

Jack X. Faber



**Inside Mommy's
Blooming Rose
Vol. II**

Inside Mom's blooming Rose

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Rico and the Unchaste Women

by Jack Faber © 2024

Rico's Dad fucked his Mom every evening, then he sank tiredly onto the bed next to her. Mom usually masturbated right away, only rarely late at night. 13-year-old Rico squatted on his heels, stared at her masturbating and slowly rubbed his foreskin back and forth. At first he had only squirted on her belly or her beautiful breasts, but recently he had squirted directly over her pussy, long before she had had an orgasm. For days his cock had been touching her pussy hole and he squirted inside.

"He's squirting inside again," his mother breathed and father nodded indifferently as he dozed. "So what?" he grunted after a sideways glance. She said nothing more, let Rico squirt inside and continued masturbating quietly. "I have to do it again, Mom!" Rico whispered quietly so as not to wake Dad. She shrugged her shoulders indifferently, once or twice, what difference did it make!?

It went on like this every evening for half a year. She didn't make a fuss, even though Rico kept squirting deeper and deeper in her pussyhole. Squirting inside is squirting inside, what difference did it make? When Dad opened one eye, he always saw it, but he didn't care. By the end of the year, the boy was already squirting deep inside. Now she woke up Daddy, that was impossible! Daddy grunted, what's so bad about that!? and continued to doze. She woke him up again. "He's about to fuck me, Daddy!" she breathed desperately. Daddy sat up. Nothing unusual, he growled and continued to doze.

"I have to fuck, Mom," Rico whispered excitedly, "I just have to!" She shook her head, "Get that out of your head, Rico, you're already a big boy and you know very well that mother and son aren't allowed to fuck!" Rico nodded, completely broken, but it had to be done! He waited a few moments until she was completely out of it. He fucked her very, very carefully and squirted the full load inside. Mom looked at him angrily after her orgasm.

She shook Daddy awake. "Listen, he's fucking me!" she cried out softly, plaintively. Dad was annoyed to be jolted awake while trying to sleep. "So what!? Let him fuck, for God's sake, don't be so uptight! It was right for us to let him watch us fuck, so what do you expect!?" For him, the matter was settled.

Rico snuggled up to her. "We can, Mom, we are allowed!" She snorted when Rico penetrated her again. But he did it so gently that she couldn't be mad at him. She let him fuck her twice, clinging to him like she had to Dad, since she never masturbated while fucking. That night she masturbated as an exception because she was so upset and out of her mind. The next evening, after fucking, she asked Dad if he wasn't jealous!? He looked at her in surprise and laughed. "Why? It's our Rico, not a stranger, and he's already 13!" "14," she corrected with a smile. Dad looked at her very seriously. "I hope you don't have a stranger lover anymore!?" She lowered her eyes and Rico knew instinctively that she was lying like a pro. "Not since Rico was so big, my dear!" She lied so much that the beams bent. Damn it, why didn't Dad notice!?

Rico lay down between Mom's open thighs. She stopped immediately, she never masturbated while fucking. He hugged her, he loved her more than anything, even when she lied to Dad. Rico looked at Dad, who was inserting his cock into Mom's pussy hole with his fingers. Before he could ask Dad, Dad slapped his bottom with the flat of his hand. "Go on then, you little stallion!" said Dad very kindly.

Rico thought Mom's pussy hole was wonderful, it was as soft as velvet and silk. He fucked slowly at first, as he had seen Dad do. He only increased the pace when Mom's breathing became faster. Dad's eyes shone when Rico squirted his entire load inside. He nodded silently and contentedly and went to sleep. Rico fucked Mom again half an hour later. Her smile froze when Rico whispered to her why she had lied to Dad so stupidly. Fucking with the lover, he added.

She looked at him coldly and pulled out his semi-hard cock, even though he wasn't finished yet. "Don't talk nonsense, Rico!" she whispered hoarsely. He murmured that he was quite sure that she shouldn't lie to him at least, he was her son after all. "You wouldn't

understand, Rico,” she replied after a while. He put the subject off, the fucking and squirting didn’t allow for any delay. But he didn’t forget it, not at all, and skipped school a few times. After a week he was sure.

One evening after fucking, he waited until Papa was really deeply asleep. He hugged Mama tightly so they could whisper quietly. He wanted to know why she was lying about the lover. She avoided the question again. “You wouldn’t understand, Rico, definitely not,” she whispered, not really wanting to talk about it anymore. Rico whispered, “Mom, I don’t mean you any harm, of course not! I just know for sure that Uncle Ferry visits you every morning when Dad is at the office and I’m at school.” Mom winced and began to cry silently. He stroked her hair and whispered, “I don’t mean you any harm, but I want to understand.” She looked up. “You know every inch of my body now, but nothing about my soul!”

Minutes later she stopped sobbing. Her lips touched his ears so that she could whisper silently. “I’ll tell you everything, everything. It starts with the fact that Dad took my virginity very early, I was not yet 12. He took revenge for Mom fucking Ferry, Dad didn’t like that! He fucked me every night and ignored Mom. He sometimes shouted at her that she had started the incest, not him. He was very angry because she ducked when he shouted, but she continued to let Ferry fuck her. So that’s how it started. Do you understand, Rico?” He nodded, it was a clear thing. She continued whispering. “None of us had seen it coming, but one day Mama dropped dead. Heart failure. We buried her, and now Papa started drinking. He hardly cared about us, me and Ferry. I saw how Ferry was suffering and so I no longer slept in Papa’s bed. He was so drunk by the evening that he no longer fucked me. I lay down next to Ferry and let him cry on my breast. Yes, I already had breasts back then, my dear!” Mama smiled shyly. “I did it to Ferry with my fist, I did it to him with my mouth, with my lips, with my tongue. He overcame his deep grief when I let him fuck me. Man, did Ferry fuck well, much better than Papa! He had only fucked Mama for two years, but she had taught him well. Since then we have fucked almost every day, only in the mornings of course. I think Ferry fucks me much better than Papa, whom I love with all my heart!” Mama fell silent. Rico took a deep breath.

“Mom, I understand it very well and I will keep your secret. For me, this is all completely different than if you were to fuck some stranger!” Mom kissed him on his ear. “Oh, unfortunately, there were those when I was pregnant too. I fucked friends and enemies for months, I just couldn’t help it! Dad and Ferry just weren’t enough, Dad caught me with the stranger almost every day. He couldn’t understand it, but he didn’t stop me. He wanted to see me round and happy, he was even prepared to swallow the bitter pill for that. I’ve always loved only Dad, with all my heart, even after so many years. I just have a stronger sexual drive than he does.” Rico nodded, that gave everything meaning. “Mom, I love you with all my heart too, I’ll keep quiet like the grave, I promise, and I won’t spy on you or Uncle Ferry anymore.”

So the next few months went by peacefully, Dad only fucked Mom for a short time and left it to Rico to make her thighs shake and shiver in orgasm. Rico was happy, Mom showed him where her G-spot was. He felt it with his fingers and paid attention to it while fucking. Mom now trembled and shivered much more quickly and they both laughed mischievously. In the afternoon, Mom had her girlfriends visit her for coffee, but when they disappeared into the bedroom for hours, his curiosity awoke.

Rico listened at the bedroom door. He heard moans and groans of pleasure, sounds of lovemaking. He went into the bedroom and immediately dropped his pants. Mom was lying on the bed with her legs spread wide and an unknown woman with big butt cheeks licking her clit. The situation was clear, he wanted to join in and knelt behind the woman. His eyes met Mom’s and she nodded invitingly. He grabbed the woman’s ass cheeks and spread them wide. The woman stretched her pussy hole willingly towards him. Rico slowly penetrated her and began to fuck her. She didn’t protest at all, he looked into his Mom’s eyes while he fucked the fat lesbian, and she had a blissful smile on her face. He fucked the strange woman for at least a quarter of an hour and squirted inside. He left his cock deep inside, the cock shrank and after long minutes Mom had an orgasm, she grabbed the woman by the hair and pushed her face into her pussy. Rico disappeared without a word. When Mom came to prepare dinner, she sat down next to him. “Ferry doesn’t come anymore, Rico.

He met a really nice girl and brought her along. She had no idea about fucking, so he let her watch him fuck me a few times. Now he doesn't come anymore, he has my blessing. I need it during the day, so I decided to do it with lesbians, you saw it. I don't care if you want to fuck the lesbian women. I just wanted to say that."

They didn't talk about it anymore. He immediately went into the bedroom with the unknown girls and women. He found it interesting how the women behaved. They hardly spoke and got straight to the point. For weeks he fucked a different woman, none of them protested and they let him squirt inside. Most of them had big, fat asses and Rico had to slide his cock along the ass crack, search for the pussyhole, only then could he fuck her. Mom brought a new one every day, and they all let him fuck and squirt inside them.

In the third week, young Jenny refused to be fucked from behind. She turned to Rico, tears running down her cheeks. "I'm still a virgin, please don't fuck me, dear Rico!" He nodded intimidated, "Yes, I won't fuck you properly, Jenny, just from the outside and will squirt upon your pussyhole." So he did it, he was confused by Mom's strange look. Jenny licked Mom's clit and he only fucked between Jenny's labia. He squirted on her pussyhole and she turned to him. She kissed him gratefully on the mouth, he tasted Mom's juice on his lips. Mom spoke to him later.

"You have a good, soft heart, my dear son. But every girl has to be deflowered at some point, at some point. So don't listen to her whining and moaning, just deflower her without any worries!" They debated for a while, but now Rico understood. In the next few months he deflowered 5 virgins, ignoring their crying and moaning. Afterwards he always spoke to Mom about it and she praised him, he had done the right thing. He was not wrongly proud as a peacock, he had never deflowered a girl before. The fucking continued, Mom got more phone numbers from the lesbians. He fucked them all, not one refused. He always looked at the plump, fat ass cheeks and if she wanted him to, he fucked her in the asshole with his index finger at the same time. There must have been hundreds of them, because at 16 he fell in love with 15-year-old Miriam. They went to her every afternoon, her mother was never at home.

Miri inserted a device before fucking. He only asked her after fucking. It was a device that filmed the fucking from the outside and the inside. Her mother developed these devices. She showed it to him on the laptop. A split screen appeared, on one you could see Rico's cock up close, fucking Miri, as well as her finger masturbating her clit while fucking. On the other picture, Miri's pussy, from the inside. It was well lit, you could see Rico's glans and the cock doing its job. After a while you could see the cock rearing up and squirting inside. The recording continued, Rico had left his cock inside until Miri rubbed her clit to orgasm. Rico saw her orgasm from the outside and from the inside.

Rico was very much in love, told Miri everything. The fucking with Mom, Uncle Ferry and the fucking with the lesbians. Although Mom had strictly forbidden it, he had made a dozen videos of the lesbians fucking. Miri stared at the lesbian's tongue licking Mom's clit, something she had never seen before. It took a few days for Miri to tell him everything. She came from heaven, literally. Her mother was an astronaut in the space station, and she had let all three or four astronauts fuck her every day; it was part of her scientific project. She let all the astronauts fuck her for ten days, and she filmed everything with her device. After some hesitation, Miri showed him the 34 films. You could see the astronaut and her in a tight embrace, because there was zero gravity there. Christina, Miriam's mother, wet her clit with her saliva, then masturbated her clit constantly until she had an orgasm at the end. The astronaut's cock in close-up fucking her, then from the inside, as he fucked nonstop until he squirted. The semen formed free-floating clumps that mixed with the semen of the previous astronaut. Then the cock stopped and Christina masturbated for a longer time until she triggered her orgasm.

Christina had done paternity tests, the Danish astronaut Sören Ostergaard was Miriam's father. She had spoken to her father three or four times a year on the phone, but they had never met in person. Rico and Miri watched the videos from the space station, Sören had fucked Christina four times, which must have been how she was conceived. Rico hugged Miri tenderly, because these four videos drove her to tears. She finally agreed to let him copy all the few thousand

videos onto an external hard drive, he wanted to watch all the videos at home.

The videos were of excellent quality, because the cameras were anchored in and on the pussy and so they couldn't shake. The videos were grouped. The one from the space station, the one from Christina, who later filmed herself fucking a lot, and videos of Miri fucking. Miri's first video showed how she was deflowered years ago; she couldn't remember the student's name. Rico watched with excitement as the cock slowly pressed against the 11-year-old's hymen and how it gradually tore. Miri had fucked several hundred times since then, mostly with the same students. Miri had no concerns at all about it; it was for her Mom's research, she wasn't fucking because she was in love, she was just fucking for her Mom. Rico nodded; that was easy to understand.

Rico sat in front of his computer for hours and watched the thousands of videos. He had watched Christina masturbate and fuck hundreds of times and it felt as if he had already fucked her a thousand times, even though they had never met in person. Christina never had an orgasm during sex, she masturbated long after the sex until she triggered her orgasm. That was how every video ended. Miri, on the other hand, had a nice orgasm every third or fourth time she fucked, otherwise she masturbated like her mother to trigger the orgasm with her finger.

After half a year, Christina finally had time to spend the weekends at home. It took a while before she lay naked next to the children and watched them fuck. It was her area of research, after all, she watched them fuck and followed the internal recordings on the monitor. Miri cuddled up to Rico after the sex. "Wouldn't you like to fuck Christina sometime?" she whispered seductively. He looked into Christina's glowing eyes, as always she was caressing her clit and remained silent. So it came to be that Rico fucked Christina every goddamn weekend until he ran out of breath. Christina continued to masturbate for a long time and triggered her orgasm with her clit.

Rico had stopped fucking Mom's lesbians. He told her everything, his amorous fucking with Miri and with Christina at the weekend.

No, Mom didn't want to see the videos, it was enough for her that Rico slept with her and fucked her thoroughly. When Miri didn't have time because she was sometimes fucking with the students, Rico stayed with Mom and fucked the lesbians.

Time flew by, he was 17 and was busy preparing for his high school exams. The fucking only took up a little of his time, he now stayed at home more often and fucked under the fat asses of the lesbians, that cost him the least valuable study time. Mom let her clit be licked three or four times a week, but she herself didn't lick a clit very often. The lesbians with the big, fat asses licked his clit much better than the skinny, slim ones. She soon realized that was a law of nature.

Mom fucked the tired Dad deeply every evening because she loved him very much, with all her heart. Neither she nor Rico ever let Dad in on their secret love life.

He also never revealed why he was so tired and why the underage girl in the office had dark rings under her eyes.

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Donna Elvira teaches how to fuck

by Jack Faber © 2024

Donna Elvira gradually woke up. The twins, Luis and Luisa, jumped up between her thighs and ran away giggling. She had shown her children her pussy hole some time ago, and of course her clit too, they should call a spade a spade. Since then, the naughty children sat between her thighs every morning and stared at her pussy hole and her clitoris, which had just been strained in orgasm. She knew it and masturbated before the first cock crowed so that the children wouldn't notice. She lay spread-eagled in front of the children, her pussy hole was wide open and wet and glistened like her clit, which was still aroused, stiff and demanding. Of course she didn't say a word about masturbating, fucking and having children, there was still time for that. She put a finger on her clit, perhaps it would calm down if she stroked it very lightly. At least it was very subtle and pleasant. The children stared at the clit, which she only touched lightly.

Of course she could see under her eyelids how little Luis was staring at her clit and into her pussyhole. Luisa gripped his cock tightly and pulled the foreskin back completely as soon as he started to ejaculate. Every morning. He ejaculated all by himself, she hadn't told the children about masturbating, they had found out for themselves that his cock ejaculated all by itself when Luis stared at her clit or deep into his mother's pussyhole. My God, could the boy ejaculate, for a long time and in full jets! Luisa picked up the last drops with her finger and licked it off her finger with relish. The children ran off as soon as she woke up.

Today, however, they stayed seated, staring unblinkingly into her pussyhole. "Well, what's up, my heroes?" she asked sleepily. The children were silent and hesitant. Finally Luis squeezed out, "Luisa claims she saw you briefly pressing and squeezing your clit, Mom," he said. "But I don't believe her, she must have just made it up! Now

we'll wait and see if you really do it." Donna Elvira smiled arrogantly. "I'm not pushing or pressing anything, you nosy little pests!" She sat up and the children rushed away.

