inmates; it was no longer anything out of the ordinary.

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Lucien in great happiness

by Jack Faber © 2024

Baroness Beatrice de Montmesnil lived with her son Lucien and her half-brother Thomas in the beautiful castle south of Paris. It was only on his deathbed that her father revealed that Tom was her half-brother. She had been lovingly deflowered by her father at the age of 13 and lay in his arms for two years. She loved her dad very much, he was a gentleman even when it came to fucking, and taught his daughter to masturbate. Two years later, she fell in love with Tom, he was three years older and fucked divinely. Dad let her stay the night at Tom's because she confessed how well the young man fucked.

It was crystal clear that she and Tom would get married. It didn't bother either of them that Dad didn't allow it, they were allowed to fuck day in and day out. Dad had arranged a brilliant match for her, she enjoyed fucking the groom just as much as Tom. When they found out that they were half-siblings, Tom left her to the other. She fucked both of them one after the other, but never in a threesome. She conceived and gave birth to Lucien. She never found out which of her lovers was the biological father. It was only when she saw Luc's cock grow over the years that she realized that Tom was the father. Her husband didn't have as impressive a cock as Tom's. Tom went to South Africa for three years as an ambassador, but that wasn't his thing. He was a highly educated bookworm and writer. Writing was the preferred activity in high society at the time, and Bea wrote juicy pornography that hardly any publishers would accept. Nevertheless, she was just as successful as Tom.

Although they were already immensely rich, her husband went to the colonies to earn even more. Tom didn't agree with him, by the way. "The black woman is naturally lazy, unhygienic and clumsy and lazy when it comes to fucking," that was Tom's experience in South Africa and no one could dissuade him. Bea's husband, on the other hand, loved black or brown girls, they fucked the best! Bea wasn't sad when he stayed in the colonies. She had Tom, they fucked every day and after a few years every other day.

From childhood, Luc slept naked at Bea's. She masturbated every morning after her first coffee and little Luc sat between her thighs and watched. He knew it from a young age and thought it was completely normal. When Tom stayed after lunch to fuck, he had to go into the next room and was allowed to play with the maids' exposed breasts. They all had different shapes of breasts, so the boy never got bored. Many maids allowed him to play with their nipples until their thighs trembled and they reached up their skirts. Hardly any of them allowed him to put his head under their skirts. He could never see anything exciting, it was too dark.

Luc was only 9 when his interest was really aroused. He lay on top of Bea while she masturbated and his cock squirted merrily onto her slit. He had often seen the maids let the boys fuck them. He loved to snuggle his face up against the girl's pussy and watch the fucking up close.

Of course he kept telling Mom excitedly about how the girls were fucking. Of course he kept asking if he could fuck her when she sat him on her naked lap after masturbating him in the morning and made him squirt. "When you're bigger, you can squirt in my hole after I masturbating you, OK?" she said gently. "But when can I really fuck you, like the maids get fucked every day?" He didn't let up. Bea looked at him seriously, he was already old enough to bear the truth. "We are mother and son, we must never fuck each other, as sad as it makes you, we must never do that!" Luc was really sad, and he swallowed hard. "Never, Mom?" he asked and she nodded. "Never, big boy, really never!"

Mum really had a good heart. She masturbated his cock right in front of her quivering, open pussy hole. The closer he came to squirting, the closer her fingers brought his glans to the hole until the tip touched the hole. He squirted inside, and when he had finished squirting, he let his cock penetrate very slowly and very deeply. "Silky smooth," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, and she said, "That's not fucking, my Luc, not at all!"

It took weeks before he asked again. "Is it true, Mum, that you let Uncle Tom fuck you when I have to go next door to play with the

girls' teats and make them tremble?" Mum smiled gently and gently. "Yes, my dear Luc, that's the same orgasm I have every morning." Luc thought for a moment. "But they don't touch their clits, or only touch it very shortly after they had trembled." Mom explained to him patiently that almost all girls had orgasms when someone's playing with their nipples, their teats.

Bea was not heartless, if he had begged long enough he was allowed to stick his cock in to squirt. "It's silky smooth, Mom, really silky smooth!" he exclaimed after squirting. Bea smiled gently, no one had ever called her pussy hole silky smooth. Luc came back to the original question. "Please, please, Mom, can I watch you and Uncle Tom fuck!?" Luc had got to the point. Bea thought for a moment after she had pushed his fingers away, because while she was masturbating him, he was allowed to sit on her lap and play with her clit and fingers in her pussy hole while she did it to him with her fist like every morning. "I'm fine, why not!? But I have to ask Tom first, you understand that, right?" Luc nodded, there was nothing wrong with that answer.

Every day he went into the next room again and played with the maids' nipples much more seriously and purposefully. Mama had been quite right. He lifted the girl's skirt and saw her rubbing her clit in orgasm. He could see that very clearly. One day Bea let him come into her bedroom, he didn't have to go into the next room. His heart was pounding in his throat. Uncle Tom came out of the shower, his stiff cock bobbing with every step. Luc breathed a sigh of relief. Uncle Tom's cock looked just like his, much bigger of course. But it was curved upwards towards the tip like his own. None of the other boys had a cock as curved as his. Uncle Tom stroked his hair. "A big day for both of us, isn't it?" Luc was very grateful for this small gesture. Uncle Tom had spoken about them both, that created a great closeness. Luc crawled onto the bed next to his uncle, to Mama, and their curved cocks bobbed in unison.

Uncle Tom beckoned him to come very close. "Watch carefully, my son, you're old enough to learn it." Uncle Tom radiated a calmness that immediately calmed Luc. "First I'll rub Bea's clit very gently until she's ready to fuck." Luc looked very closely. Mom's clit was soon

very stiff and her little hole widened a little. “See, that’s how it works, now she’s ready to fuck,” said Uncle Tom. Luc squirted in a high arc directly into Mom’s pussy hole, as uncle Tom penetrated her very gently. The uncle grinned friendly. “Just slowly, my son, just slowly!” Mom hugged Tom very lovingly and sighed desirefully. The uncle fucked her for almost half an hour. Luc hugged the uncle from the side and squirted again and again into Mom’s pussy hole. The uncle didn’t seem to mind, he pulled his cock out a little so that Luc could squirt directly into the pussy hole. “When you’re bigger, you’ll be allowed to fuck her too, my son!” Luc whispered, “Never, Mom said!” The uncle said nothing for a while. He stuck the tip of Luc’s cock into Mom’s pussy hole and let him squirt inside. “Oh, come on,” the uncle murmured, “sooner or later you’ll fuck her, because she wants it very much!” Luc was baffled, but now he had to pay close attention. Uncle Tom grabbed Mom by the hips and lifted her up a little, then he squirted inside for a long time. He lay next to Mom and gasped for air like her. Luc knelt in front of them, his cock was far from ready.

After a while the uncle said, “come on, Bea, he’s almost bursting!” Mom smiled and nodded, that was obvious. She did it to Luc with her fist and the uncle grumbled, “let him squirt inside properly!” Mom was very serious, but the uncle repeated it several times. Luc was almost squirting when she let him penetrate really deeply. Luc fucked like the uncle for a few moments, then he had to squirt inside, he continued to fuck her while squirting until he collapsed on top of Mom.

When Uncle Tom had left, she masturbated herself again, she still hadn’t had enough. Luc lay motionless next to her, he had squirted more times than ever before. She hugged him after her orgasm. “No matter what Tom said, we’re not allowed to fuck, mother and son!” she said energetically. “But in the end I was allowed to fuck you, wasn’t I?” groaned the tired boy. She thought for a long time. “Shall we meet in the middle? I’ll let you squirt inside to cum, but not fuck, okay, son?” He agreed before his eyes closed. “You can fuck the girls if you want, any of them!” was the last thing he heard. He no longer had the strength to nod in agreement.

The next day Luc knocked softly on Uncle Tom's door, he almost never went to him. "Just a moment, please," called the uncle, and a moment later the naked maid stormed past Luc, her clothes under her arm. The uncle was sitting on the sofa in the study. "Excuse me, Uncle, I'm sorry I disturbed you!" Luc choked out. The uncle smiled kindly. "We men, we understand that!" He let Luc sit down in the armchair. "Well, what's up?" he asked kindly and encouragingly. "Actually, I came to thank you for letting me watch you fucking Mom!" said Luc. The uncle was someone who radiated a great calmness that put everyone at ease. The uncle nodded again kindly and murmured that it was probably high time, and lit his pipe.

"And what's up, not actually?" he asked. Luc shifted back and forth. "What you said yesterday, dear uncle. That I will fuck my mother one day. But she says that will never happen. I am confused, Master Tom!" The uncle looked at the smoke rings and thought. "Has she never let you squirt inside?" he asked. Luc answered immediately. "Never before, never! But recently, after masturbating me with her fist, she has been letting me squirt on her pussy hole more and more often. She never notices that every time I can, I squirt inside from a short distance, deep into her open hole."

The uncle nodded. "Yes, that's how women are, always one step at a time, steady, incessant." He paused for a moment. Luc told him that in the future she wanted to let him squirt inside her and that he could fuck any maid, whoever she was. The uncle sucked on his pipe. "No, don't tell me which one. Just not Josefa, the black one, because black girls are lazy, unhygienic and very lazy when it comes to fucking. Your dad fucked Josefa because he loves to fuck black girls. But he sent her here with her son, little Henry, because she has a better life here as a maid than in Jamaica." Luc knew his uncle's stubborn opinion and whispered that Josefa bathed every morning before sunrise like all girls and he had seen her naked many times. She was really chaste and more reserved than the other girls, she doesn't let herself be fucked every day like the others." Luc paused for a moment. "I've seen her fucking many times, she fucks like a jungle predator and sucks the poor guy's juice at the end!" They were both silent. "Okay, maybe she's an exception, maybe I'll fuck her sometime," said his uncle thoughtfully.

He smoked thoughtfully. The embassy in South Africa had 18 maids, all of them black and over 25. He fucked three different ones every day, one when he woke up with his morning wood, one after lunch and the third after dinner. The women bent over a high chair and stretched their big, fat asses out expectantly towards him. None of them let him fuck them from the front, only their husbands were allowed to do that, and of course all their brothers and all their close and distant relatives. It surprised him a lot, but that's just how it was. Even the woman who came into his bed in the morning to gently wake him up, got on all fours and only let herself be fucked in the doggy position. They held on to the superstition that they couldn't get pregnant if they were fucked from behind. This was deeply rooted in the people, the women let even straying men fuck them from behind without a second thought, no matter how many there were. He discovered that some blacks had jet-black pussy holes, everything was black, even the clits. The other blacks had pink pussy holes and light pink clits. He imagined that the pink ones were better to fuck. He was not a good official, because he fucked every light-skinned customer who came to the embassy. He especially loved the chaste and shy ones, who were loyal to their husbands and cried because they didn't want to be fucked by a stranger. He nodded kindly and fucked them anyway, all of them! He found it much nicer to look into the tear-stained eyes of a white or Asian woman while fucking her than at a big, fat black ass and at their asshole twitching in orgasm. Uncle Tom refilled his pipe and nodded, the Asian women really did fuck the best!

"But back to your question. Do it as Bea suggested. At the end of masturbating, just squirt hard, she might need a little time. I was allowed to fuck my mother for over 10 years, since I was 8 years old. It didn't do me any harm, on the contrary, she taught me to fuck well. Unfortunately, she died a long time ago, the poor thing!" Uncle Tom sank briefly into memories. "Just give Bea time, you'll be able to fuck her a little longer each time before you squirt, just be patient."

