
Jack X. Faber
In Mom's blooming Rose
Volume XII

Inside Mom’s blooming Rose XII



[Anni And Her Jack](#)
[Suzie Staggering](#)
[Celeste’s Sexual Excitements](#)

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Anni and her Jack

Anni sat on the carpet next to Jack's bed in the children's room and looked up at her big brother. Jack was still asleep, but Anni could see his blanket bulging right where Jack's cock was. She whispered softly, "Jack, please wake up! You want to be woken up at 6:30, that's now." Jack stirred. "Ahh, that's wonderful that you wake me up so nicely!" He pressed his alarm clock, the shrill sound of which he actually hated. He looked at her. 14-year-old Anni sat next to his bed every morning and watched him jerk off his morning boner. He had explained to her that he only jerked off his morning boner once, then he went to take a shower with Mom, then Mom jerked him off; so he didn't have to waste all the juice again and again at the crack of dawn and leave some for mom. Anni knew this because Jack was terribly clever. He let her watch her jerk off, just as she was allowed to watch the spy window in the bathroom and the other spy window above Mom's bedroom, but only Jack and she knew about the two spy windows.

Today was a little different. Jack leaned down to her. "Would you like to sit on my bed and watch the masturbation up close, little sister? You're old enough for it, and soon you'll be jerking off the boys' cocks at school, won't you?" Annie shook her head. "Only the older girls do that, we young ones don't do it yet." Jack nodded and she climbed onto his bed. "A, a, a!" Jack called quietly. "If you come to my bed, then of course without a nightgown. I also want to look at you while I jerk off. A girl's cunt, even a small one like yours, is just cute to look at while jerking off." Jack was incredibly clever and Anni always did what he said. She let her nightgown flutter to the floor. "Cross-legged," Jack ordered, "I want to see your cunt closely!" So Anni sat down cross-legged and he looked at her pussy. "You're still a virgin, aren't you, little sister?" Jack asked and she nodded. "Yes, of course. Mom said that when I turn 16, grandpa will pierce my hymen and fuck me for the first time. That's his privilege as the eldest in the family." Jack just said "Blah, blah, blah — don't always listen to mom, she really doesn't know everything!"

He asked her if she wanted him to explain the cock to her in detail before jerking off? Anni nodded and gnawed on her lower lip. Now Jack grabbed his stiff morning boner and explained everything to her, what it was called, what its function was, what dirty names there were for it that you shouldn't say in front of adults. He took her hand and let her fingers touch every part. Anni had turned very red, but she wanted to know everything and understand what it was all about. She was so glad that Jack explained everything to her in detail, not as superficially as Mom had once done. The foreskin was obviously something special. Jack said that you had to push it back to jerk off and fuck. But you could also roll it up. Jack demonstrated how to roll up the foreskin until it sat like a small swimming ring around the glans collar. Jack grinned. "I only do that very rarely because it doesn't add any additional appeal, it's just to show off." Annie nodded. "Now I know a lot more about the boys' cocks."

Jack said that he would now show her his masturbation in detail and that she could try it tomorrow if she felt like it. "You know, the morning boner is all the semen I've collected over the night, and when Mom sees a lot of it while I'm jerking off, she gets nervous about whether I'm sick. So I jerk off the first load every morning so Mom doesn't get nervous, okay?!" Annie nodded. Jack could explain everything so well that even an innocent child like her could understand.

Jack unrolled the foreskin again and began to jerk off. She had seen it hundreds of times before, but not from this close. Jack said that if she wanted, she could take his balls in his scrotum in her hand and stroke them, that was very nice when jerking off, but Mom only did it far too rarely when she was jerking him off. And when he squirts, she should squeeze the scrotum in rhythm with the squirting, but not too hard. Anni nodded that she understood that and leaned forward to take his sack in her hand. He felt good, warm and alive. Jack jerked off for about 5 minutes, then said, "It's about to cum, so don't be alarmed. And don't forget the sack squeeze!" Anni nodded, that was a great thing. Jack stretched a little and then the seed shot out in thick, viscous bursts and landed on the bedsheets. Anni squeezed his scrotum in rhythm with his squirting and Jack closed

his eyes as he squirted. “Ahhh! That was nice!” He whispered and wiped the seed from the head with his hand.

Jack asked if she had looked at everything carefully and noticed? How his fist wrapped around the cock and jerked, getting tighter. Anni confirmed that yes, she had and that she would like to try it tomorrow. Jack nodded and asked if she knew the spy window to the bathroom? Annie blushed. “Yes, but I’ve never spied there when you shower with mom. Mom once said you don’t do that, everyone has their privacy in the bathroom. Jack shook his head. “It’s disappointing how mom manipulates you. Of course spying is forbidden, but we do it anyway. We sometimes cross the street when the light is red, even though you don’t do that.” That was true, Anni nodded. Whether she does it herself while spying? he asked. “You mean, do I jerk off while spying?” Anni asked. No, she doesn’t do that. She only jerks off at night, as Mom had said. “And only when you’re sleeping soundly like a rat.” Jack looked up questioningly. “Mom told me to only do it on my own do it and wait until you sleep, Jack. And I always stuck to that. I do a little stroking beforehand, but you don’t notice it, I’m very careful.” Jack looked up. “We’ll still talk about masturbating. I hear mom downstairs, she’s going to the bathroom. Me too and you can come down and spy in a minute. I officially give you permission, the papal dispensation!” Anni was used to Jack sometimes saying things like ‘papal dispensation’, which she didn’t understand, but it must have been something really great, majestic and important.

Anni followed him after a minute. From the spy window she could see the entire bathroom and of course the shower cubicle. Mom had taken Jack’s cock in her hand and started jerking him off. Mom smiled, probably because she loved jerking cock. Anni could see that his mother was masturbating him very hard and conscientiously and had him squirt three times into the shower tray. Then Mom turned around and bent down so that she could touch her toes with her fingertips. Anni had sometimes spied in Mom’s bedroom and of course knew how Mom was fucking her lovers. But that was something completely different. Mom held out her ass to Jack, he parted her ass cheeks and now you could see Mom’s bush and her bulging labia between her ass cheeks. Jack parted the labia with his fingers, now

Anni saw Mom's pussy hole flashing. Jack pushed back his foreskin and pushed his thick cock into mom's pussy hole, very deep, all the way. Anni's heart was pounding in her throat. Jack fucked Mom with steady strokes for maybe 10 or 15 minutes. Then he reared up and Anni could tell from the bouncing of his sack that he was squirting hard into Mom's cunt hole. Wow, that was exciting!

Jack had left his cock in mom's pussy. She asked if he wanted to fuck again? Jack nodded and Mom leaned down low again. Jack fucked her again, a little longer than before, and he squirted into Mom's pussy a second time. Anni had seen it, she went back up to the children's room quietly like a cat. Jack came upstairs after 5 minutes.

Anni started babbling about how she had seen the jerking off three times and the fucking twice. Jack nodded. "Mom wasn't my first, it was her little sister Trish. She didn't want to jerk off, she wanted to fuck straight away. So she became my first, and mom, who stood there frozen, became my second the next day. I would have preferred it the other way around, but that's how it was." Jack thought for a moment. "Grandpa fucked Trish from a young age, now she's got herself a very rich man, but he's already very old, maybe even 70. You remember, we were both at her wedding in May. But Trish comes at least once a week because she wants to fuck me in the morning. Mom is always there, she's a little controlling. Trish asked me if I wanted to have a child for her because that's no longer suitable for her age. She "I can only do it with my fist in her mouth, the guy is that old." Anni's head snapped up. "In her mouth?" Jack nodded. "It's called a blowjob, although it should be called a suckjob, because the girl isn't blowing the cock, on the contrary, she's sucking it." This was new to Annie. "The girl puts the cock in her mouth? Isn't that disgusting?" Jack grinned. "Oh no, that's not disgusting at all. And human saliva kills all bacteria, so that's no problem either. And she swallows the semen, which is hygienically clean because it comes directly from the guy's body." Anni was totally overwhelmed. Swallow? Jack nodded, he was serious. "It tastes a little salty, or sweet and sour like Chinese." Anni said she would try with the tip of her tongue to see what the semen really tasted like. They went down to breakfast and then to school.

Later in the afternoon they were both in the children's room. When Jack came home, Anni had already done all of her homework, and Jack basically didn't do any homework; he was in a special school for gifted children and had already done his homework on the bus. Anni immediately hit him with a question. "What do you call it, a rubber penis that a woman can stick in?" Jack, as if shot from a pistol: "It's a dildo. There are ones with a battery, they're called vibrators, and there are ones without a battery and motor, they're called dildo or Godemiché." He looked at her questioningly. "Today I spied at the window in Mom's bedroom because she was in there, even though she didn't have a lover with her today. And she took a big dildo made of semi-transparent soft rubber, she smeared it with lubricant and pushed it in. Then she fucked herself like crazy with the dildo, but at the end she took the finger." Jack nodded thoughtfully. "I didn't know that mom had a dildo and fucked herself with it. Well done, my little spy!"

Jack stared at Anni. "Anni, tell me, who is your father?" Anni visibly started. "Our dad is long dead, Jack. Mom says that, exactly that." Jack sighed. "Please stop repeating everything Mama says. She has many reasons to manipulate us children — but she can't fool a guy like me for long. Do you want to hear my version, or are you sticking with the Mama-fiction?" Anni lowered her gaze. "A lot of what mom says is right. And just as much isn't true. Even I, your chick, know that. But if you don't tell me a robber's gun, but just the truth that you think you've found, then bring it on." Jack took her hands in his. "Anni, what I'm about to reveal to you is the simple truth. Listen to me first, then we can debate it if you want to know something. Okay? I swear, I'm not going to give you a hard time, I'll stick to the strict truth because I had to do a lot of research for it. Okay?" Anni nodded and sat down better to hear his version.

"We all come from a whole generation, a whole family, based on incest. Incest — you know that?" Anni nodded, yes, they heard about that in biology class. "Okay, our grandpa married his own sister. The authorities kept very sloppy records about our family relationships, so he was able to marry his sister without anyone noticing. Grandma and grandpa had 5 children. Uncle Dave and Uncle Frieder, Aunt Irmgard, Aunt Trish and our mom Irene. You know them all. Well,

grandpa had a great desire to fuck his daughters when they got to the right age. He fucked Irmgard for over 4 years until our mom was 14 Then Grandpa released Irmgard and she got married. Our mom was with Grandpa since she was 14 until she got pregnant when she was 19. Then he took Trish, even though she was only 13 at the time. But Grandpa couldn't completely break away from our mom, he comes to sleep in Mom's bed two and a half years after me. We're both children of our grandpa, Anni." Jack waited a bit, Anni sat there with wide eyes and sucked her thumb. Speechless.

"Look at me, Anni. I'm short, probably 15 centimeters shorter than my peers. My hooked nose and Grandpa's hooked nose are both very similar. And Grandpa only walks with a hunch because the hump on his back has gotten bigger with age. I also have a hunchback, your mom and you too, but you two don't see the hump as clearly as I do." Jack put a hand on Anni's back. "Here, right here is your hump, Anni, like Mom's, barely bigger than a wasp sting. But it's there, we all inherited it from Grandpa." Anni lowered her eyes. "At the last doctor's visit, my doctor discovered the hump, Jack. She said it was tiny and barely visible. It won't grow into a hump like yours. That's what the doctor said. That's why I agree with you about the hump, Jack."

"And now my last trump card, Anni. Would you say that I have a big cock?" Anni thought for a moment. "I haven't seen many cocks, Jack, less than 30 of them, I mean, and mostly from little boys. But yours is surprisingly the biggest I've ever seen, even though you're only 17, Jack. It's about the size of grandpa's." Jack looked at her amused. She quickly added, "Yes, I know that from spying because I always spy when grandpa stays over at mom's. So I've seen his really big cock hundreds of times and that's how I know that he and mom fuck like rabbits once a week. I've seen it hundreds of times." Jack leaned back. "So, I guess I haven't told you anything new, little sister?" Anni continued to suck her thumb. "Yes, I knew almost nothing about the fact that Grandpa fucks Irmgard, Mom and now Trish too. Apparently you also inherited his large tank for semen and his drive from him, Jack." Anni looked down. "And I also got a heavy dose of drive from grandpa and mom. I often jerk off at night until my clit is really rubbed raw."

Jack put his arms around her. “Mom wanted to protect you from confusion, that’s why she tells you that dad is dead. She couldn’t confess it to you yet because you’re still a small, fragile child for her. But the very fact that she told you that grandpa would deflower and fuck you next year should give you something to think about. In our part of the world, the medieval custom of dad deflowering his daughters is still in force, you’ve probably heard about it. Well, grandpa is your dad, and that Custom gives him the privilege of deflowering you as your daddy.” Anni’s eyes were now the size of dinner plates. “The grandpa? Who must have deflowered dozens, even hundreds of young girls? All three of his daughters? No, I won’t let it come to that. Not if he’s the serial deflowerer like you describe him. How many girls have you deflowered, Jack?” Jack scratched the back of his head. “One, just one.” He took a deep breath. “The Suleika, from the ground floor, the Turkish girl. And if her father finds out, he’ll castrate me like a sheep, Anni. The Turks show no mercy.”

Anni opened her eyes. “Little Suleika? She’s still a child!” Jack objected. “She turned 18 two months ago, she just looks very childlike. And she hates the backward Turkish customs, for example her father selling her off to a rich groom without her knowing or loving him. She rebels against that, that’s why I had to take her maidenhood so that her father couldn’t sell her off to a rich old gay man. I understood it and did it, even though I had my pants full, because of her father, because of the castration, that can you believe me?” Anni looked out the window thoughtfully. “You see, Jack, that’s what happens to me. Mom wants to put me in Grandpa’s lap because ‘it’s the custom.’ Jack placed his warm hand over her hips. “When the time comes, Anni, I will support you, word of honor!” Anni turned to him. “Maybe I’ll demand that word of honor one day, Jack!”

They sat next to each other on Jack’s bed. “Jack, I often spy in Mom’s bedroom. Up to now I only found it surprising that Mom fucks Grandpa and that she fucks her brothers Frieder and Dave. It only surprised me because Mom usually has a lot of strange men to fuck. And Mom loves fucking a lot, I know that just from watching. But I’ve never spied when you went into her bedroom. Somehow I wouldn’t have a good feeling about it if my Dearest and only brother who fucks mommy. I saw it for the first time yesterday, Jack, I

swear!" Jack's hand slid up Anni's inner thighs until it came to a stop on her panties. "You and I have retained a certain amount of respect for each other, Anni, and I appreciate that very much. Of course I know that you jerk off your clit every night, but I have never tried to catch you doing it. I mean that respect." Annie sighed. "And why is your hand on my pussy under my panties now, Jack?" Jack grinned. "Because I would love to jerk you off, but only with your express permission, your consent." Anni smiled broadly. "Deal, Jack! Let's get naked and you can jerk my clit and I can jerk your cock, not until tomorrow. What do you think?" "Deal," Jack said.

They lay naked on Jack's bed. He took her hand and placed it on his cock. "Roll up the foreskin?" asked Annie. Jack shook his head. "No, rolling it up is just pure showing off. It can't be used when masturbating or fucking. You push back the foreskin to let the glans show, and you actually jerk yourself off with the foreskin. I'll show you." Anni learned it very quickly. It was quite tiring, but she gritted her teeth and jerked his cock. And sure enough, she made him squirt. Just as he had told her, she continued to rub him as he cummed in spurts, letting the semen splash onto her chest. He said that's what most couples do. "But — I don't have any breasts yet!" Annie interjected. "Yes, yes, you already have very small apples, but in a few years they will be as beautiful and round as Mom or Trish's. That's still to come."

He laid her on her back. "Now comes the clit wanking, little sister!" Anni was very excited about it. She had been doing it herself since she was 7 or 8, and her friends Evi, Yvonne and Lola also did it to her sometimes when they didn't want clit licking. "Jack," she asked, "Jack, tell me, am I a lesbian because I do it with my best friends?" Jack smiled. "But no, Anni, if you were a lesbian, I would have noticed it long ago. A lot of girls have girl-girl sex with their friends before they start fucking. They aren't lesbian, or even bisexual, like you." Annie shook her head. "In our case, it's not true. I'm the only one of us who's still a true virgin. The other three have been fucked by their dads for a long time. I obviously have a knack for only being friends with girls who get fucked by their dads. They're the only three in our class. And they're outcasts, and of course I am too, because I'm their friend and stick by them like crazy. Others may be

considered ‘innocent’, but I just think they are immature or stupid geese, take your pick.” Jack nodded and smiled. “You’re definitely not a lesbian, and your friends probably aren’t either. But I don’t know them yet. Otherwise I could tell you, because I have a good eye and know that there aren’t very many real lesbians. Mom’s friends, with whom she has sex with girls, aren’t lesbians either, not a single one of them.” Anni snuggled up to him, he was her hero and a pretty clever one at that.

Jack jerked her clit just like her friends did. Anni sank back onto the pillow and softened herself, because it was such a pleasant feeling to be jerked off by another finger. And Jack was pretty good at jerking off girls! Anni had already let some of her classmates try it, but they were callous and rude like lumberjacks. She had shot them all to the moon. After maybe 10 minutes Anni rose like a rocket and then exploded in orgasm. Jack held her gently and tenderly in his arms until her orgasm fully subsided. “You do it just as well as my friends,” Anni breathed, “you’re the first man or boy who can jerk off a clit well. The others are complete losers.” Jack nodded. “I had to learn it too, but mom is a good teacher.” Jack raised his head. “Where do you usually do girl sex?” She answered, sometimes with this one, sometimes with the other. They were only children and had a storm-free place. “If one of the mothers catches us in the middle, she smiles and runs away.” Jack nodded. “What do you think, would you try having girl sex here in our room? I would love to watch you do it, little sister.” Annie rolled her eyes. “I don’t know, I’ll have to ask the other three first. As far as I’m concerned, a resounding YES, you’re welcome to watch me, you voyeur piglet!”

Jack stroked the small mounds that would one day be breasts with the palm of his hand. “What do you mean, little sister, do you come to my bed in the evening and in the morning and we both jerk off, side by side?” Annie nodded. “And can I jerk your cock too?” He nodded. “And I’ll jerk your clit too, *for sure*.” Anni took up the previous topic again. “What do you expect from watching our girls have sex?” Jack didn’t have to think. “First of all, I like to watch when someone does something sexual, no matter what. Secondly, I would jerk off while watching and cum on your ass cheeks.” Anni looked at him sideways. “But you wouldn’t try to fuck my girls, would you, Jack?”

He thought for a moment. “You told me that your three friends are regularly fucked by their dads. Roughly speaking, that can mean two things: they love fucking or they hate it. If someone loves fucking, I would of course be happy to fuck her, if that’s okay with you. Otherwise, of course not.” Anni was amazed, as she often was, at how clearly Jack could summarize such situations in just a few words. But after all, he was considered highly gifted and went to university two years earlier than others.

“I have to tell you, Jack, all three are of the second kind. They hate that their daddy fucks them in the marriage bed next to their mother every night. None of them like it or do it with the slightest hint of enthusiasm. I don’t think you should put a tick on your list. You would destroy my friendship with them.” Jack nodded. “Noted, Ms. Commercial Councilor, and checked off. No fucking, just looking and stroking.” Anni roared theatrically. “There was never any mention of caressing, defendant!” Jack smiled because it was their habit to throw titles and classifications at each other; it spiced up the conversation. “Your honor, Ms. Judge, if the girls look good and have beautiful, silky-soft, pimple-free skin, then I can’t guarantee anything. And a guy can still participate a little, right?” Anni tried to hold back her laughter and look stern. “So I’ll let my girls vote: firstly: watching. Secondly: stroking. Well, there will probably be heated discussions, especially since I have to clarify what my brother means by ‘petting’.” Jack smiled. “Stroking is stroking, there’s not much to discuss. A finger can stroke a clit or the labia, with all due respect, of course.” Anni snorted indignantly. “So there are two kinds of ‘caressing’, with or without genitals, genitals in general, you criminal.” Jack nodded in agreement. “Yes, fondling genitals, that’s the right thing to do, Ms. Hair Splitter.”

The next day Anni reported. “So, we voted democratically. Watching: yes. Stroking: yes. Stroking genitals: NO.” Jack looked up from his study books. “Wow! You pushed through the vote, that’s what I love about you, little sister. No hesitation, no hesitation. Everyone listen up: the vote starts in two minutes!” They laughed. Anni said: “The girls want to take your cock in their hands, all three of them. And maybe one or the other will give in when it comes to genital stroking. I asked for that because it’s only fair. Grabbing the cock,

but no genital stroking, that's unfair, isn't it, Commissioner?" Jack said, "Okay, I'll get red wine, paper cups and joints, you get bites, cigarettes and candles. You take money from our war chest." Anni nodded, the war chest was her 'black money' that Mama didn't know about. "Candles — what for? Do you want to shove it up the girls' cunts, you pervert?" Jack shook his head, "So that we can create a relaxed, sultry atmosphere for girl sex in terms of lighting. But we'll remember the thing about shoving the candle in the pussy for the perverted minutes, okay?" he grinned. She still had one objection. Red wine — maybe. Her friends are non-smokers, so no joints. Jack shook his head. "No party without joints. Even if I remain the only smoker. Let's see how the girls react to the holy smoke." Anni said Saturday afternoon would be a good time. Mom is already practicing in the concert hall and we have a storm-free place. Jack nodded, "Excellent combination, my dear Hercule Poirot!"

Jack said she could spy again. "Mama and Trish have discussed the matter with the cuckoo child, and as of this morning my seed belongs entirely to Trish." Anni asked what a cuckoo child was. "When a woman becomes pregnant by another and foists it on her husband as his." Anni's eyes widened. "And you're going along with this? Like Aunt Trish foisting a child on old Uncle Heinzi?" Jack shook his head. "No, Anni, I'm just the sperm donor. I don't accuse anyone of anything, even if I know about the scam." Annie swallowed. "Okay. You're giving Aunt Trish a child. Do you want that? Do you want to be a dad so young?" Jack shook his head. "Anni, I just said it. I'm donating my semen, I'm injecting my semen into Trish's cunt. I already do that when she spends the night at mom's house anyway. The only difference will be that I'll fuck her a lot more often than before. My sperm donation doesn't make me a dad by a long way, I'm definitely not going to marry Trish, she's far too slutty and slutty for me, like my mom. I know you want the purely legal thing But I'm not going to go there. A dad has to look after his child and be there for him, and Uncle Heinzi will definitely do that, not me. I won't feel like a dad for a moment, I'm not crazy and you shouldn't talk about it much, you could cause a catastrophe. Jack looked at her seriously. "It's either on my terms or not at all. I like to fuck Trish in the shower stall and then on Mom's double bed, if I have to, a dozen times a day until she's pregnant. And of course you can watch, papal dispensation." Anni

looked at him defiantly. “Please explain to me about the ‘papal dispensation’, you’ve been throwing it around lately as if it were something free.”

Jack smiled. “If you want something special or unusual in the Catholic Church, you need the papal dispensation, the express permission or approval of the Pope, personally. It’s just a stupid phrase that I use to mean: I allow you, I agree with it. Okay?” She nodded. “That’s what I thought. So, keep throwing around the papal shit, thank God I get it.” Anni grabbed his hands. “Something important,” she said.

That was the code word that it was something important. He turned to her, “I’m all ears, Anni.” “Mom’s playing at the Nigerian Embassy on Friday night, some shitty reception, right? We’ve got a storm-free place. I’d like you to be there just for me on Friday night, Jack. Just for me alone.” Jack nodded, “Sure, I’ll burn my study documents and wait for you on Friday evening. And what exactly am I waiting for? Texas steaks from the charcoal grill and red wine?” Anni lowered her eyes. “On Friday I make our beds with fresh bed linen, like every Friday.” Jack looked at her curiously. “And?” Anni’s tears suddenly ran down her eyes and she took refuge in his arms. “Friday evening I want to give you my virginity, Jack. My dearest brother. My Jack.” She felt Jack’s small, crippled body stiffen.

There was silence for minutes. Jack placed his hand on the top of her head and gently stroked her hair. “I understand,” he said quietly. “Have you thought it through carefully, my little Anni?” She nodded tearfully. “I’m getting ready, I’ve been on the pill for three months, Jack. I don’t joke about these things.” He nodded. “Me neither, Anni. This is something very serious. Does mom know about it, does Grandpa know about it? Trish? Your friends?” Annie shook her head. “No, no one. It’s my decision, not mom’s or grandpa’s. I decide about my body like you do.” Jack kissed her gently on the cheek. “I’ve already deflowered Suleika, but she’s 18 and not 15 like you. It could land me in prison, you’ve also thought about that.” he stated. She nodded. “I’ll chain myself to you if they want to throw you in prison. Only over my dead body!” she said impulsively. Jack stroked her hair. “Let’s not worry, we just have to keep our mouths shut, we’ll get

it together?" Annie nodded. "Yes, Jack. You know why I don't want to do it with Grandpa. Even if he is my father, he is a cock-controlled idiot. My deflowering by a cock-controlled idiot is not an option. Even if you think and do a lot with your cock." Annie smiled. "Jack, sorry to rush you with this. That wasn't my intention, nor was it for you to burn down your study materials. I chose you because you're the best brother since Antony and Cleopatra, that's why. Please say yes, Jack, please-please!" Jack kissed her on the lips. "All right, I say yes. I understand why you want it exactly this way and not any other way. You don't see me as high on the scale of cock-controlled idiots as our grandpa, that's what I like to hear. I don't want to climb higher on that scale either, by God not. No, I'm touched because you choose me, even though there are four billion cocks hanging around out there. Because you trust me with your most sacred thing, because the word trust is the most important component."

Jack asked how she got the pill without mom. "Yvonne's mom took me to the pharmacy and gave her an illegible mom's signature. She said she signed it with 'Klara the Moon Calf', but I don't know if she's really that cheeky. In any case, I have an 'official' standing prescription and have to take the bus to the pharmacy once every six months. I pay for it with my pocket money, mom gives us enough." Jack nodded. "I'm glad you're thinking ahead and taking matters into your own hands. No child does that, only a grown girl of 15 does that. Bravo!" He wrapped her in his arms again. "We'll end your childhood on Friday evening. And I promise you, I'll do it as gently as a breath of wind. Only then, while fucking, will you experience me as a berserk, my little one!" Anni smiled and wiped away her tears with the back of her hand. "I know how good you fuck, Jack. I've seen you fuck Trish and Mom a thousand times. I'll give it a review on the internet, a really juicy wet one, believe me!" Jack held her hand tightly. "Anni, I've been thinking about this for years. Yes, I've always wanted it. And I've complained about the old customs, because of grandpa and stuff like that. Just know that I'm not entirely surprised. Maybe it's even a completely logical decision and not a spontaneous leap. You made a good decision and it makes me very happy, little sister." They sat there for a long time and talked about deflowering and fucking. Jack described to her in great detail how Suleika's deflowering had taken place.

Late Friday afternoon, a good smell lured Jack down to the kitchen. Anni was cooking! “Anni, you cook!?” he said, taken aback. She nodded. “Today there are 600 grams of Texas steaks from the electric grill, fried half tomatoes, fried zucchini slices and fried corn on the cob, boiled and lightly fried. As well as 2 kilos of white bread, one kilo each. Fries only make you fat.” Jack was blown away. “You listened damn well,” he murmured. She nodded. “Skept three recipes on the Internet, success is not guaranteed.”

It was a successful feast; Jack had stolen a bottle of red wine from Mom’s secret hiding place. After dinner they loaded the dishwasher together. Jack took the candles, ashtrays and the wooden box full of joints up into the children’s room. Anni had freshly made the beds and lightly perfumed them with the scent of roses. They chose Anni’s bed. The seven-armed candlestick spread a pleasant light. They stripped naked and lay on the bed. Jack lit two joints and handed one to Anni. She wasn’t used to smoking, but Jack said two joints should put her in a nice, cozy mood. He recounted some of his successful sexual adventures. Anni had cuddled up to him; in terms of build, she was almost a head taller than Jack. Her fingers deftly rolled up his foreskin into a swim ring, “Just to show off,” she murmured, smiling. She gave the head a quick, little kiss. “Be good today, my little one, otherwise there will be a thunderstorm à la Annemarie!” Jack smiled. The first joint was already working. He blew squiggles at the ceiling. “Tactically, it would be good if I jerked your clit, but not quite to orgasm.” Anni nodded and let her thighs slide apart. He jerked her clit for almost an hour, pausing when the rocket threatened to rise and then continuing. Yes, they smoked a third joint and Anni was ready. She was hot. She was ready to leave her childhood behind and become a big girl.