But now it got difficult. The children were already squatting between her thighs, even before the first rooster crowed, when she stroked her throbbing clit before masturbating. She heard Luisa whispering to Luis. "See, I didn't make it up!" Elvira hadn't been able to masturbate for two days because the little pests were sitting there so early. They didn't move from the spot and Luisa whispered that they would wait until she did it. On the third day, Elvira couldn't stand it any longer. She sighed deeply and resignedly, so be it. The children were very excited when she slowly began to masturbate. Luisa nudged Luis with her elbow. "See, that's what I said!"

Elvira closed her eyes and gave in to the pleasure. It didn't matter if the children were watching. She felt her legs and thighs twitching and shaking involuntarily, that was the orgasm that was building up. She pressed her legs tightly together to hide the orgasm. The children ran off, but they came back every morning to see Mom masturbating. Luis couldn't keep his mouth shut. "Luisa can do it too!" he blurted out. So much for keeping secrets.

The children pestered her. They had heard the older children talking about fucking and wanted to know everything in detail. Elvira managed to avoid the subject for a few days. She herself never fucked, she lied after the theoretical explanation. The children didn't need to know that every Sunday morning, when the deeply religious people flocked to church, she sneaked to the rich horse dealer and let him fuck her several times. They could live off the money for a week. Donna Elvira had learned nothing from her father, except how to fuck.

"So, children, there's something to see today! Donna Julia and her Fernando are coming to fuck us and you can watch, you curious little noses!" The children cheered and danced in a circle. Elvira was sitting naked on the sofa with her two children when Fernando and Julia came in. Julia has a big, fleshy pussy, whispered Luis. And he has a very big cock, added Luisa. Fernando thanked the teenage girl with

a friendly look. The children of course knew Julia's grumpy old husband and were not surprised.

Luis and Luisa leaned forward to see Fernando's big cock penetrate Julia's fleshy, wet, dripping pussy. The fucking itself was boring and took far too long. Julia had an orgasm and trembled just like Mom had in the morning. Fernando increased the pace and suddenly stopped. "He's cumming inside, Mom," whispered Luisa excitedly, "he's cumming inside to make her a child!" Elvira wondered how Luisa knew that.

Donna Julia and Fernando came every day. When Fernando had finished fucking and Julia was lying on the big bed as if she had been beaten, Fernando asked if Donna Elvira didn't want to be fucked too? Elvira shook her head firmly, thank you, no! But the children wouldn't leave her alone. When he asked again the next day, both children said politely, "Yes, please, of course, Don Fernando!" They wouldn't leave her alone until Elvira got up and lay down next to her friend Julia. The children held their breath. Fernando fucked Mom thoroughly. She had a big orgasm and then several smaller ones until Fernando squirted inside. It was great for the children, now Fernando had to fuck Mom every day too. But after a few months the fun fucking was over, like the love between Julia and Fernando.

Fernando came to Elvira every day for a few weeks to fuck, he was not poor and gave her a silver doubloon each time, this 7 and the 5 from the horse dealer were 12 per week. She could now buy a large piece of meat every day, the teenagers urgently needed it to grow.

The children sat between Elvira's thighs like every morning. Luisa had picked up somewhere how to do it with her hand. Every morning she let him squirt on Mom's pussy, they came closer and closer and Luisa spread Mom's pussy hole with her fingers so that Luis could squirt inside from close up. Mom masturbated with great concentration and didn't pay any attention to it. Luisa held his cock directly on her pussy hole and let him squirt inside for weeks. Mom growled a little as Luisa pushed the cock deeper and deeper as he squirted.

Luis didn't understand anything when Luisa pushed his cock deep inside and told him to fuck Mom, to fuck her like Fernando did. Elvira was already completely absorbed and only woke up when he shot his entire load inside. She shook her head and chased the children away. So Luis got used to fucking Mom every morning, Luisa forced his cock deep into Mom's small, tight pussy hole without Mom protesting. Mom really liked being fucked, especially in the morning when she masturbated.

Luis and Luisa tried fucking every day, but it didn't work, the hymen prevented it, so he only came in the entrance to her vagina. Luisa was really angry, he was having fun, but she wasn't. So she asked Mom.

Donna Elvira threw her hands up in the air. She complained that Luis fucked her every morning while she was masturbating, which was outrageous in itself! But now Luisa wanted to get fucked! "You're only 13," she exclaimed, but Luisa corrected her. "I've been 14 for three weeks, Mom!" she exclaimed, "all my friends already fuck for real, except me!" Elvira thought for a moment. "If you want to fuck now, fine! But it would be smart to sell your virginity for a high price, don't you think?" Luisa didn't think for a moment. "Yes, of course, if someone wants to pay for it, that would be good for us, wouldn't it, Mom?" Elvira nodded, "Yes, that would be good for us!" So she began to auction off Luisa's hymen.

Who bids more? 10, 15, 20 gold coins? 25, 30, no more? The horse dealer slammed a purse on the table. 100 gold doubloons, for heaven's sake!

On Sunday, Donna Elvira took Luisa with her. She knelt down next to her daughter, she shouldn't be dishonored. She knew the horse dealer very well, he wasn't a bad person. Elvira positioned his cock and he deflowered the girl with a quick jerk. Luisa suppressed the scream, as Mama had said. She let the horse dealer fuck her thoroughly and at the end let him shoot the whole load inside her. She thanked him and went home alone, Mama stayed to earn her 5 silver doubloons.

When Elvira came home at noon, Luis and Luisa were already fucking like crazy. “We’re already on the third round, Mama, imagine!” Luis gasped. Mama smiled and nodded, “just do it, it’s new and hot at the beginning, you can’t get enough of it!” She sat down on the bed next to the fucking teenagers and closed her eyes. She remembered. Dad had taken her virginity when she was 11 or 12. Mom had run off with a Jewish money changer, Dad was inconsolable and she stroked Dad’s cock to make him squirt, she had been doing that for a long time. Mom had scolded her, decent girls didn’t do that, they don’t let their Dad squirt in their mouth! She was very contrite, but every evening she did it again after Dad had fucked Mom listlessly. He liked it very much when the girl rubbed him for a long time and diligently and let him squirt in her mouth.

But now Mom was gone, the stupid goat! It only took Elvira a few days to get Dad to agree. He deflowered her very quickly and fucked her every night until he died. But by then she was already pregnant and no one knew that he was the father. Elvira smiled because it didn’t look like the kids would stop fucking anytime soon. She smiled, Luis had been fucking her every morning while she masturbated for months now, maybe that would change. But anyway, she took what she could get.

The crazy fucking continued for a few months. The kids had fucked themselves out, Luis still fucked Elvira every morning while she masturbated. He fucked Luisa several times a day, he was going through puberty and had to fuck a lot until he was completely drained. Elvira thought it was time to have a serious talk with Luisa. “You’re still far too young to get married, my dear child. But you’re a really good fucker now, I see it every day. But haven’t you considered that many men would gladly pay to fuck a 15 or 16 year old girl?”

Luisa looked at her slyly. “Like a whore?” Elvira searched for words. “No, daughter! Taking money for sex is nothing disgusting, it doesn’t make you a whore!” She took Luisa’s hand. “I know a few noblemen at court who would gladly pay for it. Shall we try it?” Luisa nodded with a lump in her throat. “Only if you’re with me, Mom!” Elvira nodded in agreement and got to work.

They walked hand in hand up to the royal palace. It was a middle-aged nobleman who offered 3 gold doubloons. Mom lay down next to them, guided his cock to the right place and watched them fuck. All in all, it went excellently, Luisa did it very well and the nobleman was very satisfied. Elvira did not know him, but he was a former successful military commander and generalissimo, now he was the deputy prime minister and his word carried weight. It was an incredibly fortunate coincidence. He looked at Elvira's nakedness, her pussy and her slightly open pussyhole with desire. "Madame, are you also available?" he asked with greedy eyes. Elvira nodded, "add another gold doubloon, Sir, and I'm yours!" The nobleman had never had two women so cheaply, one very young and one who was definitely not yet 30. He fucked Elvira twice in a row, it was a divine pleasure! The girl's mother had a much tighter pussy hole than her daughter. He warmly recommended her to his friends. You should definitely fuck the mother too, she was an unusual tidbit!

Of course the king heard the whispering too. He disguised himself as a simple nobleman and let the vice-premier lead him. 10 gold doubloons for both of them, said the disguised king. The vice-premier politely declined, he was completely caught up in a purely sexual affair with the youngest princess and his head would roll if the child blabbered. Putting the king in a compromising situation could perhaps save him. The king fucked them both in turn. Elvira's tight pussy hole reminded him of one of his favorite slaves, a white-skinned Berber woman from North Africa who almost fucked his brains out. The king threw gold doubloon after gold doubloon onto the pile, he couldn't get enough of Elvira.

And so their career together took off. They gave the noblemen everything they wanted. One recommended them to the next, they never had to search or seduce. Donna Elvira collected the gold coins and was very selective about which and how many dresses she had made. Luisa had a penchant for spending money, but Elvira taught her to think carefully about what she needed and how to haggle over the price. Elvira made sure that they were always bathed, smelled good and wore discreet make-up. "We are not whores, Luisa, we don't have to put on make-up like clowns and adorn ourselves with fake jewelry. That immediately sets us apart from whores, dear lady!"

Luisa was happy to be led, because Mama was clever and experienced in the sex business.

The king was alone with the vice-premier in the conference room. He drew his dagger and slashed it into the table in front of the vice-premier. "So, that had to be done, a deceived father has to draw his dagger and strike!" The vice-premier trembled, it had happened! The king sat down and smiled. "You have deflowered my 12-year-old and have been fucking the little one for almost a year," grinned the king. "So, tell me frankly, how well does my little one fuck? Does she have talent or is she as stiff as a stockfish?" The deputy prime minister breathed a sigh of relief. "Your Majesty, she is still very inexperienced, even though we fuck every day. But she has fire in her ass, she loves to be fucked and I am sure that in a few years, when Your Majesty marries her, she will fuck very well. I only ask you, Your Majesty, do not scold her, she is a goddamn sweet, shy and well-meaning child, with a tender and chaste character. I am not ashamed of having fucked her first, I fucked her like the most considerate father and neither dishonored her nor did her any harm!" They discussed for a long time and the deputy prime minister reported everything down to the smallest detail. The king listened with his eyes closed, it felt as if he had just fucked the girl himself. No, said the deputy prime minister, of course he had no objection to the king wanting to fuck the princess himself now. The king said that it was of course his duty to deflower the princess, but he wanted to at least fuck her himself while she was still young and fresh. The men laughed like old friends, which they really were.

Elvira had told Luisa everything about her sad childhood and now she was old enough to learn the truth about her father. Elvira's father! Luisa was somehow sad about it and made Elvira tell her everything in meticulous detail. How she had learned as a little girl to rub her father's cock and let him squirt in her mouth. How listlessly her father fucked her mother and she ran off with the first guy she found. How it only took her a few days to let him take her virginity when she was only 11. Luisa opened her eyes wide, 11!? Elvira nodded, 11 and very devious, that's how she was back then. She and her father loved to fuck each other, Elvira had to tell her in great detail. She closed her eyes because she liked to remember fucking with her father. She

had her children at 16; her father had died shortly after they were born.

One of the regular customers was Don Hiro, a nobleman from Japan. At their first date he said that he couldn't give them any money, that would degrade them to whores. He put a purse with 12 gold doubloons on the table and left it there. He fucked Luisa with great pleasure and then Elvira with unbridled lust. He had rarely fucked a grown woman with such a small, tight pussy and he was visibly impressed. Hiro came week after week to fuck mother and daughter. He had a big, magnificent cock and penetrated Elvira's pussy hole very slowly so that it could expand and adapt. Over time he told them about his life. He was his father's only son, and from a young age he had to lie directly in front of the pussy when his strict father, a great general, fucked his mother, his two older sisters, a captured, enslaved noblewoman or a slave of his choice. In his absence, his mother fucked the sons of slaves or serfs who were too young to hold a sword. She loved boys with small, hardworking cocks.

Hiro was 10 years old when his father ordered his mother to teach the boy how to fuck. His mother acted very embarrassed, saying that it was not appropriate for a noble, shy, loyal and very very chaste noblewoman like her. Hiro winced because his mother lied so shamelessly. But his father insisted, damn it, she was the first to dare to contradict him. He yelled that all mothers did it, and mother acted as if she had given in with many, many sighs.

Hiro was allowed to fuck her and his sisters every day until he was drained of his juice. He was soon allowed to fuck the enslaved noblewomen and noble ladies as he pleased. He particularly liked to fuck these because they felt dishonored. They were the loyal, shy and chaste wives and daughters of defeated noblemen and cried heartbreakingly with shame at being publicly fucked by the victor's young son in front of all the slaves. Hiro enjoyed this power, on some days he fucked up to 10 noble ladies in the circle of naked slaves. Hiro grinned when the slaves' cocks became stiff and they pushed their cocks into the slaves from behind. Although they weren't actually allowed to fuck the slaves, they shook them very discreetly and

squirted discreetly too inside. Hiro tolerated it in silence. The slaves now made the female slaves bend over and fucked them hard from behind. This is how the slaves came to love Hiro, because they were now allowed to fuck the female slaves in public just as often as he did.

Hiro lowered his head as he talked about it. “Often I was the first to dishonor these poor women. I loved their tears, which told me that they had never fucked anyone other than their father, of course, and husband. I was a cheeky rascal, an immature peacock, because what upright man dishonors noble women with pride and sexual desire!?” Elvira interjected that he was just acting like a teenager going through puberty. Hiro smiled gratefully, he felt understood, god-dammit!

He fucked his mother and both sisters at night, he wanted it and they demanded it. He had to ration his juices carefully in order to fuck his mother and both sisters. When his father returned from a battle, he lay tired beside mother and left Hiro to dishonor the newly captured noble ladies and noble girls. Hiro became the son his father wanted him to be. Hiro had learned the art of war well and at 19 led his men into battle. He captured noble ladies and noble girls, one after the other, he filled the ranks of the slaves with the most beautiful noble girls and most modest noblewomen. He and his father fought victoriously for the Shogun, who showered them with gold and precious gems.

Now he had traveled from country to country with the Shogun’s permission, he had a different noble woman or her daughter in his bed every night. He believed that he had already fucked a thousand different girls and women. His father stayed in Japan, he loved to fight for his life, what was he doing abroad? When he had defeated a nobleman who would not give up his wife and daughter voluntarily, his father would wrestle him to the ground, put him in a headlock with his strong thighs and masturbate the poor fellow in front of everyone until he had no more juice left. Then he would set him free and take his wife and daughter with him as slaves.

After months, Hiro was so in love with Elvira that he showered her with gold doubloons. As much as Elvira felt flattered, she did not want to follow Don Hiro to Japan. She had never left Toledo before. Hiro only left after six months, although he had originally only wanted to spend a week at the royal court in Toledo.

Elvira had hired private tutors for Luis years ago, the boy was very hardworking and talented, he was particularly good at mathematics, geometry and astronomy. He quickly understood that the astrology of that time was pure hocus-pocus, but the stars, which undoubtedly existed, fascinated him. He made star maps of the entire sky and all the constellations, he knew the Arabic and Western names of hundreds of stars. He even learned a little Arabic, because the Arabs were the best astronomers.

Donna Elvira hired a young girl who could run the household. Above all, she had to make sure that young Sir Luis and his teacher ate properly every day, because they forgot to eat in their enthusiasm for learning. Maria was a young girl from the countryside, she had been deflowered by her father at the age of 10 and let herself be fucked every night next to her mother, which was the norm in the countryside. The mothers stroked their daughter's head, they knew that it was perfectly normal for the farmer to squirt all his juice into his daughter. She herself had to be happy if he occasionally fucked her. Such were the rules and customs in the countryside.