The uncle wanted to know more. Did Bea really not notice that Luc was squirting inside? Luc described it very precisely. "She does it to me with her fist, the tip of my cock right in front of her hole. She keeps her eyes closed when she lets me squirt. My cock sometimes

touches her pussy hole and she flinches. I've been squirting right into her hole for many months, no question about it!" "And she doesn't notice anything?" asked the uncle. "No, Master Tom, it's like I say. She keeps rubbing with her eyes closed until I've squirted all in!" The uncle smiled faintly. "A few more months, my boy, just a few months, believe me! You should have seen her face when you fucked her hard yesterday!" He went on to explain in detail how he had learned to fuck step by step from his mother. Luc left, sun in his heart.

Bea kept her word. At the end, when she had masturbated him almost to the point of squirting, she let Luc's cock slide into her pussy. "But don't fuck me, definitely don't fuck!" she warned him urgently and closed her eyes. "No, much slower!" she whispered and now Luc was allowed to fuck her slowly and for a long time until he squirted. He did it very slowly and usually needed about 10 minutes to squirt. She pulled his cock out with a smile and squeezed out the last drops with her fingers. She always said that mother and son are not allowed to really fuck each other!

Once or twice a week she called him into the bedroom when she wanted to fuck Uncle Tom. Luc watched her because she always masturbated very devoutly before fucking. He watched very closely when Uncle Tom let his curved cock penetrate her. She had shown Luc where her G-spot was and how this curved cock could contribute to her pleasure. It went as usual. Uncle Tom made room when Luc's cock wanted to squirt without him masturbating! After he had squirted inside, Luc remained on his knees expectantly. Bea sighed and rubbed him submissively, knowing exactly how it would end. Uncle Tom stroked her hair and her clit, very gently. She relaxed and Luc penetrated her. He usually fucked her for at least 10 minutes, then he grabbed her hips and lifted her a little, like he had seen his uncle do, and squirted his full load inside. She kept whispering, "Tom, that's not right, mother and son!" Tom brushed it off, "Oh, come on, I fucked my mother for a long time too!"

Bea kept her word, Luc was allowed to fuck all the maids. His first choice was the black one, Josefa. Bea took her off duty and Josefa took off her dress. You couldn't tell if she was blushing or not. Bea questioned the 14-year-old, who was about to turn 15, very closely.

No, she almost never masturbated, at most once a month when she had her period. She didn't fuck as often as the other girls, at most 2 or 3 times a week. But then she let 4 or 5 guys fuck her one after the other, she was very easy-going and orgasmed with every fuck. No, she didn't lick clitoris or let the girls lick her or masturbate her. That was frowned upon in her culture. Yes, the Master was her first husband, and after just a few months she was pregnant with Henry. She was very grateful that the Master sent her here and she loved her job as a maid very much.

She didn't mind fucking Luc. "But you mustn't cum inside, young sir, I'll suck your juice out at the end and swallow it, of course. I don't want to get pregnant so quickly, you understand that!" Luc nodded, that was fine. Didn't she want to masturbate a little before fucking? No, Josefa shook her head, she was too ashamed. She welcomed the boy with open arms. He penetrated quite quickly and the young black woman sighed deeply and submissively. He fucked her full of pleasure for almost 20 minutes, Josefa hadn't promised too much and had one orgasm after the other. He was already ready, but Bea squeezed his cock and pulled it out. Josefa did it with her mouth, she sucked out his juice and swallowed it.

Josefa was grateful that Madame hadn't let him cum inside. She only let the boys cum inside a few days after their periods, to be on the safe side. He could cum inside her, she told Madame, her period had only been days ago. Luc fucked her three more times and cum inside her with great pleasure. The fucking had already lasted four hours when Josefa left. Luc booked her for another 10 days, he thought fucking with the black woman was wonderful.

The next few days he only fucked Bea, after she had rubbed him and after fucking Uncle Tom. She was still moaning, but Tom rubbed her clit so gently that she let Luc fuck her without resistance. She cried afterwards, what a shame, mother and son! Luc went to the small pool every morning and watched the naked girls bathing. He always found one he wanted and asked her to come and fuck him after bathing.

Not a single girl was afraid of getting pregnant except Josefa. The local girls liked to fuck Luc for hours, each masturbated during his breaks and he realized that they all masturbated just like his mother. He fucked all the girls over the next year, all of them without exception. The oldest were not yet 35, because they were sorted out at 35 and sent away with a generous severance package.

He still fucked Bea after she had masturbated him and fucked her with Uncle Tom's consent after he had fucked her mother wonderfully. Tom let him fuck Bea for longer and longer, she cried after each fuck, mother and son! Tom laid her on her back across his broad chest, hugging her from behind. He spread her thighs wide apart with his heels and her pussy hole opened wide. "Mother and son!" she cried over and over. Luc fucked her properly, she cried "Mother and son!" when she climaxed and kept crying, one orgasm after the other. Luc had finished fucking and she was still crying. She was terribly ashamed because she had orgasmed so often during her defilement, something she only ever had with Tom.

Another year passed like this, he fucked a different maid every day after her morning bath. He fucked Bea when she had masturbated him and of course after fucking Tom. He was 15 and at the peak of his virility. He could fuck his mother three times a morning after being masturbated three times, she always gave him more time to fuck before he came.

Tom brushed aside her crying and moaning. She shouldn't resist anymore, because Luc had been fucking her for almost three years. But Bea cried every time, mother and son! That was wrong, that was a sin and she couldn't enjoy it at all! That wasn't true of course, because she hid her face in Tom's cheeks when Luc was allowed to fuck her to multiple orgasms thanks to Tom's permission.

The cow-eyed queen, the beautiful and unchaste Spaniard who secretly let herself be fucked by lackeys, craftsmen and noblemen day in, day out, discovered a new source of her lust. She had heard with horror that her officers and soldiers were fucking each other in desperation. Men fucking like pigs! She smiled at the king with her big cow eyes and suggested that the officers and men should fuck the

most beautiful noblewomen in the country once a year, in May and September. “Once a year?” asked the king and the cow-eyed queen nodded, “in May and September, Your Majesty!” The king grinned crookedly, he knew his unchaste wife very well. 200 noblewomen, maybe 250? she whispered. The king laughed and said, so 300, no less! “So that you can fuck some too, my always horny madam!” The queen looked at him with her sweetest cow smile. “You are too kind, my dear husband, to think of my pleasure too! I will not disappoint you, Your Majesty!”

So it came to pass that Bea and Tom drove to Versailles, leaving the dozen or so maids in Luc’s care. Bea was seething with rage, which only subsided once they were in the magnificent castle. Tom sat next to the other husbands on long benches, because they did not want to let their precious wives be dishonored. The 300 noblewomen lay on comfortable sofas, the always horny queen was the only one lying completely naked in their midst. The great fucking lasted 5 days and Bea, like the others had to get fucked by 30 to 40 men, every day. In the evening she was completely exhausted and rubbed her pussy with wound ointment.

The king was really a voyeur by nature. He beckoned one couple after another to him and watched them fuck up close. Madame de Pimpernel knelt down in front of him from time to time and licked and sucked the king’s juice vigorously. Only a few noblewomen exposed themselves to the king, although he had already fucked them all. The king stuck his head under her skirt because he wanted to see her clit rubbing up close. The queen was totally delighted, she let more officers and men fuck her than any other. So, see you in September, Mesdames!

Bea was a different woman when they got home. She had fucked more than 250 different men and had one orgasm after another. She fucked Tom very devoutly, for the first time in a week. She took Luc’s face in both hands and kissed him right on the mouth, for the first time she gave him a real, deep French kiss. “So many guys have dishonored me in the last few days that I’m giving myself to you with love! From now on, fuck me whenever you want, because that’s OK with me now. I’ll let myself be dishonored again in September, the

unchaste Spaniard insists! You'll soon be 15, so it's probably about time you fucked your mother properly!" It was that simple and Luc fucked her as often as he could. How different it was to fuck a willing and passionate mother, no longer a crying and howling one.

Tom had to tell Luc everything about the queen, Luc had never seen her before. "First of all," Tom began, "she is beautiful, no matter what evil tongues say. I had a box seat, just a meter away from her. She is tall, slim and petite. She has only small, pointy breasts, although she has already given birth to 3 children. Her pubic area is clean-shaven and she has the smallest and tightest pussy hole I have ever seen! I could have touched her pussy if I had stretched out my arm! Often I thought that this big cock would never go in, but they all slid in effortlessly. Because of this small and tight pussy hole, the officers only fucked for a very short time and came with a happy grin! The maids, bare-breasted of course, ran busily back and forth to wipe the ladies' pussies. Their skirts bounced merrily and I could see many a desirable pussy hole! But it was a very special spectacle when the queen came to orgasm! She really is cow-eyed, as they say. When she came to orgasm, her head bobbed violently back and forth like pigeons do when they majestically pass by. Her eyes actually bulged out of their sockets like a cow's, she licked her lips and the orgasm was quickly over. I saw them fuck 300 or 400 officers, and it was a real fuckfest!"

A new girl came, she was also completely hairless and sterile like most of them. Luc led the beautiful Emily straight from her morning bath to the bedroom. She would be happy to go, said the 14-year-old, she had fucked a lot and of course always loved it. Bea was still in the middle of her morning masturbating and Luc immediately mounted her, because Bea loved it when he fucked her while she masturbated. Emily had dropped her dress and was watching curiously, she didn't know at the time that they were mother and son.

When the two were finished, she lay down next to them and caressed Bea's body. "You are beautiful, Madame," she whispered, moved, "You have silky soft, velvety skin." She had no hesitation in touching and caressing Bea, even in the most intimate places. Luc mounted the slim and petite girl, whose little pussy hole was so terri-

bly tight that he had trouble getting in, even though she was completely relaxed. He fucked the little girl twice in a row, then he had enough. Bea caressed Emily's tiny little clit and let her tell everything.

Emily had a wonderful childhood, even though they were desperately poor. As a baby, mom made her pee in a cloth because it was cheaper than diapers. Dad would then lick her little pussy clean and lick it on and on. The little girl screamed and kicked with pleasure in orgasm. He licked her clit to orgasm every night until she was 12. Then he deflowered her and fucked her every night for a year. Unfortunately, he had a fatal accident and the mother was left penniless. She took in her nephews for good money because their sister had married a rich man. The twins were already 17 and fucked mother and daughter day in, day out. These were two wonderful years, fucking around the clock! Then mom could sell them here as maids and had enough money.

Every September and every May, Bea went to Versailles with Tom to be dishonored by 250 to 300 soldiers for a week. The cow-faced queen's eyes almost popped out of their sockets when she nodded her head back and forth like doves during orgasm. Bea had to let herself be fucked in front of the king every time, who took great pleasure in Beas clitplay. Tom found this disgrace very hard to bear; he despised the lousy weakling, the voyeur on the throne.

But there was never another French Revolution.

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In the Magic Forest

by Jack Faber © 2024

Irmi lived with her son Rik in the magical forest of Brocéliande near Douarnenez in Normandy, which everyone of you probably knows. But hundreds of years ago it was the forest where the mistresses of powerful magicians lived. Most of them were magical girls, daughters of powerful sorcerers. They had to be hidden from humans because the smell of humans drove them wild and they fucked the poor men to death. The wizards had made peace with humans centuries ago and promised to hide the murderous girls. In return, the wizards were allowed to mount a human woman every night as a nightmare and fuck her all night long; none of them died. They were exhausted in the morning, but they had been fucked very well by the wizards. Men, on the other hand, were exhausted too if they had to fuck a magical woman all night long in a nightmare. So smile, dear friend, if your wife has dark rings under her eyes in the morning. And be patient, dear friend, if your husband can't get it up for a few days, it's understandable. But we didn't really want to talk about the nightmares, did we!?

Irmi and Rik lived all alone in the magical forest, they never met anyone else. The old magician kidnapped Irmi once a month in her dreams, he put the young beauty into a trance so he could fuck her all night long. She couldn't remember anything. But the magician had a weakness for Irmi, so he taught her to masturbate. She masturbated every day at sunrise and sunset, that was the way of the day. Little Rik knelt between her thighs and watched in fascination. She didn't have a cock like him, that soon became clear to him.