Jack’s cock was far too long and too thick for Anni’s fuck hole. He took the lube out of the tube and then it went in very easily. He had previously taken a close look at the hymen; it was just a very thin cellophane film. The hymen stretched and stretched, then tore with an inaudible “pop!” He pushed all the way until he hit the end of the fuck channel, his cock only going in about 60%. OK. Anni hugged his back and beamed at him. “I didn’t even feel the famous prick, Jack!” she whispered. He nodded, “We’ll wait a moment until your pussy,

your fuck channel, has adapted to my cock. Then we'll start fucking, okay?" Annie nodded. He had previously explained to her how to move her hips to put her G-spot directly in the line of fire, which was then responsible for her orgasms. "Orgasms?" Anni asked incredulously. "Yes," he said, "if we do it well together, you'll jump from one little orgasm to the next like an antelope goat. And then when I cum, you'll rub your clit really hard and trigger your big orgasm. It'll be a big orgasm, believe me."

Anni looked steadily into his eyes, his face. "I want to preserve the moment of my first fuck for all time, Jack," she whispered. "I only experience that once, then never again." Jack smiled and kept thrusting. "We'll see if we don't do it again now that we're brothers and sisters bonded in love?" Anni nodded silently, she had reached the top of the first hill and her legs were shaking. "My first orgasm" she breathed, panting. Jack fucked her on and on. They fucked for over half an hour, Anni's legs kept shaking, but Jack continued undeterred and increased his pace. "I have to cum" he breathed and sat up a little. He grabbed her ass cheeks and lifted them slightly, which opened her cunt a little more. Anni started and jerked her clit furiously. He squirted, shooting his seed in spurts into her fuck hole. Anni screamed softly, it was an amazing orgasm! She clung to him, his spur stuck in her fuck hole and her abdomen heaved, shook and convulsed in the utmost agony of ecstasy. Jack kept him in there, holding her tightly until her orgasm ebbed and disappeared into the fog.

They lay next to each other and smoked the next joint. The holy smoke curled up to the ceiling and made her float pleasantly. Anni whispered: "You were absolutely right, Jack. I've never had an orgasm like that. My clit was already completely swollen and I jerked it as if the Furies were after me. And then the rocket went off, gentlemen!" Jack nodded, it was very, very nice for him too. Anni half sat up, "Say, Jack, can't we just fuck instead of jerking off in the future!?" Jack nodded, "Yes, as long as you don't forget the pill. We can't afford an accident, it would be a catastrophe and not a blessing in disguise, as they so stupidly put it. A catastrophe!" Annie nodded. "Yes, if I forget to take the pill, we'll use condoms, right?" Jack shook his head. "I always have to use a condom if the woman doesn't use

contraception herself. But it's not a good feeling, it's not a good fucking for me. If you ever forget to take the pill, we just don't fuck for a month, I prefer that to using a condom."

Anni chewed her bottom lip. "When do we tell mom, when do we tell grandpa and maybe Trish too?" Jack blinked, "We're not telling anyone yet, not even your friends. Mom. We'll tell Trish and Grandpa when Mom comes along with her 'good old custom', that's soon enough. You'll be able to tell your friends soon, maybe after a few days. Your heart is full, it wants to overflow your lips, but it would be unwise. You're emotionally charged now and therefore very vulnerable. Would you like to get a sermon from Mom now? No, Well, Mom finds out soon enough, if she wants to sell you off to her father, she'll be hit hard and her eyes will fall out of her sockets. I would talk differently if Mom had you very close to her heart. But it's not your fault. They're coming tomorrow. Annie nodded. "Yes, Grandpa will be amazed, and he should be. He won't get me handed to him on a silver platter, and that serves the old womanizer right. His little girl is no longer a little girl, and he should remember that too." Anni said Mom could find out if she looked critically at our bed linen or if we betrayed ourselves with looks and gestures. But what the heck, if that's the case, we can handle it. We are now special siblings, bonded in love and sex. That's important to me, Jack."

Evi, Yvonne and Lola came on Saturday afternoon. Jack assessed them, all three very fine girls. Her sad look alone revealed her emotional distress. The girls also assessed him, they drank cola and ate finger food that Anni had provided. Anni said that they now wanted to put the table aside, undress and lie down on the two beds. They did that, a little hesitantly, but it was girl sex with an audience. When Jack dropped his pants, one girl squealed and the other two put their hands over their lips in surprise. Of course Anni had told them that her brother Jack had a magnificent cock, but she hadn't said anything about such a thing. One by one the girls blushed. They spread out on both beds, two girls here, two girls there, Jack remained sitting on the chair. His eyes sparkled as the girls began to cuddle and kiss, hands sliding over skin and curves. Evi and Yvonne started making love, first rubbing each other and then Evi licking Yvonne's clit. Anni and Lola followed suit. Lola, the prettiest, licked Anni's clit

while sticking her ass out wide. Jack reached out and gently touched Lola's ass cheeks. Lola didn't flinch a bit.

Jack now let his fingers follow Lola's ass crease until he reached her swollen pussy lips and the bush. Lola didn't let herself be disturbed, she sucked, licked and sucked Anni's clit. Jack looked at Anni's face, she was happy and smiling blissfully because Lola was doing a very good job. Jack felt Lola's little clit, it was stiff and swollen. Still no rejection from Lola. He rubbed Lola's clit slowly and sensitively. Yes, apparently Lola allowed it. Jack leaned in further and rubbed Lola's clit. She responded, her licking becoming slightly irritated. But Anni's orgasm was still a while away. Lola's thighs trembled. Jack looked briefly at the other two girls, they had already switched, now Yvonne was licking Evi's clit. He focused back on Lola's clit.

Lola collapsed on top of Anni with a loud exhale. Her ass cheeks and thighs were shaking wildly. Exhausted, she turned back to Anni's cunt, took the whole cunt into her mouth and her tongue danced a wild polka on her clit. Now Anni rose like a rocket, her abdomen twitching and swaying in orgasm. Lola sat up. She sat down next to Anni. "Will you give me one to smoke?" Lola asked Jack, eyes downcast. No, she waved Anni off, she doesn't need to lick her clit now. "Jack already got it for me," Lola whispered quietly. Of course Anni saw it, but Evi and Yvonne pricked up their ears. Evi moved closer. "Jack got it for you?" She asked and Lola nodded. "Unbelievable!" exclaimed Evi, "this is the first time I've heard of a boy being able to do it to a girl. You can't get that from our boys at school, they're clumsy and rude like butchers. Don't lie to me, Lola, did he really do it to you?" Lola nodded, now feeling solid ground under her feet again. "He did it to me while I was licking Anni. I was surprised and wanted to shoo him away because I know how clumsy and rough the boys are, but Jack did it right, really right. And then I exploded and it was wonderful." She looked directly into Jack's eyes for the first time. "You can do it at least as well as a girl," she told him.

Yvonne asked Jack if she could take his cock in her hand? Jack walked over to the bed and sat next to Yvonne. She grabbed his cock and turned it back and forth, appraising him. Evi also grabbed it and

she also assessed his best piece. Evi looked at him. “Can I do it with my fist, Jack?” He shook his head. “No, but you can let me fuck you if you like.” Evi sat up indignantly and gave no answer, only a poisonous look.

Annie intervened. “Girls, Jack is very interested in how you ended up with your daddy fucking you? I couldn’t tell him much about it because I don’t know myself. So, how was it for you, Lola?” she asked. Lola sat cross-legged next to Anni and Jack’s eyes bore into Lola’s pussy hole. “I always lay in the big bed with mom and dad. Mom showed me how to masturbate when I was 8, and I did it every night since then. Mom wasn’t particularly interested in it, dad even more so. He always got a hard cock from watching, even though he had just fucked mom, and that confused me a lot. So mom showed me how to jerk dad’s cock after I’d jerked my clit in front of him. We weren’t shy or ashamed of each other, and if so Mom sometimes jerked off after fucking, I lay on my back on Dad’s lap and we watched Mom jerk off. It was completely normal a year and a half ago Mom had the flu or a cold and didn’t want to be fucked. “Fuck Lola, she’s already old enough,” Mom said grumpily to Dad. Now he deflowered me and has been fucking me almost every night since then is on a drinking spree and they fuck the waitresses or barmaids. Two or three times a week, dad fucks mom, but then me, always. I never liked fucking, it was never as nice as jerking off. Dad laughed at me when I told him that I don’t really like it, my little one, every girl learns that with time.” Lola looked up. “I still don’t like fucking, I’ve told you before. Jerking off is enough for me, and when I grow up I’ll move in with a lesbian woman. Girl sex is twice as nice as fucking daddy.”

Awkward silence. Jack thought to himself that it would be a shame for Lola if she turned into a lesbian because of her dad. But you would see. Anni nudged Yvonne. “Now your story!” Yvonne looked from one to the other, slightly frightened. Her gaze rested on Jack’s face for a long time. “I’ll speak plainly, and I’m sorry, Jack, that you have to listen to our tales of woe!” Jack looked at her calmly. “I want to hear your stories and get to know you better, you are Anni’s friends, that’s what counts for me. That’s all.” Yvonne began to tell her story.

“It was two years ago. Dad came home drunk, late at night, as he often does. Mom was already asleep, she had swallowed a sleeping pill as usual. I was just about to jerk myself off for the fourth and final time, because I usually do it four times, when he burst into my childhood room smelling good. I was lying there without pajama bottoms, my legs in the frog position and my hand pressed fearfully on my cunt. “Well, have something “What are we here?” he croaked, “my little one like on a silver platter!” He took my hand away. “Ah! You already have a little black fluff, so you’re old enough!” And before I recovered from the shock, he had unzipped his zipper and pulled out his puny cock. Measly, I said, because it’s not even as big as little Benny’s. Now he was lying on top of me, deflowering me and fucking me, once, twice, three times. Then, groaning and grunting, he stood up and took care of his limp companion. “Oof! I really needed that!” That was his only remark, then he staggered downstairs and lay down to sleep next to Mom. This was repeated for months now, I told Mom, but she didn’t believe a word of it. No, her husband, my Dad would never do something so perverted! That was the topic dead and buried, she didn’t want to hear any more of my tall tales. Well, Dad got tired of climbing the stairs, he ordered me to the marriage bed, where I had never lain before And he fucked me in front of Mom’s eyes. She had her hands over her mouth, her husband was fucking his 13-year-old daughter! Her daughter! That wasn’t enough — Dad and Mom only fucked at holy times — Dad took over the mother more often, and now I could see for myself how disgusted she was with fucking. I don’t know. And then a suspicion that I had had for a long time was confirmed When Dad’s brothers, nephews or brothers-in-law stayed with us, every guest fucked my mom as a matter of course. Now I didn’t suspect it, now I saw it with my own eyes. My mom, who had to let Hinz and Kunz fuck her, was completely indifferent and disinterested. But now the eye fell on the little daughter, that’s me, Dad shrugged his shoulders He didn’t care at all, he wanted to be the good guy who offered hospitality and pussies to his people. But not to me, because sometimes several came at the same time and then it was like a Turkish brothel. Now there were two pussies available: Mom’s and my cunt. I would have much preferred to tell you the story of the princess and the prince, but you wanted the real story her.

Evi cleared her throat. “I’m the oldest here, I’m already over 16, and my story began around three years ago, when I was 13. I’m an only child like the others, I’ve always slept in the marriage bed between my parents, and my mom taught me how to jerk off too. I also jerked off every night for a lonely audience: my dad. And my mom also taught me to jerk dad’s cock. But that’s where the similarities end. Mom has been at home with us since It was always the driving force, Dad was the big phlegmatic person. It was Mom who decided when Dad was allowed to fuck her. And I should pay close attention, because this is real married life. Dad was never allowed to take a strange woman to the marriage bed, Mom, on the other hand, shamelessly fucked the neighbor boys without being embarrassed in front of Dad or me. She was the boss, and what she said happened to him Mom knew what to do: she took this or that neighbor into the marriage bed and Dad was allowed to fuck both women one after the other. That was okay for him, but Mom stopped the experiment when Dad wasn’t so fucky anymore. I was 9 or 10 at the time. And of course I was always there, I didn’t have a nursery or a cot and never had a nightgown or pajamas Working with the laundry, Mom explained. But then I turned 13, and Mom had her hands full with the many neighborhood boys, because Mom was always looking for young, hot cocks. In a nightly shouting match, Mom shouted that Dad should fuck me, after all. This argument was the big drawback to my youth. Dad didn’t ask, he deflowered me in a very unspectacular way me every night, sometimes even twice. And now came the second big step: Dad became unemployed, which he didn’t really care about, and now Mom had to offer her pussy for money. She was fuming because Dad wasn’t looking for work, just my pussy, that was enough for him. He fucked me in the afternoon when I came home from school and about 5 or 6 times a day. He didn’t need it more often Not for a long time, she had enough cocks in her pussy every day. Mom thought about it and came up with the ingenious solution. She would be the main attraction and the organizer, and she did it quite well, we didn’t have to go hungry anymore, and Mom enjoyed being fucked in turn by a dozen horny cocks I just stared at the orgy with my mouth open. So I became the second main attraction, you could invite more men and earn even more money, Dad’s evening visits to the pub only cost money, but they didn’t bring in anything. So I’ve been the gang-bang queen twice a week for a year, and at the age of

16. Mom grinned, that was also the reality that clever women earn more money than a useless unemployed person “That, dear Jack, is my story. I don’t find it particularly funny, but it’s my reality. This story should make it clear that I haven’t learned to love fucking yet.”

Jack cleared his throat. “My story isn’t half as exciting as yours. From a young age, mom used to jerk me off after showering, it started very early, but I don’t know my exact age, I must have been about 8 when the squirting started. My aunt Trish, mom’s youngest sister, was my first at 12 because she hated jerking cocks. My mom stood by and was amazed, but soon she became my second. I have with all my aunts, Fucked cousins and nieces. For a while, mom had a coffee party followed by lesbian lovemaking, like your girl sex. I was allowed to fuck all of them later. I spent a summer vacation at the pond with an aunt and an uncle, and with the uncle’s consent I was also allowed to fuck the beautiful one to get a nun back on mom’s track, which I managed to do through intense fucking. My first, Aunt Trish, had married a rich man who could basically be considered impotent. Now she wants a child, and we’ve been working on it for days. There are only a few girls at the school for the gifted, and actually only two of them Well, that’s basically all you want to know about me. I’m 17, only 1 meter 10 tall, have an ugly little hump and a magnificent cock, as you can see.

In the silence that followed, Lola said, “Anni, I noticed while licking your clit that you no longer have a hymen. What can you tell us about that?” Anni swallowed and looked to Jack for help. He nodded in agreement. “Well, that’s true, Lola. I can’t put a robber’s gun on you from an accident while cycling. And since I don’t have a dad, he wasn’t the one either. He was the best fucker between here and Tokyo, just recently. I wanted it, I didn’t want to be the only virgin among us any longer. And I definitely didn’t want to be deflowered by grandpa, he’s just a cock-controlled idiot, grandpa. Mom would have expected that of me because of some old customs from the darkest Middle Ages. Mom described Grandpa’s cock and his fucking to me in the most colorful terms, but I didn’t believe a single word of it. I’ve seen Grandpa’s puny cock a thousand times, it’s not even as long as two middle fingers, and I’ve spied a thousand times when he fucked Mom. For her it was more metaphorical, it could never satisfy

her Breath when he finally pumps her mom full. And she wanted to put that puny cock around me, of course with the best of intentions, I have to give her credit for that." Anni stopped, everything had been said. Lola nodded. "I see, Anni. It was our Jack here, wasn't it?" Anni hesitated, but then nodded. The three girls stared at Jack's cock. Evi said: "I'll never believe that, Anni. Your pussy is much too small and too tight for Jack's cock, he would have blown up your fuck hole with his thing." Annie sighed. "With a little imagination, Evi, you could think of a lubricant, that would solve the problem, wouldn't it?" It was Lola who urged them to leave. "Maybe we'll meet up with Jack again, what do you think?" Jack shrugged. "I live here, in this room. I'm at home a lot. So, as far as I'm concerned, yes. Of course I'd love it if you were ready to fuck, girls!"

Evi and Yvonne said nothing. Then Yvonne shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps." Then the girls set off.

Of course it was Lola who came with Anni days later. "Jack, if you had a moment, Lola wants to ask you something." Jack took off the headphones. "And what?" Lola's gaze was directed at the carpet on the floor. "Whether you would like a threesome," she whispered, "you, Anni and me." Jack looked at Anni. "Well, how's it going, Anni, do you feel like it?" Jack smiled. "I need another minute to take care of everything here, then I'll come to you beautiful graces."

When he came up, Anni had already dived between Lola's thighs and had a mouth full of pussy. Her tongue danced polka on Lola's clit, which twisted and turned, it was so hot. The girls all already had master's certificates in clit licking, and Jack dropped his pants and turned his gaze to the two angels in combat. He had only recently found out that Anni frequently did girl-girl sex and that she was a master at licking her clit. Oh, what a sight!

Lola had muffled her screams and pressed Anni's head onto her cunt, which she continued to lick during her orgasm. Jack opened the wooden box and lit three joints. They smoked in silence, watching the holy smoke curl. Lola, whose hand was casually on Jack's hard-on, said, "Something strange happened last night. Daddy's older brother Abel and his son Ricky came to visit. Ricky is 13 and a

half. They stayed the night and there was an upset because Daddy didn't want Abel or Ricky to fuck Mommy. I watched Mommy's face. Oh, if Daddy had seen her jumping on the bandwagon! No matter what Daddy wanted, she wanted to do it Maybe they had even done it before, I don't know. Dad took his jacket with rage and traipsed into the bar, the lifeline of all lost souls. Oh, you should have seen how Mom, the wallflower, threw herself at Abel so that the whole bed shook Sleeping in the marriage bed with my mother and fucking her. That was a family tradition, Ricky grinned. I had to admit that I was a little in love with his cock. Abel and Ricky were circumcised Jews. It was the first time I had seen a circumcised cock where the head of Ricky was not huge, but it was a considerable one I fucked a different cock than dad's, and with Ricky it was nice, but not earth-shattering. Then they swapped, Ricky fucked the happy mom and Abel's colossus fucked me. His cock filled my pussy, but he had already exhausted himself with mom and so he was a little tired. Still, I put this fuck on the positive side "My eyes were red and I fell fully clothed on the bed between us. That was the end of our happy fucking, but I was still weak in the knees that morning because Ricky and Abel had taken turns fucking me again and again and I was jerking off like a Prater whore while fucking." Anni hugged her. "Lola-sweetheart, see? There's also happy fucking, not just the dogged and stubborn fucking that your daddy gives you. I'm sure you'll still enjoy the fucking a lot!"

Anni fell back and pulled Lola's face between her thighs. Lola took the whole pussy in her mouth and diligently nibbled on Anni's clit. Jack and Anni communicated with a long look. Lola knelt while licking her clit and stuck her gorgeous ass out wide. Jack took it as an invitation. He spread Lola's ass cheeks and looked at her pussy from behind. Only a light fluff covered her cunt, and her cunt looked inviting and heavenly. Jack's thumb blindly found her clit, and in no time Lola rose like a rocket. He didn't let her orgasm, not yet. "Well, how about I fuck you a little too, Lola?" he asked quietly and in a seductive voice. Lola nodded, she had a mouth full of cunt. She stopped short, "Yes, Jack, please fuck me, for God's sake, please fuck me!" took Anni's cunt back into her mouth and let her tongue dance the polka. Anni held back her lust, Jack's look had asked her to do so. Jack knelt up and slowly pushed his cock into Lola's fuck hole. She

grunted pleasantly as she licked, Jack's cock filling her cunt to the breaking point.

Jack took his time. Lola's pussy was really tight and it felt really good. She was still completely wet with Anni's saliva. Jack tried to match his rhythm to Lola's licking, but couldn't because Lola's tongue was too fast. Still, she rose like a rocket. He noticed how she kept stopping while licking. Yes, she was ready, said his look at Anni. With increasingly powerful thrusts, he pushed Lola over the cliff. She couldn't scream because Anni held her head and pressed her mouth onto her wet cunt. Lola orgasmed wildly, her ass twitched and heaved in spasms and Anni pressed her mouth firmly onto her cunt. Lola continued to orgasm, snot and Anni's juices smeared all over her face. She wanted to scream in ecstasy, but her mouth was pressed tightly onto Anni's cunt, all she could do was gurgle and push her tongue onto Anni's clit. She was completely exhausted, her knees gave out and it was Jack who held her by the hips so she wouldn't fall over. Oh my god, Lola had never had such an insane orgasm before, Jack kept driving her over the edge. For brief moments Lola lost consciousness, waking up half suffocating on Anni's cunt, swallowing air whenever she could. Jack whispered that he had to inject now. Lola was so exhausted that she couldn't even nod. Jack squirted his load into her cunt in spurts, he squirted and squirted as much as he could. Then he paused and pulled his cock out. When he let go of Lola's hips, she fell next to Anni's ass, exhausted.

Lola wiped her juice-stained face with the back of her hand and gratefully took the joint that Jack held out to her. They smoked in silence, their eyes following the curls of the holy smoke, and they hovered every inch of the bed. Jack looked at Lola's expression with satisfaction. Anni grinned, "That was a wonderful ride, wasn't it, Lola!?" Lola nodded and sucked on her joint. "One more minute and my heart would have failed, Jack. You're a devil, dear Jack!" She nestled herself against Anni's thighs. "I owe you an orgasm, Anni!" she breathed. Annie laughed. "Ah wow! While you were smearing your face on my pussy, of course I orgasmed, it couldn't wait!" Jack said smiling, "We'll probably skip dinner because we still have a few miles to fuck!" Lola looked at the digital clock on Anni's bedside table. "No,

for God's sake, I have to run home immediately, it's already 7 p.m.!" She dressed quickly and ran off.

Jack moved closer until their thighs touched. "You know, is Lola on the pill?" he asked. Anni shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know, but she would be pretty stupid if she didn't. Dad, Abel and Ricky, she would be pretty stupid!" Jack nodded. "Ask her tomorrow. Asking doesn't cost anything." He ran his hand over Anni's pussy. "Lola is doing it wrong. She orgasms far too easily, she gives it her all and therefore gets tired quickly. It's better to slow down a little, as you've learned. You'll save your energy so that the night can be long." Annie nodded. We talk about it often, including with Yvonne and Evi. They know braking would be good, but they can't do it, stupid chicks. They learned that from their dad because the kid can't fuck as often as you, Jack. Not many people can do that, really not. I tried it with several classmates, they all only had one bullet in the barrel and once they fired, it was definitely over." Jack nodded, this wasn't new to him.

Evi and Yvonne caught their breath when Lola reported about fucking Jack. They looked at each other and nodded to each other. This sealed Jack's fate. They came earlier than Anni, who had another tête a tête. Jack didn't care, he put his study notes aside and followed the girls to Anni's bed. "It works best when one licks the other and I fuck the licking one, that's what I did with Lola," he said. Evi immediately dived down and licked Yvonne. Jack warmed her clit with his thumb and then quickly penetrated. Evi's pussy wasn't nearly as tight as Lola's, but it still felt pretty good. It took Evi much longer to get her rocket into position. But then she helped briefly with her finger and went off like fireworks. Yvonne pressed Evi's lips and face into her own cunt while Jack shot his load into Evi in spurts. Then they switched. Jack now fucked Yvonne, and she wasn't bad either. Anni just came home and was grinning up to her ears. Jack squirted into Yvonne's pussy hole, inseminating her to overflowing.

Jack fucked Trish in the shower in the morning, then they moved to Mom's bedroom, where Trish preferred to fuck and be fucked. Mom sat next to them and played with their curled pubic hair. She had given up her resistance and was proud that her boy had mated and inseminated Trish time and time again. Trish really wanted a

child, and her mother understood that quite well. She herself had wanted Papa to make her Jack and then Annemarie too. Yes, that was her wish, not Dad's. She barely knew Trish's husband Heinzi. Trish had said that he only had a very small cock and that he couldn't actually fuck her anymore. Every few weeks she would do it to Heinzi with her mouth so she could make him squirt. He was already very old and no longer able to mate with his wife. She had told him, cleverly packaged, that she was going to have a child made by a friend. Heinzi nodded in agreement. His first three marriages had been childless, and now he hoped that Trish would give him one or more heirs. The thought that his company might fall apart after his death made him sad. No, it would be better if Trish had a child or two and they would then hold the company together in the future.

Jack had to fuck Trish non-stop for seven months until she finally got pregnant.

But that wasn't the end, because Trish missed Jack's cock after just a few days.

Suzie Q staggers

Suzie Q stumbled through life. She got the name from her grandfather, who couldn't get the psychedelic ballad by Creedence Clearwater Revival out of his head and couldn't think of another name when she was born, the drunken Döskopp. Maybe Suzie wasn't quite right in the head because she didn't get enough air during birth because her mother Irmgard died during birth. But perhaps the chaos of incest was also to blame for her stumbling through life. The grandfather had impregnated his grandmother, his sister, and later fathered Suzie with his daughter Irmgard, who in turn gave birth to twins for the grandfather. A disastrous genetic mix. Grandpa was a generational dad.

Suzie was staying in Elysium, as Grandpa called it. This was the City of Angels, where Suzie now made her home. She had met her guardian angel Eugen as a young girl; she had given him the first name Grandpa because, like Grandpa, he was her preferred sexual partner. The angel Eugene was completely to her liking. About 30 years old, two years older than her, he had a wonderfully athletic, broad-shouldered naked body, beautiful floor-length snow-white wings and his size was considerable. Oh yes, sex was very important and always present for Suzie. She couldn't read and didn't understand most of what was said on television. So she was naturally predestined for sex.

There was a special day where Suzie and about 5 or 6 other but younger girls were escorted into the copulatory room by their guardian angels. This was a very cozy salon, the sultry atmosphere of which was conducive to making love, that was beyond question. Like Suzie, her guardian angel Eugen was very interested in making love. As soon as they reached a spot in the copulatory area, he put his strong arm around her waist. Suzie's eyes lit up and she sat on his lap with her back to him. She reached between her thighs and fumbled his cock into her pussy hole, it filled her wonderfully. Saint Peter left nothing to chance; he carefully selected the guardian angel and the protégé so that their genitals matched each other wonderfully. Yes,

Eugen's cock was even more magnificent than grandpa's. Suzie looked over at the other girls. You liked each other even though you weren't really friends; you just had sex together. But they always met in the copulatory room and the girls, like Suzie, went straight to work. That's what they actually came here for. Suzie couldn't tell if they came here every day, or just once a week or a month. Time didn't matter, there was enough time.

Suzie and Eugen had already fucked in every position imaginable. The angel didn't say much, he sometimes had a good suggestion, and they did that to the point of ecstasy. Today Suzie was sitting on her back on his lap, she had inserted his cock into her pussy and now they were getting started. They were both active, neither remained passive. One had a cock, the other had a pussy, and the two went together beautifully. She liked looking over at the other girls because they were also having a lot of fun fucking with their guardian angels. And somehow you also ate with your eyes. You were allowed to watch.

Suzie loved it when her angel took her like that, from behind, this was her sensitive position, so she could orgasm in one piece as her heart desired. And the angel Eugene smiled sweetly at her when she orgasmed. He seemed to want to say, "That's why we come here, to give each other and themselves ecstasies with our hands full." He listened very carefully when she talked.

The little girl Suzie was sitting on Grandpa's lap, he was reading to her from the beautifully illustrated storybook and she was looking at the pictures. Grandma, almost completely deaf and blind, had put on her thick 12-diopter glasses and was knitting wool scarves and wool socks for the Ukrainian soldiers so that they wouldn't freeze in the winter. She nodded to herself when she understood a few snippets of words. "The prince fucked... the beautiful princess after he... slew the evil dragon. The dragon had kidnapped the princess... and... copulated continuously, the naughty beast." Grandma nodded, yes - that's exactly what it said in the storybook that Grandpa read to the little girl, or something like that, Grandma mused, counting the loops as she knitted. Then Grandpa and his girl played "Hoppe-hoppe-Reiter", their favorite game. Little Suzie rode Grandpa's cock, wiping

her hair from her sweaty face and laughing when Grandpa cums in her little cunt. She knew that she then had to take a minute's break until Grandpa's cock became semi-hard again, then she continued, "Hoppe-hoppe-Rider!"