Luis fucked her on the first day and then three, four or five times a day until he had drained his juices and could study in calm. He didn't let the teachers fuck Maria. They were allowed to watch, of course, but she belonged to him, to him alone. Maria loved to fuck, her eyes shining. Luis was only her second husband, she said, and he fucked much better than Dad.

Donna Elvira became rich very quickly, they moved into a large apartment near the castle, where she and Luisa worked tirelessly to earn gold doubloons. When Maria became pregnant, she returned to her parents richly gifted. Luis regularly got a new young maid to run the house and fuck, which Elvira was very careful about. Luis was one of the two stars in her eyes, Luis and Luisa should fuck as much

as they wanted. Luis still fucked her every morning when she masturbated after waking up. Luisa did not masturbate very often, she was very easy-going and usually had an orgasm when she fucked. In the evenings she was always completely exhausted from the many orgasms.

Donna Elvira married a rich nobleman at the age of 47, who had no objection to her continuing to let herself be fucked in the castle for a handful of gold coins. 5 gold doubloons were the minimum, but she let the men watch her masturbate after fucking because she always got very hot when she was fucked. Luisa was very popular, the men loved to squirt deep in her throat after fucking. She had no desire to get married yet, that could wait until she was 40. And like her mother, she only wanted someone who would let her continue to fuck in the castle. Elvira smiled, there were only a very few noblemen like that.

Luis became court astronomer at the age of 20, he drew up extremely good, flattering horoscopes and fucked the shy, modest and otherwise chaste young noblewomen. Luis always found one who let him fuck her for hours, crying, sniffing and bursting with heat. He cared very little that the unfaithful noblewoman was later slapped in the face by her jealous husband. She came back anyway, because Luis was a very skilled and experienced fucker.

Luis even fucked the shamefully trembling queen, whom the older king neglected sexually and did not allow her to have an affair. The queen was probably the woman who was fucked the least in the whole castle. Only once every few days did the maids look away when she let one of the guards fuck her shyly, furtively and full of shame. The queen was like putty wax in Luis' skilled hands, she let him do anything to her, even perverse things like fucking her in the doggy position, which was considered really, really perverse!

Every few days the queen secretly dragged one of the bodyguards behind the curtain, trembling with desire and fear of being discovered. He had to fuck her standing up, quickly and hastily. She masturbated for hours every night, as she was used to as the Princess of Navarre. The old king had no power over her in this respect. Once or

twice a month he fucked the queen, who was 25 years younger than him, but it was more a matter of duty than pleasure. The queen shrugged off the fact that her child would for sure be conceived by a bodyguard.

Luis only hunted young, untouched girls. He often deflowered them just days before their wedding night. Grinning, he advised her to let the groom fuck her before the wedding, and the cuckold could not object to that. He loved the sweet innocence that shyly, hesitantly and frightenedly allowed itself to be deflowered by the monster. He himself was quite satisfied with his shameless activities.

He loved the hunt until he had the bride lying on his bed. He loved it when the brides, often only 14 or 15 years old, cried and begged for mercy, but she involuntarily opened her legs and thighs willingly and wide to simply let the shameful thing happen without any physical resistance. They stared at his big cock, most of them only knew their father's cock, which they had been allowed to rub and make squirt from a young age. Her mother, who was watching over her hymen, would only allow him to squirt in the girl's throat if he enjoyed it!

Luis fucked the newlyweds day and night. She left a willing maid lying with her husband, who actually didn't care who he fucked. She sneaked over to Luis and let him fuck her hard until midnight. But after weeks he dumped the newlywed as soon as he had impregnated her.

Only once was Elvira astonished beyond measure. A nobleman had arranged the rendezvous and, amazingly, paid in advance. But it wasn't him who came, but his little son. The little boy was barely older than 13 and very embarrassed. The Donna should do it for him, his father had said. Elvira went about her work carefully. Did he know how to fuck? The boy nodded, he had often followed his father when he sneaked into the servants' dormitory to fuck one or the other maid. His father had already fucked all the maids in the household, the little boy knew, and that was his right, he said with conviction. He would also fuck all the maids, not just his mother, as his father wanted. But he hadn't really seen it, his father and the maid kept their clothes on, so he never saw anything specific. Elvira stripped

him and herself naked and asked the little boy to explore her body and ask everything, the labia, the pussyhole and the clit. He wanted to know what was for what. She explained it to the boy, honestly and without embellishment. Then she let him penetrate her and taught him how to fuck and finally how to squirt inside. She was amazed at how often and how long the little guy could squirt and she only let him go when he couldn't squirt anymore.

Later, others also sent their young sons to her to learn how to fuck. They were all sons of widowers who did not learn how to fuck from their mothers like the others, as was customary.

The kings of southern Spain joined forces and drove the Moors out of the country.

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Emilie comes out of prison

by Jack Faber © 2024

Luc was 12 when his mother was released from prison after 10 years. The Duke paid for his apartment so he could discreetly accommodate a bastard, since little Anna had lost her mother. The Duke paid for a nanny to run the household. Jenny had fire in her ass and had let Luc fuck her since he was 8. He was not able to ejaculate until six months later, but that did not upset Jenny at all. Now his mother came home and Jenny unfortunately had to go.

Luc masturbated every night. There was only one big bed in which the children slept with Jenny, but now with Mom. She tolerated Luc masturbating every night until he had drained his juices. Little Anna whispered to Mom that Luc had always fucked Jenny before. He had even tried to fuck Anna, but it was not possible because of her hymen. Anna did not know whether it was allowed for Luc to fuck the nanny. She was always allowed to watch, it was really very exciting. Jenny had told her that it would be better if Luc did not pierce her hymen, that could help her a lot one day to find a husband. Anna only vaguely understood.

Luc had been masturbating for weeks next to Mom, who did not make a sound. She only masturbated when he was asleep. She was actually a stranger, Luc had to get used to her first. He masturbated silently, but after a few days he hugged her after squirting. He kissed her shyly on the cheeks, only a few days later did he kiss her on the lips. She kissed him back, he was a good boy. She understood very well that he was going through puberty and had to squirt a lot. He dared to kiss Mom with his tongue, "I learned that from Jenny!" She returned the kiss, she had not been kissed so deeply by a man for 10 years. After he had finished squirting, he asked her for the first time why she had been in prison.

Emilie hugged her son and sighed sadly. "I killed your father with an axe, my poor Luc! I was mad with jealousy, I was pregnant for the second time and the guy was fucking all my girlfriends, even my best

girlfriends. Today I wouldn't kill him, maybe just chase him away, maybe not even that. I've had 10 years to think about it." Luc had heard it before, of course, but he wanted to hear it from her. He hugged her tightly. "I don't know exactly what jealousy feels like, Mom!" For the first time he called her Mom. "I never cared when Jenny kept a man overnight. I watched them fuck, they did it just like me. I wasn't jealous of anyone, really not. Never." Luc hesitated before asking. "I gave birth to a little girl, they left me outside for that long. But she died the next day, the priest was just able to baptize her, little Claire. After her funeral they threw me into the tower." Luc was silent for a long time. He felt no sadness for Claire.

It was nice to hug Mom after masturbating and squirting and then whisper to her. "Were there no men in the tower to fuck, Mom?" he asked curiously. She shook her head. "I would have given a kingdom for that! But they were all women, including the guards." Mom was silent for a long time, then she whispered, "We only had each other to make love with, us women." Luc jumped up. "What, making love with women, that's not possible!" He had never heard of it before, but he felt Mom nodding. "Yes, it is possible, I never knew anything about it myself before. It was new to me, but it was mostly very nice." Luc's cock swelled again. He asked her to talk about it, to explain it to him in detail, because he had no idea.

Mum put a hand on his inner thigh, she had never touched him while masturbating before. She caressed his inner thighs very lightly while he masturbated. She told him in a quiet whisper so as not to wake Anna. She whispered that "women could masturbate each other, rub each other's clit." He nodded, "I've seen it often, because Jenny masturbated every night, sometimes she masturbated Anna, but Anna doesn't do it herself yet." It was wonderful how she stroked his willingly open inner thighs! He had to squirt immediately, but he touched her hand, she should continue stroking his inner thighs, he continued masturbating after a few minutes.

"Is it fun to rub someone else's clit?" he asked and she nodded. "It's fun to rub another woman's clit to orgasm, I had to learn it first. Back then, I rarely masturbated when I was sleeping alone. The priest had told us it was a mortal sin. At school, you had to mastur-

bate on a chair in front of the whole class, which I was very embarrassed about at first, but my excitement soon subsided, and in the end I enjoyed doing it in front of everyone. I married Dad and only masturbated rarely, maybe once a week. Your father was a rude guy, he was an awfully bad fucker. I had to fuck other guys, a lot of them in our short three years.”

Luc squirted again, it was so exciting to imagine it. The sinner masturbated in front of everyone and the girls all watched. Mom didn't take her hand away because Luc continued to masturbate. “Should I?” she asked, should she caress his inner thighs? Luc nodded, “That's so fine, Mom!” He masturbated for a very, very long time and they were silent. He was completely exhausted and they fell asleep.

She now caressed his inner thighs every night while he masturbated. It was only a few days later that he asked again about masturbating in front of the whole class, that she should talk about it while he masturbated. She did him the favor, it turned him on immensely and he probably squirted a dozen times before he squirted for the last time and they fell asleep. Mom said she was the only one who pushed her skirt up to her belly button and let the girls look into her pussy, deep into her open pussyhole. She rubbed her clit for an extra long time because many of the girls secretly rubbed their clits under the bench. The priest stood at the window and looked out; he didn't want to see the deadly sin. Mom waited to masturbate until Luc and Anna were deeply asleep. She wasn't ready to do it in front of them yet.

Mom had been caressing Luc's inner thighs for many weeks while he masturbated. She whispered to him the hot stories of masturbating in front of the whole class. He wanted to know every little detail, it turned him on like never before. Even though there were many boys' classes and only one girls' class at the time, she would have loved to masturbate in front of a boys' class, she would have had no concerns about it, but it just wasn't possible.

Mom accidentally touched Luc's scrotum. He sighed deeply. “Yes, Mom, please do it!” There was no turning back. Mom continued to

caress his inner thighs, but also his balls. She had to find her way around and find out what excited him. When he squirted, she held his balls in her cupped hand and squeezed them very gently, he seemed to like that a lot. He squirted at least 5 times every evening, and often more often. She did that every time, caressing his balls or gently squeezing them when he squirted. When he masturbated, she gave him a breast to suck and lick, which she liked herself very much. When he squirted, he bit into a nipple, which was so hot that she almost jumped out of her skin. They kissed again and again with long French kisses, she had learned to love it again over the many weeks. Before falling asleep, they kissed each other French kiss after French kiss.

Luc liked going to school, Anna often skipped school. She liked lying naked in bed with Mom and letting her caress her. Many weeks had passed before she learned to love cuddling naked with Mom. Mom caressed her for weeks without any direct sexual component, but one day she let Mom masturbate her. Luc looked up from his homework and watched with interest. Anna lay on her back on Mom's flat breasts, who reached around her and rubbed her clit from behind masterfully. Anna almost died of lust, Luc had never seen her so madly in arousal.

Mama didn't care that Anna skipped school. The Duke paid them a lot of money to look after his illegitimate daughter, the Duke was no miser. He had had a beautiful and passionate affair with Anna's late mother, and the bastard should not lack anything. Mom cuddled naked with little Anna almost all day and gave her many, many orgasms. Anna blossomed, Mom masturbated her much better than Jenny. "Jenny only masturbated me quickly so that I fell asleep quickly, her eyes were shining and she wanted to fuck Luc as soon as possible," she said to Mom. "Jenny always thought that I was already asleep, but I often watched them fucking. The fucking itself was actually boring, but when he straightened up to squirt inside, I could see very clearly how his cock pumped and he squirted inside, I liked that very much, I rubbed my clit for a long time, but never to the point of orgasm, I always shied away from that."

At night, Mom belonged to him. She caressed his inner thighs and his balls, and she increasingly touched the base of his cock while he rubbed himself. "Yes, please, touch my cock, Mom, I really like that!" Mom carefully touched his cock. She only touched it lightly, but as the days went by she gripped his cock more and more. Luc asked her in a whisper if she would do it to him? At first she shook her head, but she put her hand on his while he rubbed himself. Many days passed before she carefully took over the rubbing. Thank God, he breathed, I can relax really well when you do it! She nodded and masturbated him three to five times in a row. Luc's fingers searched for her pussy. She let him do anything, except stick his finger in her pussy hole, which he was not allowed to do. He touched her pussy for days, it was so arousing. He found her clit and rubbed it very lightly and gently, he knew how Jenny masturbated. She groaned and moaned, but she didn't stop him. She held his cock still as her legs and thighs twitched and trembled involuntarily. She allowed the orgasm, she had always allowed it in prison. Then she continued to masturbate him. She let him squirt in a high arc, that was fine. He asked if he could squirt inside?

Mom didn't answer for a long time. "Is it important to you?" He answered immediately. "Yes, of course, I know how nice it is since I fucked Jenny." Mom said immediately, "You can't fuck me, but I'll let you squirt inside, okay?" She added, "Yes, I'm still completely focused on women, please don't fuck me! I don't like fucking, I love clit licking much more!" Luc had to have it explained to him, but she was happy to do it. He nodded, "Jenny sometimes licked Anna's clit, it was very hot. But Anna didn't like it, never!"

Mom masturbated him again and again and put his cock inside to squirt. He was blissful. She put his cock in four or five times in a row and let him squirt inside with a scared expression on her face. She got annoyed when she put the cock in too early and he had to fuck a few times. It often went wrong, she had to let him fuck her for longer almost every time before he squirted. "I don't really want to get fucked," she said for weeks. But it didn't help, he had to fuck her for minutes to come. She hung her head. He headed straight for his goal. "You want to fuck, don't you?" she asked quietly and plaintively. He nodded in agreement. "I know you don't want to, but I just have to

thrust in order to be able to squirt.” She held back for weeks, but one day she gave in.

“You can’t help it, Luc. OK, come on, fuck me properly, we can’t escape this now! Since the prison time I lost my period, I think I am infertile, so just go on and squirt inside!” He hugged her lovingly. “I’ll make it as good for you as I can, Mom! You won’t regret it.” She kissed him with tears in her eyes. “I haven’t fucked for 10 years, dear Luc! I only made love to women for 10 years, I think I like it too much. Maybe I can’t fuck a man anymore, I used to love fucking a lot before I went to prison because I was very easy to fuck and had an orgasm almost every time. I probably fucked hundreds of men during that time, I was incredibly easy to fuck. I’m a little scared that I won’t be able to do it anymore!”

She got ready and Luc hugged her lovingly, with all his heart. “Please be careful, I only have a tiny little pussy hole, it’s really, really tight!” She sighed deeply, the last people to have fucked her roughly were the prison guards, when she was heavily pregnant. She was fucked hour after hour by the rough guys. She had cried quietly because she was terribly ashamed that she had at least one orgasm every time they fucked her.

“Please be careful, slide in slowly, Luc! Let it adjust to your big cock!” The women had only fucked her with one finger while masturbating, that was wonderful and much nicer than the guards’ rough cocks. She opened her thighs and let him penetrate very slowly. Her finger slid once over her clit. It was stiff to bursting, it demanded an orgasm, now! She smiled, although Luc’s cock painfully widened her little hole.

He was really very careful. He gave her time, gave her hole time to gradually adjust. “I’m deep in now, Mom, I can wait!” Luc’s cock was nice and big and filled her hole completely. She sighed because she could feel him so clearly, the cock swelling and swelling, and she waited a few minutes until the cock filled her hard to bursting. “Fuck me, my child, but go slowly, I haven’t fucked for 10 years!” But was that true? Didn’t she let her confessor fuck her hard once a month? The confessor who fucked a different prisoner every day, the un-

chaste bastard? She didn't remember, it was so long ago and was perhaps just a product of her confused imagination?

He was already very practiced at fucking, her breathing quickened as her orgasm rose. She clung to him as the orgasm broke. But he continued to fuck her, one small orgasm after another making her legs and thighs shiver and shake involuntarily. How long ago was it that she had felt this trembling and twitching, back when she was a young maid and often let the guys fuck her. That's how it was, this wasn't a fantasy.