"Why are you doing that, Mom?" he asked. She smiled and continued to gently stroke her clit. "It makes me happy, it makes my heart almost explode and my limbs and my bottom dance with desire, as you can always see. Your Daddy taught me, the dear man!" Rik nodded attentively, because he could ask Mom anything. "And, is it okay with you if I kneel between your thighs and watch you?" the question time continued. "Of course, my dear boy! I especially like it when you

squirt on my pussy hole, it makes a good lubricant for the clit!" Of course, she had shown him the pussy hole and the clit a long time ago.

The magician brought Irmi out of her trance after fucking. "What do you want for your birthday, my child?" he asked kindly. "Oh, since you ask, dear sir! A few animals perhaps, tame ones that we can live with." The magician nodded, she got a few goats that she could milk and a bunch of chickens and a rooster so that she could fry the eggs. Irmi still looked sad, something was missing. The magician read her thoughts and smiled. "You'll get a pony too, I've trained him well." The magician was far too jealous to give her a handsome man. "The pony can do the same as any man, I'll show you!" Irmi had to get on all fours and the magician guided the pony's cock into her pussy hole. The animal knew exactly what he had to do.

Irmi was very happy about the presents. The goats gave fresh milk, the chickens gave eggs. And Rik caught three or four rabbits with his trap, which his father had given him for his birthday. It would take us away from our story to report that the magician grew old and forgetful and was elected head magician because they only elected an incompetent boss. Unfortunately, he forgot Irmi, Rik and the whole thing. Every morning he woke up and read the board above his bed: "I am the boss!", he didn't need to know anything more.

Back to Irmi and Rik. She crouched under the pony at lunchtime, Rik grabbed the stallion's cock and guided it deep into Mama's pussy hole. He didn't have to do anything, except when the pony slipped out of the hole without paying attention. Rik liked to see that his Mama now also had an orgasm during lunchtime fucking. He pressed his cock between her ass cheeks and ejaculated almost at the same time as the pony stallion. So the years went by, it was a god-damn wonderful time.

One day Rik was wandering through the forest, covered in the wolf's skin. The wolf's fur skin protected him from the sharp, poi-sonous thorns of the enchanted forest. He could kill a deer, a stag, and even a bear with a few firm fist punches. He and Mama loved

roast meat, even if it was often just a rabbit or two. He found a young girl, a human child, who had lost her way and her clothes were hanging down in tatters.

It was his father, who led the nice and wellbuilt girl to Rik. Rik picked her up and pushed the tattered rags aside. She must have been a girl, similar to his mother, only she didn't have beautiful horns or a long lion's tail like his mother. But he examined her pussy very closely and saw that she had a small, tiny pussy hole, but not as big as his mother's. A girl then, he thought and let go of the shy girl's pussy. At that time, it was not improper to touch a genital without asking, if you were curious. The 15-year-old opened her eyes wide; the boy was no more than 13, but he had a huge cock, long as her forearm, she had never seen anything like that! She carefully pulled the foreskin back over the enormous glans and looked into the hole. She could have her little finger press into this huge pisshole! She was not aware that she pulled the foreskin back several times; he squirted onto her tiny little pussy hole with a grin. "A good smear, that's what Mom always says!" he said with a grin.

It was his father, of course, who directed his steps. He spread the wolf skin on the forest floor, let her lie down and pushed the annoying rags aside. "You can fuck me, of course, young master," she said quietly, "because you're going to save me." Rik had no idea what she meant by fucking. "I'll lie on your little pussy and squirt everything in, little girl, OK?" he said. She nodded, surprised that he didn't thrust. "Mom only allows me to stick it in and squirt inside," he said and nodded, he didn't let his father whisper anything to him. She let out a little moan and a long sigh as the arm-thick cock penetrated her. The father shrugged his shoulders and left them both. Rik lay still on top of her and his lips caressed her breasts. He had never seen a woman without horns, but with breasts. He concentrated for a few moments and squirted into her pussyhole. Her eyes widened because he was squirting in very strong, thick jets. 10 minutes later, his whole face was beaming; he had sprayed it all in!

He wanted to help her, of course, but there was no way to the human world anywhere. Her name was Mitzi, said the little girl, she

was a maid at court, her mistress was the young lady, Princess Cicipe. Rik didn't understand anything and took her home.

Mitzi didn't dare to greet Mama properly. She had never seen a really pretty woman like Rik's mother. Her furry face, the beautiful horns on her forehead and his mother's long, beautifully whipping lion's tail frightened her very much. She asked in a whisper if she was really his mother. Rik pulled the wolf skin from his shoulders, because at home they both ran around naked. Mitzi was amazed at Rik's big cock, people didn't have one like it. She shyly took it in her hand, where it grew and grew. Mitzi realized that her rags no longer fit and took them off. Mama and Rik felt her from top to bottom. Mama didn't have breasts like Mitzi, but a much bigger pussy hole. "The pony might not fit through," said Mama, "we'll see tomorrow." Mitzi went to the stream behind the house and bathed in the lukewarm water. They ate eggs and milk until all three of them were full. They lay down on the bed, there was enough space.

Mitzi opened her eyes wide when Irmi began to masturbate, the sun was setting. Rik knelt between Mama's thighs and repeatedly squirted on Mama's clit. "It's a good lubricant," he explained to the girl. They fell asleep and Mitzi clung to Rik in fear. "Oh, the howling is from the wolves, Mitzi," he reassured the girl, "they detest us because they only eat real human flesh." He hit his forehead, how thoughtless! Mitzi was probably a human child and she confirmed it. He said she was completely safe with them, he could tear a wolf to pieces between his fingers if necessary.

"What smooth skin you have, Mitzi," he said and stroked her gently and reverently. "Don't you do it like Mama in the evenings?" he asked and she had to think about what he meant. "Do you mean masturbate?" Rik didn't know the word. "She rubs her clit until her whole body trembles and fidgets," he explained. She nodded, that's what they call masturbating in the human world. He didn't ask any more questions. Mitzi's hand wandered over his body and stopped on his stiff cock. "Shall I do it to you, dear Rik?" she asked quietly, because the damn wolves were still howling. "What do you think, dear girl?" he asked, because her hand on his cock felt goddamn good. "I could rub all the juice out of your cock, Rik, all men have to get rid of all

their juice every night, down to the last drop. I do it to everyone who lies down next to me, I let the juice squirt up between my fingers until nothing more comes out!" Rik understood that. "I often lie on top of Mom at night and rock back and forth, then the juice comes out all by itself, but I don't want to wake her up at night. Then she's in fairyland and desperately looking for Dad, but the guy has disappeared!" Mitzi began to rub his cock, and the juice actually came out in a high arc. Mitzi smiled and did it twice more, then his cock was completely soft and empty. Rik liked this innovation, so we'll do it tomorrow again! he breathed and immediately fell asleep.

In the morning Mitzi knelt over Mom's pussy. She had asked kindly if she could examine her pussy in detail. Mom's pussy hole was quite large, matching Rik's large cock. But Rik had said during the night that he was only allowed to stick his cock in Mom's pussy hole at night to squirt inside. Only at night, when Mom was tired and sleepy, but he was not allowed to do more than stick it in and squirt in it. Mitzi was very surprised by Mama's clit, which was probably twice the size of her own and the hood was completely covered with fur. Mama had Mitzi pull the whole cap back and expose the whole bare and welltrained clit.

Mama started to masturbate after Mitzi showed her her little clit. Mitzi rubbed Rik's cock and let him squirt on Mama's clit again and again. This was obviously right because Mama nodded in agreement when Rik squirted upon her clit. When Mama was finished, she asked in her raspy voice whether Mitzi didn't do it herself? "No, Your Grace, I don't do it yet, among us humans it's mostly the old women who do it." Mitzi lowered her gaze. "Of course I've done it many times out of curiosity, but not regularly like the other girls." She paused. "I get my orgasms when Princess Cicipe orders me to fuck kings, princes or state guests." Of course, Mom didn't know what these guys were, but she asked in a rasping voice what she meant by fucking. Mitzi was no longer afraid of the furry, horned woman and answered correctly. "He sticks his cock in my pussy hole, thrusts in and out for a while, then he squirts in." Mom understood. "Rik does that every night now, the sticking in and squirting in, he obviously needs it three or four times a night," she didn't know exactly because she was sleeping. "But I don't let him thrust, it would wake me up

straight away. Only the little stallion is allowed to fuck me." Mom was very proud to use the new word. Mitzi didn't ask any more, even though she didn't understand a word.

The secret was revealed at lunchtime. Mom crouched down under the pony and Rik inserted his cock into her hole, it slid in very easily. The pony stallion knew exactly how to fuck a woman properly. He used to be a tailor's apprentice before the magician transformed him. For many decades he had been fucking women that the magician brought to him. He was a good stallion, he could fuck as often as the woman wanted. Now he fucked Mom like a man. Mitzi stood next to her and watched in amazement. Rik had stuck his cock between Mom's small asscheeks and was fucking in her asshole in unison with the pony, but he kept squirting into Mom's asshole more and more often. Gradually Mom came to orgasm, she whipped the pony's balls and cock with her lion's cock, who now obediently squirted inside.

Mama sat up, satisfied. "Now you, Mitzi, now you!" Mitzi looked embarrassed. "Your Grace, I've never done that before, I've often watched because the princess wanted to see it with her own eyes. Only a few noblewomen do it, it's generally considered shameful. And it's difficult, the stable boys have to play along." She looked at the pony's cock from under her eyelashes. It was quite big, but she had already fucked much bigger ones, our Mitzi. The pony's glans was completely flat and a thick, solid ring surrounded it. "Go ahead," repeated Mama, a little impatiently.

Mitzi crouched obediently under the stallion's belly. Rik widened her small, tight pussy hole with his fingers and carefully inserted the cock. I haven't fucked for two weeks and now it's a stallion! she thought. The cock filled her pussy hole completely, only the stallion was a little confused. Did he really have to fuck the little girl? But the magic forced him to do so. So he started fucking, the former tailor's apprentice, and quickly brought Mitzi to orgasm. He continued to fuck her stubbornly, and our dear Mitzi cheered from orgasm to orgasm. She got tired, Rik hit the pony stallion on the cock and the tailor's apprentice let it squirt properly inside. Mom nodded, extremely satisfied. "I didn't think it would go into your little human girl hole, but it went quite well and it did you a lot of good, didn't it, little

Mitzi?" Mitzi nodded in agreement and stroked the cock of the dear pony stallion.

It went on like this for the next months, the good pony stallion fucked Mom and Mitzi immediately afterwards, Rik enthusiastically fucked in their assholes in unison with the hard-working stallion. Rik stuck his cock in Mom's pussy hole at least three times every night, Mitzi rubbed his cock and let it squirt juicy inside. They were so careful that Mom never woke up and continued to snore blissfully quietly, even when Rik had to squirt three times every night. Mitzi loved the carefree life, she thought the long fuck with the tailor's apprentice was great. Mom asked her every day about a sex experience, and Mitzi liked to talk about it. Mom always wanted to know what the kings and princes looked like. When Mitzi described the cocks in detail, Mom closed her eyes with pleasure and imagined the cock as lifelike. She had only known Rik's cock up to now and watched excitedly when he stuck his cock in her pussy hole during the siesta and squirted inside; Mom found that very exciting.

Mom had only ever seen Rik's cock and watched excitedly when he stuck his cock into her pussy hole during the siesta and squirted inside. Mom found that very exciting. Mom thought it was a miracle that Rik had a cock and could squirt into her pussy hole with it. She was awake now, she let him slide back and forth until he squirted, every day during the siesta. A miracle! She widened and spread her pussy hole and bent over completely to watch him squirt inside very closely.