Sometimes Grandma stood up, stretched her back and went over to them. She wiped the sweat from Little Suzie's face and bent down to check the girl's pussy. She had to get within a few centimeters with the thick glasses and look at the childlike cunt and Grandpa's cock that was stuck inside. Then she shook her head. "Eugen, how many times should I tell you, our Suzie is still far too young to fuck. You are really unteachable!" Shaking her head, she went back to her armchair and continued knitting. When Grandpa couldn't take it anymore, Suzie would lift up her skirt and jerk her clit. That felt so good, that was so nice! When grandma looked up, she shook her head again reproachfully. "Girl, girl! Your clit is still sore from jerking off so much!" But that didn't matter to Suzie, when she felt it down there, only masturbation helped, nothing else. And besides, Grandma also jerked off when she felt unobserved. Then she took the long soft rubber dildo out of the wardrobe and washed it for a long time under running hot water. It was still soiled and stained from the last time. She spread her old pussy lips with her fingers and leaned down to insert the warm dildo. It was so long that it went all the way in and then left enough of it sticking out that she could grab it properly with her fist. Grandma was now fucking herself with the dildo and her face looked like that of a female gorilla - her teeth bared, wrinkled and terribly strained while fucking herself with the dildo. She fucked herself, cursing and muttering as if that would help. Finally she rubbed her clit furiously with her finger and her head lolled forward. So that was Grandma's masturbation, and she shouldn't tell Suzie when and how often the little one masturbated, that was probably her business.

Grandma and Grandpa didn't fuck very often. Grandma grinned, "You're oats probably stinging again!" What Suzie didn't understand was that the oats were there for the horses to eat!? In any case, Grandma leaned forward, arched her back, and her withered breasts hung down like empty sacks. "Well, come here!" she said good-naturedly to grandpa and grabbed his cock. She practiced and pushed it

deep inside and stayed in the humpback position because she had to watch the cock and her own cunt the whole time. Grandpa now plowed in her furrow, sometimes she even rubbed his shaft to make it go better and faster. “Well then, go ahead!” She murmured when Grandpa squirted in. And Grandpa would sometimes reach behind him and bring little Suzie over, laying her on her back on Grandma’s warm body like on a pillow. Then grandpa fucked the little girl with his juice-dripping cock and grandma shook her head. “Don’t you think the little one is still far too young to fuck, Eugen?” But he ignored these and similar comments, he just wanted to inject, cum and squirt inside a fuckhole. And that’s what he did. That was the point of the whole exercise.

Little Suzie accompanied Grandpa to the neighbors wives when he wanted to fuck someone. She found it very exciting because these women fucked completely differently than grandma. Grandpa explained to her that just like everyone has different cocks, pussies and breasts, everyone only fucks in their own way, not everyone according to the same pattern. Suzie understood that Grandma didn’t have to be told about the neighbors, otherwise she would just make a disgusting pout and not talk to him for hours. Suzie found it very exciting to do something forbidden with her grandpa.

Suzie bolted upright. Elysium was gone. She had to go upstairs to the converted children’s room. Grandpa lay there, deathly ill. In fact, he had been lying there since Grandma, his sister, died. Within weeks, the cancer had consumed his wife. She was gone. He said she was with Irmgard now, maybe the two of them would become angels. Real angels, with wings and beautiful, eternally young naked girls’ bodies. Suzie smiled, becoming an angel was a very nice thing. There was nothing to mourn. Grandma would see her poor daughter again; Irmgard could tell her how best to get along in heaven. Suzie smiled. She only knew her mother from photos; she was a beautiful, cheeky, frivolous girl. Suzie would have liked to have had her as a friend, not just as the shadowy figure of a mother who was never there.

When Grandma died, Suzie lay down with Grandpa. Firstly, so that he wasn’t alone in his grief, and secondly, because she could now be his wife. The death of Letizia, his sister and wife, didn’t ruin

Grandpa's cock. It worked as ever and Suzie fucked Grandpa on the treadmill. Like back when she was pregnant. She was so excited about the child Grandpa had made for her - at that time, Grandpa was the first and only person Suzie fucked. He was getting older, no question, and it was getting harder for him to fuck. It was not known what illness confined him to bed. Suzie washed him from head to toe every morning. She grabbed his cock when it became stiff. She looked at him asking, should she ride him or do it with her fist? He just nodded, it was becoming increasingly difficult for him to speak. "Ride…." could be heard, so she lifted up her skirts, mounted him and rode his cock until he squirted inside. Or she did it to him with her fist, which he really liked because at the end she took him into her mouth, let him cum in her mouth and swallowed it.

Until then, Grandma had supported the family, she was a hottie and made a lot of money off her ass. They were never rich, but they were never hungry. Now she was gone, in heaven with Irmgard. Suzie told Grandpa she would do it, but she had no idea how to get men into bed. Grandpa smiled, "Leave it to me, I'll bring you lots of cocks and you'll do it to them for money. Okay?" Suzie nodded. And Grandpa brought a lot of cocks, it worked brilliantly. Old and young, big and small, white, black and Asian. She didn't do ass fucking or mouth fucking, preferring the good old missionary position. She actually liked her grandmother's job. Grandma wasn't actually a whore. She let herself be fucked for money when money was needed. Never just for fun. A whore always fucked whether she needed money or not, that was her character. Grandma only fucked her brothers, uncles and nephews for free, it was a family affair and was somehow part of the hospitality when you came to visit grandma and grandpa. Suzie learned at a very young age that family members should be treated well, so screwing Grandma's cunt was simply part of it.

The missionary position was okay, Suzie orgasmed sometimes and her urges were nicely satisfied until the evening. The doggy position, which a lot of customers wanted, tired her very quickly because it was her sensitive spot and she had to orgasm like a machine gun. That meant she had to take a break and snooze for at least half an hour afterwards. It was very difficult to explain to Grandpa, he

couldn't really empathize. But he simply demanded a higher price for the doggy position, so the break was paid for.

Suzie didn't count. There must have been hundreds. Still, it made Grandpa uncomfortable when she did it for fun. And she did this with enthusiasm with very young boys who had never fucked before. Some had even never masturbated or squirted before. Suzie was filled with a holy shiver when she got her hands on such a boy and then got his cock between her thighs. The boys were like in Wonderland - they had never seen a naked woman before, and Suzie was maybe 26 or 27 at the time and quite beautiful to look at. Of course, she stuck to Grandpa's principle that making money was the priority. But every free moment she let the green boys lie next to her. Maybe she had a special approach to young boys because she was so childlike in spirit?

She listened to the little ones for hours as they talked about their sexual adventures. They spied on every skirt and wanted to see breasts and pussies in person, not just on the screen. Some excitedly reported on the sex lives of their sisters or their mothers. How they tried to push their cock under their sister's or mother's panties, sometimes squirting in the panties if not dragged away. How they sneaked into the parents' bedroom at night and pressed themselves against mom's body when mom was jerking off herself. Most of the time, in the dark, they didn't see their sister or mom doing the jerking off. Only a few moms wanted to jerk their cocks. The sisters did it more likely, they did it to everyone at school. She also questioned some who attacked and fucked their moms at night, next to their sleeping dad. The mothers fought back, but far too weakly and unsuccessfully. They were bitter and deeply offended because their son raped them. Of course there were slaps and kicks, but they were able to put up with that when they were able to stick the cock in mom's fuck hole. Suzie could imagine it very well if she closed her eyes. The mom who stopped jerking off and then continued, and he pressed himself against her. He felt her wobble, but he couldn't see it. Then finally he was allowed to jerk off too after she had finished jerking off . Mom's hand was on his cock to control and collect the semen. When his hand got tired, she would jerk him off, probably somewhat reluctantly and unhappily. And from now on he only let her jerk him off.

Later she allowed him to cum on her ass cheek, she directed his sperm stream onto her ass cheeks herself. Even later he was allowed to grind and squirt up and down the folds of her ass. Always the warning not to get lost! Then finally she allowed him to push back the foreskin and wet the glans with spit. She spread her ass cheeks herself and let him push into her asshole. Finally, finally he was allowed to fuck. It worked fine for days, but it just wasn't the real thing. The guy often slipped off unintentionally and she repeatedly ripped his cock out of her pussy hole in protest. "That would be incest!" she whispered tightly. And then the memorable night where she didn't pull out his cock because daddy was spinning around in his dream. Was he watching them? Her guilty conscience felt like a hammer because her son squirted in for the first time and her dad stared over at her. And then he fucked her regularly and cummed every night, directly into her fuck hole. Pandora's box had been opened, there was no going back. Dad grinned, in a dream, right?! Suzie was actually able to put herself in the role of these moms quite well. But she herself, she devoured the boys with all the trimmings, the full program.

She shook her head resolutely when Grandpa suggested at least taking the boys' pocket money. No, that would take the holy shudder out of the whole thing.

And Grandpa got sicker and sicker. Now Suzie had to rely on her neighbors or grandpa's friends to send her paying customers. But this business just trickled down, she barely got over the hurdles. And then, in the middle of this dry spell, fate came along with a new joke.

The authorities brought her children back.

The children, the twins Johannes and Heinrich, who she gave birth to when she was 19. Grandpa had given her the twins, no doubt. The authorities took her two children away from her immediately after they were born. A girl like her, in precarious family circumstances and with a low IQ, couldn't care for the children. Suzie didn't understand all the paragraphs the dry maidens read in their documents. And then there was another paragraph: Suzie was officially sterilized a day later. She didn't understand that either, still dead tired from

the birth. Grandpa gave the boys the names Johannes and Heinrich, she only called the little ones Flick and Flack. Nobody knew why, neither did she. She lost track of the children after just a few weeks; they were passed from crèche to crèche. She didn't mourn for long, she would just have other children and keep them! Grandpa shook his head. "No, you were forcibly sterilized so that you wouldn't have any more children!" Grandpa now explained to her how one thing was related to the other. No, no more children, no more pregnancy!

Suzie escaped to Elysium after the birth. She lay next to the angel Eugene, they were gasping for breath after the wild fucking, and they smoked joints and were silent. "I've been sterilized, Eugene!" she complained. He nodded, he knew it, he had been there when she was under anesthesia. He had followed the doctor's every move. Such a guardian angel could not intervene. "I will never have another child!" she continued to complain. He nodded, yes, that was the point of sterilization. He played with the sensitive skin of her inner thighs so that her pussy became very hot. "Look, Suzie Q, you never have to worry about contraception again. There's something good about that, don't you think?" Suzie stared at the gold-encrusted curtains of the copulatory room. "Two weeks ago they took my twins away from me because I was unfit to raise children. The next day they sterilized me without asking me if I agreed. And next week they will come and forbid Grandpa from finding men for me. Grandpa promised me that before they were born, that I would earn money with very fine birding, just like Grandma used to. Men whose money Grandpa and I will live on. . We will go begging and starve." The angel Eugene took her in his strong arms and placed her tear-stained face on his broad chest. "Suzie Q, don't look at it so darkly. You're only 19, grandma will age quickly and will earn less and less money from fucking. Grandpa will soon have the idea to use your cunt to make money, to sell it. That's okay in itself, you'll have a lot of interesting fucks, a lot of losers too, of course. You'll have a lot of fun in the job of ma, I know it, I've seen it. And I swore before the face of the Lord that you will get your sons back when they are older. The Lord just looked at me: "Angelus Cinemorra (that's my name) Angelus Cinemorra, you will do it. "You have my blessing!" said the Lord, and I fell to the ground in front of him in gratitude. Suzie Q, I made this Holy Vow, and you will get your sons back, guaranteed!"

Suzie grabbed his shoulders. “You guarantee that I’ll have my children back?” He nodded seriously. “But I don’t know when. The Lord didn’t tell me that.” Suzie slumped her shoulders. “So, I’ll vegetate in the nursing home and then they’ll come, maybe.” He cleared his throat. “I’m not authorized to say anything about our working methods. But I spoke to your sons’ two guardian angels. Smart girls, both of them. She winked and said they’ll come to you with stiff cocks. I don’t know what they mean by that.” Suzie looked at him wide. “Stiff cocks? What’s all this talk? I’m not interested in their stiff cocks, Angelus!” She pouted. “Guardian angel Eugene, you will ask the ladies how my children are doing!” He smiled amused. “The wheel doesn’t turn that way, Suzie Q. They let me know if a great misfortune happens to them or if one of them dies. That’s all there is to it. I fucked both of them for a day and a night, but that’s all it got, Suzie Q. We’re angels, not spies or merchants. — Now let’s change the subject, okay?”

Suzie realized there was nothing more that could be done. As long as she didn’t find out anything, the two of them were fine. She squared her shoulders. “And what about the other one? With Grandpa’s announcement that I would fuck a lot and earn money? Is that going to happen or are you not allowed to tell me anything about the future?” He laughed out loud. “Yes, that’s how she is, my Suzie Q! Let’s move on to sex straight away. Okay, you impatient one. I promise you, this month your grandpa-papa will put his first friends in your lap, and if they let you fuck them nicely, you’ll earn your first money. Satisfied?” Suzie almost jumped up. “Already this month? Than today, or every day? Oh, I have to shave my pussy very quickly, that’s very fashionable these days. I hurry, I run!” Her guardian angel held her back. “Take it easy with the horses! Well, you’re definitely not going to fuck a customer today. Your grandpa is plowing Mrs. Kratochwil’s field right now and isn’t thinking about getting you a man to fuck with today. But you’re going to remind him tonight and threaten him with the rolling pin. That works, grandma introduced the rolling pin thing. And it works wonders.”

Suzie ran up the stairs into Kratochwil’s apartment. Yes, there was Grandpa, in the bedroom, on the Kratochwil mountains of meat. He looked up briefly. “Must be important. Can it wait until I’m done

with birds, child?" Suzie nodded and sat on the edge of the marriage bed. "If you like, I can speed it up, Dad. I can do it to Kratochwil with my finger in no time, and then you'll come with me." He looked up in horror. "Keep your hands off Kratochwil, you impatient bastard! I'll do it my way, and that's it!" Suzie nodded obediently.

The Kratochwil was incredibly thick and fat. But Grandpa obviously liked it. He continued to cuddle with the old woman, who was very timid because she only very, very rarely cheated on her husband. The 62-year-old sighed and really woke up when Grandpa's fingers worked specifically on her clit. She opened her thick thighs wide and Suzie looked straight through the thick bush into the chaste wife's pussy hole. Of course she noticed how irritated and red the clit was, obviously the old woman was masturbating a lot and often. Grandpa pushed his cock into her pussy hole, slowly and with a lot of feeling. The Kratochwil flinched. "It's been ages since a strange cock was in my pussy, Eugen!" He listened to how his cock felt in there. "And when was that last time?" She acted as if she had to think God knows how. "Last week, Wednesday, no Thursday. The cheeky Orlando, the Fritzi and the mute Karli came in the door. I thought they wanted cookies. But the Orlando said, "We all three want to fuck you, Mrs. Kratochwil!" My heart stopped at such cheekiness. They led me into the bedroom and stripped me naked. Three 13-year-olds, my God! And then they fucked me for over two hours, what "I let them fuck me and cum inside me, but I climaxed myself after they had left, these little criminals!" Grandpa growled, "Well, then everything's fine, three fucks won't upset you!" She looked blank. "Three fucks? You mean three fucks each? That could work, but it was more often than not, I think."

Grandpa had talked enough, he didn't care whether the boys had fucked her 10 times or 20 times. He remembered that Suzie was waiting. So he started thrusting, his thumb dancing on the old woman's clit. Kratochwil rolled her eyes as Grandpa gave her one orgasm after another. It probably took him longer than 20 minutes before he tugged and pulled on her clit so that she had a crazy orgasm. And right there, right in the middle of her orgasm, he squirted inside. Suzie watched as he rhythmically clenched his ass cheeks and his sack bounced up and down. Then it was done. He got dressed with-

out a word and left with Suzie while Kratochwil got her dildo out from under the pillow.

Suzie first sent Grandpa into the shower to wash off the Kratochwil juice before lying down with her. He immediately wanted to know where the hat was burning. Suzie told him. The men he had promised her. To fuck. To make money. “Uh!” he blurted out. He picked up his cell phone. “How many to start with?” he asked, and she said, “Well, one? Or — maybe two?” He nodded and called Charly and Freddy. Whether they were interested in a 19 year old. Yes, yes, no. 150, each. But yes, it’s Suzie, you know her. My granddaughter, yes. Okay, shower first and then bring you gallows birds! Charly and Freddy came, they knew each other. And they were keen on Suzie. For the first time, Suzie fucked other men; so far it was only her grandpa who let her fuck her. He sent grandma to a friend’s house to spend the night there. “Yes, in God’s name, have sex with girls if you absolutely have to, you gay women!”

Suzie’s eyes lit up. “Grandpa, that was easy money! Three hundred! And they both fucked me really hard twice, my knees are still shaking from so many orgasms!” Grandpa grinned. “Grandma will breathe a sigh of relief because you have followed in her footsteps and are now earning money for us!” That’s how it started, with Charly and Freddy. And then they all came, all of Grandpa’s friends. And then the first strangers who had heard that there was young fresh meat here. And no, Suzie didn’t consider herself a whore either. She did it for the money, not because it was in her character. Business flourished quickly and word of mouth did its job.

And now, right now, the authorities were sending the sons back to Grandpa. She signed the papers. But because she couldn’t read or write, her grandfather taught her to sign with a flourish. Actually, she was drawing. Two copulating swans in missionary position. She had to insert the pussy and the cock in a tiny size. “Swans only have a tiny penis, like a thin pencil, and a correspondingly small pussy, a hole for a pencil,” said Grandpa. But it was a signature. She invited the two boys into the house. They were over 14, slim and incredibly similar. Suzie led them up to Grandpa, they greeted politely and Grandpa moved a few fingers. And then she wanted to know what they had

eaten up so that the authorities would give them back. The guys glanced at each other. Then Flack (or was it Flick?) said, “May we talk openly, Mom?” Suzie heard the word mom addressed to her for the first time. “Flick, or Flack, always be honest with me, I will be too. We destroy our base with lies. Besides, you can name anything except murder, okay?” The boys nodded. “We were only with these foster parents for six months. He, a rigid conservative. She, well, not conservative. A little bitch, if I do say so myself.” The other added, “We fucked her every day, one in her pussy and the other in her mouth, taking turns.” They waited to see if thunder would come.

Suzie grinned. “Well, you’re not children anymore. Now I understand what the…fortune teller meant when he said you would come back to me with stiff tails.” She grinned. “And then the foster father found out?” Both nodded. “He beat her to the hospital and threw us out. The asshole.” Suzie became serious. “Not every man can tolerate someone fucking their old lady, guys.” She smiled. “Am I reading this correctly, you are close friends and fuck the girls as a double act?” The boys glanced at each other again. “Well, we’re less interested in girls, most of them are green, chattering geese, but not ready to fuck yet. We tend to do it with mature, experienced women who don’t flirt romantically, but get straight to the point. Okay? So far we’ve laid six women, us of course, in a double pack. They all liked it because two can do more than a shy pimple face.” Suzie got down to practicality. “Grandpa is upstairs in the converted children’s room. You either have to sleep on the couch or in the double bed with me, if you can behave yourself and keep your fingers to yourself. Jerking off is okay, your mom does it too. How do you want it?”

The boys exchanged looks again. Then Flick said: “Of course we would like to sleep in the marriage bed with you, it’s okay with the fingers. If we jerk off, is that okay?” Suzie nodded in the affirmative, sensing that the next question would be meaningful. “Can we leave the little light on when you jerk off, Mom? We both love watching it.” Suzie knew she had to have the upper hand here. “Of course, we’re not strangers, we’re mom and her sons.” The boys gave a high five with their palms flat together. Suzie felt she had won a small victory. “Now I’m going up to wash Grandpa. You can take care of your luggage or come up with me.” She turned on her heel, filled a shallow

plastic bowl, grabbed liquid soap and a washcloth and went up to Grandpa. The boys followed her. She took off Grandpa's nightgown and chatted to him about the neighbors and who they were doing. Grandpa stared at his sons. Suzie ignored his stiff cock as she washed him thoroughly. Then she leaned towards him and asked, "Fist or ride?" He stammered "Riding…".

Suzie ignored her sons, pulled up her skirt and climbed over Grandpa's body. She slowly lowered her ass and used her hand to help place the cock in her pussy hole. The boys watched with bated breath. First slowly, then faster and faster she did the cowgirl. The boys leaned forward, Suzie's clit was completely stiff under the hood. It wasn't very big, rather small, but clearly visible. The boys glanced at each other. Suzie knew she had to learn and decipher this non-verbal communication. She reached down, sometimes touching Grandpa's shaft, sometimes briefly touching her clit. After maybe fifteen minutes the ride came to an end. Grandpa puffed out his cheeks, his eyes came out of their sockets and he squirted inside. Suzie's knees were shaking, partly from exertion and partly from lust. Trembling, she sat on Grandpa and when the shaking stopped, she got off. Grandpa got a kiss on the lips and got ready for the night. Suzie placed the television remote in his hand.

After dinner the boys put the dishes in the dishwasher and all three of them went to the bedroom. Flick let out a boorish whistle as Suzie's last veil fell. She didn't put on a nightgown, so the boys didn't put on pajamas either. "Can we smoke?" Flack asked, looking at the ashtray. Suzie laughed. "Smoking is unhealthy, we all know that. So go ahead and smoke, I'll roll myself a joint." Flick rummaged through his travel bag and pulled out a plastic bag. "We bring our own weed, Mom." The holy smoke rose, their bodies quickly lost weight and their expressions softened. Suzie said, "I always jerk off right before I fall asleep, so you two go first. Okay?" The boys nodded. "What do you think mom, will we get to fuck with you one day?" Suzie cleared her throat. "Maybe, I don't know. Not today anyway, I have to think about it. It's a new situation for me to have two sons in bed. I want to sleep on it and think about whether I can and should allow you to do that. Be patient, today we're just jerking off, nothing else. Sure?" The boys nodded, that was to be expected. Suzie intentionally let her

thighs lie carelessly; let them look at her pussy, that can't hurt. "Mom, let's get started."

Suzie was amazed. The boys knelt facing each other so that the tips of their cocks touched. Then they started, groaning and groaning in a duet. But they quickly got going, staring fixedly at Suzie's cunt and squirting on each other's glans almost at the same time. They grinned and Flack said, "That was the first prank." And they continued to jerk off, squirted on each other's glans again and then jerked off for the third time. It was hard, now Flick jerked Flack's cock until he squirted, then Flick jerked Flick's cock and made him cum too. Then they were finished.

Suzie lay down with her legs spread. It was the first time that she had two spectators. She began very slowly to caress her curves with the palm of her hand. She looked at her sons' cocks left and right. They were beautiful teenage cocks, with beautiful glans and foreskins. They had wiped off the seeds and now the acorns were wonderfully beautiful to look at. Suzie already knew she was going to fuck her sons, but she wanted to take it slow. There was no need to rush. She closed her eyes briefly, because now the jerking came, targeted and not random. She reached out with her other hand and grasped the flack's tail. Pulled the foreskin back and forth a little, but only playfully, with no intention of jerking him off. After a while she switched hands and cock. The lust made her rise like a rocket, she took both hands. One hand spread her pussy lips wide apart, the other focused on the clit and triggered the orgasm. She twitched and trembled, her entire abdomen heaving in ecstasy. She breathed out the breath she had been holding out loudly and the orgasm faded away very quickly. She smiled from one to the other. Yes, they had a lump in their throat, their hearts were pumping in their throats. Then Flick and Flack smiled too. They said goodnight and fell asleep one by one.

Suzie actually didn't mind them staying naked in the house. However, she placed a large bath towel next to the door. You could quickly wrap this around your body when someone was at the door. After breakfast there was a discussion about the daily routine. Suzie cleared her throat. "I have three appointments between 10 and 1:30

p.m., three customers come to my bedroom. Paying customers, our household runs on the money." She had expected a reaction, but it didn't come. Flick was the first to switch gears. "Mom, years ago grandpa told us how you and grandma, his wife, used to make money. That's completely okay as long as you don't lose your soul and your health." Suzie nodded, "Okay, then you know that I fuck strangers for money. Well, I'm doing it in my bedroom at the moment because I want to stay in the house with grandpa. If you want to watch me work, you can look into the bedroom through the skylights. It doesn't bother me. And at 2 p.m. Orlando comes, he's not a customer, he just comes to fuck. He'll be 14 soon. That's my private pleasure. Me I can ask him if you can join us. But we'll wait to fuck, okay?" The boys nodded.

"Mom, why do you call us Flick and Flack? What's that all about?" one asked. Suzie smiled. "When you were born, the first one, it was Johannes, shot through my fuck channel with so much momentum that he was almost out of reach of the midwife, and he made a perfect flick-flack onto the baby table. I had only found out minutes before that it wasn't just one, but twins. Grandpa and I wanted to call him Luis or Luisa, and then suddenly it was twins. And Grandpa switched to Johannes and Heinrich, Hansi and Heinzi. I stayed with Flick and Flack, I liked that better because it was the most impressive moment of the birth. The birth was incredibly quick, 10 to 12 minutes. An obstetrician jerked me off to two dozen orgasms in front of everyone, because at first I thought the woman was a bitch, but she didn't want a quick and painless birth. She said that it was from gymnastics. Johannes said, "You can recognize Heinzi by the small scar above his left eyelid. That's how you can tell us apart." Suzie said thank you.

Suzie welcomed the customers in a silk negligee and led them straight to the bedroom. First he had to put the money on the mantelpiece. The boys watched her as she skillfully undressed the customer with erotic gestures. Finally her negligee fell. And then she let him fuck her, let him fuck her twice and cum, then it was over. She walked him to the door and immediately disappeared into the bathroom. Soon after, the second man arrived; he was a little rougher than the first. First he fucked her in the missionary position, then he turned her on her stomach and made her get on all fours. You could

tell by the look on her face that she wasn't having any fun at the moment. He fucked her in the doggy position and poor Suzie orgasmed in a rush, she was completely exhausted at the end. The man grinned, he had fucked a whore to shame, it stroked his ego. He left and she went back into the shower. She was still a little dazed when the third one came. A bespectacled young academic in his mid-20s. He was content with the missionary position and used his time to chat to Suzie. The boy had a problem: he had been in his mother's clutches and sexually submissive since early childhood. Now he had met a charming girl who insisted that he end the mother thing immediately or she would be gone. And she was actually back with her dad. He suspected that she had the same problem with her father, but she had just drunkenly confessed it and then retracted everything. Suzie cleverly avoided the trap of addressing one thing directly and taking one side or the other.

Instead, she asked him to tell about how the incest occurred with his mother and then to tell about the girl's incest. His story was rather simple. Once again his mom was looking for a stepfather and second husband. She had a guy on the hook who she didn't know whether he was fish or meat. This guy wanted his son to watch sexual intercourse. Of course the 13 year old got an erection while watching. And now this guy demanded that she treat her son's erection, but without the help of her hands. So mouth or pussy, it doesn't matter to him. The mom tried it first with her mouth, she did it for the first time and then without her hands. She failed. And said to the guy that it just wasn't possible. He just laughed sardonically and said she hadn't even tried that option yet. She shook her head in horror, no, no, that would be incest! But now the boy became obsessed with his idea that the boy had to fuck his mother. Drama, tears, the full program. Until he pushed the boy between his mom's thighs and drove the boy forward until his cock was completely in mom's pussy hole. The mom screamed, the boy had to fuck her, there was no way around it. He had already squirted during penetration, but now he fucked her endlessly until she stopped sobbing and her eyes glittered. This was her first forced fuck. Mom had committed the sin once, and then it didn't matter how many times they repeated it. He has been fucking his mom like this for 7 years, at least once every day.

His girlfriend Regina was almost 10 years younger than him, she was already 18. Her mom had caused a crazy drama when her dad announced that he really wanted to fuck his daughter. Yes, he didn't give a damn about mom's opinion, tears and screams and deflowered the 14-year-old against her will. She immediately ran up to her nursery, she didn't want to let him fuck her. But now mom made a U-turn. For days she pleaded, begged, and pleaded with her daughter not to be so hard; the father would be completely out of step. Regina was very fickle and agreed to Mom's pleas. After a few days she came back to her parents' bed and let her dad fuck her. No, she didn't like fucking at all. Still, for her mom's sake, she let him fuck her. He became more sociable, he was grateful to his wife for her successful intervention and started fucking his mom again. The mom had tears in her eyes because she had already written off him and the fucking and had had several affairs. Now her husband was back, he was fucking her mom, it was almost like before. Mom clung to him when he fucked her and tears of joy glittered in her eyes. Regina saw the joy and ecstasy in Mom's eyes and was moved to tears. Her previous ordeal had now brought about something good. Mom didn't orgasm while fucking, but dad cummed in her pussy hole with great pleasure. Mom knew what Dad expected from her, she arranged herself so that he could see it clearly and now jerked off with passion. This was the only way Mom got her orgasms; Regina had often watched her when she was secretly masturbating, sometimes she fucked herself while masturbating with the transparent dildo made of soft rubber. While watching, dad got an erection again, now he grabbed Regina, adjusted her and fucked her, hard and brutally. She had told him many times to fuck more gently and gently, but he just couldn't be stopped. Dad probably fucked them both every other day, even several times on the weekend. — This was the vicious circle Regina was trying to escape.