She let herself be fucked for a very long time and loved the small orgasms. Luc arched his back and squirted his load inside. He left his cock in there, to her amazement he fucked her for another hour and squirted three more times in a row, then his cock shrank. Mom smiled as she slowly pulled out his flaccid, very long cock. "I haven't been fucked so well in a long time!" Luc was as proud as a peacock, Mom had praised him!

Of course they couldn't hide from Anna for long that they fucked for a long time night after night. Anna was 13, her small breasts were budding and magically attracted Luc's gaze. She let Mom masturbate her every day, she almost died of lust. She had Luc kneel in front of her and tried to stuff his cock into her pussy hole. "Look, Mom, my hole is already big enough, it fits in perfectly!" she cried enthusiastically. Mom explained to her how important the hymen was for a girl, and besides, it was the privilege of the father, the old duke, to deflower his daughter. That was a thousand-year-old law, claimed Mama. She remembered the Duke very well; he came to her cell on the days of the court of justice and fucked the heavily pregnant murderess every day. That was his right, he was the Duke after all. When he left, she cried with shame, because she had an orgasm every time.

Anna shook her head firmly. She had seen the old Duke a few times from a distance. No, she wanted to be deflowered by Luc, only by Luc! This went on and on for days. Mama could do anything, but not last long. Anna lay on her back on Mama, who masturbated her from behind. Anna begged day after day until Mama gave in. She

spread Anna's labia from behind and nodded to Luc. "Go on, my poor boy, she won't stop begging!"

Luc pressed his cock against Anna's tiny little hole. "Do you really want it, little sister?" Anna nodded, tears of defiance in her eyes. "Come on, big brother, do it now!" Luc thrust quickly and hard. Anna screamed briefly, it hurt like lightning for a moment. But now he slid in very slowly, as deep as he could. Anna's hole was somehow too short, his cock didn't go all the way in. He only paused for a split second, then he fucked the little one for a very, very long time. Anna bent her head forward to see the fucking.

She was taken aback and surprised when Luc shot his load into her, jerking and rhythmically. She let out a long, satisfied moan. "I'm a woman, Mom," she cried proudly, "a real woman!" Mom hugged her from behind. "Yes, a real young woman! You can fuck Luc as often as you want now!" Mom was moved and remembered. Dad had deflowered her when she was 12, she loved Dad very much and didn't understand why her mother, the stupid goat, beat him up. She let Dad fuck her every night after he had fucked Mom. She fucked him for years, Mom had given up hitting him. She turned her back on them, grumbling, and masturbated in secret. She thought they wouldn't notice, but that was wishful thinking.

Luc was in seventh heaven. During the day he fucked Anna under the critical eyes of his mother, at night he fucked Mom until he had completely drained his juices. He got used to the fact that his mother had a strong orgasm first and then many very small ones, only the twitching and trembling of her thighs could be felt. Anna was very disappointed because she almost never had an orgasm during sex, only when she herself or mother masturbated her with a finger. Mom was not so disappointed, she told Anna that you could learn to have it, you just had to concentrate properly. Anna grumbled that it was much too difficult, but she stopped complaining. She tried to concentrate better, that was the right thing to do.

Anna kept bringing one or the other young girlfriends with her and was arrogantly proud to let them watch her fucking with Luc. None of these girls had ever masturbated, so it was the tall, grown-up

Anna who spread her labia with her fingers and masturbated her for the first time. Luc watched with a smile; they all had different pussies and clits. Anna didn't stop until Luc deflowered and fucked the girl. The girls looked like sheep; they didn't understand how they were being dishonored and violated. They stared into Mom's wide open pussy hole and at her clit, which she caressed gently and only lightly, they were sure that they were in good hands here. Anna laughed because the girls got a cow look or a sheep look, depending on the face. The girls were not afraid of Luc's cock, most of them masturbated their Dad every morning when he woke up with a morning wood. She knew how to do it quietly and secretly so that Mom wouldn't wake up and complain, that decent girls don't let their Dad squirt in their mouth. But everything seemed to be OK, the sheep and cows nodded thoughtfully.

Luc didn't count exactly; there must have been around 15 girls that he deflowered and fucked. Mom sat next to them in silence; her mere presence gave the girls the assurance that the sexual violation was legal. Mom would masturbate now hard and twitch and shake as Luc shot his full load into the stupid girl. Anna masturbated the girls with great skill; Mom was very proud of how well Anna had learned it. She asked Anna what she wanted to be when she grew up.

Anna didn't hesitate for a moment. She had heard that there were classy whores in the castle up there, respected and rich girls. She wanted to be one of those too. Mom was speechless. Most classy whores were educated and masters at fucking, Mom said. That made Anna go back to school and study hard. She was really determined to become a respected classy whore. She practiced fucking with Luc day in, day out. Mom showed her the doggy style and how to let him squirt deep in her throat. Both were perverse, but they were necessary for every classy whore. Anna quickly understood that a classy whore had to have an orgasm when fucked. She concentrated very hard in order to be able to orgasm. She gradually became easy-going and had an orgasm with every fuck. Mom nodded contentedly, now all that was left was to get into the castle.

The old duke had announced that he was coming to visit. The old man came to deflower his daughter according to tradition and make

her a woman. Mom looked him proudly and aloof in the eyes. He was too late, she said coldly, Anna had already been a woman for over half a year. The duke looked at her very closely. "How do I know you, my daughter?" he asked inquiringly, in the way a duke would address a respected woman. Mama looked him straight in the eyes. "You fucked me every day in court prison, Your Grace," she said, her voice trembling slightly. He thought for a long time. She murmured, "I am a murderer, Your Grace." He looked suddenly up. "The axe murderer. The unfortunate master butcher." Mama nodded, Yes, that was her. The duke's eyes lit up. "The young girl, the young murderer. The tightest pussy I've ever had on a grown woman. You let me fuck you brilliantly, you murderer. Really brilliantly, I haven't forgotten it for a long time!" The old man looked at her warmly. "I don't really care that you killed your husband in a fit of jealousy, you paid for it. But I thank you for fucking me so sweetly with your tiny little hole!"

The children came in, Mama beckoned them to undress. The Duke stared at Anna for a long time, his hand stroking her velvety skin, coming to rest on her childlike pussy. "So you are my daughter, from an affair long ago. Your mother and I loved each other with all our hearts, like mad. And now you are here." The Duke caressed her pussy and clit thoughtfully. "And now you're here, already deflowered and a little woman!" Anna nodded, but she didn't know what to say.

The Duke turned to Luc and took his cock in his hand, examining it. "He!?" he asked Mama and she nodded, "Luc did deflower her in your place, Your Grace!" she replied. "Is he perhaps my son too?" asked the Duke, gently pushing Luc's foreskin back and forth. "No, Your Grace, he is my son, the butcher's son, I think. I don't know for sure, Your Grace, I had a lot of lovers back then, with the approval of my weak cocked husband!" The Duke nodded, everything private had been dragged into the light in court. The Duke let go of Luc's cock as the boy began to squirt.

That reminded the Duke of the reason for his visit. "Are you ready, my daughter?" he asked and Mama replied, "Yes, Your Grace, I have prepared her for it!" Anna nodded with a big lump in her throat, then she willingly lay down on the marital bed. Mama helped the Duke out

of his clothes and rubbed his cock until it was really hard. She and Luc watched in silence as the noble gentleman fucked Anna. Luc looked briefly at Mama. The Duke was an old man, no question about it. He squirted with a laborious groan and fell down next to Anna. She hugged him warmly, it was the first time she had been so close to her real father. "You're already fucking pretty well, little Anna!" Anna nodded and chattered that she practiced with her stepbrother every day. An angel must have whispered it to her, "Your Grace, my deepest wish is to become a respected and good noble whore in your castle!" The Duke looked at her in astonishment. He saw that she was serious, she seemed so grown-up. "We'll see," he said quietly, "I'll do my best!"

Three months had passed, a smart young captain picked up Anna. "Say goodbye, little miss, the Duke is calling you to his court." Anna packed her things in tears of joy, "Mama, Luc, I can go to the castle!" she called out again and again. She followed the captain. She came to the wing where the three noble whores lived. She slept in a room with Veronique, whose real name was Frandrid and who came from Denmark, not from France as she claimed. Veronique took her under her wings and taught her everything over the next few weeks. Once a month she visited Mom and Luc to fuck. She was completely happy to be a high-class whore.

Anna was 15, pretty, fresh and unspoiled. She fucked kings, princes, abbots and bishops and even seduced the papal nuncio. The boy-lover succumbed to her childish charm, he only very rarely fucked a woman, the unchaste cocksucker. The Duke was happy because the happily grinning gentlemen signed the next morning good contracts with him. His own flesh and blood! He fucked Anna at least once a month. She hadn't learned anything perverse from the high-class whores, high-class whores fucked, sucked cocks as long as they didn't squirt in their mouths, they masturbated customers and for an extra charge, they masturbated themselves in front of the customer. But they never did anything perverse.

Anna, however, let the Duke fuck her from behind, in the doggy position. At the end, she rubbed his cock in her mouth and let him squirt deep into her throat, both of which were very perverse. But she

felt a deep, childlike love for her father, whom she had only just met. She hugged him and kissed him with French kisses, she loved him very much, she whispered, because with him she was his loving daughter, not a noble whore.

“You have your mother’s beautiful, fine, innocently shy character, keep it forever!” said the Duke. Anna kissed him on the mouth. “But I also have a lot from you, Father, Your Grace! I also honor my poor mother when I let you fuck me! I want to keep that too, I want to be your queen, until my last breath!” The Duke smiled, his soul would soon jump into heaven and praise the Lord of the Worlds. He had raised his son to be a worthy successor, heaven could come!

Anna was 15, pretty, fresh and unspoiled. She fucked kings, princes, abbots and bishops and even seduced the papal nuncio. She knew how easy it was to seduce kings. She thought about the future, Veronique and the two other lesbian high-class whores reminded her to think about it. At 30 or 35 she was too old, high-class whores from that age had served their purpose. She could save every gold coin like the others so as not to have to go prostitution when she was old, saving was good and smart. But she would catch herself a king, experiencing old age as a queen was very tempting. That was her plan, a really good plan!

Anna was always very happy when she visited Mom and Luc and fucked both of them.

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Little Prince Hanzo

by Jack Faber © 2024

The Empress Mitsuko had let her son Hanzo sleep with her since he was a child. When she masturbated, she pressed Hanzo's face onto her breasts. The boy was not supposed to see or notice her masturbating. She was convinced that she always managed to keep it secret. It was only when the boy ejaculated onto her groin with each of her orgasms that she began to have doubts.

She took the beautiful, small boy's cock in her hand. She slowly pulled back the foreskin and watched it squirt. Hanzo was already squirting like a big boy. The empress was locked up in her quarters, no man was allowed to enter her chambers except the emperor. He was already terribly old, she was very young and he fucked her very badly and only once a month at most.

She had had a carefree youth, no one suspected that one day she would be empress. Her father deflowered her when she was just 12, which was quite common back then. He fucked her every evening because his wife no longer held any appeal for him. Mitsuko learned everything about fucking every night for two years, and at 14 she spread her wings and fucked every two-legged creature. She had fucked hundreds of noblemen and teenagers back then, and that's how she discovered how easy-going she actually was by nature. She had an orgasm almost every time they fucked her, and if she had let several people fuck her in a row, she only had to masturbate once at night to fall asleep. Then her father, who had only recently become the highest mandarin, sold her to the emperor as his 6th wife. A brilliant move, no doubt.

Nobody found out that she was already pregnant with Hanzo, not even his handsome father, a strong young officer whom she fucked day and night as if in a frenzy. He was reluctant to leave her, but competing with the emperor would be senseless suicide. She cried for days; the emperor was not only ancient, but also a terrible fucker. Nevertheless, she had to manage to let him fuck her in order to have

Hanzo as her legitimate son. She succeeded. The emperor much preferred to watch her masturbate; he had to lick the saliva from his lips, the old voyeur. She actually had nothing against it, she had always masturbated in front of others, without any shame. It was only in the first few days that Mitsuko realized that she was hermetically sealed off from the world of men. On sunny days she was allowed to go with Hanzo into the magnificent garden, where there was no one except her maids, certainly no men, not even the gardeners.

Mitsuko had witnessed the awakening of Hanzo's sexuality from the very beginning. The first squirt, the daily squirt and the squirt on her groin when she triggered her orgasm. She was now sure that he was watching her masturbate. She couldn't figure out how he did it. But it was clear, he rubbed his cock on her groin and always squirted at the exact moment she triggered the orgasm. She watched it for months, but it was clear and obvious, yes, he was watching her masturbate. She taught him the word, she let him explore her pussy with his eyes and fingers. She called him everything by its name, he should also call everything by its name. He asked and she answered what the pussy hole was actually for, what the clit was actually for. He couldn't make sense of the word "fuck", but the clit thing interested him a lot. "Mom, you rub your clit because it gives you pleasure and joy?" he asked to be sure. "No, I've never really seen your clitrubbing, only roughly. But I always thought about how it works. It would be a great pleasure to be able to watch you!" Mitsuko saw that she had no way out. She nodded and he knelt between her thighs. Mom began to masturbate very slowly and Hanzo grabbed his cock. At that time he didn't yet know how to masturbate.

He looked and was amazed. When she was already about to release the trigger, he began to ejaculate on his own. First he ejaculated on her inner thighs, then on her pussy. He grinned and laughed heartily, that was fun! Mom said yes, and from now on he could watch her masturbate every time, three or more times a day. She stared at his cock. He had grown noticeably and was becoming more and more like his biological father's magnificent cock.

He lay down next to her again when her orgasm had subsided. He took her hand and rubbed his cock inside her palm. He squirted and

then continued again after a short while. He had to squirt three or four times every evening, only the first time he knelt and squirted full of lust and a little wickedly on her pussy. She smiled and let him do. She formed a ring with her thumb and forefinger that encircled his cock. He understood immediately, she didn't have to explain anything. He fucked back and forth and it was so much easier to squirt. "Your hand, Madame," he asked politely and she formed the ring.

He reported that on a maid's hand he had seen the dwarf dogs fucking. The maid, who had no idea of his mental progress, explained to him that people basically fucked in the same way, but face to face, fucking in the doggy position was considered very rude because the maids had to let their master fuck them in this position. He was very excited and Mom had to show him her pussy hole again. She stuck a finger in and fucked a little. "The man puts his cock in and fucks to the end." He nodded, the end was squirting inside, right? Mitsuko nodded, but she didn't want to do it right away. "Maybe when you're 15 or 16, not before." But she let herself be persuaded to let Hanzo penetrate her at the end of his masturbation to squirt inside. He was very quiet when he was allowed to penetrate and squirt inside for the first time. He was overwhelmed, he said after a while.

So it came to pass that Hanzo was now allowed to squirt inside her every evening. For a long time he didn't dare to fuck her before squirting. She asked him if he wanted to fuck her, because she often had to turn him down. Hanzo and she were always honest with each other, so he admitted that he really wanted to fuck her badly. She shook her head, "Not before you're 16 or 17, that's what we agreed," and he nodded, crestfallen. Mama had made a mistake with the age, but he was too broken to correct her. "But of course you can ask any maid if she'll let you fuck her. Don't get your hopes up too much, my maids are already grown women who are probably very picky."

Hanzo asked maid after maid. They shook their heads and looked at Mama, who didn't look at all helpful. Hanzo understood immediately and asked Mama to nod in agreement, which she then did. The maid looked twice at the Empress, but she smiled approvingly. The maid murmured, "Very well, dear Prince, I will do your bidding. You must know that I do not fuck very often, young master!" She propped

herself up, lifted her skirt and stuck out her ass. Hanzo stood on tip-toe and looked at Mama. "I may fuck her like a dwarf dog, may I not, Your Grace?" Mama nodded in satisfaction and murmured, "But do it well, little Prince, do it well and as often as you like until all your juice has squirted out!"