Mitzi was somehow disappointed that the men often couldn't fuck well, much less than the good pony who fucked them both every afternoon. Mitzi admitted that most of them didn't fuck as well as her pony stallion. She always waited until the kings or princes had left and masturbated straight away, because every fuck made her horny, regardless of whether the guy triggered her orgasm or not.

One afternoon, they were lying on the bed after fucking with the good tailor's apprentice and Mitzi was devoutly stroking Rik's big cock, when Mom sat up. "What is it, Mitzi, don't you want to fuck Rik so I can see with my own eyes what you're always telling me about so

beautifully?" Mitzi glanced at Mom. "Your Grace, I only fuck men who turn me on or when I'm ordered to, and I always obey Princess Cicipe!" "So what's the problem?" Mom snarled and excitedly grabbed her horns. She usually did that when she was already very horny. "Your Grace, there's no problem, of course I'll let Rik fuck me if you want it!" She was a good girl, our Mitzi. Mom nodded eagerly and excitedly rubbed her beautiful horns. "Yes, my girl, my Grace wants it, here, right in front of my eyes!" Mom, of course, had no idea about courtly language.

Mitzi, our good Mitzi, lay backwards on Mom's body, her pussy hole right in front of her eyes. Rik licked his lips. How often had he wanted to fuck Mitzi at night when his juices were welling up. But he was always too cowardly and squirted into Mom's pussy hole, that was a certain bet. He mounted Mitzi without hesitation and carefully pushed his cock deep inside. Mitzi sighed deeply. Rik's cock was really considerably bigger than the pony's. Rik waited uncertainly until Mitzi pushed him gently. Now he fucked like he had seen the pony stallion do, the good tailor's apprentice fucked both women from behind, right between their ass cheeks. Mitzi pulled Rik into her arms and let herself be fucked for half an hour, happily going from orgasm to orgasm. Mom's eyes opened wide when he paused and twitched as he squirted load after load inside. Mom slapped his bottom happily. "Bravo, Rik, you did a great job!" She asked later if Mitzi would like to let him fuck her in the future? Mitzi nodded, that was a good start!

Mitzi and Rik fucked several times during the day. He was still quite young and his cock was always full. It was only after weeks that Mom dared to ask them whether Rik wanted to fuck her now and then, her, his mother. They both knew that the magicians didn't appreciate it at all. Dark clouds were gathering, lightning flashed incessantly and thunder erupted right outside the door. Mom smiled and shouted into the storm, "You can all fuck yourselves!" As always, Mitzi had stuck his cock into the big pussyhole, then Rik fucked Mom with bared teeth for a good half hour. She grinned with every orgasm and held Mitzi's hand tightly, who was scared to death of the storm. There was terrible thunder and lightning as Rik squirted long and juicy inside. The storm stopped immediately, only the rain continued to pelt the roof for another hour.

My story ends here. When Mitzi wanted to return after a year, the mother sewed her some kind of trousers and a top out of rabbit fur. She sewed a long lion's tail onto the back, because Mitzi was now her girl. Rik picked up the magic stick that his father had given him many years ago. The magic stick began to glow in his hand, white and then light green. Rik and Mitzi looked at several castles in the area, the images appeared in the air. Then Mitzi screamed, this was her home!

Rik flew there with her in the blink of an eye and set her down very gently. They arranged the next rendezvous and he disappeared unseen. Mama comforted him and let him fuck her so often until his lovesickness disappeared and Rik was only counting the days until the next rendezvous.

Princess Cicipe had become 5 years older than Mitzi, who had not aged a day in the magic forest. The princess had been fucked every night for 7 years by her father, the king, and now, at 19, she had her own bedroom and was fucking the handsome princes herself. Princess Cicipe had become much too old for her father; the old scoundrel only fucked virgins who were not yet 13; that kept the old pig priest young.

Mitzi told the princess everything, including the saucy details, even how she and mom had fucked the pony stallion every day. Mitzi, who always stroked the pony's brave cock after fucking, discovered one day that the pony could talk in whispers and snorts.

He told that he had made a serious mistake over 300 years ago. He saw an old man fucking a female pony and laughed at the old scoundrel. But he was a magician who had turned a princess he adored into the pony. He had become angry because the princess enjoyed fucking her pony stallion every day; the pony had been trained to fuck. The magician became angry and turned the tailor's apprentice into a pony stallion. It was a popular thing among magicians to kidnap a noble girl and turn her into a big wild cat. The panthers, leopards and lionesses were very patient when they were fucked because that was what all big cats did.

For three centuries he had to fuck all the women the evil wizard wanted. The pony stallion shook his mane in horror. “If you only knew, dear lady, how humiliating it was to fuck all the fat, big-assed women to orgasm, hundreds, even thousands of them! But the wizard had given me a good cock and a steady virility, which made things somewhat bearable. And fucking thousands of different women for three hundred years without aging a day wasn’t the worst punishment!”

He talked for hours about the asses and the different pussies, because he had photographic memories of them all in his memory. There were queens, princesses and noblewomen that he had to fuck, and he described every ass, every pussy and every pussy hole in meticulous detail so that the lady could imagine it as lifelike as possible. “Only rarely did I get a very young girl, and it was really fun to fuck her thoroughly! Most of them wanted me to fuck them until they were completely exhausted!”

He had only one wish, he confessed to Mitzi, after three hundred years of fucking between fat ass cheeks, he wanted to fuck a woman from the front again, said the stallion and let the tears of longing flow. Mitzi took pity on him and so they worked on it until it worked. She hung on to him from below, clutched his mane and hooked her heels around his rear end. Every afternoon, when Mama was taking a siesta with Rik tightly wrapped around her and he was allowed to stick his cock in to squirt, Mitzi let the tailor’s apprentice fuck her from the front, the tailor’s apprentice squirted and neighed with pleasure and unbridled lust.

Princess Cicipe loved Mitzi more than anything, she let her best friend fuck all the princes and kings in front of the assembled court. She and the nobles of the court applauded for a long time when Mitzi had a nice orgasm. Rik flew to the castle once a week and fucked Mitzi passionately on the lawn until long after sunset. When Mitzi was pregnant, he came every evening because she was as sharp as a razor blade. Rik was still 14 because, like Mom, his birthday was only every ten years; in the magic forest, only one year had passed. He fucked Mom every day and they grinned impudently because it was thundering and lightning like crazy.

I was also invited to the court of Princess Cicipe when King Farouk of Egypt visited her. Every evening there was a festive banquet because the little, fat king loved to eat. The “Princess of the Nile”, his favorite dancer, performed her famous veil dance at the banquet. She was only covered with a transparent veil and she let the veil fuck her while she danced; that was her favorite performance. After the banquet, the dancer went into the courtyard where the king’s Bedouins were shown their veil dance around the campfire. The famous dancer then let herself be fucked by 5 or more Bedouins. At the end, when she climaxed, she always fainted or pretended to.

I had known the dancer for a long time, because I was a guest of the king in Cairo for 3 months. I fucked the world-famous dancer every evening by the campfire, when we were both still very young and in our prime. Of course I knew about the dancer, whose real name was Herzeloide Köpcke and who had grown up in the brothels of Hamburg. I am not exaggerating when I say that she had a silky soft, velvety and very tight pussy that not only I loved, but also the Bedouins. Arab women are known to have pitch-black, scratchy, wide pussy holes, which for me as a European was both tempting and repulsive to fuck, which didn’t stop me in my youth from fucking a dozen of these goddamn Bedouin pussies every day. The Bedouins at court loved me very much and harshly ordered their shy wives and daughters to fuck the dear Effendi from Alemania, to fuck gently, devoutly and passionately. They all acted very shy and chaste, but each had her black slave with a big cock. But what the Arab woman did with this order was usually grotesque. They kept their black rags on because it was improper to expose themselves completely naked in front of everyone. But if only a handful of people were watching, they were of course happy to take off all their clothes because nakedly that made the fucking more fun. They stretched their spread legs high in the air and spread the pussy hole wide with both hands. She masturbated her clit constantly and giggled and gurgled when she orgasmed, but that was considered fine and elegant. But I digress.

Rik soon discovered that he could use his magic stick to fly to the homes of all the witches. He looked through the bedroom window and waited until the little daughter had finished masturbating, then he lay down next to her. They all liked to be fucked, because the wiz-

ards deflowered their daughters in time, but they preferred to lie down with their mothers to fuck. So over time he fucked hundreds of the little, horny girls. He only fucked the mothers when he was sure that they liked to be fucked, and there weren't very many of them. Most of the older witches had strangely shaped clits. They were usually spirally curled and the witch stretched them out like spaghetti to masturbate. Sometimes he was very wrong and accidentally fucked a witch who didn't really want to be fucked. No one resisted the rape with all their might, they just let it thunder and lightning so that anyone who was sneakily spying on them would know that she didn't agree. Rik grinned when he had to take a headbutt, but that didn't stop him. He no longer shied away from fucking even the most beautiful and desirable witches. A headbutt, a bit of thunder and lightning? An easy price to pay!

Mom didn't approve of his erotic adventures, because if Dad found out, there would be big big trouble! We know for sure that he never found out, because all he knew was that "he was the boss".

Rik fucked Mama all her life, as he did fuck Mitzi. She died at a very old age and 21-year-old Rik cried at her funeral. Princess Cicipe was already around 60 when she fucked Rik to comfort the sad boy. The old princess loved to be thoroughly fucked by young loinstrong Rik; she could hardly find anyone else to fuck at her age, the poor thing. Rik cried even more because the princess was not half as good to fuck as Mitzi. He fucked the princess three times a day for a whole year to say goodbye to Mitzi.

Mrs. Köpcke had also aged, but she danced every day for this or that king, because no one lived long as king of Egypt. I've lost sight of her since I lived at the courts of Denmark and Sweden and was engaged to teach the sweet, light-blonde princesses how to fuck well until they were married years later at 14 or 15.

I often had myself coachdriven through the magical forest of Brocéliande near Douarnenez in Normandy, but I never met Rik or his Mom.

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The Queen's Confessions

by Jack Faber © 2024

When Luc's parents moved to the colonies, Luc preferred to stay with his grandmother, who was actually his mother's older sister. His mother was actually happy, because Luc had been secretly fucking her for 2 years, more and more often. His father shook his head disapprovingly, but he didn't care, the boy was in the middle of puberty and had to squirt a dozen times a day! Everyone knew that, he said and nodded approvingly and let the boy mount his wife a dozen times a day. The mother was happy to get away from the constant incest cheaply. The grandmother was already old, possibly over 40. She was an old maid with a simple mind, she had a poorly paid job in the parish in the Palace of Versailles. She had a modest room in the palace, but that was important to her. In return, she let the old priest fuck her two or three times a week before morning mass. This was so that the priest didn't have to sin elsewhere, the poor guy! It made sense to her.

Luc didn't have his own bed. From day one, he slept naked next to his grandmother, and she slept in her long nightgown for the first few days. She left her nightgown away after a few days, the little bastard just squirted on it! She always turned her back to him and masturbated quietly lying on her side every evening as soon as they went to bed. She was so used to masturbating before going to sleep, ever since she was a child. On the first evening he put his hand under her nightdress and explored her round bottom while she masturbated inaudibly. He explored her large buttocks, grabbed her asshole and curiously poked his index finger into her asshole, which twitched with every touch.

She only grunted briefly as the little explorer's fingers penetrated further and discovered her pussy, her pussy hole wiggling slightly as she masturbated. But at first she did not allow him to bend over to watch her masturbate. He nodded in agreement, the small candle provided enough light so that he could at least see her masturbating

from behind. He masturbated slowly and at first he squirted on her round buttocks.