Suzie said he behaved honorably because he owned up to fucking his mom. But Regine only admitted it once when she was tipsy and refused to talk to him again. In his place, she would demand the full, painful truth; without it, he wouldn't need to continue or hope. A woman like that is not suitable as a life partner. Suzie was later annoyed that she had taken far too many sides.

Suzie also washed away his traces and dressed up for her little lover. Orlando, a 14-year-old boy, was also athletically built and still had a childlike, angelic face. Suzie had met him when she wanted to tell him off about the Kratochwil rape. But Orlando told the story completely differently. Kratochwil had lured the three boys into her bedroom and insisted on fucking. Nobody was raped there, just fucked. Yes, the old woman had it more than 10 times because the boys were still high on weed and their tanks were full. It's possible that the old woman had a turn 20 times, but no one had counted. — Suzie compared the two narratives, and Orlando's somehow sounded more consistent. This made it easy for Orlando to get between Suzie's thighs.

No, Orlando had no objection to her sons wanting to be there. He was very curious to meet the sons. The four of them sat naked on mom's double bed. Mom, Orlando and the twins. The first few moments passed when they were actually just comparing their genitals. The twins definitely had bigger, more mature looking cocks. Suzie put her arm over Orlando's shoulders and kissed him passionately. Orlando's cock swelled and was now bursting hard. Suzie lay on her back, ready in the missionary position. But Orlando had something else in mind, he wanted to see Suzie orgasm like a machine gun, he found that so hot. He told the boys that she was about to rise like a rocket and then orgasm in a magnificent fireworks display, he said with a crooked grin. He turned Suzie onto all fours and penetrated from behind. And as he had said, Suzie began to orgasm after a short while, her suffering expression gave way to a strained, distorted laughing grimace and she was now orgasming in a burst. Suzie, still exhausted from the orgasms of the morning, didn't allow the big orgasm to break out, it would probably have killed her. So she orgasmed in a chain of small orgasms until Orlando bucked up and squirted inside her. They lay next to each other, panting and gasping for breath. Suzie whispered, "Oh Orlando, my little angel, you fuck so wonderfully! I could eat you whole, I like you that much, you little devil!"

The boys had watched in silence, watching Suzie fuck from so close was a wonderful experience for both of them. Flack broke the silence and asked timidly if they could fuck their mom too? Suzie

didn't answer. But Orlando said, "There's nothing wrong with it, Suzie, it's incest, but you can really give a shit about that! I'm also doing incest with Mom, you know that very well, all the women in the apartment building are whispering about us!" Suzie turned around, her head jerking forward. "No, I've never heard of that before, you little gangster! You confess everything to me immediately, and don't lie to me, otherwise you'll fly out on edge!" Orlando ducked his head and began.

"It's been going on like this for over a year. Mom used to sometimes do it to me with her fist in the shower, but always with a guilty conscience because that was already incest. And Mom didn't want incest, for God's sake! As I said, a year ago I couldn't resist the urge anymore and crept down to the parents' bedroom, where Dad and Mom were fast asleep. Mom really stuck her ass out of the bed, I carefully pushed up her nightgown and carefully penetrated it. Mom's hand was awake, she wanted to scare away the annoying fly. But I stuck it deep inside and my cock exploded immediately without me having fucked her. She turned around when she woke up and was about to start screaming, but she thought about it, she looked at me angrily and chased me out. But now I knew that I could do it like that That, but that went in one ear and out the other. At night I crept to her again. But this time she half woke up because I was now literally fucking her. I got down on my knees next to her bed until she grunted angrily, but then she fell silent because I fucked her very neatly and squirted in her When she finished, I got the punishing look and had to leave. I've been doing this for over a year and she's still as angry as the first time.

Suzie said that, for the first time, he should please provide a clearer account; things surely didn't unfold as simply as a weather report. Orlando cleared his throat: "Once, in the afternoon, I caught her alone on the marital bed, fucking her brains out with a soft-rubber dildo — so frantically and with such fury that she didn't even hear me arrive. I stood there rooted to the spot, watching her fuck herself; it was incredibly hot and intense. The air in the room was thick with tension. She had fucked herself with the dildo, and now I had to fuck her too — with my real cock — as surely as amen follows a prayer. When I got far too close to her — crossing boundaries that

should never have wavered — she stared at me in sheer horror. Warnings hammered through her mind — her Mama had forbade her the incest with her own Daddy after having him fuck her for weeks in secret; that had been the ironclad law of their family. But my eyes reflected only a total loss of control; I couldn't have cared less what her 'Mama' had wanted or what prohibitions she had set in place. I had desired her for so long, and on that day, no rules could hold me back."

"I completely ignored her warnings, threw her down onto her back, and forced my way inside her. A fierce, physical impulse to resist flared up within her — she adamantly refused to become a passive victim or to submit to my rhythm. In protest, she repeatedly ripped my cock out of her pussy, determined to maintain this act of resistance until her very last breath. But instead of stopping me, this desperate struggle only fueled my aggression further; I relished the intensity of her resistance, firmly resolved to show her that there was no escaping me."

"Despite her vehement protests, I gripped her wrists even tighter, pinned her body down with my full weight, and brutally thrust my cock back into her, over and over again. She felt her body burning under this raw, violent force, and as she writhed beneath me in vain, she fought an internal battle against the bitter realization that I was destroying everything that had ever connected us. I, for my part, felt only the tight, constricting embrace of her fuckhole as I continued to fuck her." ...ruthless to the bitter end, brushing aside every single one of her attempts to resist.

As her exhausted resistance finally crumbled, she bore the full force of my dominance. I held her pinned down relentlessly, thrust deep into her one last time, and filled her completely with my seed — leaving her to feel, in stunned disbelief, my warm semen spreading deep within her — the ultimate, sordid seal of an unforgivable sin. Breathing heavily, I finally let her go, filled with the triumphant realization that the incest had now been consummated, and that from this day forward, she carried my seed inside her."

Suzie had listened with a grin, and now she gave him a friendly tap on the back of his head. “I’d assumed that fucking poor Mrs. Kratochwil was just a one-time slip-up, Orlando. But now I see you’ve been banging your own mom on a regular basis, you little mutt. And it’s also become clear to me that you couldn’t give a damn about incest. Right. You bastard — you raped your mom after catching her masturbating.” Orlando grinned from ear to ear. “Yeah, Suzie — and over and over again, too, because I figured out exactly when she’d retreat to the bedroom to fuck herself with her dildo. Dad’s pathetic, routine sex just hasn’t been enough for her for a long time. By now, I’m convinced she gets turned on by my staring, and she fucks herself all the more furiously with that damn dildo — just to turn me on. — The dirty bitch!” Suzie’s eyes went wide. “You did it more than once?” Orlando grinned. “I didn’t keep count, but I’ve probably fucked the old lady a hundred times — that’s about right. Besides, I fuck her almost every night, whenever she sticks her ass out like that. And don’t you dare say she doesn’t want it — she could easily put a stop to all of this if she really wanted to.” Suzie shook her head. “You two are both such strange bastards — you and your mom. She puts on an act, doesn’t she? She lets you rape her in the afternoon right after she’s been using her dildo, and then at night, she sticks her ass out, practically begging for you to fuck her. Yet, during the day, she acts all holier-than-thou, pretending she’s suffering so terribly from your assaults. Oh, Good God!” Orlando nodded. “Yeah, something like that, Suzie.” Orlando looked up at her from below, a sly expression on his face. “And what about Johannes and Heinrich? Are you going to play the ‘unapproachable’ Mama with them, too — only to end up being raped, just like my mom?” Suzie lowered her head. “I don’t know, Orlando. Rape? No, that’s out of the question. Absolutely not — the sordid charade you and your mom put on is nothing more than a shameful, depraved game between the two of you. But as for letting my own sons engage in incest? I don’t know. It’s a tempting thought, I’ll admit. Still, something inside me resists; it would surely be wrong.” Flick and Flack looked at her with pleading eyes. Suzie steeled herself. “Fine, then — let’s do it. Right now. But one at a time, and in the missionary position — is that clear?” Flick and Flack played a round of rock-paper-scissors, and then Flick stepped closer.

“Mom, I’m doing it because I’ve grown to love you and because I admire you. You’re not a slut like our foster mom, to whom we were just a piece of meat like she was to us.” He laid between Suzie’s thighs and hid his face in her neck. She reached down and pulled on his cock, positioning it and guiding it into her pussy hole herself. She sighed deeply, she was about to let her own son fuck her. Flick sat up and now Suzie experienced a wonderful fuck, tender and loving. She noticed how much the boy loved her. He took his time, he fucked long and persistently. After fifteen minutes he gasped, “Mommy, I have to cum!” and she nodded, “That’s okay, son, go ahead!” She softened herself, opened her pussy softly and let him cum in spurts. A holy shiver ran down her spine. Yes, this was definitely a holy act. She slowly let FLick slide next to her.

Flack laid down between Suzie’s thighs. She grinned, she felt like a whore, she had been fucked by 5 different cocks that day and now the sixth was coming. She hugged Flack, it was Heinrich. “Flickflack,” she murmured, her face blissful. He wasn’t in the mood to talk, he and his brother had fucked maybe 10 or 12 women so far, but Suzie was special, she was his birth mother. He fucked her gently and gently, like she said she liked. She held his head with her hand, she was as blissful as ever in Elysium. Johannes also fucked her nicely, he fucked her without a word and injected in spurts. She held him by his butt cheek, keeping his cock inside until it went limp. Only then did she let him slide next to her.

They spent the whole afternoon fucking, nice one after the other, with the boys emptying their tanks into Suzie’s cunt. She was on cloud nine, her beloved Orlando and her two sons fucking her time after time. Oh yes, Suzie was overjoyed because the worry that had weighed on her for 48 hours was gone. She would fuck Heinrich and Johannes every day, as often as the boys wanted.

Suzie no longer staggered. She had arrived.

The angel Eugene had kept his word, she sometimes thought.

Celeste's sexual excitements

The Marquise van de Meeren gives her son Jack to the Mother Superior for 4 or 5 weeks while she gave concerts in the main cities of Europe, being a famous concert pianist. She tells Mother Superior that her Jack has to be jerked off three times every morning in the shower to make him squirt and then she can fuck the jerker once or twice because that's how she taught him and she herself jerks off and fucks him every morning. The Mother Superior, who receives a large check for this, summons Sister Celeste and explains to her what the Marquise wants for her son Jack. Sister Celeste crosses herself because son and mother are having incestuous sex, but she promises the Mother Superior that she will arrange everything to her satisfaction. Jack and his mom, the Marquise, nod in agreement: Deal!

The Unchaste Deal

Sister Celeste came with lowered eyes and folded hands, as was proper, and stood next to the Mother Superior, while the Marquise's carriage was still standing on the gravel outside. She listened to the matron's instructions — every morning, in the shower, three times to squirt, then fuck once or twice — and her first thought was a pious, a chaste one: a boy who can unload three times in the morning toilet and then mate with her, like an animal in a stable. Well, yes. The flesh is weak.

Then she raised her eyes, looked at Jack — how he stood there, half boy, half something else, with this indifferent matter-of-factness on his face — and something inside her shifted. Three times. To ejaculate. And she jerks him off — his own mother! Three times! And then the boy gets to fuck his own Mama two or three times! Two or even three times! Incest, Saint Joseph, incest under the roof of the Holy Church!

She quickly crossed her shoulder three times, as if that would defuse the matter. It didn't defuse anything. Because while her lips were forming "In the name of the father," she was already thinking: And what does Sister Celeste do when the boy squirts in the morning? She stands there. She watches. She sees his cock stiffen and twitch, and no one notices the tugging in her own cunt. Her gaze fell briefly, just a heartbeat, on Jack's crotch. Three times. Once or twice. That's more intercourse in the morning than in some marriages all day Sunday.

The Mother Superior couldn't have cared less that the Marquise spoke of incest. The old woman was as hardened as an old stewing hen; she might — just maybe — raise an eyebrow at a murder or a confession of one, but that was about it. The Marquise jerked off her boy three times every morning — for Christ's sake, what was the big deal? And as for the son fucking his own mother — once, twice, or however many times — so what? A good 95% of her novices and nuns had a history involving incest, herself included. The Mother Superior

grinned, revealing her crooked, snaggle-toothed smile. She thought Celeste ought to stop acting so foolish; given that fat check, a little bit of hand-jobbing and letting the boy fuck her without complaint was surely a small price to pay. Damn right! She fixed her gaze on the sister, who kept crossing herself over and over again. For God's sake, she needed to stop being so narrow-minded! The Mother Superior knew everything about Celeste's sex life in the convent — she knew about her nightly clitoral masturbation, and about Sister Carmen — a real slut, that one — licking her clit. She also knew that, almost every morning, Carmen would give Celeste's pussy a proper thrashing with a whip, finishing it off by fucking her to orgasm with the phallus-shaped end of the whip's handle. No, Celeste was exactly the right person for this job. She just needed to stop acting so clumsy about it!

The Mother Superior expected an answer, and Celeste forced the pious side of her forward, folded her hands tighter, and said it: "Yes, Mother Superior. I will arrange everything to your satisfaction."

As soon as I said that, the pig downstairs spoke up again. Arrange. How do you arrange that, please? In the morning, naked, in the shower hall, with the hose in one hand and the boy in the other — the cock or the towel, I don't even know which to reach for first.

Jack and the Marquise nodded in agreement. Deal.

Celeste quickly lowered her eyes again, before anyone could see that in her head there was just a naked boy standing under lukewarm water, and that she, Sister Celeste, had already counted three times in her head — and was no longer pious the fourth time.

Celeste leads him down the hallway in the first twilight, her hands piously folded again, as if she could anticipate the nakedness that was about to come. "It's actually called Flagellarium," she said quietly, "because this is where the sisters who desire whipping sexually or who need to be punished sexually are whipped."

She opened the door and Jack stood there — rooted to the spot, as if nailed to the ground.

A naked nun sat on a stool, legs spread wide, her head thrown back. Kneeling before her was a naked nun, her face buried between the first one's thighs, her lips pressed directly against the other's cunt. A third sister stood nearby — also naked, a whip in her fist — bringing it down in a steady rhythm upon the back and labia of the kneeling woman. The blows were not brutal, yet firm enough that with each strike, the woman being punished would lurch forward, her lips leaning toward the other's cunt — though never quite reaching it. With every lash, her lower back and tormented cunt would twitch. Once, twice, ten dozen times. Then, the one wielding the whip reached down casually, took the handle — a leather, penis-shaped handle — and rammed it into the kneeling woman's cunt from behind, fucking her then relentlessly. Meanwhile, the nun who fucked the woman being punished hard with the penis-shaped shaft, and the woman being whipped erupted in a single, long, sustained cry — a sound that hovered, unable to decide between holy agony and sexual ecstasy.

Celeste had already seen it all, she herself was held down almost daily by Sister Agnes and whipped by Sister Carmen, these two sows whipped and fucked Celeste as penance for her nightly clit-masturbation. A hundred times. She knew exactly what it sounded like, what it smelled like. And yet — she felt her gaze shift to the side, to Jack, who was watching, mouth agape. Jack saw for the first time a nun being fucked to shame by two others with the penis-shaped handle of a whip. 'And I already know what the boy has now', she thought. He got a stiff cock as sure as there is.

She looked. He had. His chunky cock stood erect, dark, heavy.

Holy Virgin! The boy stands here like a stallion in the stable and I'm supposed to shower him, to jerk him off, and to fuck him. Jesus Christ!!

The row of showers was opposite, open, without a curtain, as is usual in monasteries, where shame in front of sisters is supposedly not necessary. There they stood, seven or eight naked sisters, water on their shoulders and breasts, gossiping until Celeste came in with the naked boy. Then their eyes opened wide. Hands that were just

holding the soap sank. Water was running, nipples were standing, and eight heads turned as if on command to the one big erect cock walking through their shower house.

Celeste knew she was playing a role now, whether she wanted to or not. So she did what sisters do: she washed the boy, from head to toe, with soap, with water, with neat movements. Neck. Armpits. Breast. Back. Arms, fingers, between the fingers. Butt, top, bottom, and she felt her fingers trembling as she moved down the back and back up the front.

She just didn't go around the tail. She didn't dare go around the cock yet.

"What we discussed in front of the Mother Superior," she said, louder than necessary so that the others heard it and she believed it herself, "it's all nonsense. I'm certainly not going to jerk you off, I'm a chaste nun after all. And fucking isn't available either, you cheeky little thing." She wiped a drop off his shoulder as if that was the whole deal. "It's best if you jerk yourself off, or I'll ask the nuns opposite if they want to jerk you off."

There I said it, she thought. Chaste nun. Jerking off is not available. Fucking is not available. I just talked myself out of it.

And under the fine speech: But when I jerk him off myself, then here in front of the others is my finger on his cock, and everyone sees that I can do it, and everyone sees that I like it, and then the questions come, and then there's no going back. Better another one. Better not me.

Jack swallowed. It was a bitter blow, you could see it — the boy had expected more. He murmured, half defiantly, half meekly, that she should then ask one of the other nuns to jerk him off.

Celeste gasped. Good. Very good. Nobody looks at me.

So she went over and asked Sister Agnes. The old woman had been in the monastery for a long time, broad, strong, with red hands from soap and work, and not one that adorned for long. She came

over, looked the boy up and down, said dryly that it was a neat little job and that she could jerk him off three times if she had to.

Celeste stood next to her.

And sank in shame.

Not because it was something forbidden. But because it was the most natural thing in the world: a naked old nun kneeling next to the boy, wrapping one hand around his cock, holding his bottom with the other like one would hold a calf, and then calmly and evenly began to jerk his cock off. Not squeamish, not pious. Dry, matter-of-fact, three times with great effort until it squirted out of the boy, the first time quickly, the second time harder, the third time with a moan that rang through the entire shower house.

Celeste stood there, water running down her face, and she couldn't see anything else. She heard the sisters across the showers whispering. She heard Agnes say: "So, boy, jerked off three times, as ordered." And she heard, very quietly, within herself, her own voice, which was no longer pious:

Three times. From old Agnes. From the old woman! And I, the chaste nun, didn't touch the boy just around his cock. And next time, next time — when I'm the one holding him — what do I do then, holy virgin, what do I do then?

Jack said, "Sister Celeste, look, you've totally messed up your habit!" She looked down. It was true. The water and the soap had soaked through the heavy material up to her knees, and the bottom hem hung soaking wet and dark on her legs. "Tomorrow you'll take off your clothes like everyone else here and wash me naked," said Jack, "you'll hang your robe or habit on a hook like the others do. You'd be pretty stupid to keep your robe on while showering me and mess it up."

Celeste nodded because it sounded very sensible. Of course, she usually showered naked like everyone else. Of course that was the

only right solution. And of course, she thought as she nodded, it's exactly the solution I was just trying to avoid.

She said, "Okay, we can try it tomorrow. But you have to promise to keep your hands to yourself. I'm a chaste, asexual nun, young man! No groping, no touchy-touchy!"

Jack nodded and promised never, ever to touch her.

Celeste said it loudly so she could hear it. Chaste. Asexual. It's all there. Everything has been discussed. Everything is secured.

And underneath, without her being able to control it: naked. Tomorrow. Morning. Me naked in front of the boy, with soap, water, and a cock that squirted three times with old Agnes. And he keeps the pens with him — which means I have to touch his cock. Which means I have to go directly on the cock! Which means I have my hands on him and my eyes on him and no cowl in between. Lord, if this doesn't go wrong.

She forced her thoughts back and pulled herself together. There was the second thing.

He dressed and she accompanied him to his sparse cell. Cold light, a cot, a chair, a cross. She folded her hands.

"So, now the second problem comes up, Jack. The fucking. Well, definitely not with me, because of being a nun and all. But if you absolutely have to fuck — I could ask one of the novices. They haven't taken a vow of chastity in the first four years like I have. What do you think?"

Jack nodded, smiling in anticipation. "Oh yes, a young and pretty novice to fuck, you would do your job well, Sister Celeste."

Celeste nodded, scurried out, and it was only minutes before she returned with a young girl in her hand.

Rosie.

She introduced the two of them to each other. And Jack noticed as he looked at her — slender, round face, short-cropped hair under her novice hood — that Rosi was deaf and dumb. Maybe fifteen, definitely not sixteen. And Celeste insisted rigidly that Rosi was already eighteen, almost nineteen.

Why do I say this? Celeste asked herself as she spoke, calmly, firmly, as if it were official. Why do I emphasize her age as if I have to sell her? Why am I introducing the girl here like a thing to be delivered? And why, holy virgin, why do I feel like I'm being tested all the time — whether I'd rather give the boy to Rosi or whether I want him.

She watched as Rosi and Jack looked at each other. Rosi didn't know where to put her hands. Neither does Jack, but for a different reason. Celeste, the nun who wanted nothing to do with it, stood by and thought:

I said, definitely not with me. I said it twice, today. First in the shower, then here. And every time I say it, it sounds less like conviction and more like wishful thinking.

To Celeste's amazement, Jack raised his hands and began to sign. And Rosi's face lit up like a candle. She answered with her fingers, quickly, animatedly, and Jack laughed back, and Celeste stood by, not understanding a single movement from this quick little conversation. What are they talking about? What does he tell her? Why is she blushing? Why doesn't she blush with shame, but blush with joy?

Gently and slowly, Jack began to undress Rosi. He didn't do it greedily, but neatly, one piece at a time, and Rosi let it happen without being embarrassed, raised her arms where necessary and even helped a little. Then they sat naked next to each other on the cot, the hunchbacked little boy and the deaf-mute girl, and continued their conversation with their hands.

Jack questioned her impudently. Celeste wouldn't have done it any other way, but she never asked so directly. Rosi said — with her fingers, with her eyes, with her whole face — that she was already

over fifteen and had been fucking her dad, her uncles and her nephews at home for two years; it was common for them. No, she hadn't minded. Her older sister had to do the same. Unfortunately there are no men here in the monastery, so she has to jerk off with her finger every night, but that is not the same as fucking.

No, Celeste thought, that's not it. That's not it at all. And her fist was already on her lap, even though she hadn't noticed it yet.

Jack talked back about how things were going with him and his mom. Celeste listened — now it is, now comes the incest, now let's see how the girl reacts to it — and Rosi didn't bat an eyelid. Incest or not, that was beyond her ass. Celeste was almost outraged. Out of your ass? I crossed myself because of it! And the little one sits here and doesn't even flinch!

Then Rosi asked if it was true that Celeste had brought her here to fuck. Jack confirmed, but only if you want it yourself — he's not a rapist.

Then Rosi turned to him, kissed his cheek, and spoke with her hands, and Jack didn't translate it for Celeste, but she still understood enough: You look a little slanted with your hump, but your cock looks great, enough to bite into. Come on, let's fuck, I'm really keen on it!

Celeste hardly understood a word of it. Just this much: that the two of them obviously got along and smiled at the same time, that Rosi even gave Jack a kiss on the cheek as if she had known him for years.

And Celeste remained seated on the stool, pressed her fist into her crotch — right where her cunt and clit were anatomically — and forced a neutral expression on her face.

Neutral. Stay neutral. You are the supervisor. You are only here to fulfill the orders of the Marquise and the Mother Superior.

Jack laid Rosi out on the cot, calmly, matter-of-factly, as if he had done it a hundred times before, and the hunchbacked, short boy

knelt between her bare thighs. Rosi's knees fell apart. She waited, without impatience, with shining eyes.

And Celeste saw his cock — which she had avoided this morning, which she had not dared to go around, which old Agnes had made squirt three times — attached to Rosi's cunt.

Jack's cock slid in slowly and gently.

Celeste let out a sigh, "Oh my God!"

And she heard herself, and she was immediately ashamed of the sound, and she pressed her fist even tighter into her lap, and something screamed inside her:

Oh my god, look at that. Look at that. That's how it works. So that's how it works. And I'm sitting here on my stool like an old prayer sister, pressing my fist between my legs because otherwise I would scream. Chaste, asexual nun. Yes Yes Yes. Look at her. Look at him. The way he pushes his cock in, the way she closes her eyes. And the whole room suddenly smells like meat, and I haven't added anything to it, nothing at all, and yet I'm tingling like a young thing. Lord, help. Or don't help. Doesn't matter. I'll just keep watching.

Jack fucked Rosi slowly and carefully, with long, calm strokes, the way you calm an animal before riding it. Celeste's fist on her lap acted innocent, lying there as if by chance, as if discarded. But in reality, she was rubbing her clit through the fabric with her knuckles, just as she did naked in her cell every night when everything was quiet and the cross was in the dark. And she hid it very cleverly. I'm just sitting there. I'm just watching. My hand rests. Nothing more.

Nothing more.

But Rosi, she fucked very actively. She didn't lie there like a piece of driftwood, she hugged Jack's thin back and the strange hump, she held on to him as if she might fall, and she responded beautifully to his rhythm. They found each other in seconds. 'In sync,' Celeste would have thought if she had known the word. Rosi's face glowed with lust. The boy had found her G-spot immediately, right at the

first approach, like a dowsing rod, and now he was driving the girl up the hill, step by step, thrust by thrust, and he would send her falling over the cliff into her orgasm in a few minutes.

Rosi croaked in her deaf-mute voice, rough, broken, like a sound that wasn't practiced: "Jack, I'm already very close!"

And Jack redoubled his efforts.

Meanwhile, Celeste's fist had done its own work. Without her noticing, the pressure had increased, gathered, pulled on a single small spot under her ankle — and tipped. She, Celeste, had just had an orgasm, silently, without a sound, on a stool, with her fist in her lap, while two naked young people fucked in front of her. Now the orgasm passed in her, seeped away, became cool, and she strained to look over it so as not to miss anything.

Does anyone here believe that? she thought. Does anyone think I just came? No. None. Because I'm hiding it. Because no one should see it. Lord, what kind of person am I?

Oh yes — and Jack's cock was a real beating. He kept widening Rosi's fuck hole, pushed it open, let it give in and close again, and Rosi clung to him with her inner walls like a drowning woman clutching the rope. Her whole body twitched, heaved, trembled, arms, thighs, stomach, everything moved, everything worked towards one point.

Celeste saw juice being squeezed out of Rosi's fuck hole, white and foamy, and running down her ass cheeks. And then, finally, Jack squirted with all his might into Rosi's pussy hole. Celeste saw it clearly. She saw Jack's scrotum bouncing up and down, in time with the pump itself, and she saw Rosi jerk her head back and say something in her croaky voice that couldn't be understood but was very well interpreted.

Yes, Celeste thought as she stared. Now he injects his juice into Rosi. Just like my dad had injected it into me.

And her own body was shaking.

And the shaking didn't stop when Jack stopped. It continued to run, rippling through her, as if Jack had fucked her and not Rosi. As if it had been her fuck hole that he had just left open, her clit that his cock had touched, her stomach into which the juice was now spurting, only through the air, only through the distance to her stool.

Shut up, Celeste, she told herself. You are the supervisor. You are only here to fulfill the Marquise's mission. What you feel here is nothing special. Every nun has what you feel here. What you feel here —

And then her eyes fell on Jack's cock, which was slowly slipping out of Rosi, still shiny, still half-stiff, and on Rosi, who didn't want to close her legs yet, and on the small puddle between her thighs.

"It's nothing," she finished her thought. Absolutely nothing.

And pressed his fist again, very firmly, against her lap.

Jack fished two joints out of his backpack and lit them, one for himself, one for Rosi. And they smoked, and the sweet smoke soon hung under the low ceiling, and Celeste, who had never tasted one before, just inhaled it through her nose, and her head felt a little light, without having lifted a finger.

The two seemed to have forgotten her. Rosi's face shone in the holy smoke, half in the dim light, half in the candlelight, and she kissed Jack's cheek again and again, casually, as if it were a breath. And they spoke in sign language again.

Rosi said — her hands were quick, her face was lively — that she had never had an orgasm with either her dad or her uncles. With them she had just laid there and endured it, and then masturbated alone in her room at night in order to have something at all. But there was a nephew, Leo, the lion, who also had a cock like Jack, and she regularly had her orgasms from him. That's the only reason she loved her nephew.