Hanzo spread her ass cheeks with both hands and ordered her to stretch her pussy wide out. The 36-year-old admitted that she had last fucked two years ago. "You are not ready yet," Hanzo stated as he felt her clit. She trembled and moaned as he excited her clit until it was stiff and pointed. "I'm going to fuck you now," Hanzo said, and the maid hanging her head in shame. "Yes, young master," she breathed almost inaudibly, as she was very ashamed that the mistress was watching curiously from the bed.

Hanzo fucked for the first time, the older maid hummed and moaned contentedly when he squirted inside. She was already very tired when he fucked her for the second time. Hanzo had had enough, gave her a silver coin from Mama's table and let her go. From then on, the boy fucked a different maid every day, thanked her with a silver coin and let her go.

He always watched Mama masturbate, but he didn't squirt anymore. He saved his juice for the maids. After weeks he had fucked everyone, none of them turned him down, as his mother watched approvingly from her bed. He fucked the maids for a whole year and they let themselves be fucked, as the empress evidently thought it was right.

Mitsuko was lying in bed, all you could see were her beautiful breasts, which one hand was caressing. The other hand disappeared under the covers and rubbed her clit in the most loving way. She would never masturbate openly in front of a maid. But the maid would only turn her ass and her hairy pussy hole to her. Mitsuko rarely masturbated to orgasm, and when she did, it was inaudible and invisible.

Hanzo knelt in front of her again when she masturbated, he stuck his cock in her pussyhole long before he squirted. He fucked her

against the rules, squirted inside with a cheeky grin. She let it happen for a few days without saying anything. But then she spoke up. "You're not 17 yet and you're fucking me, it's just shameless!" Hanzo grinned cheekily and said nothing. "Do you really want to fuck me even though you're not quite 17 yet?" she asked, a little confused. Now Hanzo could answer. "Yes, Mama, Your Grace! I have been able to watch you masturbate for years, and over the last few months I have fucked all the maids with your approval. Each one fucks a little differently, but none of them has such a soft, velvety pussy as yours, Madame. I have been able to squirt in them a thousand times, and none of the maids, not a single one, has such a silky-smooth little hole as you, Mama, Madame! I finally want to know what it is like to fuck you, to really fuck like I fucked the maids! That is the truth, please don't deny me!" Hanzo looked at her innocently. She had to smile, he was honest and straightforward. Her son, her favorite child. Her gaze fell on his big cock, it was now almost as big and masculine as his biological father's.

She leaned forward and hugged Hanzo, her favorite Hanzo. She grabbed his cock and held it tight. "You're still so young, Hanzo, I almost don't dare let you fuck me, your mother. But you answered honestly and openly, that's what made the difference. Come now, lie down next to me and uncover me. We'll fuck completely naked, I'm not a maid!" Hanzo obeyed and they embraced, kissing.

She grabbed his cock and inserted it into her fuck hole, really, really deep. She sighed, how many years had she not felt a cock inside her? She waited a little, his cock swelled and swelled, it filled her pussyhole completely. Now she released him, now she let Hanzo fuck her with full devotion. And how well he fucked! The training with the maids, whom he only fucked from behind, paid off. He fucked her for ages, maybe even half an hour. He straightened up and grabbed her by the hips. He squirted and squirted, a whole lot of juice. She lay back, but he surprised her. He wasn't finished yet, he said, he had to squirt all that juice out, didn't he!? He fucked her a second time, and then a third time. The second time she had an orgasm that knocked her off her feet, then small orgasms followed, one after the other, until it was over. She was happy, she was still as light orgasming as ever.

She hugged and kissed him again and again. It was now a done deal that Hanzo would fuck her every night. She loved it, they were breaking open the golden cage that the jealous emperor had built around her. Hanzo was happy, because her hole was velvety and silky, as he had known it for a long time. Mitsuko told all the maids that she would have their heads chopped off if even a dying word about what was going on in her bedroom got out. The maids naturally believed that it was about the prince, to whom they gave themselves with hanging heads, full of shame but actually willingly. The maids nodded and said they would keep silent as the grave.

It happened unexpectedly, the old emperor fell over and was dead. Mitsuko played the grieving widow for a day. But she didn't shed a tear for the old dirty libertine and pig priest. On the very first day, his nephew, the next emperor, lifted the embargo. He came to Mitsuko night after night, even though he already had a wife. He fucked the young widow every night until he was exhausted. He decided very quickly what would happen to her and Hanzo. She could keep her wing if she wanted. Mitsuko nodded gratefully. She could continue her luxurious life, said the emperor, and continued to fuck her night after night, because she was not only an absolute beauty, but she fucked a hundred times better than his ugly wife. It was not until a year later that the ugly empress managed to separate him and Mitsuko. Mitsuko didn't care, she looked for Hanzo's father, who had since become a colonel, to revive the affair. Things went well for a few months, but apart from fucking, they were no longer compatible at all. He left without any trouble and without making a fuss.

The robbers and highwaymen from the kingdom of Iga entered the palace and tied up the surprised palace guards. They killed the fat empress and her fat lover while they were fucking. The fat empress pulled a face like a sow and let her fat lover fuck her doggy style, which was very inappropriate. The robbers let the two finish fucking and only killed them both after the big fat lover had squirted inside. They were also ordered to kill the emperor, but they only mortally wounded him. They went from room to room, and whoever was on the list was slaughtered. They had themselves led to the houses of the last ones and killed them. The haunting was over after half an hour, they had murdered more than 40 councilors and mandarins. They

grabbed Mitsuko, Hanzo and all their maids and led them away. Mitsuko counted the maids, 21. Two must have escaped.

The two maids had run away, they hid in the smaller horse stable. There were two pony stallions standing there, they had been trained from a young age to fuck human women. The older maid said with a stupid grin, "These are stallions that are trained to fuck!" She quickly put bales of straw under the smaller stallion, lay on her back and inserted the cock into her little hole. She put her heels on his rear end and set the pace. "We have to let them fuck so they don't neigh and give us away!" was the smartest thing she ever said. The younger maid wasn't an ounce smarter than the other, but she kept her mouth shut. She watched for a while until she gradually got the hang of it. She also lay down on bales of straw under the stallion, he was older and bigger than the other, he was his uncle. His cock was much bigger and she had trouble stuffing it into her little pussyhole. The good pony stallions fucked the maids until the first rooster crow. By midnight, the older maid was already very tired from the constant fucking of the young stallion. She lay on her stomach, inserted the pony cock from behind, and they continued. The little stallion fucked her tired, and gradually she fell asleep. The other maid was not an ounce the wiser, sweat ran down her face when she made the final push with her finger on her clit and triggered her orgasm. The stallion had a very large cock and fucked her tirelessly, she let him fuck her until morning so that the stallion wouldn't neigh. The maids breathed a sigh of relief, they were saved! And being fucked all night by a pony stallion was very unchaste and indecent, but not unpleasant either.

Mitsuko, Hanzo and the maids were driven over hill and dale until they reached the robbers' camp at midday. They remained in captivity there for almost half a year. The maids were fucked by the robbers day in, day out. Mitsuko kept the robber captain to himself, he was a quiet, rough guy. He was not a bad fucker, but she enjoyed it much more when Hanzo fucked her at night. Hanzo fucked two or three maids every day, but at night he emptied his juices while fucking Mitsuko.

The emperor succumbed to his injuries after three days. A fierce battle for the throne broke out. Prince A and Prince B against the Shogun. The Shogun was the stronger, he won and beheaded the princes in front of his army. He marched victoriously into the imperial city with the princes' heads impaled on pikes. He sat on the throne, he was the new emperor. He was unmarried, he took the wives and daughters of his enemies with him and fucked them every night. He was a bony, athletic man, he still had business to attend to.

Mitsuko had suspected from the start that her abduction was the work of the Shogun. She suspected how obsessed he was with her. The robbers did not hand her and the other hostages over as agreed, they haggled with the new emperor for half a year. The emperor agreed to the deal, but the robbers were murdered one after the other later. Finally, Mitsuko arrived back in her quarters with Hanzo and her maids.

The emperor could hardly wait to fuck Mitsuko. "Finally, finally!" He had his predecessor and his followers murdered in order to get on the throne and into Mitsuko's bed. He was not a bad fucker, the new emperor, she winked at Hanzo, who was lying in bed next to her. "No, not as good as you, my son," she whispered. The emperor gave the wives and daughters of the defeated to his generals, he only wanted to fuck Mitsuko, squirting once a night was enough for him. He really was not a good fucker, Mitsuko was having fewer and fewer orgasms with him. He did not want to share his power with anyone, Mitsuko would never become his wife, his empress. That was very disappointing.

Mitsuko chose the best fuckers, who she let them fuck her during the day. Hanzo developed a preference for untouched virgins. There were not many, most girls were deflowered and fucked by their fathers back then. Hanzo actually did not care whether the virgin was beautiful or not. Especially the unpretty and ugly were happy to be deflowered by the prince. They were all very shy and sexually inexperienced. They only knew their father's cock, which she was allowed to masturbate in her mouth and let him cum deep in her throat.

Hanzo laid the virgin on his mother's naked pussy, who stroked the child's face and small breasts and calmed her down. Hanzo soon got out of the habit of deflowering the girl with a quick jerk. He penetrated her infinitely slowly, savoring every second of how the hymen stretched and after a while tore. It was a perversion, he knew that, as did his mother, who caressed her clit in the meantime.

The emperor did not live very long, his reign of terror lasted less than two years before he was stabbed in the back. The next shogun became emperor for 14 days. He was a vain, pleasure-seeking bon vivant. He fucked Mitsuko in public, in front of the assembled court. He never fucked her for more than half a minute, then he squirted theatrically, the bastard. The court applauded hypocritically until Mitsuko gave in and masturbated in front of everyone. The guy was poisoned two weeks later. Mitsuko didn't bat an eyelid as she mixed the powder into his wine.

Mitsuko had fucked many hundreds, maybe even thousands of men, or had them fucked. She was a beauty that the next three emperors had to fuck. She smiled, that suited her life well. Not being an empress became less and less important to her from year to year. The emperors paid a fortune to be allowed to fuck her. Hanzo always knelt next to her when her lover was working his way inside her pussyhole. Hanzo rubbed her clit masterfully and brought her to her first orgasm very quickly, then many small orgasms followed, because she was very easy to orgasm. She stared at Hanzo's cock, which dripped or squirted a little. When the lover had ejaculated, Hanzo pushed him aside and penetrated her to squirt. This was nothing unusual, most mothers of that time let their sons fuck them.

The fact that Prince Hanzo loved virgins spread quickly in the countryside. The farmer usually deflowered his daughters and fucked them until he could marry them off. But now they kept the daughter's hymen, and the prince paid a large silver coin, which was enough to buy a cow. The maids bathed the country child, oiled her skin and perfumed her childlike pussy. The girl was laid on her back on the mistress's naked pussy, who stroked and caressed her hair and the girl's small breasts to relax her. Hanzo questioned each girl. She usually only knew her father's, the farmer's, cock, which she rubbed in

her mouth every morning and let squirt down her throat. Every morning before breakfast he fucked the older daughter, who had already lost her virginity and could no longer be sold to the generous prince. Girls who had no father only learned how to lick a clit from the farmer's wife. Mitsuko caressed the girl's clit until her heart was pounding and she was ready. "You have to stretch your pussy out towards the prince as best you can, little girl!" Mitsuko whispered the good advice to the girl. Now Hanzo penetrated infinitely slowly, closing his eyes to savor every moment. Now the hymen broke and the girl reacted. Some with a short scream, others just twitched a little. He fucked the girl quickly and rarely with particular joy, because hardly anyone had a hole as silky and velvety as his mother. The child thanked him for the silver coin and scurried out.

Mitsuko said goodbye to her father with a pompous funeral. She quietly told Hanzo about her youth. He had deflowered his daughter at the age of 12, which was the custom at the time. He fucked her every night for two years and taught her everything about fucking. She was infinitely grateful to him for fucking her so well and discovering her ease to orgasm. From him she learned that orgasm was not a gift from the gods, but that you had to work for it. He taught her to work for orgasm, it wasn't actually that difficult. He fucked her in a very special way. He mounted her like a spider and fucked her from above. He always squirted from above, usually right in the middle of her orgasm, because they both loved that very much. Hanzo had the position described to him. "Like a gnome, like a horny dwarf from a nightmare," he commented and she nodded in agreement. "I often thought that back then, that he squatted on top of me like a gnome and squirted from above like a wicked dwarf from a nightmare. But he was never wicked, he just loved it that way." They had buried the box with his bones and ashes next to her mother, who had died a long time ago.

Hanzo had to try this position right away, of course. Mitsuko pulled her knees up to her face, her pussy and ass cheeks formed a round fruit. He squatted on this fruit and fucked her from above. Her eyes shone with beautiful memories, her thighs parted wide. "I'm the gnome from your nightmares now," he joked, but she just smiled. He squirted from above. It was an acrobatic act that they never repeated.

Hanzo attacked the women at lunchtime, when everyone was taking a siesta in the heat. He scouted the women out carefully. They had to be young and fresh, shy and as innocently pure as possible. He crept into the bedroom and his eyes lit up when she was masturbating. He waited silently until she had finished masturbating. He lay down next to her and would never take No for an answer, never. It turned him on when she resisted or tearfully assured him that she had only been married for a short time and had never fucked anyone, except her father of course and her husband. He fucked them all, without exception. The crying and moaning always stopped as soon as he penetrated her for the first time. His victims opened their mouths silently mute; never had they felt such a massive cock inside them. He loved the small, sometimes tiny holes of the girls and women, he shot his full load into her and fucked her until he had had enough.

It was a wild time that shook the empire, emperor followed emperor in rapid succession. The Emperors and everyone happily lay down next to the former empress Mitsuko, who was not the least bit bitchy like most noble women.

Fucking was her elixir of life.

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The porn author

by Jack Faber © 2024

Madame de Montlhéry was sitting naked on the bed as usual, writing her raunchy crime novels. She hadn't found it shameful to write porn crime novels for a long time. They were published, sold and brought her a lot of money. The nanny had entered quietly and stopped in front of the bed. She had lowered her gaze to the floor, she was looking at her mistress's naked pussy under the protection of her eyelids. She knew that the mistress was writing with one hand and the other resting on her clit.

"What's up, Marie?" asked the mistress, leaning forward. Her pussy hole widened even more, Marie saw how the mistress flicked an invisible speck of dust from her clit. "It's because of Jean, the young Master Jean. I've endured it for 10 days now, but I just can't take it anymore. I'm inconsolable, Madame, but I have to quit." Marie took a deep breath, it was said.

Madame looked at her. "What have you suffered, Marie, what makes you quit!?" Marie looked at the tips of her shoes. The shameless nakedness was nothing new to her, but it confused her, really. "Jean lifts my skirt, rubs himself against my thighs and squirts on my inner thighs as high as he can." A smug smile flashed across the mistress's face. "And you can't escape the lout?" she asked, still smiling slyly. Marie shook her head. "He shouted and yelled at me that he was the next Marquis and that he could see how the Marquis was fucking me!" Marie's face expressed disgust and indignation. Madame smiled broadly. "And is that true?"

Marie looked up, her gaze lingering on the mistress's open pussy hole. "Madame, I have only ever told you the truth! The scoundrel, as you liked to say, squirts right up onto my inner thighs to squirt on my pussy!" She now looked directly into the eyes of the Marquise. "Every word is true, Madame, I swear it. He lifts my skirt up and exposes my most intimate parts. For 10 days he has been sticking his cock deep into my pussy hole and fucking me for a long time, then

squirting everything inside. No, Madame, I'm not that kind of person!" The mistress wanted to know if she had helped him? "Of course, Madame, I had to spread my pussy hole with my fingers and stuff his thick cock in myself, otherwise it wouldn't have worked!" The girl wasn't smart enough to realize her mistake. Madame interrupted. "I actually wanted to know whether the scoundrel could see that the Marquis was fucking you?" Marie shook her head, "No, the Marquis was very careful about that." Marie realized that she was trapped. She would say nothing more, she didn't know where to escape.