He didn't leave it at that for long. He fucked between her ass cheeks and stuck his cock into her asshole to squirt. Grandma seemed to like it, she let him squirt in her asshole without any complains. That went quite well for a while, he could hear her silent orgasm because he left his cock in her asshole. After the orgasm he gave her a little time, then he took her hand and put it on his newly stiff cock. He didn't have to say anything, she knew exactly what she had to do. She turned to him and did it very slowly. It wasn't a problem that he touched her melon-sized breasts. She only reluctantly allowed him to penetrate her pussy hole with his fingers or to twist her clit. She had said from day one that she would never let him fuck her. "The fact that your mother let you fuck you is her business. But you will never fuck me."

Grandma did it to him every night, that was no problem. After he had fucked her in the asshole for a good 10 days, it was no longer enough for him. He slid along the crease of her ass all the way to the front while she masturbated. He slid along the crease of her ass all the way to the front while she masturbated. His cock slid forward curiously, followed her rubbing and finally found the pussy hole. He penetrated and slid deep inside, because she was masturbating with complete concentration. She growled and grumbled as he fucked her in the pussy hole. After a week she scolded him, so he contented himself with fucking her between her fleshy labia and only cumming deep inside at the end. That was a compromise that she tolerated from then on.

Not long after, a new vicar came to the Versailles rectory. The old priest was happy to let him hear the queen's daily confession. Luc, who was and remained the best in the class, immediately went to spy. The vicar, a saintly man of 26, never noticed the little spy. Luc crept behind him into a hollow space next to the confessional. He could only see the penitent, but he could hear both of them. Luc quickly found out that the queen always came to confess at the same time.

The queen, an aloof Spanish woman, had always confessed the same sins to the old priest in the same words. The young vicar was completely different and was not satisfied with her primitive chatter. Oh, she had sinned in the flesh? The queen said she was the queen. The vicar replied, “Here you are a penitent who wants to confess your sins. In the confessional there was no queen, no noblewoman and no kitchen maid.” The Spanish woman turned pale and rushed out of the confessional. Of course she did not notice that the vicar sent the sign of the cross after her and murmured “Ego te absolvo!” Luc’s heart was pounding in his throat. This could be fun! That evening, long before Grandma had her orgasm, he came deep into her pussy hole.

Grandma explained to him the difference between fucking and proper fucking. Proper fucking involved looking each other in the eyes, hugging each other and fucking. She only did that with the old priest, twice a week, for many years. When Luc squirted in her pussy at night after masturbating, that wasn’t proper fucking, that was okay. But she didn’t say a word about the cheeky boy sometimes fucking and squirting into her pussy hole. Maybe she was embarrassed. The fucking in the refectory was public, there were usually a few other people there, but grandma didn’t mind letting the old priest fuck her in public. The young vicar with the big cock fucked all the girls in front of everyone too. He especially loved the newlywed girls, they fucked so shyly, unfamiliarly and full of shame, crying quietly, he loved that especially.

Granny said she wasn’t embarrassed when Luc squirted in at night, deep inside her pussy hole. She knew that all men had to squirt out the juice every night, so it was only natural that Luc squirted in so many times until his juice was empty. Luc was silent, because he only masturbated the first time. Later that night, he spread the granny’s ass cheeks, who always fell asleep immediately after masturbating. He spread her ass cheeks and his cock became hard again when he looked deep inside her pussy hole. He loved to play with her clit and she grunted contentedly in her sleep when he made her clit harden. She also grunted a little when he stuck his cock deep inside and fucked her until he squirted. Whether she was really asleep or just pretending, he never knew, but he only fucked her at

night. For Luc it was real fucking, in fact he was glad not to look her in the eyes while fucking.

He now sneaked into his hiding place every afternoon, he wanted to hear the queen confess. Of course she came back, really meekly. She said again that she had sinned carnally. Luc held his cock and the vicar nodded kindly. He asked when and with whom? She needed a start. “With the German ambassador, in the morning and yesterday after going to bed.” Again the vicar nodded graciously and asked in what way? She answered immediately. She had sat on his lap that morning and let him fuck her sitting down, face to face. And did he cum inside her? he asked. She answered in surprise, “but yes, Father, that’s how it should be when… fucking!” Luc noticed how shy the Spanish woman was when she said the word. Good, said the vicar, “I’m only a vicar, not a priest yet, Your Majesty!” Luc noticed how he became uncertain and addressed her as Your Majesty. The vicar asked her to tell him about the evening. “We fucked like husband and wife, quite normally. I wanted so much to be fucked in the doggy position… but the ambassador refused, like most men. The woman should endure it in silence and not have any wishes or even express them!” The vicar asked if it was different in Spain? “Of course, Your Grace!”

He suddenly asked if she had already given herself to several men? Luc could see the astonishment on her face. “Yes, Your Grace,” she said with a haughty smile, “since I was 12, there have been thousands, not hundreds.” That left the vicar speechless. He thought for a moment, he couldn’t imagine such a mountain of sins. The queen lowered her head. “Some days I’ve let a dozen different noblemen fuck me, Your Grace, I’m still so young, only 31. I don’t want to miss anything.” There was a long silence.

The vicar stretched his neck. “And, do you sin alone, Madame?” he asked. She nodded immediately. “Yes, Your Grace, every night before I go to sleep, otherwise I can’t sleep!” He seemed to get curious. “And how exactly do you do it, my child?” he asked jovially. Before she even opened her mouth, he said, “No, my child, show me, there is no sin in the confessional!” She pushed her skirt down to her knees, spread her knees and reached under her skirt with her hand. He said

sternly, “You call that a little bit a sin?” She shook her head, “No, of course not, it actually takes much longer.” He nodded, “then do it really, right now!” She gave him a strange look. “Now?” she asked quietly and the vicar probably nodded, but Luc couldn’t see that. She leaned back on the bench and smiled. Again she reached under her skirt and rubbed herself for a quarter of an hour. Luc could only see her face, her knees and the rubbing hand, everything else remained covered. She trembled in orgasm and laid her head on her forearm. The vicar had opened the barred window from the beginning, now Luc saw the vicar’s hand on the queen’s head. “Ego te absolvo,” he whispered, “I forgive you for your sins!” Luc waited until she kissed the ring on his finger and quietly left. He waited because the vicar also went his own way. Luc also came deep into Grandma’s hole twice that evening, the 14-year-old was so excited. Grandma grunted, but she let it happen.

“I really have to fuck, Grandma!” he said at breakfast. She nodded. “Yes, I understand you. But you don’t even need to ask, I won’t let a 14-year-old fuck me, I’m not like your thoughtless mother!” She didn’t let herself be persuaded, really not. Maybe she was mistaken when she said that Emmi lets anyone fuck her! He knew who Emmi was. The mentally retarded chambermaid who came every day to clean up. Luc pressed his lips together, Grandma couldn’t possibly be serious!

But when Emmi came in the afternoon, he dropped his trousers and hugged her naked, pressed his cock against the crack of her ass and clutched her firm breasts from behind. The 32-year-old grabbed his hands on her breasts. “No, young sir, the madam is here!” Grandma, the madam, looked up briefly. “Don’t let it bother you, Emmi, I’m almost gone!”

Emmi didn’t understand anything, except that Madame had no objections. She fell back onto the bed, that was the right thing to do, everything was fine. Luc lifted up her skirt, Emmi wasn’t wearing any underwear. He stroked the fluff on her pussy with one hand. “I want to fuck you, dear Emmi,” said Luc and she nodded. “I noticed it right away, young sir, when you pushed your cock right into the crack of my ass, but I didn’t want to do it in front of Madame.” She waited un-

certainly. “What are you waiting for, Your Grace? Madame already said she wasn’t even here!”

Luc mounted the skinny girl and fucked her at lightning speed. Emmi looked at him, confused. “Was that all!?” she cried disappointedly, but Luc shook his head. “I just need a little break, that was just the first juice I had to get rid of,” he said and looked into Grandma’s eyes. They glittered suspiciously. He fucked the idiot again, but only this time did she come close to orgasm. He rubbed her clit like he had seen Mom do. Emmi immediately writhed like a worm before she exploded, trembling. Luc saw that Grandma was playing with her clit under the table, but he paid no attention. Emmi said that she was usually fucked from behind by three or four noblemen at work, every day. The ladies only allowed it from behind, their men were only allowed to fuck the chambermaid from behind. But she didn’t care, fucking was an integral part of her job. He was surprised, because Emmi’s pussy hole was just as small and tight as those of the little girls he fucked one after the other in the afternoons while playing in the castle park. The nanny rushed over and shouted in horror that he wasn’t allowed to fuck the child! If he had to fuck, you monster, then it was her, not the underage child! Luc didn’t need to be told twice and fucked the nanny in the grass. After a while he had fucked all the nannies, one after the other. And thank God it went on and on.

The vicar continued his game with the confessing queen, Luc held his breath and held his cock tight. The queen now had to push her skirt up to her knees so that Luc could only see the back of her hand as she masturbated. She had to describe the fucking with the noblemen in great detail, she complained every day that no one wanted to fuck her in the doggy position. Hardly anyone fucked well and brought her to orgasm. She sent the gentlemen away and immediately had her maids masturbate her with their fingers.

Luc had recently started fucking Grandma while she was masturbating. She moaned and groaned that he wasn’t allowed to do that, but he was no longer willing to do things halfway. She calmed herself down and whispered that this wasn’t real fucking. Luc nodded and mumbled that he knew he wasn’t allowed to fuck her properly. So he fucked her on and on every night, but his clitplay couldn’t bring the

sleeping woman to orgasm, not even when he was fucking her. She moaned and groaned in her sleep, whether she was really asleep or just pretending to be.

The queen now had to push her skirt up over her pubic area during confession. Luc saw her impressive pussy for the first time, from barely half a meter away. He had never seen such a beautiful pussy, by God! The black pubic hair was shaved away except for a small strip, the large labia were very saucy. She spread them with her slender fingers, the small labia sprouted from her clit. He had never seen such a beautiful and large clit. Mom's clit was much smaller and grandma's clit was also quite large and fleshy, but not as smooth as this one. He had often secretly watched grandma masturbate for a long time from behind without her noticing.

The queen, the beautiful Spaniard, had a tiny little pussy hole like the little girls whose pussies he so often fucked in the castle park. He couldn't believe how small the queen's pussy hole was, even though she had been fucked a thousand times. Now he saw up close how the queen masturbated with a quick finger. He also looked at her face, which became more stern and tense by the minute.

Luc hardly paid any attention to which noblemen she had let fuck her, it was always the same. The guys fucked her for far too short a time to bring her to orgasm. Even the maids standing around giggled quietly after the loudmouth had left. Dozens of hands stroked the queen's inner thighs when she let herself be masturbated immediately after fucking; she rarely did it herself and always let a maid masturbate her. The queen sighed deeply during her orgasm and complained that no one fucked her from behind! The vicar's hand rested on her pussy after her orgasm, then came the sign of the cross and absolution. Luc thought the vicar had now achieved his goal, but he was wrong.

Luc only fucked the chambermaid once a week; she was really lazy and not at all good at fucking. He did it mainly to turn Grandma on and to watch her masturbate under the table. It really turned Grandma on when he fucked Emmi in front of her. He put the stupid maid on the table and fucked the idiot right in front of Grandma's

eyes. He grinned from ear to ear, because Grandma's eyes almost popped out from the effort of masturbating under the table!

The vicar still had one step to go. He had been watching the queen for a whole month now, she dutifully pulled her skirt up almost to her belly button and masturbated while talking about fucking. The vicar asked her very seriously how much she longed to be fucked from behind. "Oh, I would give my soul for that, Your Grace," she said through tears. Luc heard the invisible vicar laugh quietly. "Then, Madame, keep your soul and stick your royal ass out the little window." The queen's eyes opened wide, but she obeyed quickly and stuck her ass out the little window, where the vicar had folded back the grille as usual. Luc's eyes popped out of his head when he saw the vicar's cock. It was quite large, heavily veined and splendidly stiff. The vicar stuck it between her ass cheeks from behind until it reached her pussy hole and penetrated. The queen cheered and shouted. The vicar fucked her for barely 10 minutes before he stopped and pumped his juice into her pussy in jerks. The queen kissed his ring as always and breathed, "How good you have done it to me, Your Grace! And I can keep my soul!" Luc had to grin, what a hypocritical party that was!