That's where she gets it. In which. Like Jack. A beating too, she said. Celeste looked at the cot. So there is, this kind of cock. Several.

And I really saw her for the first time today. All right, I've seen it before, but — oh well. Not in action.

Jack nodded and answered with his hands.

"Mom always rubbed my cock," he said loudly because it was easier, "and when I was seven, almost eight, she made me squirt. She had bought an ointment from an herbal witch, rubbed it on my cock three times a day, and so it became a meat cock. Big and thick. Because of the witch. For mom."

Rosi grinned and gestured back that Leo also had a meaty cock like that, and it never went limp like the others — it remained at least semi-rigid, and they fucked one after the other so often that Leo's back hurt.

Jack grinned. "Mom didn't do it without ulterior motives," he said blatantly as Celeste listened. "Now she had a son with a magnificent cock, a meat cock, and she enjoyed being fucked twice in the morning and then several times in the evening when dad was away or was already deeply asleep."

Celeste tried in vain to decipher the sign conversation. She only picked up scraps, and the scraps were suspicious. Tail. spanking. Meat cock. Fuck. Twice in the morning. Several times in the evening. When daddy sleeps deeply. With a vocabulary like that, you don't need any other words. She waited for a word about the nun. It didn't come. Apparently it was no longer there for the two of them.

Good, she thought. Very good. Then I can let myself be observed undisturbed. Er — observe undisturbed. I mean, observe undisturbed that they are not watching me. Doesn't matter.

And as she sat there, the other thing came back to her. Jack's cock. She had seen him in action — in the shower room, stiff and heavy, and just inside Rosi, pushing it in and squirting the juice into it. And now, in the smoke, with the slight pressure in her head, in the warm cell, with the two naked men on the cot, her body wanted to feel him

inside her too. Very easy. In itself. And get pushed. And have that moment that Rosi had just had.

And then the internal police officer spoke up.

And? she said. And? What are you imagining? You are a nun. You are chaste. You are asexual. You said it three times today, three times, so you mean it. So what do you want with his cock inside you?

First of all, Celeste answered internally, I only said it twice and wasn't entirely convinced the third time. Second —

Second! The policewoman raised her voice. Secondly, you sat on the stool earlier and rubbed your clit through the fabric until you came, and that's probably the nastiest thing that can happen to a nun while she's supervising. And thirdly, you want to be fucked now, you pig.

Fourthly, Celeste added defiantly, and she didn't know where she got the courage from, fourthly, I want it from that hunchbacked little guy over there, just like he did it to Rosi. Twice in the morning and several times in the evening, like he did with his mom.

She pushed her fist back into her lap. And she said nothing, and no one saw it. But her mind was now on two things at the same time: the bright, warm smoke that wafted through the cell — and a beating, a meat cock that she now knew very well what it looked like, how it felt, how it worked.

And she still hadn't said a word to either of them.

And now Jack dived. He sat down between Rosi's thighs, buried his face in her lap, took the whole cunt into his mouth, and his tongue danced polka on the clit of the completely surprised but laughing Rosi. At first Rosi laughed, giggled, croaked, and then the giggles became shorter and shorter, whistling more and more, and then stopped.

A hot feeling ran down Celeste's spine. She knew that. She knew it exactly, that path, the mouth, the clit, the orgasm. Because Sister

Carmen, the hot-tempered Spanish woman, sometimes used to dive between her thighs, in the shower room or in reading class or wherever it was convenient, and lick Celeste's clit to orgasm. And the other nuns who were present nodded thoughtfully and enviously: "Yes, yes, Carmen. That's a brave pig, the pig is licking the Celeste here in front of all of us."

Brave pig. Celeste had never liked the term. She was the quiet one, the sedate one, the demure one, the one who was licked by another. And if Carmen does it, then it's still halfway okay. Because Carmen is it. Because she has the reputation, she can do it. But if I were to do it — if I, Celeste, were to put my tongue on someone, a boy at that, a naked little boy — then I would suddenly be such a brave pig myself. And then I couldn't say anymore, it's Carmen, that's how she is.

And then I would have to admit that it is me. A pig. One with clit and pussy and everything.

In these moments, in the seconds of sadness after Carmen's licked orgasm — and Celeste knew these seconds only too well — Celeste wanted to sink into the ground.

It wasn't lust that made her sink. The pleasure was beautiful, it was easy. It was the second after that. The post-coital sadness. When the body was still shaking and the head was already cold and began to calculate. Then she heard the others nod: "Carmen, the brave pig," and she knew that she herself wasn't even included in the sentence, as a person. It appeared as a place. As a stain. Than the place where Carmen had her tongue. As the clit that Carmen licks. And then she sat upright, neatly, and nodded along, as if she wasn't the person affected, but someone who happened to be sitting next to them.

Before she went to the monastery, Celeste had a girlfriend. Her name was Marie and she was six months older. They lived two yards apart, they were the same age and the same level of boredom, and they took turns sleeping next to each other once a week, as children do in the country. Sometimes in Marie's bed, sometimes in Celeste's bed. The mothers thought they were friends. The fathers thought it would be safe because two girls together can't do any harm.

The fathers were wrong.

It started with a tickle. Marie was ticklish, Celeste was too, and in the evening in bed they started tickling each other, under the armpits, on the stomach, on the knees. And at some point one of Marie's hands slipped a little too far up between Celeste's legs while she was tickling, and Celeste made a sound that Marie had never heard her make before.

Marie paused.

"What was that?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Do it again."

And Marie did it again, and Celeste made the sound again, and then they stopped tickling, but Marie just left her hand there, and then she went a little further, and then she touched the clit, completely by chance, completely without a plan. And Celeste, who at eleven already knew what her clit was and what you could do with it, but not that you could let another hand touch it, lay very still and allowed it.

It was the first contact with a second person who was not a man.

It's not like daddy. With dad, it's a process. For Marie it's a tickling sensation. Marie tickles me down there where dad pushes his Schniedelwutz in, and it tickles, and it's not strenuous, and it's not official, and Marie waits. Marie just waits until I tell her to go ahead. And I say: keep going.

That night Marie did it right.

She pushed the blanket away, she pushed Celeste's nightgown up to her armpits, and then she lay down next to it, on her side, her head propped up, and looked. She looked Celeste up and down, the way men did, but with a different face. Not greedy. Curious. Researching. With a small, narrow grin at the corner of her mouth,

which was not yet a woman's smile, but no longer a child's smile either.

Then she grabbed it.

Not with a finger, but with the palm of your hand. She put her whole hand on Celeste's cunt, like one puts one's hand on a warm stone, and kept it there, and then she began to rub. Not at one point, but over the entire crack, with the heel of the hand, with the entire length of the hand, in a quiet, long, even stroke that started somewhere at the top and ended somewhere at the bottom and came up again.

Celeste held her breath.

I've never done it like that before. I always do it selectively. Always on the clit, always immediately, always hard. Marie does it like a long line, from top to bottom, and the clit is in the middle of it, and it is taken along without it being the only one. And that is completely different. And that's quite good. And the whole time I thought I knew how to do it.

Marie took her hand away after a while and looked at Celeste.

"Show me how you do it," she said.

And Celeste, who had never shown anyone how she jerked off, raised her hand and showed her. Just as she would show it to Jack later, she showed it to Marie first. Showed where the fingers are, in what rhythm, with how much pressure, at what speed, where it stops, where it pulls, where you shouldn't stop. Marie watched, and then she placed her hand on Celeste's hand and let herself be guided until she knew Celeste's routine.

Now she knows. Now Marie knows how I do it. Now she can do it to me like I do it to myself. And that's good because then it's no longer she who does something with me, but it's mine who just guides her. And Marie is not the dad. Marie is not the schoolboy. Marie doesn't do what she wants. Marie does what I want.

And Marie did it. Following Celeste's instructions. And Celeste came for the first time in her life in the presence of another human being. Not alone in bed. Not in hiding. But in front of Marie. And Marie watched as Celeste twitched, and Marie smiled, and Marie said when Celeste was finished, "Aha. So that's what it looks like."

Then they swapped.

Celeste laid Marie down. She pushed her nightgown up. She looked. Marie was softer than her, had little hair, had breasts that made Marie squeak a little when you touched them, and she already had the first down on her pussy between her legs. Celeste looked for a long time. It was the first time she had seen a pussy up close that wasn't her own in the pocket mirror. She felt her, with one finger, with two fingers, on the labia, on the fold, on top of the clit, on the little point that was smaller than hers and that lay under the foreskin like a pearl that wanted to hide shamefully. Marie had never really jerked her clit before.

And then, all of a sudden, out of an instinct she couldn't explain, Celeste did something she'd never done before.

She dove head down and licked Marie's clit.

Marie jumped up like a fish.

"What are you doing?" she croaked.

"I don't know," Celeste said, her mouth already down again.

And Marie let herself lie down again and let it happen, and Celeste licked. First at the crack, with the flat tongue, like a kitten drinks from a bowl. Then at the top of the clit, with the tip of the tongue, in time, always at the same point, always with the same pressure, again and again.

Marie twitches. Marie twitches under my tongue. Marie twitches like me when I do it with my hand. But she twitches under my mouth, my tongue, and that's something completely different. That's — that's my mouth in her pussy. My mouth. And I'm thirteen, and

I've already fucked a lot of men, and I've never been in a mouth. And yet Marie lies here and twitches beneath me, and her pussy twitches, and her hips twitches, and she holds my head with both hands as if she couldn't let me go.

Marie came. With a small, short, surprised cry, like a girl who has just discovered that her own body is capable of more than expected. And when she was done, she pulled Celeste up and looked at her, for a long time, with a face Celeste didn't recognize. Not girlfriend. Not comrade. Something third, incomprehensible.

And then Marie said:

"Now me."

And she dove down.

Celeste had an experience she would never forget. A girl between her legs. A tongue on her clit that wasn't her own. A mouth that did what her mouth would have done, only with a different tongue, with a different pressure, with a rhythm that wasn't hers and that hit her in such a way that she almost came up twice and almost screamed once and then, on the third attempt, came, really, long, in waves, with tears in her eyes.

And Marie carried on, as one carries on when one has just experienced it and knows how good it is. She didn't let up. She held the clit between her lips and licked while Celeste was still twitching, and Celeste twitched again, again, and Marie licked, and Celeste screamed, really loud this time, and Marie kept licking, and Celeste brought her knees together, and Marie forced them open with her hand, and kept licking until Celeste fell completely distraught against the pillows and lay there panting, pulling up the covers and closing her eyes.

That was it. That's it. That's what a mouth does. Not the dad. Not the mayor. Not the surgeon. A mouth. A girl's mouth. And it's so much different. It is soft, and it is tender, and it has time, and it wants nothing. It doesn't want anything from me. Marie doesn't want anything from me. Marie lies down there and licks me and doesn't

want anything, she doesn't want to finish, she doesn't want to go, she doesn't want it to stop. She wants me to feel it. Just that. And I feel it. And I feel it more strongly than ever before.

From that evening onwards there was no girl's room without it.

They did it every week. And soon it won't just be every week anymore.

It became a habit, and it grew more and more. They did it in the crib, they did it in the hay, they did it behind the shed, they did it in the woods, they did it in the laundry room when the mothers were out. And it became more and more daring, more and more long, more and more piggish. Marie wanted to try it with a candle one day, and then Celeste was lying there with her legs spread and Marie pushed the candle into her, slowly, carefully, and Celeste felt something inside her for the first time that wasn't a cock, but just a round, smooth, warm thing, and it didn't hurt, and it didn't hurt, and it didn't hurt.

That's it. Something warm, smooth that pushes inside and doesn't pump around. Not like these guys. Like a hand that is just visiting and doesn't want anything. And I now realize that there is a feeling inside me that doesn't hurt. Only men hurt. Not things. And Marie and the candle don't hurt. And I still don't know what it all means. But I noticed it.

And Marie also wanted Celeste to do it to her with the candle, and Celeste did it, and they pushed the candle into each other's cunts, and they took turns licking each other, and they rubbed each other with the palm of their hand, with their fingers, with the back of their hands. They lay on top of each other and rubbed their clits against each other until they both came at once, in a single, shared spasm that surprised them both and made them both giggle, and then they lay there, wet and sweaty and happy, and Marie said:

"If only these guys knew."

And Celeste said:

“You don’t know.”

No. They don’t know. The guys don’t know. They come, they take us, they go. And they don’t know what the two of us are doing here. That’s our thing. Our girl thing. And if the men knew that we lick each other until we scream, they would wonder why they were needed at all. And then maybe they would try to join in. And then things would get complicated. So we don’t tell them.

And they didn’t tell them.

And it went on like that for two years. Until Marie, at sixteen, married a man from the neighboring village who knew nothing about her and who would one day ask her why she was so good at it. And Marie would say: “I was married early on.” And she wouldn’t say with whom.

And Celeste came to the monastery at seventeen. And in the convent there was Sister Carmen, the hot-tempered Spanish woman, who started licking her just like Marie had done. And Celeste immediately recognized what was happening and allowed it to happen without being surprised. Because she knew what it was like. Because she knew it from Marie.

Carmen licks me. Carmen is not Marie. Carmen is a nun and a pig. But Carmen licks just like Marie, at the top of the clit, with the tip of her tongue, in exactly the right rhythm. And all the other sisters say: “Yes, yes, Carmen, she’s a brave pig.” And none of them know that Carmen is just doing what Marie did years ago. And none of them know that I, Celeste, the chaste, the asexual, the chaste, have known for years what it’s like to be licked by a girl. And that if no one sees it, someone could do it too. And if I were to do it to Carmen, then everyone would say: “Celeste? She’s doing it to Carmen? But Celeste is otherwise so reserved.” And then suddenly I would no longer be a nun. Then I would be someone who licks. A pig like Carmen or old Agnes, that is.

And that’s why Celeste kept quiet for seven years. Because she knew how good clit licking was, and because she knew that a nun

who was good at it would be a very different nun. One with a clit and mouth and fingers and everything. One that would have to be classified into a subject, and she didn't know which one.

She could have classified herself as "girl who fucked Marie" and then as "nun who jerks off at night" and then as "nun who gets licked by Carmen" and then as — well, then what?

Carmen was the heat that came in where the other sisters were coolness. A Spanish woman, tall, dark eyes, red lips, hands that grabbed hold where others only dabbed. She turned the retreat into an animal enclosure and made herself the mistress of it. And her favorite object was me.

She licked me in front of the other sisters. Not in a corner, not in the dark — but quite openly, in the middle of the day, in the refectory, on the bench next to the wall, or in the washroom where the others were wringing out the sheets. She pushed my habit up, knelt down, and licked. Wild, unabashed, with tongue and lips as if that were her real devotion. The sisters stood around, looking, whispering, giggling, and Carmen didn't look up, didn't let herself be disturbed. She licked until I collapsed into her hands. She called it "El castigo con la lengua" or "La penitencia con la lengua". The punishment, the penance with the tongue.

And I — I never touched her. Not a single finger. Never. She licked me and I lay there and let it happen because I was the object she had chosen. I never licked her back. I never stroked her breast. Just accepted.

And when she was finished, she sat up, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, looked at me — and then she dragged me into the flagellatorium.

It was cool there, semi-dark, it smelled of sweat, leather and dust. She had me kneel down, leaning against a low trestle, with my habit folded over my hips. And she whipped me. Not your back. The cunt. She slapped her rod — thin, supple, braided leather — on my clit and labia, stroke after stroke, slowly, in rhythm. The pain burned and

glowed and soon became so hot that it was about to explode, close to climax, close to, any moment before I came — and then she stopped.

Almost anyway.

Because when I was ready, trembling on the edge, she took the handle of her whip. It was made of leather, firm, thick, smooth, made in the shape of a large penis — a tool that the nuns showed each other like a miracle. She pushed it into my pussy, slowly, very deep, and fucked me with it. With her hand on the whip handle, Carmen fucked me much harder and more forcefully than any man in my sinful past. Her face contorted with exertion, she fucked me so forcefully, so powerfully, until the penance collapsed in an orgasm that I didn't hear coming, but had to come, it screamed so loudly.

And that was the punishment for my nightly masturbation on the clit. Penance for every night I spent jerking myself off just to be able to breathe. The more nights, the more blows, the deeper the grip. Carmen called this "having the master under control."

I never admitted it. Never. Not in front of the sisters, not in front of Carmen, not in front of myself. I just held still and waited for her to come get me. And hoped that she would come for me. And every time she left me standing after the last push and left, I remained lying on the box, my face buried in the leather in shame, and knew: tomorrow she will come back and make me repent like an avalanche.

And so now I'm sitting again, she thought, while Jack danced the polka with his tongue on Rosi's clit and Rosi kicked into space with her heels. That's exactly how I'm sitting now. On the stool. With legs pinched together. And right when it's over, that second comes again, and then again the desire to sink into the ground.

She looked over at the two. Rosi's stomach rose and fell, her hands were on Jack's head, her eyes were wide open yet turned inward.

And this time, Celeste thought, it's not even Carmen who's doing it. This time it's a boy. A small, hunchbacked, naked boy, with his face between the legs of a deaf-mute girl. And the girl is younger than

me. And both of them are more naked than me. And they both have more sex a day than I have in a decade. And if that's all the case — and it is — then I don't know what I am anymore. Nun? Yes. Chaste? Hmm. Asexual? Ha!

Sow? Perhaps.

And in the chest, where the pious side sat, and in the cunt, where it still resonated, it became quiet and restless at the same time.

The little girl, Rosi, was in the middle of an orgasm when Jack slid up and his cock slid all by itself into her fuck hole — into that twitching, heaving, trembling fuck hole of the fifteen year old. He didn't have to aim, he just found it, like a key in a lock that was already open for him. Rosi clasped his crooked back and hump again, held him tight, clung to him like she had done before, and they both fucked so wonderfully, so lost in each other, that Celeste's cunt burned like fire.

All she could do was press her fist into her crotch and rub her clit through the rough material with her knuckles. Unobtrusive. Discreet. Just like a nun does, who does nothing but supervise.

But the two of them were so engrossed in fucking that Celeste could have been singing or yodeling and the two of them wouldn't have noticed. She could have sung a psalm. She could have been waving a censer. Nothing. No reaction. So Celeste remained silent, no song or yodel, just her tight mouth and her shallow breathing as her knuckles obediently rubbed her clit.

Bravo, Celeste. Very subtle. Very nun-like. If anyone came in, they would see a sedate sister sitting on a stool watching two young people having sex. And no one would suspect that this sedate sister is working her own clit with her knuckles and masturbating. Keep it up. Just your teeth together. And don't stop. And above all, don't be loud.

Rosi now took much longer than Jack. They fucked and fucked endlessly. Celeste had long since lost control of her rhythm — she

was no longer rubbing, she was being rubbed, or it was the same thing, she didn't know anymore. Rosi reared up. Her back arched up from the cot, her heels braced, her hands clawed at Jack's back, and she screamed it out in her rough, croaking deaf-mute voice, long, hoarse, drawn out.

Jack also reared up a tenth of a second later.

His cock flopped out of the fuck hole and his semen sprayed in wide, white jets over Rosi's pussy and stomach. Not in this time — out, over her, on top of her, like a fountain that can no longer hold the fountain.

Celeste came at the same moment.

Her body bucked, and this time she couldn't contain it any longer. Not the legs, not the back, not the mouth, not the trembling. And then came the insane orgasm at the sight of Jack's cheekily spurting cock — standing there, the semen squirting in an arc over Rosi's stomach, the boy panting, the girl underneath, and everything was steaming, everything was alive, everything was naked and warm and real.

That was too much.

Celeste silently prayed a prayer: Lord, forgive me for earthly lust — and grant me it. Just that. Nothing more. Forgive and grant. Both, if possible. And if only one works, then treat yourself. Then grant rather than forgive. No — forgive too. Forgive first. And then grant, Lord. That's it.

No, that's all she wanted from the Lord.

And then she sat again. Upright. Hands in lap, fist this time. Mouth closed. Eyes wide open. And in her, beneath everything that still trembled, was the quiet, frightened, almost joyful shock:

What just happened to me here? And why was it so beautiful? And why was it the most beautiful thing that has happened to me in a long time? And why didn't I think of Carmen? And why was Rosi the

girl and Jack the boy, and I was there, and it was me, and I was still completely by myself?

Lord, let me think about it some more. But not for too long. Otherwise it will be pious and cool again.

All three were silent.

Jack and Rosi smoked another joint. And Celeste, who sat next to her and did nothing but breathe in, felt dizzy from the holy smoke. She had never smoked. Of course no grass either. Never a cigarette, never a pipe, never anything other than monastery air and incense. And now this sweet, heavy, warm smoke was wafting into her head, and she felt light, and the cell became soft at the edges, and the ceiling came a little closer, and she didn't know whether that was the cell or her head.

Lord, she thought, if that's the Holy Smoke, then I wonder what the Unholy One is doing. Probably exactly the same. Probably more of it. Probably —

I sat on the stool while Jack fucked Rosi. That was my job that evening — supervision, because a sister had to be there when a novice let a stranger into the cell, and because the Mother Superior didn't want it to happen in private. So I sat there, with my habit pulled over my knees, my hands in my lap, and watched as the little hunchback walked over Rosi and pushed her heels into his back and cursed and laughed in Gypsy German and said "harder, you, crucifix again!" said and "yes, there, right there!"

And while I watched, I jerked myself off. Very, very secretly. Not with my hand — it was in my lap, visible, civilized. But with the knuckle, under the coarse material of the habit, pressed up and down on the clit, slowly, in the same rhythm with which Jack thrust into Rosi. From the outside it looked as if I was just the supervisor with my hands folded obediently. From the inside, I was third in bed.

When they were done, they flopped down on the cot and Jack pulled a small tin can out of his backpack and rolled two joints and lit

one and handed it to Rosi, and Rosi sucked on it and gave it back, and so it went back and forth. “Celeste,” Jack said, holding the joint out to me. “You too.”

“I’ve never smoked before,” I said.

“Then now.”

The holy smoke. That’s what Jack called it, and he was right. I puffed on it as one puffs on a pipe and first choked, and then I let it sink into my lungs as I was shown, and then there it was. First a scratch in the throat, then warm, then quiet, then a wave that rose to the head and made everything a little softer. The cell grew larger. The voices slowed down. My legs became light. I was floating, somehow, incomprehensibly, on this stool, with my feet in the air that no longer existed.

And then I spoke.

I had never spoken. Not with the sisters, not with Carmen, not with Jack all these days. But now I sat there, light and floating, and just said it, the way you open a window because it’s stuffy.

“The Mother Superior,” I said, “the former one. Not the current one. The former one, the greedy one. She rented me out.”

Jack stopped pulling. Rosi turned her head.

“Four years,” I said. “The whole four novice years. A car came and I was washed and dressed, and then I drove to a house, and then there was a high-ranking gentleman, and then I lay there, he fucked me, and then I drove back. Mostly two or three times a week. Always at night, always in the car.”

“To whom,” said Jack. Not curious, but like a notary.

“Bishops,” I said. “Abbots. A papal nuncio, twice, a fat man with rings on all his fingers. Other wealthy holy men. Canons, provosts, once a vicar general. All with money. All with an appetite. All with

the one thing on their minds that they couldn't get in their houses because their women's club presidents sit there counting money."

"And the Mother Superior," said Rosi, "collected the money."

"Every week. Clinking coin. She called it a mass stipend. A stipend for every night, and I was the mass." I laughed, for the first time that evening, and the laughter seemed strange to me because it wasn't the laughter of a sister. "And when I came back, she didn't even ask me how it was. She just counted the money."

"And you," Jack said. "You were lying there."

"I was lying there," I said. "For four years. For four years I lay there and they lay on me and I did to myself what one does: counting. How many thrusts. How many minutes. Whether they started in the breasts or in the pussy. Whether they kissed me or not. Whether they said good night afterwards."

"Goodnight," Jack said.

"Good night," I said. And then I said the sentence that I hadn't come up with myself, but that Jack had given me days ago, during our first conversation. "My pussy was just a knothole in driftwood."

Rosi snorted. Jack remained quiet and said, "Who said that?"

"You said that."

"And who felt it?"

"I." I just said it like that, drunk, without shame, without the lids and the wrinkles and the choir prayer. "Four years. A hole in a piece of wood floating in the water, and all the men who pass by put something in it because it's convenient. No pity. No thank you. Just the cart that takes me there and brings me back, and the gold coins that Mother Superior puts in the drawer."

Then there was a moment of silence. Rosi took a drag on the joint and handed it back to me, and I took it again, and this time I didn't

cough anymore. I was still floating, but different — no longer light, but carried. Carried by two people who listened without calculating. Without judging.

And I realized that for the first time in my life I had said something without thinking about it first. No pros and cons. No messing around. Simply put. The four years, in one go, like one breath. That was the holy smoke. Or it was Jack and Rosi. Or it was both, and both were the same.

"Come on," Jack said after a while. "Sit with us. Not on the stool. On the cot. You're no longer a supervisor."

And I stood up, floating, and sat between them, and it was the first time in four years that I sat next to two people who hadn't paid for me. Jack and Rosi's hands slid under my habit, stroking and caressing my naked body, my bare skin, my full breasts and my pussy, of course. They petted me because they loved me. It can be that easy with holy smoke.

Then it was Rosi's turn. She didn't say anything, she just sat up straight, pulled the blanket up to her armpits and started talking with her hands. In gestures. How she did it when German was too slow for her, or when she wanted to say something that was too difficult to say in words. Jack adjusted himself on the cot, watched her, and translated.

"So," Jack said. "She says: the current Mother Superior. The one with the face like a carp." All three of us grinned. Carp, that was spot on.

Rosi continued to sign, quickly, with both hands, with her fingers, with her shoulders.

"Two or three times a week," Jack translated. "Hundreds of times last year. And just as many times before last year. Not the old one that Celeste rented out. The new one. Rosi hooked her up too. To the same gentlemen. To bishops, abbots, canons, the nuncio, the vicar general, the provosts. High gentlemen, all of them."

Rosi interrupted, tapped her forehead with the back of her hand and made a gesture that meant: not always the same.

"Not always for money," Jack said. "Sometimes for favors. Once she got the sacristy tax waived for the bishop. Once she got a carriage for the monastery for three weeks, with a coachman and two horses. Once she got a carpenter who re-laid the sacristy for free. For the whole winter."

Rosi nodded vigorously, continued to sign, and now she grinned, and Jack grinned too when he read it.

"And," said Jack, "she says: sometimes the Mother Superior put herself into it. So not as a mediator. But as a participant. She says: the Mother Superior went to bed with her. Not with her, but with the Lord, and Rosi lay there and watched with a grin. As an ornament. As a warm-up. As proof that it is an honest transaction."

Rosi made a gesture like: so, and then another like: and so on, and then she pointed to her own clit and then to her cunt and then to Celeste, as if she were comparing.

"She says," said Jack, "so you're not the only one. She says: you're just the one with the more years. She says: four years on business, and with her three or four nights a week on business, but no more. She says: there's nothing in between. No love, no wages, no nothing. Just the car, the door, the bed, the ride back."

Rosie nodded. Then she made a sign with her thumb across her throat: No more. Completed. Ticked off.

And I understood what she was giving me. Not pity. Not comfort. But a second one in my situation. A girl from the country, with a bit of Yiddish-Gypsy German, with uncles and cousins and grandfathers behind her, and still the same prey for the same men. Only with one difference: Rosi took it in a sporty way. "Oh," she once said, "it's like peeling potatoes." And she had said it in such a way that people had believed her.

"And you," I said to Rosi. "Did it hurt you?"

Rosi looked at Jack, Jack looked at Rosi, and then she signed something short and Jack translated:

“She says: the third bishop. He had a stomach like a barrel and she thought she was dying. He fell on her with all his weight and wouldn’t let her up. She says: she thought she wouldn’t be able to get out anymore and started counting the cows in her head until it was over.”

Rosi nodded and made a movement with the palm of her hand like: pushed away.

“She says,” said Jack, “that was the worst. But otherwise: everything sporty. And she says: the bishops are better in bed than the farmers, because they don’t have to work in bed. She says: a farmer has to work in the day, he also wants to work in bed, and then he works twice. A bishop doesn’t work in the day, he can work in bed, and then he works beautifully.”

Rosi grinned, Jack grinned, and I noticed that I was grinning too, for the second time that evening.