The mistress continued to probe relentlessly. How did it all start? "The Marquis ordered me to bend forward until my palms touched my shoes. I thought nothing bad until the Marquis stood behind me and lifted my skirt up so that my ass and my most intimate parts were exposed." The mistress continued to ask. "I told the Marquis that I was not like that, that I was a chaste and devout girl. I was surprised that he caressed my ass cheeks and gently rubbed my clit for minutes, until I was near to orgasm and ready for been fucked, until I gave up all my chaste resistance. But by then the Marquis had already..." Marie stopped. The mistress wanted to hear what happened next. Marie blushed deeply, but she continued. "So it came about that the Marquis had ..." She wanted to sink with shame. "When did it all start?" Marie lowered her head. "It started on my second day at work, Madame," she said, because she didn't have to say the horrible word, "so four months ago, Madame!" The Marquise grinned from ear to ear.

"The other nannies left also very quickly," said the Marquise, "they didn't want to sleep naked with my rascal boy. So I suggest the following to you. You leave today, but I have to write all your sexual sins on your service report card, that goes without saying. Your fucking with the Marquis, and your willingness to let the rascal willingly penetrate your hole, this couldn't happen without your sinful consent, my dear! Or you stay another 5 weeks, until the next termination date, and you let my rascal sleep naked with you, naked of course. Whether he squirts on your inner thighs while you're standing or lying down shouldn't matter to you, since you let the Marquis fuck you every morning!?" Marie was confused, "Do I really have to lie naked

next to the rascal and let him squirt on my inner thighs, and into my pussyhole!?” Madame nodded, “That’s the deal!” Marie didn’t have to think long. “Will I get a good service report after 5 weeks, Madame?” The Marquise nodded, “a snow-white one, my child!” Marie nodded, she would stay for another five weeks. Full of shame.

Five weeks later, the Marquise had not yet found a new nanny; for most people, the “child” was much too old, in the middle of puberty. Her son Jean asked if he could sleep with her in the meantime. The Marquise was constructing a complicated paragraph and nodded absently as Jean lay naked next to her. He must not disturb her while she was thinking; he slowly rubbed his foreskin until his cock was completely stiff. Mom gave him a sideways glance. She had not seen his cock for months — or years? — It was quite a large cock, it could have belonged to an adult. She let her thighs loose a little because Jean’s hand was inside her pussy. She didn’t care; she wanted to finish the love scene in one go. “If you want to rub and squirt, go ahead, I’ve seen it a thousand times and it doesn’t bother me at all!” Jean immediately uncovered himself and rubbed his cock. She watched from the corner of her eye while she scribbled a few words. She was amazed at how big his cock was getting. It was certainly bigger than the Marquis’s, and maybe bigger than many of her lovers’, because she hadn’t fucked the Marquis for ages. She lifted the manuscript sheets up, not a moment too soon. Jean squirted the first jet over her inner thighs, he turned and squirted on her pussy and on her pussy hole. She stroked his hair, “Was it good, Jean?” He nodded gratefully. “It doesn’t bother me at all if you want to squirt upon my pussy, you big squirter, you!” she laughed. So it came to be that just before he squirted, he knelt between her thighs and squirted on her pussy, right above her pussy hole.

It was only after a few days that she asked how things had gone with Marie. He snorted contemptuously. “Oh! She was acting like a virgin princess on the first evening. But then I fucked her like the last two nannies, for 5 weeks!” She grinned, she knew that he was going through puberty and had deliberately put the last 3 girls in his bed. Jean thought for a long time and hugged her. “Thank you, Mom, I really needed to fuck very, very badly!” She held him at a distance, “Please be patient, I’m already looking for the next one! You can’t

fuck me, my son!” She emphasized the word son, and Jean nodded dejectedly. “But I would have loved to do it, Mom, I dream about it every night.” The Marquise quickly changed the subject. She skilfully questioned him about fucking the three nannies and he didn’t hide even the smallest detail. He was happy with how much she wanted to know everything. Above all, he had to describe the girls’ pussies, fuck holes and clits in great detail.

Jean asked if he could penetrate her while he was squirting, into her hole? She thought about it for a long time. “I absolutely don’t want you to fuck me, you are my flesh and blood!” He nodded and promised solemnly. He stuck to that for a few days. But then he fucked while he was squirting. She only allowed him to insert the tip of his cock, she let him fuck her a little before he squirted. She didn’t say anything for days, but then she stopped him. “No fucking, that was the deal!” she said sharply and he stuck to it again.

She gladly took his cock in her hand. She pulled the foreskin back and forth very slowly and watched it grow with wide eyes. She didn’t let him squirt, and when he was ready, she moved the foreskin so slowly that his semen oozed out lazily of the hole. She had been doing it for weeks, she lay on her side and turned her back to him. He masturbated like a madman, then he stuck the tip of his cock in from behind, fucked for a few minutes and squirted inside. That went well for weeks until he thought of something new, something decisive.

He had been stroking her round ass cheeks, now he leaned forward and his tongue played in the crease between her asshole and her pussy hole. It was so hot that she hid her face in the pillow so that he couldn’t hear her aroused and lustful little cries. For days she enjoyed this licking of her sensitive slit, and of course he knew how good it was for her. His cock sank deeper and deeper when he fucked her to squirt. One day she gave up all resistance, she grabbed his butt cheeks and pushed his cock really, really deep inside. She sighed because she hadn’t had a cock in her pussy for months. But what a magnificent cock it was! It grew and swelled inside her, it filled her completely! He pushed her ass cheeks apart and fucked her for the first time.

What great orgasms those were! She let him fuck her two or three times a day, she enjoyed it very much. It was a wild and debauched time, a hundred years after the French Revolution. The nobility was making a comeback, and unbridled sexuality was rampant, especially in the upper classes. The Marquise de Montlhéry was as if unleashed in her sexuality, and now she let herself be fucked by her own flesh and blood every day, without reservation. When Jean discovered that he could fuck her in the asshole with his index finger while he fucked her, she was close to death, it was so hot! She had to bite the corner of the pillow to stop the whole house from screaming in orgasm.

Finally she found a nanny who didn't mind how old the child was. The 18-year-old was also called Marie, she was a small, chubby girl from the country, with noticeably large breasts and very curved bow legs, but somehow she was quite pretty and charming. Madame had her lift her skirt and explored her pussy. It was completely hairless. "Yes, I was told I was infertile, especially since I hadn't had my period yet." Madame noticed that her pussy was evidence of a lot of fucking. Marie said, No, she wasn't like that! She had only fucked one man before, no, two, definitely! Her father was the first, he had deflowered his daughter at 11 and had fucked her every night since then.

The second, Marie stammered, was the Abbé, the confessor. She went to confession every Saturday evening, always the last one. From the beginning, she had aroused the Abbé with made-up sex stories. Until he asked her to stick her ass through the little window where he had pulled back the grille. The Abbé stood up, fucked her from behind and squirted everything inside. "Ego te absolvo," he said afterwards and let her go with a pure, innocent heart.

That ended a year ago, the jealous housekeeper caught them both in the act and cursed them like a devil. The Abbé belonged to her, only to her! She lay in his arms every night and he fucked her until he was exhausted. Her Abbé! Marie smiled and smiled along with Madame, who had no opinion of the chastity of clergymen.

Madame and Marie discussed the details. Above all, she had to make sure that her little rascal had a bath every day. "Okay," said

Marie, “we’ll bathe together, I’ll do that.” She had to make sure that he put on fresh underwear and clean clothes every day and had a big breakfast before he went to school. And finally, she would lie naked in bed with him. Marie nodded, she had already been told that. “Is he allowed to do anything, or do you set any limits, Madame?” asked Marie. Madame smiled. “Anything you allow, my child, anything!” Marie nodded in agreement, so it was agreed.

Marie was already standing at the Marquise’s bed on the third morning. She got straight to the point and without any frills. “Madame, it was agreed that I would let my charge fuck me, which is fine, especially since the young man has a fairly large and enduring cock. But it was not agreed that the Marquis would fuck me every morning. If I have to fuck two people, I will demand two salaries.” Madame swallowed, she had completely forgotten to warn Marie about the Marquis. She nodded sadly. “Marie, just let him carry on, at least until the end of the month. I will talk to him and demand a second salary, that is your right. I will pay you two salaries this month, you are entitled to that! I know that you only go to work because your father is sick and unemployed.” Marie agreed.

In the mornings, Marie bent down to her toes, the Marquis lifted up her skirt and held her ass cheeks while he fucked her from behind. Oh, how well this country girl let herself be fucked! exulted the shameless Marquis. But the Marquis was nowhere near as wealthy as his wife, who earned millions with her porn crime novels. He could not and did not want to pay the second salary, he had to be stingy. So he fucked Marie for the last time on the last day of the month, Marie did not give in to his whiny begging.

Soon Jean was snuggling up to his mother, naked and lustful. “Doesn’t she fuck well, the new one?” she asked, caressing his cock. “No, Mom, I have to thank you, she’s great! She lets me fuck her three or five times, depending on how often I need it. From the front, from behind and even squirting down her throat, although she says it’s perverse. No, she’s a perfect nanny, Mom, and thank you again!” He couldn’t put it into words and was talking at random. It was about the fact that she didn’t show him the love that Mom did. To Jean’s surprise, Mom immediately understood what he meant. She

hugged and cuddled him, then let him fuck her. He came to fuck almost every evening before going to Marie's.

The Marquise often went to Jean's room and watched under the dooway the two of them fucking. Marie was really a rocket in bed! Jean really enjoyed fucking her from the front or from behind in the doggy position, Marie rode him like a good rider and masturbated his cock in her mouth to make him squirt deep in her throat. The Marquise sighed deeply. Jean would graduate from high school next year and then go to the Jesuit University to learn the diplomatic trade, that was his own serious decision. How long should he keep his nanny? She really didn't know what would happen next.

For her part, she was definitely ready to take Marie's place in the sex department.

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Children of the Revolution

by Jack Faber © 2024

The Marquise de Montalban had not been able to sleep without the sleeping pill for many years. She had foolishly only taken half of the powder, which happened very rare, and she slowly woke up before midnight. She heard familiar noises next to her in the large double bed, where she had slept for years with her two children Irène and Pierre. For the past year she has only slept with Pierre, as Irène had married a rich surgeon. She lit the wick and looked around sleepily. The recognition struck her like a bolt of lightning.

Below, Irène lay, completely covered in sweat, panting and gasping for breath. Pierre lay on top of her, sweat dripping from his body, he stuck motionless in Irène's pussy. The Marquise immediately recognized that he was about to ejaculate into Irène's pussy hole. He looked confusedly into Mama's eyes, then began to ejaculate rhythmically. The Marquise saw her two children fuck for the first time. She was excited, perhaps a little horrified. Irène was already married and she had never seen Pierre fuck before. She sat up, let the two of them catch their breath and demanded an explanation.

Irène was the first to answer. "Mama, I have been married for half a year and only found out the truth a few weeks ago. Jean-Claude is a wonderful husband, I couldn't imagine anyone better, but unfortunately he is infertile. I would never have a child with him. We hugged and held each other, for me it would be the end. He was quite understanding and wonderful. I have his permission to let someone else mate with me. I immediately chose Pierre, he was the first and only person I fucked before marriage. He should, he had to be the father of my children, him and no one else!" The Marquise was silent for a long time and tried to think, but the powder was still clouding her brain too much. She looked at him, she looked at her. The two of them smiled at her kindly. She stammered, "How long, how long, you two?" Pierre said, "I took Irène's virginity since she was 14. So about 5 years, a little less than 5 years." Irène nodded, yes, something like that.

The Marquise asked Irène, “Does he know? Does your husband know?” Irène shook her head. “He never asked who I had slept with before the wedding, and he doesn’t want to know who the father is going to be, I would have told him both openly and honestly. He swore to treat my child, my children, as his own. I believe him, he is a thoroughly honest and good person. He only went for a medical examination after I failed to get pregnant.”

The Marquise’s head was spinning. She had never noticed that her children had been fucking next to her for five years. The sleeping powder! She noticed that Irène was impatiently playing with Pierre’s cock. “Go on, children, I’ll take half another powder.” She stood up and went to the table and mixed water and powder. She only now realized that she was completely naked. She had mostly avoided it, she was not a libertine who led a dissolute life, she had only discussed the bare essentials about sex with the children, she had not let the children know that she masturbated every night before going to sleep.

She was gradually falling asleep, watching the two of them fucking and sighing as Pierre squirted inside and soon continued fucking Irène again. She fell asleep with the thought that the two of them would fuck for as long and as often as they wanted until Irène was pregnant. She fell asleep with a smile, Pierre fucked and fucked until he was completely drained.

In the morning Irène was no longer there. She let Pierre sleep for a long time and woke him up with a hearty breakfast that Veronique had prepared. She waited at the table, her youth slipping past before her eyes. She had been deflowered by her father when she was almost 14, when her mother was on a cruise in the Mediterranean with her loverboy. The parents had not fucked each other for a long time, she had always watched as a child. It meant nothing to her then that they fucked less and less and that her father went to the coffee house when her mother went into the bedroom with a strange man. She was childishly insulted because she was not allowed to watch them fucking. She listened at the bedroom door, it was clearly fucking.

Her father fucked her every night when her mother was away or when she went to a ball. She soon realised that her dad wasn't very good at fucking, but she was always happy when he called her into the bedroom. She loved him to bits and pieces and let him fuck her as often as he wanted. When she was 17, her dad married her off to the rich Montalban, with whom she had two children in quick succession. After Pierre's birth, she never had her period again; she had become infertile. After Pierre's birth, her husband got lost on a hunting expedition in Canada, and she was a rich widow at 21. Suitors fought over her and, above all, over her fortune. For a year, she let every fortune hunter fuck her and was very disappointed. There must have been over 400, but she didn't remember a single one. After a year, she closed her thighs and only opened them to masturbate in secret. She didn't need a gold digger or fortune hunter as a husband.

She always slept naked with her two children in the large marital bed, which no man ever slept in again. She never found out whether Irène had a lover or whether the girl even masturbated. Pierre was completely different, he masturbated shamelessly openly from a young age, sometimes he squirted on his mother's ass cheeks, sometimes directly and specifically on Irène's pussy. He had this penchant for squirting and never stopped doing it, for years.

Pierre came out of the bedroom, a loose towel half-covering his morning wood. He ate ravenously, his morning wood exposed. Veronique brought another towel and covered his morning wood. "Your morning wood, young sir!" said the 38-year-old maid, blushing. He didn't care that his morning wood was still sticking out. The Marquise said he must have sex, her son. Veronique, who was circling around him, nodded in agreement. "He must have, Madame, but Mademoiselle Irène doesn't come until late at night, when you are already asleep, Madame!" Nothing, absolutely nothing, escaped Veronique.

A gleam appeared on the Marquise's face. "Well, how about you, Veronique?" Veronique stood stock still. "Do you think I'll do it with my hand?" Veronique had never touched his cock, she had a quiet, withdrawn sex life, she didn't masturbate very often. Both the mis-

tress and the young master shook their heads in denial. “With your hand, ugh! Veronique!” he exclaimed.

The mistress picked up the thread. “You said yourself that the boy had to fuck!” Veronique turned pale. “No, Madame, absolutely not, please don’t! I’ve only fucked my uncle since I was 14, I didn’t really like it. The masters fucked me a little, but only when they had to. Your husband, God rest his soul, was an exception. I was still very young and fresh and he fucked me every morning with his morning wood when I had to wake him up. But it was over 15 years ago, Madame, I’ve been living a completely chaste life since then! Please, please, don’t force me, Madame!” But the mistress was determined and ordered Veronique to bend over with her face to the wall and her hands leaning on a small box. Veronique lowered her head, resigned full of shame. Pierre had stepped behind her, he had lifted up her skirt and was spreading her white ass cheeks. The Marquise stared at the large, hairy pussy hole. Pierre felt Veronique’s clit. “You’re not ready yet,” he murmured and rubbed the clit. Veronique groaned and moaned for a while, “now I’m ready, Master Pierre!” she groaned, because if he continued for just a moment, her orgasm would break out. Pierre pulled back his foreskin completely and slowly penetrated Veronique’s hole from behind. Veronique sighed deeply, she was now ready to be fucked. Madame watched excitedly as her son fucked the chaste maid from behind. All that could be heard was the soft smacking of Veronique’s pussy. She had reached orgasm very quickly, and it lasted throughout the entire fucking. Pierre squirted with a pleasant moan and let Veronique go.