Now he fucked Grandma three or four times a night without further ado. She moaned and grunted with shame, but she never refused. He parted the sleeping woman's ass cheeks and labia, staring into Grandma's deep pussy hole made him horny and hard. He no longer masturbated at all, he fucked her slowly and devoutly before he came inside. He had sneaked after her a few times before morning mass and watched with the others as Grandma let the old priest fuck her. Luc understood why Grandma made such a difference when it came to fucking. She had let the priest fuck her when she was a little girl and her face shone with holy devotion. So that was the difference!

The vicar fucked the queen every day, only when she had her period did he fuck her in the ass, and she giggled, "It tickles!" The vicar was sometimes fifteen minutes late, sometimes half an hour. Luc watched her, who played with her clitoris a little while waiting. A plan was forming in our intelligent hero's mind. He sat down in the

vicar's seat and opened the barred window. "I should start now, Madame," he whispered hoarsely, she should stick her ass out towards him so that he could fuck her from behind. The queen was only briefly taken aback, but she obeyed willingly, she did not let the opportunity pass her by.

Luc's cock was of course smaller than the vicar's, but it penetrated the tiny, tight pussy hole. He sighed deeply, what a velvety, silky pussy the noble woman had! But he got to work, the vicar could show up at any time! Luc fucked her full of lust and desire, she was wonderful to fuck! Heaven meant well for the little rascal, the vicar never caught him and the queen did not betray the cheeky guy either. Three or four times a week he fucked the queen, which was usually reserved for nobles. Grandma laughed at him, yes, yes! And she had fucked the emperor of China, ha ha ha!

The queen was finally pregnant, hallelujah! She was as sharp as a razor and confessed three times a day, Luc and the vicar had their hands full! The king of France strutted around like a peacock and asked everyone to pray that there would be an heir to the throne, a dauphin! Everyone prayed until their knees were sore from praying so much, and there was indeed an heir to the throne, a Louis of course, who was born after 9 months. The birth lasted less than a quarter of an hour and the queen said that if it was that easy, she would gladly give the king more children!

The vicar was sometimes amazed at how wet the queen's pussy was with semen. But there was no sin in the confessional, so she never betrayed the little rascal. From half a meter away, Luc saw the vicar's thick cock thrusting in and out. It was a feast, he saw the queen's red-lacquered finger masturbating her clit devotedly until her ass cheeks trembled and twitched in orgasm, each subsequent orgasm was a welcome bonus. Luc could no longer hold back his squirting and only once did he squirt inadvertently and unnoticed onto her silk slipper.

Luc and the vicar fucked the queen every day in the confessional. She always came earlier so that Luc could fuck her for a long time. His cock was a little smaller than the vicar's, but he fucked very well

and with endurance. She didn't want to miss him, her little anonymous rascal. Heaven was kind to the royal family, the queen gave birth to two more daughters, the sweetest little angels.

Luc was totally happy. He had one pussy or another to fuck every day. He smiled gently when his classmates boasted about this or that conquest. He didn't have to conquer anyone, they were just there.

Grandma celebrated her 40th birthday with tears in her eyes. She happily pressed Luc to her breasts. "You're 16 now, you're not a child anymore. You can fuck me every night now, Luc, my big boy!" He nodded gratefully, even though he had been fucking her day after day for 4 years. But there was a difference between fucking her secretly from behind like a thief or giving her a big hug and fucking her in happyness eye to eye!

France's royal couple never thanked Luc for giving them three beautiful children.

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Mom is sick

by Jack Faber © 2024

Renée lived alone in her house with her 9-year-old daughter Amanda. Her husband had run off with a very young girl years ago. Her sister had become very ill and had to go to the hospital. Renée took in her 12, even 13-year-old son Alex, which was no problem. Alex lived a few villages away and was now coming to the capital for the first time. It also had the advantage that he could visit his mom in the hospital every day.

Renée and Amanda slept naked in the big double bed since dad had left. Alex was supposed to sleep alone in the storage room, but after a short while he couldn't stand it. He came into the bedroom and asked to sleep with them. He saw that they were both sleeping naked and took off his pajamas before lying down next to Mom. Like Amanda, he was a wiffer boy, his cock quickly stiffened when he saw Mom naked for the first time. She smiled at him and held out her hand to him. "Come on, we won't bite!"

Alex pressed his stiff cock into Mom's hand. She smiled and whispered, "I know, Alex, your Mom has been doing it to you with her hand for a long time, I can do that too. But we'll leave out the squirting inside at the end, okay?" Alex smiled happily because the two Moms talked a lot on the phone and told each other everything. He spread his legs wide and stuck his cock firmly between her labia. She didn't chase him away, but slowly did it to him with her hand. Amanda asked in a whisper, "What are you doing, Mom?" because she had never seen it before. "Men have to squirt out all their juice every night," Mom whispered back, "if someone doesn't have a woman to fuck, we do it to him with our hands." Amanda nodded, that was a good explanation.

Alex squirted after a short while, Mom diverted the stream so that he couldn't squirt inside. He wasn't finished yet, Mom always did it to him three times in a row. Mom nodded and rubbed him again. He hugged her and pressed his face against her skinny breasts. After a

long rub, she let him squirt onto her pussy and let go of his cock. With the last squirt, Alex penetrated her pussy hole very slowly, very deeply. He sighed, “Oh how nice, just like my Mom!” Renée smiled, “Yes, we’re sisters too!” After a few minutes she pulled his cock out, it was stiff and hard again. She had to rub it for a long time again, and finally she let go of the cock, powerless. It entered the pussy hole very slowly, fucking and squirting inside, thrusting a few times until he had finished squirting. Amanda had sat up and was spreading her Mom’s labia with her fingers. “He’s squirting in, Mom, Alex is squirting in!” she called excitedly. “Yes,” said Mom tiredly, “the poor boy has to squirt out all his juice every night like all men!” Amanda nodded uncertainly, it sounded pretty crazy. Mom Renée let him lie on top of her for a long time, she felt his cock shrink. “Was it good, big boy?” she asked quietly and he nodded his head silently. “Almost as nice as with Mom, my Mom.” She laid him next to her, embraced him like she embraced Amanda and all three fell asleep.

Amanda was the first to wake up. Alex’s cock stood up like a guardsman, the tip halfway out from under the foreskin. Mom embraced Alex in her sleep and let his cock pierce her trimmed pubic hair. Amanda nudged Alex, who immediately woke up. He crawled over to Amanda. “Can I sit on your cock?” she whispered and added, “just sit on it. You’re not allowed to pierce it, she’s strictly forbidden that!” Alex nodded and the little girl sat on the cock and felt it with her childish pussylips. She explained to him that Mom always masturbated right after she woke up, every morning. Alex nodded, he had only been allowed to watch his Mom masturbate sometimes because she was very ashamed of doing it.

Alex stared at Renée’s pussyhole for minutes. He was sure that her pussyhole was much, much smaller than his Mom’s. She woke up and saw the children sitting curiously between her thighs. “I already told him that he’s not allowed to stick it in, Mom!” Amanda called out so as not to get scolded. “I also told him that you do it every morning, whatever the weather.” Renée smiled and stretched comfortably. “So, can I then?” she called out smiling and the children nodded seriously. She slowly stroked her pubic hair and her clit. She closed her eyes like never before, because now there were two pairs of eyes looking at her expectantly. Alex saw that she masturbated

completely differently than his Mom, who was fucking herself hard with her fingers. Renée only stroked her clit with one finger, slowly and gradually getting faster. Her orgasm was not as wild as his Mom's, she just shivered with her legs and her slim ass cheeks, that was all.

Renée opened her eyes after a few minutes. She smiled because Amanda was holding Alex's cock tightly with her pussy lips. The day began, after breakfast the children walked hand in hand to school, Renée began her day with a hot bath. She looked at the generous check that her husband sent every month. It was much more than she actually needed, but he earned a lot of money in North Africa. She had only had to work as a secret prostitute in the first year, unlike her sister, who lived off secret sex. The children came home from school and walked around in their panties, just like her. She looked at her daughter, whose breasts were beginning to bud. She shook her head, it was still far too early, Amanda was still a child!

In the evening they lay in bed like yesterday and Amanda was the first to masturbate again. She had been doing it for many years and snuggled up to Mom during orgasm, she wouldn't let go of her. Renée remembered how Alex had squirted yesterday, she hadn't fucked for days and unchaste thoughts flooded her brain as she took Alex's cock in her hand. As if it were the most natural thing in the world, she let him squirt inside at the end, there was only going forward, no turning back. She let him squirt inside the second time, as well as the third and final time.

The days passed slowly and lazily. She let Alex squirt inside a few times every evening, it did him a lot of good. Amanda had gotten used to it, she had never seen anyone squirt inside Mom's pussy hole before. But Mom said it was the right thing to do. Mom saw under her eyelashes that the children were cuddling, snuggling and touching each other naked on the bed after their homework. Amanda made him squirt with her fingers when he knelt over her. The 10-year-old shook her head, "No, you're not allowed to stick it in, I'm still too young, Mom says!" But Alex wanted to fuck, goddamn it!

Renée got everything out of him. Yes, she knew that his mother earned her money as a secret prostitute. She sighed and whispered that she had had to do it in the first year too, it wasn't a nice job! Mom had done it to him every day with her hand since he could squirt. Later she let him squirt inside her to squirt, that wasn't a problem for her. He was always allowed to sit on the bed when she was being fucked by the men. He really wanted to fuck her too, because he always got a hard cock when he watched it. She was incredibly tired and let her son fuck her. For the last few months he fucked her two or three times every evening until he had let all his juice squirt out.

Renée had heard enough. No, Alex wouldn't fuck her Amanda, the little girl was still a child! She let the boy lie on top of her. "You're not fucking my Amanda, are you?" He shook his head. "We're always close to it, both of us," he said quietly, "but Amanda always shies away from it because you forbade her, bad Mommy!" He smiled shyly. "Forbidding a girl who wants to fuck as much as Amanda, is really bad!" Renée shook her head, "she's still much too young, don't you think?" He shook his head. "She always gets long teeth when she watches meü squirt inside! She tugs and pulls at her clit like crazy, she's almost 12 and wants to be fucked too!"

Renée rocked her head back and forth. "If you really have to fuck, you big fool, then fuck a grown woman!" He looked at her from below. "But I don't have any adults here!" he exclaimed desperately. She smiled slyly. "So, am I not an adult!?" He opened his eyes wide. "May I, can I, can I really!?" Renée pulled him between her thighs. He penetrated her infinitely slowly, tormented by a guilty conscience. Renée's pussy hole was really much smaller than his Mother's, it was very, very tight. "Velvety and silky soft," he whispered, "really very different from Mom's!"

He had fucked Mom after every customer, often up to 10 times a day. But her pussyhole was full of semen and very soft and large. And now Renée, he had been sticking his cock in and squirting in it for weeks, but now she hugged him and pressed him to her. He realized that she was going to let him fuck her properly for the first time. He penetrated her deeply and Mom sighed deeply as the cock swelled

and filled her completely. Amanda bent down really low. “He’s never been this deep in before!” she said with a knowing look. He fucked Renée for a good quarter of an hour, then stopped. “He’s squirting inside,” Amanda commented, missing nothing. “He’s squirting inside, over and over!” she breathed reverently. “That’s how men used to squirt inside, right, Mom?” Renée was reluctant to remember, but Amanda was right. Alex slid off her and clung to Renée’s skinny breasts. “Thanks, Mom, I really needed that!”