Two stories that were the same thing. The old Mother Superior and the new one. The scholarships and the favors. The four years and the four nights. And both from girls who hadn’t been asked anything. Only: one of them lay down as an ornament, and the other counted the cows until it was over. And now both of them were sitting on a cot in a monastery cell, smoking a joint that a little hunchback had rolled, and laughing at things that not a single sermon laughed about.

Then Rosi made a gesture that I didn’t recognize, and Jack laughed loudly and said, “She says, and now she wants to know if you only ever jerk off on your knuckle when you’re supervised. She says she saw it.”

And I blushed, under the nurse’s uniform, intoxicated, on the cot, between two very lovely people, and said nothing.

And that was the answer.

The old mother superior was called Adelgund. Almost no one knew that anymore because for twenty years she had only been called “Mother Superior” and because she herself had ensured that the name disappeared. Adelgund came from a merchant family, three brothers, all in the cloth trade, and she was the only one who was sent to the monastery because she didn’t want to get married and because the dowry should be saved. At sixteen she had already had men — first her father, then all three brothers and also her father’s accountant, in the office, at nineteen, behind a bale of Kenyan wool. At 22 she became a novice and dutifully fucked all the holy gentlemen, at 26 she took her vows,

And she kept the taste. Not the thing itself — the men. The business with men. Adelgund was not one to be content with choir prayer. She was someone who did calculations. And when she was elected superior at forty, she had already discovered what a monastery earns most quickly: not in hosts, not in candles, but in the novices, in the girls who had no families to ask about them.

Her first “rental” was a nun, a young, pretty one from a good family. A canon had seen her in the nuns’ gallery, at high mass, and asked if she could be sent to his city apartment to visit the sick. And Adelgund understood. The sick visit lasted one night. There was a gift. There was an envelope. And then never again had any doubts as to whether this was the right path. It was him.

She rented me out for four years. Two or three times a week, by car, at night, to bishops, abbots, provosts, the nuncio, the vicar general. “Mass scholarship,” she called it because it sounded pious. She had received a stipend for every night, in hard cash, and she hadn’t had to keep a single night of it for herself — that was the rule of her order. The money flowed into the monastery. And the monastery let them do it. Because she had the numbers. Because she wrote the numbers beautifully. Because no one else wanted to read the numbers.

And if she was happy with me, she never said it. If she was unhappy, she said it out loud. Once a bishop had complained that I had been too passive, and Adelgund had put me in the refectory for two

days without food and said: “Learn to work with your hips, otherwise I will sell you to the Carmelites.” I learned to work with my hips.

When she died in her bed at fifty-eight of a fever, her estate contained a booklet with names and numbers. There was a number next to each name, and sometimes there was a word next to the number. The nuncio said: “big, fight, pay well, double.” One canon said: “gentle, sick, complains a lot.” The vicar general only said: “briefly.” And for me it said: “Celeste, four years, no complaints, always brings gold.”

And the new one was called Irmgard. The Carp Nun. Forty-three, from a family of civil servants, with a face that had started to wrinkle early and with the voice of someone who had started giving instructions early. Irmgard was not a businesswoman like Adelgund. Irmgard was someone who wanted to enjoy. She had had her first husband at twenty-six — her confessor — and was still hungry at forty because she had learned about it late and never had enough of it.

When she was elected superior, she had not done the math like Adelgund. She had a different view of the nuns. She looked at them the way men looked at her. And she saw what Adelgund had not seen: that the rental could not only bring in money, but also for herself.

She set Rosi up three times. Not always for money. Once for the sacristy tax, once for a carriage, once for the sacristy carpenter. And with one of them — with the bishop, the one with the ring on all his fingers — she went to bed with her. Not to work. To be. To feel what it was like to lie next to a girl while a man worked her over. Rosi saw it. Rosi counted the cows. Rosi said: “Oh, it’s like peeling potatoes.”

And I knew the two of them one after the other. One sold me and didn’t ask. The other sold me the same way and added herself. One wrote numbers, the other sought additional carnal pleasure. Both were superior. Both were men’s wives in their own way. Both knew more about my flesh than I did. And one had the notebook in which my name was written, and the other read the notebook when she came and wrote next to my name: “useful, silent, doesn’t count.”

She stood up.

Probably because otherwise she would have continued to think.

She picked up Rosi's underwear from the chair and began to dress the girl. She did it slowly, even though it would have been quick, and she did it thoroughly, even though there were only a few parts. And oh, how fine the girl's flawless skin felt! The shoulders, the arms, the collarbone, the side. Celeste pulled the shirt over her, smoothed the material, smoothed out a wrinkle that wasn't there. She put her underwear on, felt her cunt and clit with her fingertips, and then she had Rosi lift her feet like you do with a child, and Rosi let it happen to her, beaming and looking at Celeste as if Celeste were her sister.

Celeste fully dressed Rosi. No button remained open.

And her hands didn't really want to leave the girl.

You fucked her, she thought, even though it was Jack, not her. All right, you put them on. You touched her. You felt that skin. And this skin is fifteen. Or eighteen. As I say. In any case, this skin is happy.

Jack said: "Goodbye, Rosi, see you tomorrow!"

And Celeste let the girl go.

Rosi turned around again in the doorway, raised her hand, made a gesture — Celeste didn't know what, but it was friendly, it was warm, it was addressed to both of them — and then she went out and you could hear her steps running down the hallway, dancing lightly, quickly, almost skipping.

The girl beamed from ear to ear as if she had just seen the Lord Jesus walking across the Sea of Galilee.

Celeste's eyes filled with tears.

Not because of Jack. Not about fucking. But because of that face. This happy, open, warm child's face that had just screamed with joy and was now running skipping down the aisle, knowing that tomor-

row would come again. A day when there will be good fucking again. A day when the boy is there. A day when you can be happy without it hurting.

That was sublime and holy. Really.

So that's it, Celeste thought, wiping away a tear with the back of her hand, quickly so Jack wouldn't notice. So that's what it's like when a girl is happy. This is what it looks like. And I knelt in church every day for two years and thanked God for giving people joy — but I didn't know what joy looked like. With a human. With a Rosi. With a girl who has just been fucked and screamed and is now dancing and jumping.

Lord, you showed me something today. Maybe you showed me too much. Maybe not.

She turned to Jack and her voice was firm again, that of a supervisory nurse again, just a shade warmer than usual.

"So," she said. "We would have."

Jack had dressed and put his textbooks on the table because he had to study now. Although he was still in his high school year, he was already in his second semester at the university. He was so gifted that an exception was made for him. And Jack wanted to aim high. He studied rocketry and wanted to do a Ph.D. immediately after completing his studies. in your pocket, start at NASA. He had some groundbreaking ideas regarding rocket engines, combined ion-photon engines, and the like. Little Jack was sure that those at NASA would be amazed.

Celeste held the handle in her hand. But she wanted to say something else.

What am I saying? What am I saying? I already have the word bird in my head, but not yet in my mouth. And now he's sitting there with his books like he's a student, and I'm standing here with a handle and a clit that's still glowing, and I'm about to say something I never say.

She stuttered a little. “Jack, I saw for the first time today what beautiful, loving fucking is.”

birds. There it is. Out. The word is out.

“It touched me, because you did something good for Rosi, not like….” She interrupted, otherwise she would have blabbered. Not like mine. Not like me, she wanted to say, and if she had said like me, then Jack would have asked, and then she would have had to answer, and then she would have had to admit to herself that she had been fucked before, somewhere, at some point, and that it wasn’t nice at all. She swallowed it.

“For the first time I saw fucking the way nature and God actually planned it, with us little men and women. Beautiful and loving, not ugly and hideous, like… it sometimes is.”

Jack nodded. That came from deep within Celeste’s soul, you could hear it. He nodded seriously, not politely.

She continued: “And tomorrow, I will do as you said. I will take off my habit and then wash you, and…” She paused. Further. Further. Say it. Say it completely. You’ve already come this far, now you’re getting past the final stage.

“And then maybe the old Agnes will come back to jerk off and squirt because I’ve never done it before.”

Now it was out. The truth. She stood at the back, the truth, and looked out of it like a small child through a crack in the door. I, Sister Celeste, a nun for seven years, chaste, asexual, have never held a cock in my hand and jerked off to make it squirt. Not once. Until this morning I didn’t even know exactly how to do it.

Jack looked at Celeste seriously.

“I’m happy to shower naked with you, Sister Celeste,” he said. “And you don’t have to pretend in front of me, not at all.”

And then, without further ado: “Of course I saw you rubbing your clit. Twice. When I was fucking sweet Rosi.”

Twice. He counted twice. Twice!

“That’s perfectly fine on my part, I approve of it,” Jack continued. “You don’t have to play the strict sister Celeste in front of me. I know who you are inside. And I like you. Inside.”

Celeste turned bright red.

She blushed from bottom to top, from neck to cheeks to ears, and she had no habit or veil with which to hide it. He noticed it. He noticed it and counted it, and he thought it was good, and he said he approved of it, and he said he liked me, inside, and what the hell does inside mean, inside doesn’t mean inside, or does it, yes, yes, probably exactly that, and —

She nodded at him.

Nothing more was possible. She couldn’t say another word. She nodded, and the nod was short, and then she turned, turned the handle, and went out.

Outside in the corridor she stopped after three steps, leaned her forehead against the cold wall, took two deep breaths and thought:

Jack isn’t an asshole.

And tomorrow I’ll shower with him. Naked.

And he said he liked me, inside.

And I did it twice and he watched and counted both times.

Lord, tomorrow will be a difficult day. But not a bad one. I think. Hopefully. Be merciful. And indulge. And forgive. In order.

She picked Jack up to shower the next morning. Hesitantly and trembling inside, she took off her habit — and underneath she had no

underwear. After all, the coarse material was intended to drive out unchaste thoughts from a nun, that's all. So you didn't wear anything underneath. So she wore nothing underneath. So she stood there, and what she had had under the coarse material the whole time, without anyone seeing it, was now suddenly a form, a skin, a figure that could be seen. With everything about it.

Grobstoff was against unchaste thoughts. What happens to the coarse material when it's gone? Was the raw material then free? Seven years for free?

Jack had stopped and stared at the trio where the flagellants were whipping a sister and then fucking her with the whip handle until the woman orgasmed, crying and sobbing. He watched with a calmness that almost annoyed Celeste. No grin, no squinting. He looked as a student looks at a problem.

Then he came to her and slowly took off his clothes.

"You know, Sister Celeste," he said as he pulled his shirt over his head, "I've been reading up on flagellantism. It's actually, at its core, a sexual activity."

A what?

"And I recognized it immediately," he continued, calmly, almost matter-of-factly, "how the sobbing woman had her cunt whipped until just before her orgasm. And then — the insertion of the whip handle. Just a makeshift. Elsewhere the whip master sticks his cock into the flagellated woman and fucks her mercilessly until she orgasms."

Celeste's eyes widened.

Around like this. I never looked at it that way. It was always punishment. Repentance. chastisement. Something you do for the sins of the world. Something that hurts and is therefore good. And now a seventeen-year-old boy with a backful of bookish knowledge is telling me that, at its core, it's sex. A sexual activity. Sex. Not repentance. Sex.

And then —

The whip handle was just a makeshift. Elsewhere it is the whip master's tail. Somewhere else. So there are these somewhere else. So there are monasteries in which it is not a makeshift, but the original. So there are monasteries where the nun is fucked while being whipped, and that is the rule, and the crying is not penitential crying, but —

Oh, damn.

Are we all swine and swine here in the monastery? Disguise the sex so no one can see it? Disguise him as punishment? And I believed it all these years, and I saw the sister crying and thought she was crying out of remorse, and yet she…

Lord, are you laughing? Or the devil? And if one of them laughs, is he laughing at us? Or is he laughing with us? Or is it the same?

Celeste didn't know the answer to that. It was so confusing to think about.

And while she stood there and turned in circles, Jack finished undressing and was now standing there naked too. She only noticed when he turned on the shower spray next to her and the water ran in an arc over both of them.

And now. Now he's standing there. And now there she is. And now they are both naked. And the whip handle next door is making a noise, and the water is making a noise, and its cock is —

Oh, damn. He's stiff. He's very stiff. He's stiff before he's even done anything. He is stiff because he had become stiff watching the whipping. He's stiff because everything here —

Celeste reached for the soap, her hand shaking a little.

"So," she said, in a voice that sounded strange to herself. "Then let's do it."

Jack looked her nakedness up and down. And he seemed to click his tongue — but she was probably just imagining that.

She soaped and washed and stuttered. “Can I wash the cock too?”

Jack laughed. “Yes, but of course. It’s neither the Holy Grail nor the Rod of Aaron. It’s simply a cock that needs to be cleaned just like your cunt.”

Simply. Simply. It’s easy with this one. For me, this is the biggest event in seven years, and it’s easy.

“If you allow it,” he continued, “I want to wash out your pussy with my index finger, okay?”

She nodded, puzzled.

And Jack wrapped the washcloth around his index finger and drove it right into her fuck hole. Very deep.

Celeste held her breath in shock.

He’s inside. He has his finger in it. In me. See you there. With a washcloth. And he washes.

Jack washed it with a face of concentration like a drain cleaner cleans a drain. No squinting, no showing off smiles, no casual touching. He went in, wiped, twisted, pulled, came back, the way you clean something that deserves to be cleaned.

And then he looked up.

“Your clit is really sore, Sister Celeste. If you have to jerk off that much, use a lubricant, otherwise it will get really inflamed. Okay?”

Celeste turned bright red all the way to the base of her chest.

Rubbed sore. He saw it. He looked and saw it. And he didn’t politely look away, he diagnosed it. Like a doctor. Like a mechanic. Like a man who knows his stuff and talks about a nun’s clit like a worn out

tool. And then he tells me what I should take. A lubricant. A lubricant! For a nun's clit!

"Yeah, I don't know…" she stuttered.

Jack smiled. "I told you yesterday, Sister Celeste. Sex is not a bad thing and definitely not the work of the devil. The good Lord — or whoever — made us cocks and pussies and clits so that we could experience sexual pleasure."

Celeste lowered her eyes. The water that came from her hair on the tiles ran down her chest and stomach. And she heard herself talking, under her breath, without really meaning to.

"I had to do it all night," she said. "I kept seeing you and Rosi, and that fired me up. Otherwise I'll just do it once and it's fine."

There. There it is. Now he knows. Now he knows that I was on him all night, on him and Rosi, that I spent the night masturbating with him on my mind. And now he's standing here, with his flannel finger still warm between my legs, in my pussy, looking at me. And now it's undeniable. Now Celeste is someone who jerks off all night long. And if he says something wrong now, then —

She waited.

She waited for the smile, for the click, for the smug: "Well then, Sister Celeste." She waited for an "I knew it." She waited for what anyone who knew a little too much would have said.

But Jack just waited. He stood there, naked, with the washcloth in her pussy hole, and waited for her to continue, as if she had just said something completely natural.

And that was almost worse. Because it meant it was true.

Celeste arched her back. "Agnes isn't here this morning," she said, "only other sisters. I'll go over right away and ask, because I've never done it before and you'd have to explain to me exactly how to do it. I'll go ask."

She said it quickly, she said it firmly, she said it like someone who wants to sort things out before she gets in her own way. Agnes isn't there. Good. Very good. Then I go to the others and they explain it to me, and then it's not Jack's business, but the sisters' business, and then everything stays in order.

But Jack held her back.

"If you want to do it to me, I'll be happy to show you how to do it. Is that a good suggestion? Do you want to learn, Sister Celeste?"

Do you want to learn it? Not: Do you want to jerk me off? Do you want to learn it? As if it were a lesson. As if it were a craft, a technique, a subject. And I would be someone who learns a technique. And he would be the teacher. And we would both be naked, with water, and it would just be lessons.

Just lessons. If only that were it. Then everything would be fine. Then it would be compatible with the vow of chastity. Because you learn something in class. And sex — well. That's just how it is. With others.

Celeste hesitated for a moment. Of course she had seen the jerking off a thousand times. She had seen it in Agnes, in Carmen, in sisters, in novices. She had seen it in all variations, with her fist, with her fingers, with the flat of her hand, with the back of her hand, from the side, from the front, from behind, with saliva, without saliva, with words, without words. She had seen it a thousand times.

But she never did it to anyone herself.

"If you show me patiently, Jack," she heard herself saying, "then I'll be happy to do it to you!"

Patient. I said patiently. Why did I say patient? Patient means I expect things to take a long time. Patient means I expect tutoring. Patient means that I expect a slow, thorough approach that will take a long time to work out. Patient means it can take time.

Did she really say that?

Had the devil whispered it to her? Because Agnes was a pig who had sex with anyone and everyone, that was just the way it was. Agnes was just a pig. So she was classified. With that she was ticked off. So everything was clear to her. That's just how Agnes is. It's fine with that one.

But you? She, the Celeste? Was this compatible with the vow of chastity? With the vow of chastity that she had taken herself, with her own hand, in front of the altar, with candles, with her heart in her chest, with a priest who clasped her hands, with a shout that rang through the church, with the blessing of the Lord?

Chastity, said the voice within her. Chastity, Celeste. Chastity means not touching. Don't let it go. Do not use. It doesn't mean rubbing his cock in the shower with every beautiful boy and making him orgasm. It says: don't touch it. So — don't touch it. So — go over to the nurses and let them do it so you don't have to touch him.

On the other hand, the other voice piped up, on the other hand he said, the good Lord made us cocks so that we could experience sexual pleasure. The good Lord. Not the devil. The good Lord did it. So the good Lord wanted a cock in one hand to be beautiful. And if the good Lord wanted this, then the question is not: Is this compatible with the vow of chastity? But: Is the vow of chastity compatible with the good Lord?

N/a. Now that's a question.

And then the nun in me says: But you are obliged to chastity, you have vowed it! And then the pig in me says: And how committed are you to chastity when you've been doing it with your own finger all night long, twice in the evening and heaven knows how many times in the night, and again this morning before you shower, and when you had a naked boy in your mind's eye that you've only known for two days? How obligated are you to chastity then, please?

Celeste realized she had taken a step toward Jack. She noticed it, but she didn't take the step backwards.

“Show me,” she said. “Patient. But exactly, please.”

Jack took her hand and positioned it on his cock. He didn’t do it condescendingly, he just did it like you would give a colleague a tool. Then he explained.

That the foreskin had to be pushed back so that the mushroom-shaped glans could fully emerge. That you had to rub the shaft including the foreskin up and down, starting slowly and then increasing. And then, when he squirted, not to stop, but to continue jerking hard and wildly, just as she jerked her clit hard and relentlessly during her orgasm during the night until the orgasm came to an end. Until the squirting stopped, then slow down and stop completely. One minute break, then the second and third round.

Celeste nodded.

She nodded while she listened, and she nodded while she understood, and she nodded when he finished because she couldn’t say anything.

He compared it to my clit. He said the way you do it. He said, firm and relentless, just like you do at night. He knows my rhythm. He knows him because he saw me. Twice. And not only did he see that I did it, he also saw how. And now he’s giving me instructions based on what he’s seen in me. The guy is using me as a reference. He saw a nun and says: Do it as you would with yourself. As with myself. As with the cunt he just washed out with his finger.

So — there is a standard here, and the standard is me.

She pulled the foreskin all the way back.

And the mushroom-shaped acorn looked cheekily and demandingly around.

Lord, Celeste thought. How long have I had something like this in my hand now? Ten seconds? And it hasn’t happened yet, but the ten seconds are up and the hand is still on it and I haven’t started yet. And when I start, I start. And then there is no going back. Then I had

a cock in my hand, jerked it like I would my clit and made it squirt. Then I am someone who can do it.

She looked up.

“Thank you,” she said, briefly and businesslike, and then she began.

Slow. Very slowly. And then increasing.

She did it three times in a row.

The tip of her tongue was stuck in the corner of her mouth, panting with exertion, her breasts jiggling in time. She noticed it herself and found it strange, but she didn’t stop because it was just part of it. And Jack tipped his head back and squirted with a smile — not groaning, not croaking, just smiling, like someone who is happy and enjoying it and being completely with himself.

“You can point the jet at your breasts,” he said, “most women like that, Celeste.”

Most women. Most. So there are women who do it and who like it, and I’m one of them now, one of the most, and that’s not a bad thing, that’s just true. And besides, he said Celeste. Not Sister Celeste. Celeste.

She aimed the beam at her breasts.

And again the second and third time.

And yes — that was a really nice feeling. Her clit twitched every time he spurted onto her breasts, a short, bright, warm, jumping stimulus that ran from above down through her entire body, like a bolt of lightning that had gone astray. She smiled. She just smiled because it was nice.

And she had discovered why the girls did it that way. Not out of showing off, not out of custom, not because they saw it. But because the squirt jumped all the way down to her clit and made her scream

inside. Because the body was built in such a way that a warm, white jet on the skin, which was already aroused, caused a small cheer. Because the whole was a single, coherent thing and not made up of separate parts with a religious vow between them.

Not a pig. I'm not a pig. And probably not Agnes either. We are both right in God's plan. We are right in the middle of what the Lord God has imagined. And the devil — yes, the devil is at best annoyed because these little people feel such innocent joy. An innocent joy! The devil wants sins. And we deliver it — innocent joy. He can't do anything with it. He stands next to it and looks stupid.

And we don't lose our souls. On the contrary. Our souls laugh. Our souls rejoice. Our souls sing praises to the Lord.

Celeste let go of Jack's cock, which was still half-twitching, and stood upright.

Or a hearty yodeler. A song of praise is nice, but a yodel is better. Yodelers are for the mountains, and God is great, and the mountains are great, and when the soul is full, then an Ave is not enough, then a yodeler is needed.

Yes, she would yodel.

She would sing her most beautiful, trilling yodel to the Lord. To the dear Lord.

Celeste was standing in the shower room, water was running down her face, a naked boy was standing in front of her, the whips were cracking next door, and she, the chaste, asexual sister Celeste, who two days ago had pressed her fist into her lap so as not to attract attention, wiped the water from her face and laughed loudly.

It was in the communal shower. Jack had me standing naked next to him, as he had announced, and because it was his second day in the novitiate, he called it initiation. He said, "Today you're going to learn it properly. And of course between six gaping nuns. You're going to learn how to jerk me off."

I knelt because it came naturally and took it in my hand as he had taught me. Flat hand. Firmly. Slow. He leaned his head against the wall and breathed. Then he said, “Come a little higher. Not with your face. With your breasts.”

“What?”

“Let it squirt on your breasts. Take off the habit or push it up. Not in your mouth, not in your hand. You must squirt it on your breasts.”

I had never heard that. And because I had never heard that, he said what he always said when he was teaching me something, in that calm, almost schoolmaster-like voice: “Almost all girls do it like that. Some of them can’t come later otherwise. The squirt goes straight into the girls’ clits. Like a little lightning bolt. If you want, try it.”

I pushed the habit up over my breasts and knelt in front of him, arms on my thighs, holding my breast out to him like a plate. He said, “So. Keep going. Don’t slow down.” And I kept going, firmly, with the palm of my hand, and he got faster, and I looked at him, and he looked at me, and then he came.

He came in spurts. Not one gush, but strokes, four, five, six, and the semen slapped onto my nipples, warm, wet, thick, and I had never seen a person leak like that, and never a person on me. And then I listened to myself.

And Jack was right.

It wasn’t a lightning bolt that you feel in your chest. It was a twitch, a short, crooked twitch in the cunt, with the clit in the middle, as if someone had flicked it briefly with two fingers. Just once, just a moment, but it was there. Not a climax, but the announcement of a later climax. And then he was gone and the semen ran down between my breasts and I knelt there and understood what he meant and knew that I had learned something again that no one could take away from me.

And the amazing thing wasn’t the seed. The amazing thing was that Jack knew something in me that I hadn’t known in myself. A lit-

tle boy who counted on me like one counts on an abacus and who knew what my clit did when it squirted on my breasts. I should have known. I had been doing it with myself for years. And yet it was Jack who told me before I felt it.

I didn't let go like he said, but kept jerking until the last thrust was over, and then he stood there and looked down at me and said, "You see."

"Yes," I said. And then I did something I'd never done in the washroom: I used my finger to wipe the semen from my nipple and licked it off. Not because he said so. But because I wanted to know what it tasted like. Jack saw it, and a look of satisfaction came over him, briefly, like one who wins a game of chess of his own making.

Then I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand and said, "Again." He nodded: "Every morning, three times, like my mom does."

Not wise, not subtle, not reverent.

Just loud.

And she thought, with an emphasis that she didn't quite dare to explain to herself:

That's it. And that's how I want to keep it. And tomorrow I'll come back, and the day after. And when the job is over, we'll talk again. With the Mother Superior. And then — yes, let's see.

Jack looked at her.

"Celeste, Mother Superior lied to me and Mama. A cheeky lie. She said you were 41 so I wouldn't laugh! You're at least ten years younger, at most 31!"

Celeste's eyes widened. "How do you know…?"

Jack grinned. "Because I've seen so many naked women's bodies, that's why I say the Mother Superior lied to us quite cheekily. Am I

not right?”

Female body. He says women’s bodies. To a nun. And he says he has seen many. And he looks at me and does the math. And the worst thing is: he’s right. He’s just right.

Celeste looked down. “I would never contradict Mother Superior. But you’re right. I’ll be 31 in three months. Just like you said.”

Thirty. Thirty, almost thirty-one. And the superior says forty-one. Forty-one! As if I were a piece of furniture with age. As if I were something discarded. As if I were no longer of any use. Like I was — oh. Maybe that’s the point. Maybe a nun at forty-one is more harmless than one at thirty.

Jack smiled. “You nuns lie that the bars bend when it comes to age, and I have no idea why!” And then he became clearer: “You wanted me to believe that Rosi was 18 or 19. In reality, she’s not even 15 and has been fucked by her relatives since she was 12. That’s the truth.”

How does he know? He talked to her yesterday. He asked her and she answered, in sign language, honestly, straight up, because she’s a child who hasn’t learned to cheat when it comes to age. And I cheated. Not even intentionally. Just the way people cheat when it comes to age.

“You should please, please stop lying to me,” Jack said. “Please always tell me the truth or keep your mouth shut. Then we’ll both get along well.”

Celeste swallowed.

Or shut up. That’s how he talks. Not polite. Not tortuous. Just straight. And it’s true. He’s right. And the worst thing: he’s right, and it’s meant in a friendly way. It’s an offer. He wants to keep us both out of the mess where the cheating happens.

She swallowed a second time, and then she spoke, honestly, straight, just as he wanted.

“I didn’t know how old Rosi really is. All I know is that the Mother Superior always divides her up when we have a high guest. The bishop, the abbot, the papal nuncio and so on. Little Rosi has to serve her cunt for these gentlemen because, firstly, she loves to fuck and secondly, because she looks so sweetly childlike. The high gentlemen always like that.”

She looked up and looked Jack straight in the face.

“That’s the truth, Jack.”

Jack nodded. “No more lies. You could have said you don’t know how old Rosi is. I would have preferred that.”

Yes. I could have said that. And that would have been the truth without revealing it to anyone. Rosi, 15, 18, it doesn’t matter. Rosi is Rosi. But I said a number that I came up with to make it fit. For the order. For the superior. For the strange boy. And so I started lying as soon as he was there.

And now he knows, and now he’s telling me, and he’s not angry, he’s just clear. And honestly — this is the kindest thing that has happened to me in a long time.

Celeste raised her head.

“Okay,” she said, briefly. And then, more quietly: “Thank you for saying that. That was honest. Coming from you.”

She turned off the showerhead.

“And now let’s get dressed. And then I’ll take you to your cell, and you’ll study, and I’ll go into the kitchen and think about the Rosi and about the High Lords. And about me. And about the Mother Superior. And about everyone.”

And about you, she thought without saying it.

Jack looked at her. “You forgot something, Celeste. I want to fuck Rosi. Every morning. You forgot that.”

Celeste looked down.

Damned. Yes. I forgot that. He's right. And now he wants an answer, and now I have to admit that I didn't forget it, I pushed it away. And why did I push it away? Because Rosi came too close to me. Because her age was too close to me. Because her relatives were too close to me. Because everything that has to do with Rosi reminds me of something that I no longer think about in everyday life because I push it away. And because he just brought it up again by asking if I was lying.

She took a deep breath.

"I'm not going to lie, Jack," she said. "I haven't forgotten it. I wanted to suppress it. Because what Rosi told you — that she had been fucked by her relatives since she was twelve — struck me like a red-hot iron in my heart. It suddenly stirred everything up again. My whole past. My shame in front of the monastery."

Shame. Did I say shame? Yes. I have. Because that's how it feels. Not then, but now. Now that I'm sitting across from a seventeen-year-old boy and telling him what happened.