“Thank you, Mom,” he said after he had sat down again. “She doesn’t fuck very well, our Veronique,” he murmured, “but my morning erection is gone now!” His mother looked at him over the rim of the teacup. “Since when!?” she asked. Neither Irène nor Pierre had ever lied to her. Pierre answered immediately. “For 4 days, Mom, Irène only comes on her fertile days. We just want to have a child, Mom, not cheat on her husband!” Mom had it explained to her in detail.

“And you’ve been fucking for four or five years?” Mom picked up the thread again. Pierre nodded. “Irène taught me to fuck when you

were sleeping soundly.” Mom looked up. “Irène showed me how deeply you slept. She masturbated you every night in your sleep, Mom.” Mom looked up. “She masturbated me to orgasm, Irène?” Pierre shifted restlessly, could he betray Irène? “Yes, but only 10 or 14 times, then she taught me how to fuck.”

Pierre shrugged his shoulders as Mama continued to press him. “Yes, of course we knew that you only wanted to masturbate in secret, but we always watched you in secret too, Mama.” She turned pale. “You watched?” Pierre nodded unhappily. “Most of the time we could clearly see the finger between your butt cheeks, rubbing your clit. Most of the time, at least, otherwise we only saw your bottom wiggling.” Mama was stunned. “I’m ashamed of it now, for me masturbating was always a private thing, I’ve only ever done it in secret since I was a child. And now you’re saying...” Mama couldn’t finish the sentence. She asked again. Yes, they could see her finger very clearly as it slowly rubbed her clit until it was stiff. Her pussy hole widened a little and he usually looked very deep inside. It always took a long time for her thighs to tremble and shiver, Pierre said. The children had watched her every night... It was as if she had been struck by lightning, but she pulled herself together again.

“You took her virginity then, didn’t you?” asked Mom, suspecting something bad. “Not right away, Mom, not right away, she had to teach me how to fuck first.” Mom was as white as a sheet and told him to tell everything. Pierre hesitated, now came the hardest part. “Irène pulled your ass cheeks apart, Mom, and I could see your hairy hole up close for the first time. Irène grinned because my cock was stiff as a rock.” Pierre shuddered, he was also very pale. “Irène pointed to your hole, which she had spread with her fingers. Irène grinned, ‘you have to put your cock in there really deep and fuck her until it squirts. Feel free to squirt everything inside, she is infertile and she won’t wake up for sure.’ That’s the whole truth.” Mom was as pale as a sheet. “But of course you didn’t do it, did you?” she finally managed to say. Pierre looked at the floor, he couldn’t look her in the eye, he had been dreading this conversation for years. “Irène was a year older, she was my role model and she never gave me a bad advice.” The air was thick and they were both silent for a long time.

“But you didn’t do it, did you?” Mom clung to the last straw. Pierre wanted to sink into the ground, he had never lied to Mom. “Yes, Mom, yes!” She clutched her heart. “How many times did you do it, once, twice?” Pierre winced. “A thousand times, Mom, I’m sorry.” She opened her eyes wide. “A thousand times?” Pierre nodded, the ground did not swallow him up. “Yes, a thousand times. Every night, Mom, every goddamn night, even when Irène got married and I slept alone with you.” The color gradually returned to Mom’s face. “You fucked me every night, really fucked me?” Pierre was no longer so afraid. “Yes, Mom, Irène showed me your hole and explained exactly how I had to fuck in your hole and make your pussyhole smack.” “Smacking!” Pierre squirmed. “Like it was smacking with Veronique!” Mom nodded, she understood. She had never noticed it herself. “And you came inside every time, you bad guy, did you?” Pierre said, “At the beginning, always, I had to fuck two or three times until I had emptied everything. Not later, of course, I had to leave something for Irène.” Mom looked gloomy. “Thank God I am infertile, as you surely know.” Pierre took a stand. “You’re right, Irène and I have known for a long time that you are infertile, long before that.”

Mom questioned him skillfully. He had to describe exactly how he had fucked her in her sleep. She usually lay on her side, sometimes on her belly. Irène and he always looked for her pussy hole, Irène spread it with her fingers at the beginning so that he could penetrate her well. The two of them found the fucking itself funny because Mom’s pussy hole was smacking so loudly. Irène had taught him to hold back the squirting until Mom’s thighs were twitching and shaking. They assumed that Mom was having an orgasm.

“That’s over now! As far as I’m concerned, you can fuck Veronique as often as you want. But fucking me in my deep sleep is over now!” Pierre nodded as if he accepted it. But he would not stop unless he exhausted himself trying to have children with Irène.

Mum changed the subject. What did he think about having a child with his own sister? Pierre thought about it. “It is her express wish, Mum. She discussed it with her husband, he agreed because she really wants children. I’m fine with it, we do it like we always do. The

only thing is that we are sweating profusely because we are not just fucking for fun, we are fucking until the last drop so that she gets pregnant.” Mum nodded, she knew the desire to have children that pushed everything aside and that only her infertility and widowhood put an end to it.

Irène had a daughter, Amélie, and then a Philippe. She worked tirelessly with Pierre on their third child, but she just couldn't get pregnant. Then the revolution broke out, the starving population of Paris attacked the powerful. Pierre saw it coming with a clear eye, he had quickly bought a little house in Vaubanville, the famous city plan of the great architect. From a military tactical point of view, the city was completely insignificant, it had a good militia for defense, but it was not deployed during the entire revolution. Pierre had chosen it with foresight, Irène and the children were safe there. He rode the 65 kilometers with them in one day, and left as quickly as he could. He had promised Mama that he would be back with her in three days. Where was she supposed to flee to? Irène's husband wanted to stay too, as a surgeon his place was at the front. He had no idea how far the revolutionaries would go. They didn't care that he was needed as a surgeon. He was a nobleman, his head rolled under the guillotine.

On his way back, Pierre reached the southern suburbs of Paris when he fell into the hands of a horde of lice-ridden rebels. The one-eyed bandit captain interrogated him in detail, but Pierre had enough presence of mind to convincingly pretend to be a revolutionary. He had already been fighting with the troop for three weeks when the one-eyed man gave him 30 men and the task of clearing the country estates and castles east of the capital of nobles. Pierre only briefly considered leaving the 30 people to their fate and fighting his way to Mama. That would be suicide, quite clearly. So he led his troop from country estate to country estate, from castle to castle. He left the noblemen to his men, who led them in long columns to the capital. He reserved the right to retreat to the bedroom with the noble wife and daughters. He fucked them all, the slutty ones and the chaste ones alike. He fucked all the daughters over 10 years old, and he sent the children out after they had watched the fucking.

He fucked them all. Whether they were noble whores or shy, chaste wives, shy virgins or whore-like girls, he fucked them all without exception. He cried with the chaste, honest wives who only cheated on their husbands now and then. After the heart-rending tears, he consoled her, his hand slipped under her skirt and played with the pure and good woman's clit. She was still sniffing, but his caresses were gradually arousing her. She thought it wasn't so bad to let herself be fucked, maybe just a little. He realized he had won, and now he fucked her. He didn't care about the revolution at all, he was just an ordinary robber captain who was only interested in lots of fucking. His men were allowed to take everything of value for themselves, he wasn't interested. But he was very strict and didn't let them murder innocents. Everyone had a father and mother, brother and sister, fiancée or wife, whose misfortune he didn't want to sin against.

Months later he found out that his mother was dead. She had poisoned herself when the mob raged in her courtyard. The body was only discovered a week later; it had obviously been abused several times after her death. Pierre cried, swore and got drunk senseless. He continued to fuck the noblewomen, but he no longer hurt them unnecessarily. He only had Irène, Amélie and Philippe, his children, who he knew were safe. He had an overview of the situation; Vaubanville was never threatened. Otherwise he would have left immediately. Occasionally he secretly had a letter smuggled to Irène so that she knew that he was still alive, but unfortunately could not come to her.

One day his luck ran out. He met a noblewoman who steadfastly refused him. He knew that she would give up her resistance like everyone else. He was wrong. The noblewoman came from faraway Corsica, where women did not allow themselves to be raped without defense. He ripped her clothes off her body; she was a feast for the eyes. She had small, virginal breasts and her mons pubis swelled violently with desire and lust. He looked at it, she was eager to be fucked. And so it was, he fucked her for hours until he collapsed exhausted. He saw her eyes glitter, but it was too late. The small blade missed its target and pierced his shoulder above his collarbone. The predator awoke in him, his punch made her faint. Nevertheless, he

pounced on her and fucked her mercilessly, his fingers closed around her throat and strangled her in the middle of her orgasm. He staggered to the door and fell into the arms of the guards. "She's dead, the Baroness is dead," then everything went black before his eyes. The surgeon, a medical student, patched him up.

He only stayed in bed for a few days. He had been fantasizing while he was feverish, grinned the student. The gold was under the parquet, laughed the student. Pierre was shocked and silent. Mama had hidden a fortune in gold bars under the parquet, only he and Irène knew about it. A treasure that he would find after the revolution. He laughed with the stupidly grinning student. "Psst! Don't tell anyone," he joked.

As soon as he had recovered, Pierre started to attack the noblewomen whose husbands his men had taken away. He fucked the women with greater pleasure, they had velvety soft skin and very well-groomed pussies. He fucked them in the presence of the daughters, of course, those under 10 years old stood next to the pussies, sucking their thumbs and marveling at the fucking, hardly any of them had seen it before. The older daughters were already very experienced, hardly any of them were still virgins. The breaking of her hymen was nothing special to him, only to the virgin girls. One thing they all learned: resistance is futile.

Every war ends at some point, and the French Revolution was no different. There was no one to make peace with. Napoleon seized power, quite simply. The nobles crawled out of hiding, and soon a new king was proclaimed. Things more or less returned to the old ways. This is a very simplified view of a much more complicated situation, but that's how it seemed to Pierre. No one cared for a little nobody like him, no one ever asked him which side he had fought on. He was not a Jacobin, who fared very badly. But no one was ever a Jacobin, so what was the point?

He rode as fast as he could to Irène and her children in Vaubanville. She had led a chaste, reserved life here, she did not stand out in the community and everyone knew how chaste and well-behaved she was. She let anyone who knocked on her door fuck her

in secret. Of course she had fucked every two-legged person in the town, but no one told anyone. Yes, Irène really was a pure, virtuous woman! Pierre stayed in Vaubanville for a few days, but Irène was pressing. Her husband's house and fortune had been spared by the criminals, the revolutionaries, and Irène was drawn home with all her might. They lived there like husband and wife, the children grew up splendidly. They only fucked for pleasure, Irène had not had her period for a long time, so they no longer had to sweat and tinker with their third child. Pierre went to his mother's empty palace every evening. He returned home before sunrise, heavily laden, until he had recovered all the gold bars from under the parquet floor.

The time spent with the robbers and thieves had corrupted Pierre's character. He habitually spied on the noble houses, the guillotine had made many respectable ladies into widows. They were Pierre's target group. They flinched and ducked when he entered their bedroom. But he hardly had to force one of them. Trembling and shaking, the young and old widows undressed themselves, piece of clothing after piece of clothing fell to the floor until she was completely naked and exposed. Trembling and shaking, the widows stood naked before him. They waited impatiently until his cock stiffened.

He looked into their souls and at their clits. He saw the unspeakable sadness in the souls of the pure, chaste and virginal wives. The blackness and darkness in the souls of the whores, the impure and the unchaste ones. Both of their clits were sore, plagued by passion, desperation, lust and desire. He fucked them all. The slutty and impure ones hard and brutally, they were no better than ordinary dock-side whores. But he fucked the pure and chaste ones gently and sensitively, they deserved it. He had fucked hundreds of nobles in his time as a robber captain, but back then he was not able to fuck gently and sensitively.

He continued to fuck the widows of the revolution for decades, he had grown older and so had she.

When Amélie turned 14, he deflowered her on Irène's naked lap. Philippe had been in Irène's bed for a long time, she let him masturbate and squirt as often as he wanted and gradually let him fuck her,

she upheld the custom and was a very good teacher. Philippe and Amélie grew into beautiful, wonderful teenagers and young adults.

Pierre often lay in Irène's arms and they shared the joy of their beautiful children. Sometimes Pierre was very sad when he thought of Mama. He had told Irène the whole truth honestly and without embellishment, and they cried together that Mama's body had been sexually violated several times even after death.

Pierre and Irène lived together as a loving couple until the end.

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Anni, the Photomodel

by Jack Faber © 2024

Emily was tired of weaving wicker baskets. She was a mentally retarded girl and managed to work as a foster mother; Emperor Napoleon paid well. She had been looking after young Luis for 4 years; he was mentally handicapped, but a quiet, well-behaved child. Emily masturbated every morning; she took her time. Masturbating was a daily pleasure that she enjoyed to the fullest. Luis sat between her thighs, only looking up sometimes. He had long since lost interest in Emily's masturbation, he had enough to do with his own masturbation, he had to concentrate very hard.

Emily liked to see Luis masturbating. He was already about 17, his cock had become really big and thick from constant masturbating. He had his own way of masturbating. He arched his back and bent over his cock, stared at it and grinned happily. He usually rubbed slowly and only quickly when he ejaculated, he always ejaculated on his face, he wiped the juice off with his finger and licked it off his finger. He makes a face as if it were manna from heaven, Emily thought.

In the first few years, she masturbated Luis every day. He was then so flexible that he could take his entire cockhead into his mouth and squirt inside. His flexibility quickly faded and he soon couldn't do it any more. He leaned forward so that his lips almost touched the tip of his cock. She stroked his face and let him squirt right into his mouth. She loved to touch his cock, it grew and grew and was already bigger than some of the men she had fucked. Only over the years did his flexibility decrease, he now always masturbated himself and didn't often squirt in his mouth.

She kept asking Luis if he didn't want to fuck her after all? But he shook his head firmly. "I always do it myself and lick the slime off my fingers!" He watched from the storeroom every Friday when Emily let one man after another fuck her and squirt inside her. He was afraid because he had to be alone, not with Mom. That was the only

reason he detested fucking. His eyes only glittered when the man stopped and squirted inside her pumping hard. He liked that.

Luis looked at Emily out of the corner of his eye. Of course she had shown him her pussy and explained everything. He was even allowed to try fucking right away, for the first and only time. He preferred to do it with his hand, he said, after he had fucked her clumsily and hesitantly squirted a little inside. Emily thought it was a shame, she would have loved to fuck him again and again. When she was finished masturbating, Luis rarely looked up. He was used to his Mom shaking, shivering, twitching and trembling for some time. At the beginning he often asked her if he had to fuck her now, but Emily said no. She watched him as he squirted on his face and licked it off his finger. Of course she would have liked to let him fuck her, but she instinctively sensed his fear. She had been sterilized when she was young and had loved to fuck ever since. She had understood that she couldn't get pregnant and confidently let everyone squirt inside her.

She got another foster child and more money. Anni, who had also already been sterilized, was a pretty girl of about 15 or 16, one or two years younger than Luis. She was considered mentally handicapped, but she was actually twice as smart as Emily. She had been fucking for a long time, and now she was surprised for a moment that all three of them slept naked in the big marital bed, but she was fine with it. She asked Mama, "Mama, I masturbate every night before I sleep. Can I?" Emily, who was only 26, nodded in agreement. "I only do it in the morning, Luis actually always. Go ahead, but be quiet, Luis is already asleep!" So the matter was settled. Emily masturbated in the morning, Anni late at night. The months flew by.