Renée watched out of the corner of her eye as the children cuddled naked on the bed, rubbing their genitals together, or as Amanda gently rubbed his cock and foreskin until he squirted. Her daughter never let him penetrate her, although she was also very keen to fuck. Renée remembered that her father fucked her older sister every night and she had watched her father make her sister a whore. He had also deflowered Renée when she was 12, but he rarely fucked her. Her sister was much easier to make a whore than her, he kept saying.

Every night she was tired and exhausted after shaking and shivering, Alex really fucked her very well. She liked letting him fuck her, he always made her shake and shiver. She liked it a lot, he fucked her very well. She no longer had any reason to let a stranger fuck her secretly in the morning, she took the money out of habit even though she really didn’t need it. She let Alex fuck her until he had completely drained his juice.

Renée often looked at Alex’s cock. It was big and long, but it looked exactly like the cock of a baby, a child, a little boy. It was completely smooth, the foreskin could be easily pulled back and exposed the beautiful, fleshy glans. The pisshole was unusually large, but it was a completely normal pisshole. Now the boy’s cock had changed, it had become thick and much longer, the shaft had thick veins like that of a grown man. But the change was good, he fucked very well and with endurance, and he squirted very often.

One day the time had come. After she had let Alex fuck her in the afternoon, she lay tired and exhausted on the bed. Amanda had been tormenting her for weeks, she wanted to fuck Alex too! But she shook her head dismissively, she still had the strength to resist. Amanda re-

mained stubborn, she was already 12 and was horny for fucking like yellow monkey shit. Renée had no strength left today and nodded, “Yes, goddammit, let yourself be fuck you, you little rascal!”

Amanda and Alex breathed a sigh of relief, now they were allowed! Amanda guided the cock and let herself be deflowered with a quick jerk. She didn’t even flinch and slapped Alex’s bottom. He fucked her slowly, she urged him on until her legs involuntarily trembled and shivered. She continued to shiver incessantly because he fucked her for a long time, longer than he had ever fucked Renée. He straightened up, paused in his fucking and squirted in full, fat jets. He sank down next to Amanda, who gratefully stroked his flaccid cock. Renée was tired and disappointed on the one hand, but somehow happy on the other, because Amanda was shining like a polished gold coin.

Now it was no longer Denise, her older sister, who was competing with her when it came to fucking. It was her own daughter who fucked her lover day and night, so that she could only collect the pitiful remainder at night. She had to fuck customers in the morning again, but that didn’t matter.

Denise, Alex’s mother, called crying from the hospital. The tumor had completely eaten away at her uterus, and she would be operated on next week. She cried and cried, although the doctors assured her that she would be a real woman again, just not have any more children. Denise calmed herself down, she would be able to work again. Renée reported how Alex was doing. “I did it with my hand, like his mother always did.” Denise laughed on the other end of the line, “oh yeah!?” and Renée continued. “His mother had let him squirt in her at the end, so why not!?” Denise laughed heartily, she had almost forgotten her suffering. “But you won’t believe it, Denise,” Renée continued the little charade, “the cheeky guy was even allowed to fuck his mother, really fuck her!” Denise laughed loudly. “The fucking, you still remember that, in and out and squirting inside, maybe you can remember?” They both laughed and Denise said, “The poor guy needs it several times a day.” Renée laughed. “Don’t worry, little sister, I let him fucking so often that he’s as dry as the desert!” “Thank you,” said Denise and she meant it.

Alex visited his mother in the hospital almost every day. He fucked Amanda day in and day out. He was smart enough to hold back a little so he could fuck Renée in the evenings too. He noticed how much she longed for it and so she received customers for sex in the mornings. Amanda immediately understood why he was holding back. “Mom deserves it too,” she said, she had grown up quickly.

Denise came home and Alex was the first to be allowed to fuck her day in and day out for five days. Then she went back to work, Alex only watched a few times a day because he had to improve at school and study hard. He fucked Denise after every customer when he was there. He really needed it, the poor guy! He stayed with Renée and Amanda every weekend, he fucked them both fairly one after the other until he was completely empty.

It went on like this for many years.

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Carmen’s sweet childhood

by Jack Faber © 2024

When Senhora Luisa opened her eyes again, she was shocked. Her 13-year-old daughter Carmen was sitting between her thighs with wide eyes, staring at her mother’s naked pussy. “How long have you been sitting there, Carmen?” she asked uncertainly. What had the child seen, maybe everything? She had never exposed herself to the girl, never spoken with her child about sex. Carmen was supposed to grow up well protected. But Carmen was just curious. “Why did you do it, Senhora?” asked the girl. “Rubbed the little hunp over your peehole until you were shaking and writhing in pain,” answered the girl. Luisa could only explain herself with the truth, she had never lied to Carmen before. “The peehole is actually called a pussy, and the little hump is called a clit. Many people have a much bigger clits than I do, even you! Yes, that’s called masturbating, my child, we women do it because it’s really giving great fun. No, it doesn’t hurt, really not!”

Carmen asked if she could learn to do it too? She was now allowed to watch her mother masturbate every morning. After that, she did it to Carmen for 14 days, then Carmen got the hang of it. Luisa was actually a nun who liked to be fucked by anyone. But when she got pregnant with Carmen, she was thrown out of the convent, head on. The Mother Superior was very hypocritical, the nuns were allowed to earn a little money by giving sex, but they were not allowed to get pregnant. Most of them knew how to prevent it. Luisa had been working as a high-class whore in the royal palace of Toledo for 14 years. She was only called when high-ranking lords were guests. Kings, princes, bishops and abbots lay in her magnificent bed, nobody complained about the skilled whore.

Half a year passed in which mother and daughter masturbated together in peaceful silence in the morning. Carmen kept asking what the fucking was, the older girls all talked about it. Luisa explained the theory to her, chastely and cautiously, because Carmen was not supposed to find out what she was actually doing. She described the cock

in great detail, she had already seen thousands of them. Carmen was supposed to bring a boy with her, one around 9 or 10 years old. Because before a girl was allowed to fuck, she had to learn how to make a boy squirt.

The first was 9 years old, exactly right, said Luisa. She undressed little Pedro and showed Carmen the cock, she explained everything theoretically at first. Carmen nodded, she had understood everything, what had to be done? Luisa let the naked Pedro sit on her naked lap and masturbated him very slowly. “He’s about to squirt,” she said to Carmen and made Pedro squirt in a high arc. The little one could really squirt very well! Luisa asked him who he was allowed to fuck? He admitted it, at first he had learned to fuck from his mother, he was a lon g time allowed to fuck her every afternoon, but when he wanted to fuck and squirt inside much more often than she did, she let him sleep with an old maid. She was already old, 30, 40 or 60, he didn’t know. But he was always allowed to mount her, fuck her and squirt inside her. Luisa nodded. “Carmen, watch carefully how the fucking works!” Luisa ordered and Pedro was allowed to fuck her twice in a row. Luisa wasn’t excited by the little boy’s cock, but she was excited by his squirting. He squirted much more juice than some men.

Carmen had laid down in front of her mother’s pussy, but she couldn’t see much. Carmen brought a boy with her every day, it had spread among them that they were allowed to fuck an adult. Carmen tried to rub each one with her hand until it squirted, but the Senhora still had to finish it herself. Then came the fucking, Carmen bent over Luisa’s pussy, which let each boy fuck her so many times until it was completely empty. Carmen didn’t understand the fucking for months. Then Luisa reached deep into her bag of tricks.

“I’ll let you fuck yourself,” she said to the 14-year-old. She looked at the hole in Carmen’s hymen and looked for a cock that was narrow enough to fit it. She let the boy penetrate the hole very carefully. “Why does he have to be so careful?” asked Carmen, who didn’t even know that she had a hymen. “We have to keep your hymen safe, little Carmen, we’ll sell it for a high price to one of the many princes!” answered Luisa and explained very vaguely that men paid a lot of

money to deflower a girl and fuck her. Carmen understood roughly and nodded, earning money was very important, she had known that for a long time.

Carmen was very excited when her mother carefully pushed the narrow cock through the hole. Luisa warned the boy again that he was only allowed to fuck slowly and very carefully. Later he would be allowed to fuck her himself, as hard as he wanted! So it came to be that Carmen was fucked by a boy every day before he was allowed to fuck her mother himself. Carmen was fucked very carefully for over a year, she had understood from the first time that it was all about him being allowed to squirt deep inside her pussy hole.

Luisa was very business-minded. She auctioned off Carmen's hymen to the highest bidder. 15 gold coins, 20, 25, until a prince slammed 50 on the table. Luisa was very happy with that and said that he could then fuck her as a bonus as often as he wanted. The prince was a handsome, distinguished and well-groomed boy who was happy to enter into a deal. Luisa showed him Carmen's hymen, he should not be deceived. Carmen did not know him, but he was a handsome boy.

Luisa guided the prince's cock with her fingers. The prince penetrated Carmen infinitely slowly, he enjoyed every moment of the deflowering. Gradually Carmen's hymen tore under the pressure, she made a quiet sound, as Mama had told her. The prince only fucked Carmen for a few minutes, then he stopped. "Madame," said the noble gentleman in mannered court language, "Madame, do you keep your word?" Luisa immediately took off her dress and lay naked next to Carmen. "At your service, Your Highness," she said simply. The prince said something trivially apologetic to Carmen and mounted the famous noble whore that everyone was talking about. It was a real pleasure to fuck her, there was no question about that. He fucked her three times with only short breaks for rest, he ejaculated into her with a roar. Luisa knew immediately that she had found a rich regular customer.

Carmen was not offended that he had preferred her mother. It didn't really matter to her, Luisa had told her that after she had been

deflowered she could fuck whoever she wanted. The boys were now older than 10, Carmen let herself be fucked until her thighs began to shake and tremble, she let herself continue to be fucked until the shaking stopped. Those were beautiful orgasms, like the one in the morning. Of course the boys were allowed to fuck Luisa too when Carmen's shaking had stopped.

As time went on, Luisa told Carmen about life in the monastery. Back then she had let anyone fuck her, she was so incredibly young and it was irrelevant to her whether he was just a gardener or a bishop. Unfortunately, she didn't know who Carmen's father was. She fucked lots of men, any of whom could have been the father. Luisa masturbated very slowly while she told Carmen about her life and Carmen sat between her thighs and watched her masturbating. When Luisa's thighs trembled and twitched, she stopped and let it happen, then she continued to tell the story.

I learned about sex as a small child, Luisa said. My mother was actually a well-trained whore, but she could no longer do the job because her pussy hole had shrunk completely. She was in pain when Dad fucked her night after night. She looked closely at my pussy hole and told Dad that he should fuck me, the little one, instead, my pussy hole was already big enough. She much preferred to be fucked by little boys and young men. The little boys' cocks filled her pussy hole completely and still made her twitch and tremble. I loved daddy to death and wanted to let him fuck me. He hesitated a little, but he finally did it.

I only felt a little prick when he took my virginity. He was very considerate and fucked me very gently. He paused and said to me very sadly that he had to squirt inside me now. I nodded because I had seen him do it every night and Mom said, just squirt inside, my dear, she's too young to get pregnant! He always had a sad look on his face when he lifted me up by the hips and squirted his whole load inside me. I loved him very much for that and Mom showed me how to masturbate when he took a break. They taught me everything I needed to know and be able to do my job as a whore.

The pneumonic plague took them both away in one day. I cried my eyes out, I was only 15 and an orphan. The convent took me in, I took my vows and couldn't go a day without fucking. I fucked a lot, several men a day, gardeners, kitchen boys, monks and bishops alike. The Mother Superior liked to see it, the men flocked to her in droves, gave her their silver coins and then they were allowed to fuck me as they pleased. I really liked being a nun, it was a beautiful life, I was the most popular whore among the nuns. Unfortunately, after two years I became pregnant with you, little Carmen, and the Mother Superior hypocritically threw me out onto the street. The king liked me very much, he loved and caressed my belly."