"I've been in this monastery for eleven years. Four years as a novice, seven as a vowed nun. In my novice years I was like Rosi. The former Mother Superior always pulled me out of her sleeve when she needed a bed warmer for a high lord. She was able to do it because she knew my background. And she sold me for gifts, checks or favors for four years."

Sold. I said it on purpose. Because it was like that. And because it's true. And because it still feels that way now.

"I say 'sold' on purpose," she continued. "For she never did anything for free or simply did the High Lord a favor. No. She was ancient and a shrewd businesswoman. Here I have a girl for you, High Lord, and what do I get in return?"

Celeste looked down.

Here she stood, naked and vulnerable, talking to a seventeen-year-old gifted student.

It would actually be laughable. Seven years of vows, seven years of chastity, seven years of being a nun — and now I'm standing here in the steam telling a boy that I've been hired out as a bed warmer for four years and I'm naked and my hair is stuck to my forehead and he's not naked just for the sake of being naked but because he's there and I'm there and it's surrendered. And it would actually be laughable, yes. To laugh at myself.

But she didn't laugh.

And then, without her planning it, without her knowing it beforehand, something else happened. Quiet.

"You know, Jack — in those four years with the Lords, I always thought, this is my life, this is my lot, this is what I'm here for. Bed warmer in the name of the Lord. And then eventually the vow came, and then it was over. And then it was quiet. And then I was a vowed nun and chaste and asexual and done. And actually it was right. Actually, it was right. For seven years."

She looked up.

"And now you come, and Rosi, and suddenly it's no longer a quiet monastery. Suddenly everything is back. Suddenly I'm the one who was lying in a bed and thinking about things. And you know what's the worst? I'm thirty. Almost thirty-one. And I have no idea what to do next."

Now I've said it. Now he knows everything. Now he knows that I am a nun who has had a man, many men, young men, old men, men in the episcopate, and that I don't know whether I have repressed it all or just locked it away, and that I haven't had a single cock inside me since I took my vows, although I started feeling one when I was thirteen, and now I'm thirty, and now I'm here, and it would actually be laughable.

And she stood there and waited to see what Jack would say.

Jack gently ran his hand over her shoulder, over her beautiful, full breast. Not stroking, not digging — just driving, like someone who is scanning a landscape to recognize it.

"Celeste, thank you for telling me so honestly what the last eleven years have been like for you. And I can understand if it feels like rape to a novice when she has to fuck such a high-ranking gentleman. I don't even have to ask Rosi — she would tell me the same thing. And yes, it's actually a shame how the monastery treats novices. But that's not what I want to talk about now."

He paused.

Not what he wants to talk about now. So he talks about something else. So it goes further. So he has another question. And I know which ones.

"It upset you," he said, "that Rosi had been fucked by her relatives since she was twelve years old — although Rosi seems to have found it more sporty or fun. But you? What was your shame before you entered the monastery? Were you also a rape victim?"

He said it. Exactly the word. Rape victim. The word I didn't give myself for seven years because it didn't feel like it. But now that he says it, now that he puts it in the room, now it's there and I have to answer it.

Celeste slowly shook her head.

"I don't know if it was rape. Despite my mom's vehement protests, dad deflowered me when I was thirteen. I didn't understand what fucking was. Until then, I was a dreamy, withdrawn child who preferred to play with my clit. And what did dad do? He screamed at mom and sent her back to her parents and threatened divorce. She had to lie with her dad again, fucking the old idiot night after night, even though she hated it. The poor mom."

That's how it was. That's how it was, and that's how it is, and it still sounds crazy when you tell it. A daughter is deflowered so that the mother can be sent back. So that the father has a girl in the house

who is docile and a woman outside who no longer disturbs things. And I, at thirteen, was the goods in this store. Like Rosi. How many.

I was thirteen when my dad took me for the first time. There was no courting, no foreplay, no word too much. There was an argument, a giving in, and then I lay there and knew the next morning that something had changed in the house.

The argument was about me without me being asked. Mom wanted to send me to the city, to an aunt, to learn French, to learn the art of card reading. Dad said no, the girl stays in the house, the girl is needed here to fuck, that's it! They argued, louder and louder, and as it was with them, whoever had the money won. Dad had the money. And then he threw mom out.

She had to go back to her old parents. To her own father, the old gentleman. The old bastard who had deflowered her and fucked her every day until she got married, even though she hated it. And the old gentleman had been waiting for his daughter for decades. And now he took her every night. Every night. In the next room, behind a door that had no seal, and I heard it when I was with them, the creaking, the wheezing, the slight burping of the mattress.

And I was with them sometimes. Sometimes dad sent me to mom when he had to go away, when the estate needed it, when he wanted to have his back free. Then I was sleeping on the straw mattress at the end of the hallway, and then I heard it, and then the compassion came, a very soft, very stupid compassion, and I thought: Mommy is getting old, Mommy can't fuck and orgasm every night anymore, orgasm against her will.

So I lured the grandfather into my pussy. Not every evening, not always. Only when I could, when the opportunity arose in a hallway, by a curtain, in a half-dark side room. I stood on tiptoe in front of him, letting him see that I was almost as tall as his daughter, and then I waited. It never took him long. One look was enough and he took me by the wrist and pulled me behind the curtain, and my mother was lying in bed next to me, pretending to be asleep, having a night off for the first time in weeks.

So I spread myself across two beds, two generations, two men who didn't speak to each other and yet wanted the same thing. Neither of them ever thanked me. Neither of them ever asked me. And that was fine.

I was thirteen when it happened and I can still remember the exact hour because it was an hour that was supposed to be a different thing. There was an argument between mom and dad about me. About my future. Mom wanted to send me to the city, to an aunt, to learn French, to learn card art. She said: the girl is talented, the girl should become something. Dad said: the girl stays in the house, the girl is needed here, the girl is there for nothing better than to fuck.

They were arguing in the next room, getting louder and louder, and I sat in the chair and heard it and acted as if I had no ear. Then it became quiet and then the door was open and Dad was standing in there, alone. He didn't say anything. He closed the door that led to Mama, first quietly, then with a bang, so that Mama heard it and knew: the matter was decided.

He lifted my skirt. He did it quickly. He had it without a word. He pushed me onto the edge of the bed with one hand and took me with a dozen thrusts, the way you hammer a nail to make it hold. He didn't touch my clit. He didn't ask if it hurt. When it was over he lowered his skirt again, looked at me and said: "Sleep well." And then he went out.

Sleep well. That was my first time. A dozen shoves, three words, and a dad who then went into the next room to mom and scolded her because she had protested and because she lost. Mom had to go back to her old parents. She packed, she cried, she drove away, and I stayed in the house because Dad had won and because the girl was needed here.

And from then on I was no longer the daughter. I was the currency and the commodity. Dad had noticed what he had in me, and Dad wasn't the man to let that go to waste. At first he continued to take me, once a day, sometimes twice, always in the same room, always without foreplay, always without clit. Then his friends came.

It started with a chaplain, a young one with soft hands, who was with us at dinner and drank too much. He stayed overnight because it was too far, and Dad said, “Go to bed with Celeste, it’s warmer.” And then he lay with me and fucked me, and Dad acted like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Then the surgeon. Then the village mayor. Then the traders who came to buy grain and stayed overnight to haggle and then came to my bed because they had bargained for it. Then the servants who lived in the house in the summer because there was harvest. Then there were the drinking buddies, Dad’s actual drinking buddies, with whom he sat in the inn and drank until it was late, and then brought them home because he was showing off about me, like he was showing off about his horse.

And I didn’t feel anything. Never. For seven years, from thirteen to nineteen, a whole generation of men lay on me and I felt nothing. No spark. No pulling. No shiver. They pushed, they came, they fell asleep, and I lay there with my legs open and waited for them to finish. I counted: how many thrusts, how many minutes, whether they start at the breasts or go straight into the pussy, whether they talk afterwards or snore straight away. Some called me “my child”, some “girl”, some “Edeltraud”, and most nothing at all. And no one touched my clit. Nobody knew he existed.

And then the night came, and that night I was alone, and then I jerked my clit. That was the thing. That was always the thing. From the seven years since I discovered him, he has been my only friend and he has never let me down. Not even. When I rubbed him, at night, under the covers, in my bed, as fast and as hard as I needed, then I came. Every time. Sure as Amen in church. And the men who took me day and evening and sometimes at night knew nothing about it, they suspected nothing, and I never told them and they never noticed.

This was my life before I came to the monastery. The men had me. And I had my clit. And they were two different worlds, with a wall between them, and on one side there was pushing and counting and silence, and on the other side there was living and posh masturbation.

And when I entered the monastery at nineteen, I came with this wall. I came with the face of a good girl and the clit of a glutton. And I came with a habit that protected me because it covered me and that betrayed me because you had to push it up at night to get to your clit. And then Carmen came. And then Jack came. And then everything started to change.

And then she told me what happened next.

How her dad fucked her, in her bed, in his bed, in the hallway, in the stable, wherever it was convenient. How his friends fucked her, first hesitantly, then naturally, then demandingly, then regularly. How strangers fucked her for a few gold coins — hikers, traders, servants, a chaplain, a surgeon, a village mayor, names she had long forgotten. She told it in short sentences in which there was no feeling anymore because the feelings no longer came when she was telling the story.

And she felt nothing.

It was just a shame.

And yet — and I'm only realizing it now as I'm talking — that's not true at all. I didn't feel anything. I felt it, but it's so far away that it looks like nothing. And when I look closely, there was a girl in there who knew all along that things had to be different. Who knew that fucking wasn't the same as being used. And that this knowledge was then put away because it was so used, like a dress that was hung in the closet and never worn again.

She looked up.

"That's it," she said. "That was my shame. It wasn't that they did it to me. It was that I didn't feel anything about it. For eleven years, fucking wasn't a word that meant pleasure, but a word that meant process. A process. Something that happened while you were somewhere else. And I don't know if the Lord wanted it that way or if it just happened that way because no one asked if I liked it."

She was silent.

And realized that she was still naked, that Jack was still naked. The fact that his hand was still on her breast, without pressing, without grabbing, he was just there.

And he didn't say anything about it. And he didn't nod, didn't smile, didn't say 'that's just how it is'. He listens. He just listens. And when he says something now, I want it to be true. And if he doesn't say anything, that's good too. Then that's even better.

Celeste suddenly noticed that Jack's eyes were swimming with tears. He wasn't crying, not yet. But they were there, standing on the edge, holding each other, waiting.

And then he spoke.

"Celeste, your experience was much more terrible than Rosi's fate. As I said, she took it sportily. My God, the uncles and nephews just want to fuck me, then they should just do it. And one, Leo, who had a meat cock like Jack, was the only one who fucked her to orgasm. Those were the things that were important to Rosi. And the fact that her dad fucked her night after night in front of her mom was something she bore with composure, if not a little humor."

He paused for a moment. And his voice changed.

"But you experienced something completely different. A dreamy little girl who preferred to play with her clit in seclusion. I know that girl, I can see her in my mind."

He sees her before me. He sees the girl in front of him. The girl I was. And I didn't see it myself anymore. I put it away because it was no longer needed.

"And then, the monster. The daddy who deflowers this delicate creature and fucks her like she was a knothole in driftwood. The monster who sends the beloved mommy back into exile where she has to fuck her daddy again, something she always hated. And now she has to do it every night because she can't live on the streets."

Knothole in driftwood. Just as. That's exactly what it felt like, and I never found the word for it, and now a seventeen-year-old is saying it, and the word is perfect.

"And the monster lets all his drinking buddies fuck his little daughter, because he's the master and she's just driftwood. Who doesn't feel anything while fucking. Who just gets wide-eyed and doesn't understand why these strange men stick their dicks into her little fuck hole, pump wildly and erratically and then squirt in. What's all this for? I have no idea, she says to herself, she lies in her bed at night and strokes her clit, plays with her clit, Because he's her only real friend."

My only real friend. Yes. He hit it. And I have forgotten him, this friend, for the last eleven years I have kept him small because a nun can't call her clit a friend, that sounds silly, that sounds pigish, that sounds like someone who has fun at night when she should belong to the good Lord.

"That was your past life, Celeste. And I could cry for that little, shy girl who always withdrew and played with her only friend, her clit."

Jack said it, and then he was silent.

And something changed inside Celeste. Not around, but finally towards herself. She saw the girl. She really saw it, for the first time in years, the way Jack saw it: small, shy, dreamy, with big eyes in the bed, the clit as her only friend, and all around her there were strange men who were sticking their dicks into her and squirting into her without asking.

And she saw the girl slowly believing that this was how it had to be. That a fuck hole is just a hole that men stick their dicks into and cum while pumping, and that a clit is a toy that you use to pass the time until the next man comes to fuck you. And that there is no connection between the two. And that what others fuck is not the same as what you play yourself.

And now here she stood, thirty years old, eleven years in the convent, naked, with water on her skin, and a seventeen-year-old boy told her he could cry for the girl.

Celeste got goosebumps that had nothing to do with the water.

She didn't know what to say. But she did something else.

She took Jack's hand that was on her chest and held it for a moment. She squeezed. And then put it back where it had been. On the chest. Without grabbing.

"Thank you," she said. "That you saw her. That you saw the little girl. I had almost forgotten that she existed, ever existed."

And then, more quietly: "And now it's good. Now I've told enough about myself. For today."

Jack reminded her to get Rosi.

Rosi came, dancing with red cheeks and bursting with anticipation. She had already showered, she smelled of soap, she had freshly brushed her hair behind her ears, and she was jumping when she came in.

Celeste hadn't gotten dressed after showering. She carried her habit under her arm, like one carries a towel when one no longer needs one.

"I'll watch you again," she said. "But this time I'm no longer making a secret about the fact that I'm playing with my clit. My dear friend. You can see it. I'm not lying anymore and I'm not hiding anything anymore."

There. There it is said. In front of both. In front of the boy and in front of the little one. No longer the stern Sister Celeste who sits on a stool and thinks no one can see. No. This time it's written on her forehead. This time it's agreed. This time I'm one of the three of us, and the three of us know what we're doing. I have a clit. I have a dear friend. And I like it, and I do it, and you can see it.

Jack and Rosi fucked like they had fucked yesterday. Slowly at first, then faster, then in that rhythm that they had already found yesterday, this boy and this girl who had only known each other for two days and moved like two people who had been doing it for years. Rosi on her back, knees pulled up, hands on the boy's back. Jack above her, calm, focused, with that hump that moved along as if it were part of him and didn't bother anyone.

But Celeste sat differently this time.

She sat naked on the wooden chair, lifted one leg, placed the sole on the seat next to her butt. So her labia opened on their own and released the clit. She no longer had to put her fist through the material, she no longer had to jerk off under her habit. She could just put her fingers on it, like she does in her cell at night, naked, undisturbed, with herself.

So. This is how I sit. With one leg up. And everything is open. And everyone can see it. And if you look, you'll see a thirty-year-old nun rubbing her clit while two children are fucking. And the Lord sees it too. And the Lord probably nods. The Lord says: finally, girl. Finally.

Every now and then Jack or Rosi looked over. Rosi openly, with a grin that was half understanding, half complicity — a look that said: yes, go ahead, I do that every night too, just later. And Jack looked over at his own pace, once while breathing in, once after breathing out, calmly, checking, almost confirming. And they both saw that Celeste was watching them fuck and rubbing her clit devoutly.

Devotional. That was the right word. Celeste rubbed not greedily, not nervously, not secretly. She rubbed like someone praying a rosary, only with one hand and in a different order. Every move an Ave. Every move a thought of what she saw. And she felt it growing inside her, not as violently as yesterday when she had to hide it, but calmer, deeper, safer. As if this time it wasn't theft, but a harvest.

And that's it, she thought. I earned this today. I earned it today through honesty. Not by sneaking. Through honesty. That's the difference. And the difference is big.

She continued rubbing herself. She watched as Jack took Rosi, as Rosi held Jack, as the two gave and took each other's rhythm, and it became warm and wide and full inside her.

And the clit — my dear friend, my little old friend, my only one since I was thirteen — is happy for me. He's not alone today. He's no longer the only real friend today. Today he has two people who can see him as he is. As he always was. As he should always have been.

She leaned her head against the cold wall behind her. And she let it happen, slowly, at her own pace, without haste, while Jack and Rosi pushed each other on the cot.

And she smiled.

Just like that.

During the break while fucking, Jack told Rosi what had happened to Celeste before she left the monastery.

He did it briefly and clearly, in signs, with his face, with his hands. And Celeste watched as Rosi listened. How the round face first darkened, then squinted, then opened indignantly. Tears of pity in the girl's eyes. And underneath, immediately, immediately, without any detour, tears of impotent anger.

Rosi gestured quickly, violently, with short, hard movements. Jack translated for Celeste.

"She expresses her condolences to you," he said. "And she says she hopes your heartless dad falls out of his chair dead and goes to hell."

Celeste laughed.

Half laughed, half cried, a sound that didn't know where it belonged and just came out. And now she had tears in her eyes, just like Jack had had them before and like Rosi had them now.

Fall out of your chair dead and go to hell. So simple. So simple. So good. I haven't thought so clearly in eleven years. I thought: that's

just how dad is. Dad can't help it. Dad is a child of his time. And then a deaf-mute fourteen-year-old who looks like a little angel comes and tells me: fall dead from the chair and go to hell. And she's right. She is so right. And it falls like a weight off my heart, a weight I've been carrying around for years without knowing it.

Celeste smiled through her tears.

She smiled over at Rosi. And Rosi smiled back. And then Rosi raised her hand and made a small sign, which Jack translated with a shake of the head and a grin, but Celeste also understood it as: Don't worry, sister. We are all from somewhere.

The two continued fucking.

And Celeste gave her friend, the clit, all the love that the little girl had given her clit back then. All the love. No longer the discarded, locked away, hung-in-the-closet love of a child who didn't know what to do with it. No. This time the love of a grown woman who knows what she is doing and is allowed to do it. The love that now had space within her because a stone was gone.

My friend. My little old friend. You've waited so long. You played patiently, in secret, in the dark, in the cell, in the bed, in the stool, under the habit. And now you can play again. And now you're playing for me. And now it's me playing for you. And there's a whole thirteen-year period between the two of us. And from today on, it's no longer just for me.

She rubbed herself slowly, to her own rhythm, and she watched two young people make love in front of her, and she thought of the girl she had been and the woman she was now, and she held both in her hand, the old and the new, and they fit together, finally, without one displacing the other.

And above her, in the semi-dark vault, a small cross hung on the wall.

And Celeste looked up and nodded at him, casually, in the middle of rubbing, in the middle of the orgasm that was slowly building in-

side her. A little nod, a yes, yes, I know you see it, and it's okay, and this time I didn't hide it, and if you want, you can enjoy it.

And then she let it come.

Celeste dressed Rosi again.

But this time like a lover.

She caressed every inch of the thirteen-year-old's skin — thirteen, Jack said. Thirteen. That's how old I was when it started. And that's the same number that stands here in front of me and doesn't know anything about it. She stroked her shoulders, her arms, her waist, her stomach. She stroked the little breasts, which were already growing a little, and she felt them under her own finger, how they felt, warm, firm, young, like buds. She stroked the cunt that had just had a cock in it and the clit that had just twitched in an orgasm, and she did it slowly, thoroughly, the way you appreciate something by holding it in your hand.

Rosi laughed from ear to ear.

She put up with it. She put up with everything with a matter-of-factness that almost made Celeste jealous. No tension, no question as to whether it is allowed. Just joy, pure joy, a child being petted and enjoying it without wondering who is allowed to do that.

It wasn't like that back then. It wasn't like that for me. For me, stroking was always tied to something. To a man, to an order, to a business. With Rosi it's just there. How nice. How innocent. How lucky.

When Celeste was finished and she had dressed Rosi, Rosi gave her a kiss on the cheek.

Just like that. A kiss. On the cheek. From a child.

Jack didn't have to translate anything.

Celeste stood still for a moment, her hand still on the last button, her cheek still warm from the kiss, and she felt like crying, but she didn't cry. She nodded to Rosi. And Rosi nodded back.

Rosi ran away jumping and happy. She was happy that tomorrow it would be so beautiful and brotherly and sisterly again. She turned around again at the door, raised her hand, waved in her direction, in Celeste's direction, and then she was gone, her steps skipping down the hall like yesterday, only a little happier.

Brotherly. Sisterly. Did she think like that? Has she found a word for three people finding each other in a room and enjoying each other without one taking anything away from the other? I didn't even know that existed. I lived for eleven years in a monastery where everyone was sisters, all brothers, all children of the same Lord, and where not a single one of us had the idea that we could fuck each other like brothers and sisters. Until now. Until a seventeen-year-old and a thirteen-year-old came along and demonstrated it to me.

Celeste let Jack learn and closed the door quietly behind her.

She stopped in the hallway.

She heard Jack open a book through the door. The quiet rustling of paper. Then silence. The boy was now sitting at his table studying rocketry, his back full of sore muscles from fucking and his belly full of the juice he'd injected into a girl, and he was now thinking about ion-photon engines.

Celeste shook her head and smiled.

That it goes together. Rockets and fucking. Stars and clit. The boy wants to go to NASA and at the same time a nun jerks him off three times and he tells her what an orgasm is. And both are true. He is both. He can be both.

She put on her habit, the coarse material, the robe of penance and chastity, which had seemed to her like a straitjacket yesterday and today just like a piece of clothing. She put on her belt, put on her

hood, and folded her hands, more out of habit than out of compulsion.

And then she went into the kitchen.

Peel potatoes.

But not today to forget yourself.

In the afternoon the door to Jack's cell opened.

He looked up from his papers and nodded greetings to Celeste, the way you greet someone you've been expecting without prior agreement.

Celeste slowly but surely took off her habit. She did it calmly, she didn't fold it, she didn't hang it up, she just let it sink to the floor, because the floor in this cell was now no longer the floor of the monastery, but simply a floor. And then she lay naked on the hard cot.

Her hand was automatically on her cunt, on her clit. Not rubbing, not working, just there. As if she was where she belonged. As if the clit were a place where the hand rested.

Now Jack looked up. He closed the book and sat on the bed next to naked Celeste. He looked at her calmly; nothing showed that he knew how much it had hit. No grin, no "Well then". He just sat there, his crooked back half straightened, and looked at her.

Celeste half sat up, leaning on her elbows.

"Jack, if you could take a break between chapters — I'd be happy to take advantage of that break."

Jack smiled. "I've already closed the book, Celeste."

So simple. So outrageously simple. Book closed, me there, done. And I spent the whole afternoon agonizing over how to say it, and now he's done it in one sentence.

Celeste was shaking inside. How could she ask him so directly? But he had said: no more lies.

"No more lies, you said, Jack Van de Meere. I want to sleep with you so much. Fuck you. Fuck you. All three at once."

So. There. Everything out. Three words, three truths, three stages. Sleep, fuck, fuck. And all three are true, and all three belong to the same wish, and if you only say one, then two are missing, and I don't want to leave out two, because leaving out has been my specialty for the last eleven years.

Jack slowly removed his clothes, but his eyes remained focused on her. He didn't look at the material he was removing, he looked at Celeste, at her face, at her shoulders, at her breasts, at her hand on her clit that she still didn't take away.

"Your service, Sister Celeste," he said mockingly and humorously.

She looked up.

"My real first name is Edeltraud, if you prefer, Jack."

Jack smiled. "You are still Sister Celeste, dear Edeltraud."

Still. He still says. So he knows there is a limit. So he knows I'm facing one. So he knows what's going on inside me without me telling him. Or he suspects it. Or he just says it because it's true. And it's true. And that's why it feels good.

She looked at him for a long time.

"But not for long, Jack."

And now. Now I'll say it completely. Now I'm going to tell him what's been going on inside me since I've known him. I've known him for three days. Three days. And in these three days I learned more about myself than I have in eleven years.

“I’ll be leaving here soon, I’ll be called Edeltraud again. I’ll look for a good, honest man with a strong meaty cock, have children and start a loving family.”

A meat cock. Did I say meat cock? Yes. I have. Because he said so. Because it’s true. Because I now know what a meat cock is and because I want one. And because I can admit it to him.

“And I promise you,” she continued, “I won’t lock my husband between my thighs, but I will give him the freedom to make little slip-ups. That’s human nature, the little slip-ups. And I’ll learn to deal with them. I promise!”

So. And now he knows everything. He knows that I don’t want to marry him even though he’s cute. He knows he was the trigger, not the target. He knows that I am grateful to him and that I am leaving at the same time. And he also knows that I learned from him what loyalty means and that I won’t become the one who misunderstands her. Not the superior. Not the one that sells. Not the one who locks up. One who loves, with room to breathe.

And that’s how it happened.

Jack was jerked off by Celeste while she was showering, and then he fucked Rosi with pleasure, with the seriousness and joy that he always had with her, and then later, that same afternoon, he fucked Celeste too. Naked, on the hard bed, slowly, because he offered it to her and she took it as it was offered. And the little hump moved with it, and her legs were not in such a way that no one could escape her, but in such a way that both of them could find each other, and in her there was no longer any shame or process or process, but a place that was big enough for being loved.

All three of them had arrived.

On the cot, in the afternoon light, with books lying next to them and a robe lying on the floor and the smell of soap and sweat and a little holy smoke from yesterday, three people sat and agreed that it was so right.

And Celeste thought, with Jack's weight on her and not yet letting go:

So that's how it works. That's how it works. You let a person in because you want to, and when you want him to go out again, he goes out, and you still keep him. And then he comes back, or he doesn't come back, and both are good. And you won't get any less of it. You become more.

Lord, you did well. It took me thirty-one years to realize it. But now I have it.

Rosi — The uncles' house

Rosi's family was not poor, but they were numerous. A farm with two houses, a large stable area, a threshing floor where the hay lay in the winter and the tractors in the summer. And in this courtyard, as happens in the country when a house becomes too small and no one moves out, three generations lived on top of each other: the grandfather, the uncles, the cousins, the nephews. And in between, like a chick between roosters, Rosi.

It started when she was twelve. Not with a major event, but with a hand that was left lying too long.

She was sitting on the lap of Uncle Anton, a big man with red fists from milking, and he had her the way you sit children on your lap, and at some point his hand was no longer on her back, but under her skirt. He didn't act like it was a big deal. He just left his hand there rubbing her clit while he talked to the others about dairy prices, and when he got up after an hour he acted as if he had done nothing but sit down.

Nothing more. As if a hand jerking off under a girl's skirt was the most normal thing in the world. As if I were a sack of flour that you wanted to check to see if the contents were good. And I, at twelve, sat there and didn't dare breathe.

Three days later she was naked in his room.

Uncle Anton was not a man of words. He pulled the dress over her head like he takes the blanket off a calf, and then he looked her up and down with a look that said: *Yes. So yes. Why not.* He was the first. It hurt, it was short, it was unceremonious, and when he was finished he patted her twice on the hip, as one tells an animal that it has been good, and went to the threshing floor.

So that's how it was. So simple. A man gets up and down on you, and then he goes to work. And I'm lying there with a small trace of

blood on my thigh and I don't know whether I should cry or laugh. I cried. And then I laughed. Both. Both at the same time. And it didn't feel wrong at all.

And then it started. Like a door that is open once and never closes completely again.

The second was Uncle Josef, the younger one, who did it differently — slower, longer, with his mouth on her neck, with words, with a pause in between that gave her the first inkling of what pleasure might be. He took his time. He took weeks. And it was he who brought her to the brink of orgasm for the first time when she was thirteen — to the brink, but not over. That put her off. This was Rosi's private property and she saved it for the night.

Then the grandfather. He was old and slow and had hands like roots, and it was he who once placed her so that she could touch herself and said: "Go ahead. Do it yourself, Rosi child, while I take you and fuck you. The child should get something out of it too."

That was a sentence that stuck. Over years.

Rosi was twelve when it started, and it didn't start with her, but with her dad. Dad was tired of being the only man in the house who didn't get anything. His brothers, Uncles Anton and Josef, had fucked their mother, his cousins had fucked their cousins, his grandfather had fucked his granddaughters — only he, the father, the lord of the farm, had been left high and dry because the mother, with five children in bed, only wanted one thing: to sleep.

"Come here, Rosi," he said one evening as she sat in the kitchen peeling potatoes, and she knew immediately what he meant because she had seen it with everyone else. He pushed her against the table, lifted her skirt, felt between her legs — not squeamishly, like a man checking a cow to see if it was pregnant — and then he fucked her. Away from the table, onto the bench, onto her back, the potato knife still in her hand. And it hardly hurt. How to peel potatoes. He worked through it, three minutes, four minutes, then he was finished, and then he said, "Good," and then he went to bed.