Luisa paused, she had now reached the point of telling Carmen the truth. But she never lied to Carmen, so she pulled herself together. "That's how I came here, to the royal castle. The king always fucked me with great pleasure, and that's how I became a noble whore. My parents had made me an excellent whore, they had taught me everything that ordinary wives, noblewomen and noble ladies had simply never learned. I had earned myself a good place with good fucking.

I fucked all the noblemen in the castle, I fucked every guest with complete devotion. It didn't matter if they were kings, princes, bishops or abbots. Naked, they were just men that I had to seduce and make happy. I performed my veil dance naked, which got even the oldest cocks going.

I always had to represent the queen, she only occasionally fucked the king and mostly her son, but she had to maintain her bad reputation. I had to wear her splendid clothes, her wig and had makeup put on so that I looked like her twin. I was taken to the rendezvous in a coach. The coachman was always a nobleman in disguise, because it was known that the queen let the coachman fuck her before every rendezvous. Only a few recognized the deception, because my pussy hole was not as tiny as the queen's. The queen always had one or another nobleman sit by her bed when she let her underage son fuck her two or three times a day. The nobles knew how small and tight the queen's pussy hole was, because the noble spectator was allowed to fuck her after she had let fucking her son.

Such charades were common, the people were gossiping about the unchaste queen. Once the imperial couple of Japan visited for a few weeks. The queen learned from the empress how bad and incompetent her people were at fucking. So my queen sent me to the empress's boudoir. I sought out the most capable men in the court and taught the empress how to fuck in those three weeks. She screamed with lust and cheered and let my people fuck her day in and day out. The empress showered me with gold coins when she left.

I am still the most popular whore in the castle, we can enjoy our luxurious life to the fullest, little Carmen. But we have to think about the future, maybe one day you will become my companion, my successor. I will gladly teach you everything that a noble whore needs to know and be able to do." Carmen nodded with a beaming face. "Yes, Senhora, I would gladly do that! I want to be the best and share the bed with the king one day!"

This is how Luisa raised Carmen to be the best noble whore of all time.

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The Unchaste Miss Fan

by Jack Faber © 2024

Miss Fan probably led the most unchaste life in the entire Chinese Empire. She had served as a whore since her childhood and became a friend of the Empress by chance. She had two children, 17-year-old Lee and 10-year-old Teng. She would slap Lee's fingers if she caught her daughter masturbating. "Ugh, only old women and ugly girls who can't be married off do that!" She looked at her son. "What will become of him if you let him watch your sinful activities every night?" Lee swore he had never seen it, but that was a big fat lie. Lee and Teng had learned to lie from an early age, of course Teng squatted between Lee's thighs and his cock spurted without touching himself.

It was of course no coincidence that Miss Fan led such a dissolute life. Her mother had died when she was born and her father lived with his youngest sister. She had been raised as a whore as a little girl and raised little Fan the same way. She had barely learned to walk when she learned to lick her stepmother's clit. Rubbing her adored father's cock and letting him squirt in her mouth followed. She was much too young to be fucked, even by the standards of the time, but her stepmother hounded her dad until he deflowered the girl. He fucked them both every night, one after the other. Years later, when she turned 15, her stepmother sold her every day; they could really use the money.

Miss Fan auctioned off Lee's virginity to the highest bidder. He was an old, fat merchant, a horrible guy who thought he could become young again this way. Miss Fan rubbed his cock for an hour until it finally got hard. Lee had never seen male masturbation before and watched with curiosity. Finally, the fat man lay down between Lee's thighs and Mom guided the cock into place. Nevertheless, she had to deflower Lee herself with the cock in her hand, because the old man almost died of fear of the virgin pussy. Miss Fan pushed his cock in and out with her own hands until the old man laboriously and pantingly squirted. Just a few drops, but he was proud and satisfied.

Miss Fan was insidious and cunning, and managed to sell Lee to the emperor's women's house. Lee only got to see the emperor from a distance, he had his favorites. Lee adapted, she fucked a different one every day until she had fucked everyone in the castle, then she started over. Only rarely was she ordered to fuck a king or another state guest. She liked to perform the naked veil dance in front of the guest and his entourage, as she had seen her mother do. She tried her best and no one could complain. She fucked the guest and everyone in his entourage to whom the guest nodded graciously hundreds, thousands of times. She found it very exciting to be fucked in front of so many people.

Now Miss Fan was alone with Teng. Every morning he sat between the thighs of his mother, who had already masturbated long before, and stared into her slightly open pussy hole until she woke up. "Well, my little one, what are you waiting for?" she asked Teng after a few days. He wasn't afraid to speak out. "Lee had masturbated her clit every morning after she woke up, I was allowed to watch and let my cock squirt! It squirts all by itself, Mom, when I watch her!" Miss Fan smiled slyly and maliciously. "And now you think I do the same?" They grinned, because they both knew that she did it every morning after she woke up, the children had often secretly observed it. She questioned her son. She turned pale when he admitted that he and Lee had often watched her. "I was the first to discover it, Mom, and that's how Lee learned it in the first place!" he said proudly. And the squirting!? "We only discovered that when she sat me between her thighs and did it. Then it squirted, all by itself. I always tried to squirt into her pussy hole from a distance, but it only worked when I sat closer and she spread her hole with her fingers." Teng looked fearless, because he had certainly done nothing wrong. Mom smiled slyly. "And now you want to watch me and squirt, am I right?" Teng nodded, "Yes, exactly, Mom!"

Miss Fan nodded and sighed resignedly. "Well, so be it, I don't want to disappoint you, my dear Teng." So it came to be that every morning she masturbated as usual, the 10-year-old sat between her thighs and pulled his foreskin back tightly when the squirting started. Of course he didn't masturbate, because nobody had shown him. He stared at her finger rubbing her clit. "Lee's clit and hole are

much smaller, Mom," he noted. She nodded without interrupting. "She's just a child, little Teng," she replied. "Mommy, Mommy, the squirting is coming! It always comes when she or you rub the clit so fast!" He squirted in a high arc onto her inner thighs, sometimes hitting her pussy. His mother grinned at his innocent squirting, something she had never seen before. She masturbated every morning and waited impatiently for him to squirt.

"Come closer, really close, then you can squirt right into, OK?" she asked, cooing. He moved really close and held the tip of his cock right on her pussyhole until he touched it. "Can I hold it in properly?" he asked and she nodded good-naturedly. He pressed the tip of his cock against her pussyhole and felt her rubbing transfer to his cock. "It's shaking, Mama, I feel your finger rubbing your clit. The squirt is coming, Mom, it's coming now!" He squirted his whole load into the hole, something Lee hadn't really wanted, because all the juice splashed onto her hymen. But his mother let him squirt in, day after day, grinning crookedly. After half a year, she said that after he had squirted, he could penetrate her hole, penetrate very gently, stick it all the way in. The 12-year-old bared his teeth and after squirting, he slid in, really deep inside. "Oh, that's nice!" he exclaimed. "It's like velvet, silky soft and just wonderful!" She let him penetrate her every morning, after he had squirted inside, until the end of the year, so he could get used to it. His cock swelled in her hole and filled her completely. It was time for the next step.

"Shall we try something new?" she asked the 13-year-old enticingly. He nodded, he was always up for something new. "Put your cock in beforehand and fuck in and out until it squirts!" she gave her instructions. He had never seen it and never done it before. But he obeyed well, Mom never made stupid jokes with him. He stuck his cock deep in after she had started masturbating. She gave him instructions, murmuring quietly, how to fuck her. After a week he was doing it quite well. Months later she showed him how to fuck her G-spot with his cock, which he learned pretty well too.

Miss Fan brought her young and old friends over. Teng had to learn to fuck other women, damn it! There were a few whores there who made it easy for the boy to find her G-spot and were infinitely

grateful not to be fucked to orgasm for the sake of earning money. But most of the girls were chaste, innocent, pure girls who would never cheat on their husbands. Miss Fan shouted at the crying girl, “Now it’s time to fuck, basta!” The girl continued to cry, although she knew that the boy was about to fuck her. They gave up resisting, opened their thighs wide and presented their chaste, pure pussy holes. They put their hands over their eyes and peeked furtively through their fingers, because for most of them, Teng’s cock was bigger than her husband’s. Teng usually found the G-spot very easily, but for some of them it was not at all to find. Mom poked their pussies until they twitched and trembled. Mom did it with her finger until they finished, because she liked masturbating girls, and now described to Teng where the G-spot was. He actually felt sorry for the girls, but he knew that he had to fuck each one, no matter how heartbreakingly they howled and cried. No one was allowed to leave until she had an orgasm, that was certain. The girls now let themselves be fucked, sniffling and sobbing, until they had an orgasm. Teng had to fuck some of them several times if the G-spot was difficult to find. Teng fucked hundreds of mom’s friends, he had no reason to complain. He fucked them all without exception.

Miss Fan was given a new task by the old empress. The old woman complained that her pussy and her pussy hole had shrunk considerably, and the fucking with the noblemen was becoming more and more painful, so that she had to give up fucking. Miss Fan looked at the old empress’s pussy and pussy hole and examined them closely. Even when she rubbed her clit, the hole barely got a millimeter bigger. Miss Fan made the empress feel good and only stopped rubbing her clit when the old lady’s legs and thighs were shaking and trembling. The Empress sighed gratefully, for she never masturbated herself.

Miss Fan thought for a moment. This was an opportunity she couldn’t let go of. She took Teng to the old lady. “Look, Your Majesty, he has a small, lovely cock, my son Teng!” The Empress felt his cock full of curiosity. “And you think it really fits in there?” she asked doubtfully. Miss Fan pulled up the Empress’s skirt until her finely shaved pussy hole was visible, because the Empress only exposed herself to bathe. Miss Fan had her lie down and spread her old, wrin-

kled labia apart. Teng gave no further instructions, he knew what he had to do. He fucked the old woman's G-spot with precision. Her legs and thighs began to tremble, tears ran down her white-painted cheeks, leaving deep furrows. Miss Fan held the Empress's hand and stroked her face. The empress trembled and shook without ceasing and when Teng came in she let out a little scream, her thighs trembled and shook, God help her!

Mrs. Fan rejoiced, she had now brought her second child into the palace. Lee was in the old emperor's women's house and had enough men to fuck. And now Teng came to the old empress every day and fucked her to a furious orgasm. It didn't bother Teng that the old woman looked almost 100 years old. To him she was an old, wrinkled and very used hole that he had to penetrate very carefully so as not to cause her any pain and to give the used pussy hole time to adjust. It was clear from the used pussy hole that the chaste empress had already been fucked by thousands of men, but she was still considered chaste. The empress's G-spot was easy to find, hardly anyone had made the effort to find it. It was easy for him to fuck the old lady to orgasm every time, it was easier than with Mom.

The Empress kept him for almost two years, then his cock had grown too big. During this time, Miss Fan had been working as a whore and was not bothered by the fact that Teng was back in the house all day. He watched her fuck and fucked her every time the customer left.

The next emperor had strangled his old father quite unspectacularly, he fucked the empress, whom he had fucked a thousand times in his youth, for the very last time and coldly strangled the empress, who was screaming in pain. He sent the emperor's wives away, he had his own concubines. So Lee came home again.

She fucked Teng day in, day out until he had completely drained his juice. Now Miss Fan had both children on her hands, the two lay on the bed all day and fucked again and again, over and over again. She smiled because her children were no longer children, they cuddled, snuggled and played with each other's genitals like adults, even

though they were both still teenagers. She loved watching them and gave them months to fuck themselves to their fill.

But one day she said to Lee that she had to earn money now too. So it happened that, in addition to Miss Fan, her daughter Lee also let herself be fucked for a handful of silver coins. Teng was just as good-natured and willing, and he also let himself be paid when he fucked the many bored women of the imperial city.

Miss Fan thought about taking in a few more girls and having them work as prostitutes for her.

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