From then on, Rosi was no longer a child in the house, but a thing that could serve. The dad fucked her first because he was the dad. Then Uncle Anton, his brother, who lived in the next house, came and fucked her straight away, as if she were a field to be plowed when the neighbor couldn't see it. Then Uncle Josef, the youngest, who worked in the stable with the horses and who took her from the hayloft when she was thirteen and laughed because she was still so small that his hands were all around her hips.

Then the cousins. Then the cousins. Then the nephews, who were barely older than her. Then the grandfather, who was already in his seventies and still tried out every girl in the house before he went to bed, and who fucked her on his lap while the grandmother sat nearby and knitted and acted as if she didn't see anything.

It was one every night. Sometimes two. Sometimes three, one behind the other, in the stable, in the hay, in the room behind the stove, in the shed with the calves. Rosi didn't resist, she joined in, she counted, she learned the holds and the pauses and the favorite positions of each man in the same way that others learned the melodies of the hymns. She knew that Uncle Anton wanted it from behind and quickly, and that Uncle Josef wanted it slowly and with conversation, and that Grandfather preferred to take her sitting down so that his back wouldn't suffer.

And the mother? The mother knew, but the mother said nothing. She knew what was happening in the house, she had experienced it herself — she had been taken by her husband's brothers, for years, night after night, in the same stables, on the same benches. And dad didn't know anything about it. The dad, the man of the farm, the only man in the house who didn't fuck, had no idea that his brothers, cousins and nephews had laid on his wife.

And then, little by little, the mother came back into traffic. Only because the brothers asked about her. Then because they saw how their mother blossomed over the years, how her hips became round again, how she laughed again when she milked the cows. One night, when dad was away at the horse fair in town, Uncle Anton came into the room and took not Rosi, but his mother. And the mother allowed

it because she hadn't had it for years and because it wasn't a risk because dad wasn't there. And then Uncle Josef came to Anton that same night, and then grandfather came because he heard it from his sons.

Since then, the mother, the mistress of the farm, was the relative's second fuck object. When dad was there, they took Rosi. When their father was away, they took their mother. And sometimes, when the mother thought that the father would not come back until the night, they took mother and daughter at the same time, in the stable, on two benches, and the men went from one to the other as they pleased. And dad never noticed anything. He came home, drank his liquor, ate his dinner, and asked his wife if everything was okay. And the mother said: "It's all right, Joseph." And then she went to bed, alone, with her back against the wall.

Rosi grew up with the men in the house, like others grow up with the cows. She learned what a man wanted before she knew the word for it. She learned what a man can do and what a man cannot do. And she met the one, only man with whom she really could: Leo, her cousin, seventeen, whom she loved because he was the only one who didn't push her legs apart, but looked at her and asked kindly before he fucked her. She came to Leo. She felt it with Leo. She joined in with everyone else.

And her line about fucking, the line that summed it all up, was, "Oh, it's like peeling potatoes." She said it as she said it, without rancor, without transfiguration. It was just like that. And when Jack asked her later on the cot what it was like, in the house, with the uncles, with the cousins and the nephews, with the grandfather, with the dad, then she would say it again, the same thing: "Like peeling potatoes." And then she pulled the blanket up to her armpits and started talking with her hands.

The cousins came along. First one, then the other, then the uncles' sons, then the nephews from further away who came to visit and who were generously "loaned". In the hayloft, in the stable, behind the shed, in the bathroom. Nobody asked. Nobody made a ceremony of

it. You took Rosi when you needed her, and she let yourself be taken, and sometimes she was even the one who started.

And then Leo came.

Leo was a second nephew, seventeen, with arms like a young ox and a meaty cock that he himself didn't quite understand. Everything was different for him. With him she didn't go home empty-handed. She came to him. Twice. Three times. He didn't stop when she jerked in orgasm, he kept going, wilder, until she writhed and screamed beneath him. He was the only one who even made it that far. And she loved him for it, so simply, so openly, the way a girl of thirteen loves: he made her orgasm, so he was the best.

The Leo. With him I'm not Rosi, with him I'm a human being. I feel something about that. In this case, I'm not the one you take, but the one you do it with. And if he holds my hands as I go in, then I know: I'm coming with him. I always come to him.

The mom.

Rosi's mom was a neat, skeptical woman. Someone who went to church on Sundays, who wiped in between, who stuffed her breasts in her bodice like documents in a closet, and who did her duty in bed with a certain contempt. She was only soft at night when she jerked her clit. She had married her husband because it was fitting, not because she wanted to. And she had thought that the court and the men of the court were rude, that they were peasants, that the fine people in the office would not look after them.

When she noticed that Rosi was fucking her uncles — her brothers — she frowned. "The child! With his own uncles!" — and then she acted as if it was a matter between Rosi and the brothers and she was left out of it.

Until the evening when Uncle Anton, her own brother, said: "Rosel, now you know. Now tell me why you're not actually allowed to have a go too?"

And he hadn’t asked her like a stranger, but like a man who believed he had a right to her because she was the woman in the house, and because her daughter had long since been revealed, and because a mother who doesn’t forbid something to the child is allowed to try it herself.

It happened in the kitchen. At the table where potatoes were usually peeled.

Rosi’s mom wouldn’t let her undress her, she just let her lie over the table and push up her dress. And then she lay there with her stomach on the kitchen table and Anton did it to her from behind and she held her teeth together and after ten minutes a sound that Rosi had never heard from her escaped her. Not big, not loud. But a tone. And Rosi sat in the corner on the stool and watched her own mother being taken by her brother at the kitchen table, and she didn’t see it as competition, she saw it as salvation.

The mom. Finally. The mom who always gritted her teeth, who always said fucking isn’t for pleasure, the mom who looked like she invented nature so the world wouldn’t die out. And now she’s lying on the kitchen table, her dress pushed up her back, and Uncle Anton is fucking her and she can’t keep her teeth together anymore. She holds her hands on the edge of the table and shakes her ass. And I’m sitting here looking at it. And she’s not the mom anymore. She is a woman. She is like me. One to fuck.

That was the break.

From then on, the rosel passed through the hands of uncles, cousins, nephews — everyone wanted to have it at some point. She was older than Rosi, she was more mature, she was the woman in the house, and whoever was allowed to look her father in the eye was also allowed to look into her mother’s lap, and sometimes they both looked, the mother taking turns with two men, while the child sat in the kitchen peeling potatoes as if it was nothing.

Just the dad.

Dad was the only one who never came along. During the day he was in the field, or in the stable, or at the office. He was always the man who was somewhere where no one else was. And so it happened that dad was the only guy in his own house who couldn't get hold of his own wife — because his uncles, his cousins, his nephews were fucking her away from him, in his own kitchen, on his own table, in front of his own daughter, and he didn't notice anything about it because he was at work.

And when he came home in the evening, tired, with a beer in his mouth, he sat down in the living room and didn't know that his wife had been taken by his or her brother that afternoon and that his daughter had been watching the two of them.

Dad doesn't know. Dad doesn't know anything. Dad thinks he has a farm, many brothers, a wife, a daughter. And all he has is a bed where he sleeps while the uncles next door fuck my mom. He's the only man in the house who doesn't fuck his mom. He's the only man in the house who doesn't notice that everyone else is fucking their mom. And that's perhaps the worst thing you can do to a man — fuck his wife without asking him.

And when things were really bad, when two uncles and a nephew were there at the same time and Rosel no longer knew who she belonged to first — then Rosi sat in the corner and was the only one who could still see clearly. And she didn't think about anything else. She thought of Leo. To the only man in this house who made her feel like a human and not like a rose.

The Leo. Just the Leo. If I could choose, it would only be Leo. For everyone else, I'm the daughter, the niece, the cousin, the little one who's always there and her cunt is always a little open. For Leo, I'm Rosi. And I'll come to Leo.

That's how she grew up. Not with scruples, not with shame, not with the feeling that something was wrong. She grew up knowing that a house is a house, that a man is a man, that a mother is a woman, and that people take each other when they need it, and that in the midst of all this, the child is the only one who fully under-

stands it — and therefore the only one who would ever fully understand it.

And so she came to the monastery at fourteen, with a happy face, with the certainty that fucking was something sporty. That it's not the end of the world. And that you can do it anywhere there is a table or a bed if you want. And who had no objection to the Mother Superior renting her out to the high lords like a pound of flesh. Fucking was a good thing, especially with Jack and Leo, they did it best.

Celeste — The kid with the only friend

When she was still Edeltraud, Celeste was a child straight out of a picture book. Dreamy, quiet, with a room to hide in and with hands that knew where they belonged early on. At eleven she lay in bed in the evening and played with her clit. Not with a goal, not with an effort — just like visiting a friend without wanting anything from him. The clit was the only place on her body where she owned herself. And of course she had figured out how to jerk her clit if she wanted to orgasm. Usually just one was enough to let her fall asleep blissfully. But sometimes her friend, the clit, would demand that she do it several times if she had seen a lot of fucking. This was very tiring, but she did it so that her friend, the clit, could find peace and also be ready to fall asleep.

The world is big and loud. The mom is tired from all the fucking. Dad is gone. But down here, between my legs, there's a little spot and it's all mine. He's waiting for me. He's happy when I come to him with my finger. And when I'm gone, he's still waiting. He's my friend. The only one.

And then the evening came when daddy did it.

She was thirteen. She was lying in bed, as always, her hand under the covers, her clit warm and friendly. And then the door opened and dad came in, not as usual, not to say goodnight, but with a different gait, with a different look.

He didn't sit on the edge of the bed. He stood by the bed and looked at her for a long time, and then he pulled the blanket away, and then he pulled up her nightgown, and then he looked at what the child had, which he had otherwise only seen in passing.

And then he lay down with it.

He wasn't affectionate. He wasn't rude either. He was like a man who does something that he has planned for a long time and has put

off for a long time. He pushed her nightgown over her chest, he left his hand on her stomach, and then his hand went further down to where her own hand was, and then he took it away, her hand, like a teacher takes a pen out of a child's hand, because now the teacher is writing.

And then he penetrated.

It's in there. He's in there. What is this. What is this. This is not like my finger. My finger is small and knows me. He's tall and doesn't know me. He pushes himself into me like a stranger in an apartment he doesn't live in. And then he stays there for a moment. And then he pushes again. And again. And I, at thirteen, don't know where to look.

It hurt. Not very, but right. It bled a little, she noticed it later on the sheet. And dad didn't last long. He made a dozen thrusts, then he twitched, then he lay on her for a while, heavy, with his breath in his hair, and then he got up, said "Sleep well," and left.

That's it. That was the deflowering. Two minutes. A dozen thrusts. A man gets up, says sleep well, and leaves. And I'm lying here with a little hole that's bleeding from it, and with a clit that's been lying next to me the whole time, watching and not even being asked. He didn't touch the clit. He just drove past him like he was a neighbor you didn't say hello to. Then why have the clit if no one needs it?

And then mom came.

Mom knew it, she suspected it, she protested like you said. But the dad was the master of the house, and the dad wanted the woman out of the way while he fucked the child. So he sent mom back to her parents. And there, in the old house, sat an old man — Celeste's grandfather, mom's dad — and the old man had a wife who had lost her mind long ago and a bed in which there was still a free place.

And mom had to go in there.

Not once, not twice. Night after night. Because you don't live on the streets, because you can't go back into your marriage, because a

child needs carte blanche in the man's house and a woman needs a place to sleep outside. And so, night after night, mom lay with her own father, fucking the old idiot she despised because he had given her nothing all her life but himself and his puny cock.

My mom. My poor, neat, skeptical mom. She told me before, "Better stay where you are, girl." And then she left because she had to go. And now she lies with the old man every night and he takes her like a right because he is her father and she has nothing else. And she does it for me. For your child. So that her child can stay in the house while the man uses the child. And she loathes it. And she does it anyway. And I, thirteen, never found out. Until now. Until now, when I suddenly know.

And Celeste stayed in the house. As currency.

Dad's friends came. First hesitantly, then of course. They didn't come for mom, she was gone. They used to fuck their mom, all of them, because dad looked the other way and didn't care who fucked his wife. They came for the daughter. Dad was proud, he had something to show for it, he had a girl in the house who was good and quiet and docile and pretty. And so he loaned her out like a tool.

There was a chaplain, a surgeon, a village mayor, hikers, traders, and servants. They all took it, each one once, each one a little different, each one a little more like the last. And Celeste allowed it. She lay there, she held her legs open, she let herself be inserted, she let herself be pumped, she let herself be injected. And she felt nothing.

Nothing. Really nothing. Daddy pushes himself inside me and I don't feel what I feel when my finger touches me. A strange guy is lying on top of me and all I can feel is his weight and his breathing. And when he's done, he pulls his cock out again and I'm lying there with a wet hole and not a single spark in my clit. Not even a small one. Not even that. Why? Why doesn't anything go over there? Why is the clit so far away when a cock is inside me?

And she tried. She tried to feel it. She tried to imagine herself with the guys, she tried to get carried away, she tried to think about her

clit while she was being fucked. It didn't work. The clit remained numb as long as she didn't touch it herself. She never came. Not even. Not once in all these years. Not a single man has made her orgasm.

Only at night did she jerk her clit to orgasm.

At night, when everything was quiet, when the house was dark and dad was snoring, then she lay in bed, like she did when she was eleven, and then she played with her clit. Whatever the hell. And then she came. Always. Every time. Until at some point she cried because it was so beautiful and because it was so little. Because she was a lover by night and a sack of flour to stick a cock in by day.

And the clit remains my friend. The only one. The men take the route above me, but the clit takes the route through me. And when I do it at night, I'm the only woman in the house who is at home in her own body. The dad and mom are somewhere, and the guys are somewhere, and they're all on the move. And I'm lying here, and my clit and I, we're all there. And we're coming. And then we fall asleep. And this is the only place in my life where joy is entirely mine.

That's how she grew up. Not with a trauma that she could name, but with a gap: there was nothing between fucking and cumming. There was no bridge between what a man did to her and what she did to herself.

And so she came to the monastery at nineteen. With a clit as the only equipment. With a faith that wasn't wrong, but that no longer knew where to go with her. And with a chastity that she didn't invent, but that she chose because of a lack of bridges — because chastity is at least an answer for someone who doesn't feel anything when fucking.

When she entered the monastery, she was neither frigid nor prudish.

She was just one who knew that the clit was the only way to herself — and who didn't know that there was a way back. One where a man

and a clit and a fuck hole are one and the same thing. One where she could get fucked and cum.

And that path was before her at the moment when a seventeen-year-old boy with an ugly hump on his back and a meaty cock between his legs said to her:

“I’ve already closed the book, Celeste.”

And then she didn’t have to fit in anymore. Then she was just there.

The evening in Jack's cell

It was the third evening. Rosi was sitting on the bunk dressed because she wanted to stay a little longer even though she had already been fucked, and Celeste was sitting on the stool with her robe on but without a belt because she had left it behind at some point. Jack was sitting at the table, chair upside down, chin resting on the back, smoking a joint he'd rolled from two leftovers.

At some point Rosi gestured a question, short and curious, and Jack laughed, and then he translated for Celeste:

"She wants to know how it started for me. Because she told me how it started for her. She says fair is fair."

Celeste nodded. She felt like she wanted to hear it, without being able to say exactly why.

Jack sat up. And then he started, speaking for Celeste and signing for Rosi...

My mom is the Marquise, but before she was the Marquise, she was the wife of a man who was abroad for three years and visited her twice during that time and both times fucked her more than she let herself be fucked. That's pretty much what she told me later. By the time he got back, it was too late — she already had me and he had already lost her, and then he tried other women, and then he gave up completely and went away again.

So mom was alone. With me. On an estate. With staff, with horses, with a bedroom with a large bed and otherwise only a few fat bank accounts and a withered aristocratic title.

She breastfed me late. She kept me in bed for a long time, much longer than usual. When I was four, she brought me in naked one evening because it was warm, and then I lay in her bed and she ran her hand down my back, the way you rub an animal's back when you can't sleep.

When I was five, I noticed for the first time that she sometimes didn't just touch my back.

There was nothing clear. A hand that stayed down a little longer than necessary. A hand that stayed on my ass when I turned and didn't move away for a while. A hand that slipped a little deeper when I was already half asleep. And I was five and thought: *Mom touches me, that's nice, why not?*

She started doing it with an ointment when she was seven.

She said she got it from an herbal witch in the neighboring village and that the ointment was for the skin and for growth and everything. She applied it to me every evening, after the bath, all over my little cock, with two fingers, from bottom to top, back and forth a few times. And she didn't look like a mother looks, but looked like a gardener looks at a plant that he has raised.

She got an ointment from a witch to make my cock bigger. And she told me to do it every night. And she made a face like she was preparing something. And I was seven and I didn't know anything and I just accepted it. And it was beautiful. It was the best thing of the whole day. And it should never have stopped.

When she was seven, almost eight, she made me squirt for the first time.

It wasn't a big event. She just finished it. She applied the ointment like she always did, and then she didn't stop, but kept rubbing, faster, harder, and I felt this pulling sensation in my balls for the first time and I didn't know what it was, and she said, "Just let it come, Jack, just let it," and then it came, and it came with no juice, just the twitching, just the pulling, and then I lay there and laughed because it was so beautiful, and she laughed because I looked so stupid have.

And from then on there was no turning back. From then on I lay in her bed every night and she rubbed me every night and I learned that a cock is a thing that can grow, that can get hard, that can squirt.

And that a mother has a hand that can make it squirt. And that there is nothing better than a hand that knows.

She fucked me when I was nine. Not really, just a little. She sat on me, on the little cock, with her pussy, and went up and down ten times until I squirted in it and then she said: “So, now you’ve squirted in it. Good boy!” And she didn’t go all the way to orgasm, she just showed what was possible and then she got off and lay down next to me and said, “Go to sleep now.”

And I didn’t sleep. I was lying with my little cock in my hand, with a wet spot from her pussy on it, and I thought to myself: *now I know. Now I know where this belongs. It belongs in mom, it belongs in injected. Not just in your hand. In mom’s pussy. And that’s the mom, and the mom is mine.*

And then Trish

Trish is my mom's sister.

She is a year younger, but taller, stronger, louder. She laughs a lot, she rides like a man, she swears like a groom, and like Rosi, she is someone who takes fucking sportily and has never made a scene out of it. She had men, she had many men, and she talked about each one as if it were a riding accident, and she didn't talk about any of them for more than a week.

And Trish wanted a child.

Not just any child. A child from a man she liked. And she tried all the men she liked and it didn't work. Not one. She was twenty-five, then twenty-six, then twenty-seven, and nothing happened. And the doctor in town said it was probably her fault, but he wasn't sure and she should just keep trying.

And then she came to our estate.

Not by chance. Mama had invited her because Mama always invited her when she felt lonely and because Mama needed her sister to keep her from going crazy in the big bed. Trish came with four suitcases and three riding boots and stayed for two weeks, then two months, five years.

And it took less than two days for Trish to realize what was going on with us.

She didn't say it. She just looked. She watched how I moved around the kitchen in the morning, she watched how Mom looked at me, she watched how I retreated to Mom's room in the evening while she was still sitting in the room. And one evening she stood in the door when I was already in mom's bed and mom wanted to get the ointment and said:

"Oh. That's how it is here."

And Mom, without hesitation, with a matter-of-factness that almost stunned Trish:

“Yes. That’s how it is here.”

And then Mom said, “Come in, Trish. Look at it. It’s easier than explaining.”

And Trish came in and sat on the edge of the bed and Mom got the ointment and started like she did every night. And Trish was watching. Listened. Watching me get hard, watching mom rub me, watching me cum. And when I was done, Trish just said:

“I want a son like that too.”

Not immediately. Trish didn’t want to be like a thief. She only watched for two weeks and then one day she asked if she could join in too.

Mom said, “Try it.”

And then I was lying between two sisters. Two sisters who look alike and are not alike. The one who rubbed me like she always did, but with a hand that was now parted a little. The other, who took my legs and adjusted them, because she slid my cock under her own stomach and sat on it, slowly, carefully, and then went up and down with a little, surprised hiss, and then with a long, deep sigh that slid all the way down the small of her back as soon as I squirted into her cunt.

Mom lay there and watched. And mom held my hand. And Trish rode me and I was ten and it was like a dream about a crippled boy who had two mothers all at once.

One is holding my hand. The other one rides me. And both are sisters. And they both have me. And they both allow each other to do it. And neither of them is jealous. And I, at ten, am between two grown women and don’t know whose I should belong to, and therefore I belong to both of them. And that’s a good thing.

Trish didn't come the first time. She came the fourth time. And when she came, she sat on me, upright, with her head back, with one hand in my hair, the other on her clit, moaning long and deep, and Mom was watching, and Trish said afterward:

"If that's not enough, then I don't know."

It wasn't enough.

It wasn't enough because it wasn't enough to fuck every day for a month when the man only has a ten-year constitution and the woman has been wanting children for ten years in vain. Trish has tried everything. She lay down on the bed, she lay on her stomach, she lay on her stomach over a chair, she sat on me, she let herself be taken from behind and while standing up, she leaned against a table, she tried putting pillows under her bottom because they say that helps. And Mom always sat by and helped because she enjoyed it, and because she didn't want to give me away, and because she didn't have to be jealous, because Trish didn't want to take anything away from her — she just wanted a child.

And then it came.

It came when Trish had almost given up. When she was already half talking about going back into the city, to a doctor, to a clinic where there were nuns and white sheets. It came on an evening when there was nothing special. Trish lay on her back with her legs over my shoulders because that was the last thing she wanted to try. Mom lay next to her, holding Trish's hand. And I fucked Trish slowly, calmly, to the rhythm Mom had taught me, and Trish came, and I came, and then the three of us lay there and said nothing.

Two weeks later the period stopped. Then the disgust in the morning. Then the doctor. Then the certainty.

She was pregnant. From me. From a thirteen year old. About a little guy with a hunchback who got a meaty cock with an herbal ointment. And Trish cried. And mom cried. And I also cried because they both cried. And Trish grabbed me and said, "You, you little shit, you

did it.” And she laughed and cried at the same time. And for the first time I knew that a cock is not only good for squirting, but also for making children. And that is something completely different. This is a whole new life.

Trish had the child. A boy. She didn’t attribute it to me or to one of her old men, she just had it and to this day it looks a bit like me, but no one knows that and she will never say because it makes no difference. He’s her son, and I’m his half-brother and his cousin and his nothing, and it’s a good thing.

And she continued after that. She raised the little one and had men again in between, and when she came to the estate she would lie with me again from time to time, no longer to make a child, but simply because it was nice and because she had known me since I was ten.

And mom allowed it, because mom always allowed it.

“And you know what was the best?” he said. “Mom was never jealous. Neither was Trish. We were three who allowed each other because we each knew what we had from the other. No rivalry. No secrets. No guilty conscience. And that’s perhaps what I brought with me to the monastery and what I like here. That there doesn’t have to be ownership. That you can share if you want.”

Rosi nodded, like someone who understood. She had experienced it herself, in her relatives, in her kitchen, in their beds. She had had no rivalry with her mom. She had been fucked at the same time as her and shared it with her.

But Celeste said nothing.

Celeste was sitting on the stool with a belt that she had left somewhere and it was working inside her and she didn’t know where to look. It was working inside her like it had never worked since she was in the monastery. And it wasn’t the fucking that was working inside her. It was the word *Split*.

He says share. He says no property. He says three people who allow each other. And I've thought all my life that once you belong in one bed, you only belong in that one bed. And at thirteen I lay in a bed that wasn't a bed, and at fifteen in Marie's bed, and at seventeen in the men's beds, and then in the monastery bed, and I didn't belong anywhere, I was just a guest everywhere. And now this boy tells me that there is another way. That you can stay and still share. That you can love without owning. And that the one place I've belonged since I was seven is the clit. And that it can also be shared. With Marie. With Carmen. With him.

She looked up. And she said something she hadn't planned.

"Trish was lucky."

Jack looked at her.

"How come?"

"Because she wanted to," Celeste said. "Because she chose it herself. Because no one forced her. Because she opened a door and went through it, and because there was someone behind it who let her go through. And because the person who let her go through was your mom and not a dad who wanted a check for it."

And then it comes, Celeste. And then you say it. And then it's out. Not today. But soon. Soon you'll say it. Soon you will know what you want, and then you will go through the door that you didn't open because you didn't even see it, and behind it there will be no one to own you and no one to own you.

Farewell and departure

Jack stayed in the monastery for 5 weeks, then he went back home, Mom and Trish were back.

But these 5 weeks were a pleasure, Jack thought. Every morning Celeste jerked him off in the shower, three times like he was used to with mom. The nuns who now came in droves to shower at exactly that time (there were 14 open shower compartments) these nuns asked Celeste if they could jerk Jack's cock too? She looked at him questioningly and he nodded in agreement. Now nun after nun came and jerked off Jack. Sometimes two came, one jerked him off and the other spread her pussy lips with her fingers and the first let his seed squirt into her open cunt. Jack let himself fall forward and drilled his cock deep into the cunt hole to finish squirting, happily squirted to the end in this cunt, and that was a hello! and a blast! Only very few people wanted to fuck properly in the shower, maybe seven or eight, although Jack did it really well.

Celeste immediately took charge of organizing the fuck sessions. Jack was more than happy to forgo masturbation if it meant he could fuck three different nuns in the shower every morning. Celeste instructed the willing nuns to brace their hands against the tiles and present their asses, eager and available. This allowed Jack to fuck three different, eager-to-please nuns from behind each morning — a truly heavenly arrangement for our Jack. He kept a record of the sisters he had fucked on his laptop; it soon went well beyond the first eight, reaching some 30 or 32 different nuns whom he had taken from behind in the mornings — in the end the number went up to 76, as with some letting themselves be fucked multiple times! The other nuns would stand in a circle around Jack and the nun in question, sighing, gasping, and becoming highly aroused by the public act; once it was over, they would pat the nun on the shoulders in a sisterly, appreciative gesture. The Mother Superior, of course, found out about it, but she merely smiled. The Marquise's check covered it all — the boy was free to fuck every single one of the 114 nuns and novices whenever he felt like it. It suited her perfectly, and she

couldn't have cared less which nuns chose to let the boy fuck them. The check was good — a substantial, hefty sum — and as solid and genuine as a gold bar.

Then Rosi came to his cell and they fucked every morning while Celeste sat naked on the armchair and openly did it with her clit. Celeste came alone in the afternoon and she fucked Jack every day. Jack, however, studied at least 12 hours a day, until well after dinner.

On the final afternoon, Celeste remained lying down, gently stroking Jack's cock and bidding farewell to this magnificent tool. "Jack, you've known this for a long time, but I'm going to say it out loud now, because you deserve to hear the truth: In a few weeks I'm going to see Mother Superior and saying goodbye. Nothing she could say would stop me, absolutely nothing. I buried a lot of gold coins in the monastery garden during my time as a novice, and I'm digging them up now. I will return to the secular community, but not to my family. I will fuck all the men that cross my path remember which of them has a strong meat cock and a good character. And if it takes years and I have to fuck hundreds: I will find him. We will start a family, have children and I will raise them honestly and faithfully.

Jack, I'm 31 and I can't marry a 17 year old, even though I've thought about it a hundred times. You have a magnificent meaty cock and a flawless character. Your hump has never bothered me, you have to believe me. Besides, you're drawn to NASA, you want to conquer the stars and will probably move to the USA, but I wouldn't want to go there, I don't like the crumbling American society at all.

I'm saying goodbye to you today, tomorrow I won't be able to say goodbye to you the way I wanted because of tears. Farewell, my dearest friend, and I will be grateful to you all my life for everything you have given me in these 5 weeks. Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

Jack hugged her, held her in his little boy arms in silence for minutes. "Celeste, I am touched and proud that you finally know where your feet have to take you. You were never suitable to be a convent sister, you are not the type to be happy in this lying brothel. Celeste, as long as I am still in the country and studying, you are welcome in

my bed at any time! No matter whether I am currently studying or whether I am fucking with mom, Trish or another sweet angel, come to me, lie down with me and enjoy it You will always be welcome in my arms!

With tears in her eyes they fucked again, she jerked from orgasm to orgasm while fucking and clung to her hero as he cummed after a long time, hurling his full load in spurts into her welcoming cunt. Jack kissed every inch of her body. She stood up, dazed and half-stunned by the force of these climaxes, and took her habit under her arm. Then she scurried out into the hallway in tears.

And in the corridor, in the semi-darkness, with her habit under her arm, she stood naked and thought:

Edeltraud.

My name is Edeltraud.