Anni got Luis to fuck her after Emily's orgasm in the morning. Yes, she had managed, with pressure and flattery, to get him to fuck her thoroughly every afternoon. "It's great fun fucking with you, little sis," said Luis. Anni got him to sit between Emily's thighs, very close to Mom's pussy. Anni masturbated his cock and let him squirt on Emily's pussy. Luis grinned from ear to ear, Anni was his big sister and he hung on her every word. Anni said to Emily, who was masturbating, completely absorbed in herself, "We're going to squirt inside now, Mom!" Emily nodded absentmindedly and Anni spread her

pussy hole with her fingers. She guided Luis' cock and let him squirt inside. Luis grinned, he was hardly afraid of Emily's pussy hole anymore. Anni stuck the tip of his cock in Emily's pussy hole and let him squirt inside. It took months until Luis, hugged by Anni, fucked Emily after her orgasm. "We're going to fuck you now, Mom!" announced Anni. Emily nodded, she was completely focused on masturbating. Anni pushed Luis's cock deep inside, the boy held his breath. It had been so long since he had fearfully fucked Emily, only once. Anni fucked Emily with Luis's cock over the next few days, she fucked Mom with the cock in her hand. Little by little Luis lost his fear and fucked Mom himself after Anni had carefully guided his thick cock into Emily's small, tight cunthole. He overcame his fears, he fucked her hard, just like he fucked Anni, and Emily always had an orgasm when she was fucked.

On Fridays, however, the children had to go next door, to the storage room, but they were allowed to watch through the crack in the door. Every Friday, Emily let herself be fucked by 8 to 12 men, the men only fucked for a short time compared to Luis and put the silver coins or a Louis d'or on the little table. Emily saved the money and had clothes made for herself, Anni and Luis, which was quite expensive. The children watched the fucking, but it was actually very boring. Of course they were happy when they got nice clothes, but also the sweets, because Emily was goodhearted and generous with them.

Anni especially loved to accompany Luis to the toilet to pee. She was allowed to hold his cock. She found it very exciting, the glans was completely covered by the foreskin, the foreskin formed a shape reminiscent of crumpled paper. She pulled the foreskin back completely, she aimed well and directed the stream into the basin. "Please, little sister, do it!" he begged. She shook off the drops and rubbed his foreskin until he squirted into the basin.

When Anni turned 17, a notorious photographer bought her as a model. Anni stole many of the photographs and gave them to Emily. They were pornographic nude pictures of the photographer's wife. There were thousands of pictures from 25 years. The woman was a very, very pretty girl in her youth. She had to fuck hundreds, maybe thousands of men, and the photographer recorded everything in

minute detail. He liked to take close-ups of her masturbating, which were razor-sharp images that he captured on glass plates. He was fascinated by his wife's clit and photographed the clit from a thousand different angles. The woman had visibly aged, however; she had fucked hundreds of very young men and boys. She obviously had a lot of fun and many orgasms while fucking. The fact that the photographer fucked her after a hot session was only recorded in a few photographs taken by his apprentice. That was how things were when Anni came to the rich photographer's household. He had become rich because he was paid well for the perverse pictures.

Anni knew immediately which way the wind was blowing. She didn't mind getting fucked by lots of men in front of the camera. She was very docile and listened carefully to the photographer's orders to carry out his instructions exactly. She liked to masturbate in front of the camera because that made the handsome assistant very horny. The assistant fucked the pretty, young and completely shameless Anni in front of the camera more often than he had previously fucked with the photographer's wife. The pictures sold like hot cakes and the rich photographer became even richer.

Emily looked at the stolen pictures together with Luis. He was absolutely thrilled. "That's my Anni," he kept shouting, "Anni fucks strange men!" It was now child's play to get Luis horny and let him fuck her. The next foster child was Amélie, she was very quiet and withdrawn. She was only 15, Amélie had of course been sterilized and had been fucked by many since then. Amélie let Luis fuck her without any interest, immediately after he had fucked Emily to orgasm in the morning. She remained completely passive and let her orgasm die down quietly. She did not masturbate herself, she watched rather indifferently when Emily masturbated in the morning and then let Luis fuck her. The sex did not bother her at all, but it was nothing special for her.

Amélie came home from the seamstress with shining eyes when Emily took her. It was clear to her that she wanted to be a seamstress. She was talented, the seamstress said, but she demanded a high tuition fee. Amélie knew immediately what to do. She wanted to sell her body two or three days a week, like Emily did every Friday.

Emily finally agreed and so it came to be that Amélie fucked hundreds of men to save up for her tuition. She grew older and started to enjoy fucking.

Anni fucked hundreds of men in front of the camera, and there would probably be thousands more. She was a real goldmine for the photographer, whose every wish she fulfilled. He fucked the young, fresh girl every evening after work and looked away, because his wife continued to fuck all the men when they were finished with Anni. So it happened that Anni got on very well with one of the fuckers, Rico. Rico had grown up in an Asian country and had returned to France. He told Anni his life story openly.

He slept with his mother from a young age, and she let him fuck her when he could already ejaculate at the age of 8. He loved her very much and fucked her as often as he could. Unfortunately, she died very young, and he was now alone with his father. Now the nannies and maids slept with him, and he took the freedom to fuck them all. His father was an ambassador and was not too particular about what the boy did at night. One day he was kidnapped, that was not unusual. A local governor, who acted like a queen, had him kidnapped in order to demand a large ransom.

He did not see the queen until a few days later, when he had been bathed and given new clothes. The handsome boy delighted the monarch immensely, the sight of him struck the queen's clit like lightning, so that she knew immediately that he had to fuck her. He had to come to her bedroom after dinner. She was lying on her large bed, covered only by a translucent veil. In the blink of an eye he knew his fate. He did not hesitate for a moment, the queen was not ugly, she had nice breasts and a very nice pussy. She was just very old, around 40. He fucked the old, pretty woman three times, in the breaks they drank wine, he was not used to alcohol and got drunk pretty quickly. The queen was not easy to satisfy and did not have an orgasm, although he did his best. He had to go back to the cell. He fucked her for several days and she heard that the uncomfortable cell bothered him a lot. The only well-guarded room was the children's room, where their two daughters slept. She pulled herself together

and warned him that if he touched a daughter, she would send his head to her father. Just his head.

He was lying in a very comfortable bed and didn't dare move. The older one, 15 years old, asked if he was asleep yet? He answered no, and suddenly she crawled into his bed, under the covers. "Your mother told me you were still a virgin, hymen and all." The girl laughed quietly. "It's good that she still believes that!" She lay on top of him. "Come on, let's fuck, you're our prisoner and we can do whatever we want with you!" He didn't mind and they fucked for a quarter of an hour, then she collapsed exhausted next to him and gasped for air.

There was a rustling sound and the little sister crawled under his blanket too. She wanted to be fucked too, even though she had never been fucked before. Yes, she said firmly, the hymen was just a nuisance, that's why she couldn't fuck like her big sister! He surrendered to fate, he had already lost his head anyway. He deflowered the girl with a quick jerk, the girl was only 14 years old, but she definitely fucked better than her older sister. She was surprisingly easy-going and had orgasm after orgasm. He fucked all three of them every day, the queen and her two daughters. He was released after more than 2 months.

The queen wouldn't have noticed anything, but the older daughter was pregnant. The queen fumed and had the child aborted with poisonous teas. She examined the younger girl's hymen and threw her hands up in the air. The boy had fucked both girls, every night for more than two months! She cursed and raged, but the ambassador and his son were already on their way home.

Rico and Anni fucked in front of the camera as often as they could arrange it. The photographer didn't mind because Rico had a photogenic cock and when he squirted, he pulled the cock out so far that the photographer got a good shot of his squirting. And the fact that the two of them were very much in love when they fucked was very clear in the pictures. Anni and Rico knew that they could never get married, but their infatuation lasted three years until Rico had to follow his father overseas.

It was a very good time for all of them.

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Ron Surprises his Stepmother

by Jack Faber © 2024

Emily's younger sister Catherine had unexpectedly collapsed and was dead. Sudden cardiac death. Of course Emily had taken in her son Ron, he was not supposed to go to a state home. He was 14 or 16, she didn't know exactly. He was very sad, but also very happy that Emily took him in. There was always a strange undertone in the mother's voice when she spoke of Emily. Emily worked all day and was always pretty exhausted in the evenings. They went to bed naked on the first night, Emily was reluctant to change her daily routine. She lay on her side with her back to Ron, stretching out her bare ass cheeks towards him. She masturbated very quietly and secretly. If she was imagining something, then it was true, so she masturbated secretly without Ron noticing. Ron stared at her finger and clit from behind. He clutched his cock and remained quiet until Emily was finished.

He clutched her beautifully rounded ass. She noticed that he was crying. She turned to him and hugged him, which soon comforted him. She asked him questions. His mother had done it to him with her hand while Dad was still alive. After his death, she let Ron fuck her, which he liked much more than the handjob. Emily had taken his cock in her hand and caressed it. That calmed him down even more. She said that he was not allowed to fuck her, she had not fucked for a long time. She added haltingly that she was more into girls, which he could not understand. She held him in her lap and deliberately pulled his foreskin back and forth. She said that he could do it now, that it did not bother her at all. After a short while he began to masturbate, sitting on her naked lap.

Her thoughts slipped into childhood. Dad had deflowered her when she was 12, after Mom had died. He fucked her every night, but she did not get going, the fucking did not bring the same joy as her secret masturbation. He fucked her every night until her little sister Catherine turned 12. He deflowered Catherine and now fucked both daughters in turn. The little sister was very easy going and fucked

with great passion and enthusiasm, she always had an orgasm when he fucked her. Emily always felt that she was into girls, but it took years before she made love to a girl for the first time.

Ron squirted in long jets onto Emily's inner thighs and then over her pussy. He carried on immediately. She hugged him from behind and kissed the top of his head. He was a good, sweet boy. She looked over his shoulder at his cock, it was bigger than she would have thought. She hadn't seen many cocks, but this was definitely one of the big ones. Ron masturbated twice more and squirted again over her inner thighs and her pussy. He turned around and hugged her gratefully. He had to squirt three times every night, he said quietly. For the first few days he did it like this, masturbating three times sitting on her naked lap after waiting patiently until Emily had finished masturbating. He pushed his index finger into her pussy hole when the orgasm broke out. She mumbled incomprehensibly, but she couldn't stop it. "Your hole is much smaller than Mom's," Ron whispered, "but your clit is definitely bigger, Aunt Emily." She nodded and kissed the top of his head.

"Catherine's hole was probably bigger because she had fucked many hundreds of men, maybe even a thousand. I fucked my dad every day throughout my youth, but I've fucked barely a hundred men, or maybe a few more. That's probably why my hole is so small and tight." She made a pause. "I only fucked your father once, we were celebrating something with our relatives, we were all completely drunk. Your father took off my clothes one by one, while everyone else cheered. Fuck her!, fuck her! everyone shouted. When he took off my bra, my breasts fell out like ripe melons. I had to help him take off my panties. Then he fucked me while everyone else watched and screamed. Your father was a very bad fucker, Ron, he squirted inside after just a few minutes, and at the end he just let his juices run in. That's when I suddenly sobered up. He tried to fuck me again and again later, especially when Catherine was pregnant. I lay in front of Catherine with my legs spread wide and let him fuck me daily, but I never let him squirt inside me again." Emily caressed Ron's cock, she always did that.

Ron didn't wait any longer. He stared at Emily's finger dancing on her clit. The slow waltz turned into a faster foxtrot and ended after a long time in a furious fandango. Ron stared at the masturbating from behind and squirted three times over her inner thighs and ass cheeks, long before she was finished. This went on for half a year, they were both happy with it. "Emily or Mom, whatever you want," said Emily, "you can safely leave out the aunt, I'm officially your mother now." It was a long and miserable journey through the bureaucracy.

"I like to squirt on your pussy, Mom," he whispered, but she said nothing. He squirted from behind on her pussy, on her pussy hole. She let him, and almost a year passed in intimate harmony. When his cock touched her cunthole, she warned him that he was not allowed to fuck her! She moaned and groaned in rejection as he stuck the tip of his cock into her hole after masturbating.

"Please, Ron, please don't fuck me! I don't like it at all, I really don't. You're a really good boy, you're not going to fuck me, are you?" Ron nodded half-heartedly, he wanted to try, he whispered. "But you fucked Grandpa for many years, like my mother did!" he interjected quietly. "Those were different times, Ron," she replied. "Papa was so lonely, he didn't want to marry another woman after Grandma died. I let myself be fucked, yes, but it was only out of pity for the unfortunate Papa. Your mother preferred to fuck him because she liked him, fucking and orgasming very much. But after Catherine got married, I was the one left to let fuck Papa every day. After years I discovered that I preferred to fuck girls much more and more passionately. That was a shock to me, but I wasn't a woman who accepted the normal role." They talked a lot about lesbianism, Ron had no idea about it. She was open and described to him in detail how two girls made love.

Ron masturbated as usual, the tip of his cock approached the pussy hole and he squirted inside. When the tip of his cock touched her pussy hole, she sighed and whispered that he wasn't allowed to fuck her. But the tip of his cock kept penetrating and making her cum. Emily groaned and moaned, she knew that this inevitably led to real fucking. After the last squirt, the tip of the cock penetrated completely, he stuck his whole cock very deeply in. He sighed and left his

cock deep inside until it became completely soft. She groaned and sighed because he couldn't be dissuaded.

"I want to fuck you, Mom," he whispered over and over again. She shook her head each time. Another six months passed. He fucked her a little bit on the third squirt, even though she begged him not to. She was glad that he only penetrated her from behind; she would have been ashamed if he had looked into her eyes. After a few months, he fucked her properly on the third time; she couldn't stop it. He avoided her gaze at breakfast; he felt guilty.

Emily had realized that she couldn't hide her masturbation from Ron. She spread her ass cheeks wide when Ron stuck his index finger into her pussy hole during orgasm. He had discovered that it gave her a much more intense orgasm when he licked the little crease between her asshole and pussy hole and when he penetrated her pussy hole with his tongue. She had told him about making love with the girls, and he knew that technique from her descriptions.

"I have to fuck you, Mom, really fuck you," he breathed and fucked her while she masturbated. She nodded silently, now it was time. She was far from finished, he had already fucked her three times and squirted three times inside her. She still lay on her side and masturbated, she almost didn't care that Ron was fucking her. It was actually going quite well, the fucking increased her pleasure while masturbating.

He really liked fucking her. "Your hole is much smaller and much tighter than Mom's, but just as fine, velvety and silky at the same time," he often said when he penetrated very carefully. She smiled proudly, she had always been in competition with her poor sister, who had always outdone her when fucking with her Dad. Emily and Ron never talked about fucking. They had tacitly agreed that he would not fuck her until she had started masturbating. He usually fucked her three times and squirted three times inside, then he stayed there and left his cock inside until it softened and she started the final spurt. She hesitated until his cock softened. She was always the one who pulled his cock out at the end, turned to him and kissed him on the top of his head and on his lips. Then they both fell asleep.

Ron was 18, had passed his A-levels with distinction and the Résistance was after him. They had been watching him and knew that he was an upright Frenchman and despised the Germans. He followed their call. Emily cried heartbreakingly, but she did not stop him. She not only despised the occupiers, she hated them. She worked full-time and saw the atrocities of the Germans first hand. Of course she was aware that there were also good, honest and well-behaved Germans. But now she lived alone and that was dangerous.

She opened the door in her dressing gown, which she had quickly thrown on. It was a German patrol of 5, who had interrupted her masturbating so early in the morning. She did not understand a word of the orders, they ripped the dressing gown roughly from her shoulders. She was raped on the kitchen table by one after the other, by all 5 of them. They fucked hastily and squirted as fast as they could. She did not have an orgasm, by God not. The Germans left, as they found neither money nor jewelry during the cursory search. One of them hastily drank the half-empty bottle of red wine. A thought flashed through her mind. The Germans came every second or third day, they no longer searched her apartment at all, she let the dressing gown slide to the floor so they did not tear it. Every evening she put a jug of poisoned fruit juice on the kitchen table. The poison would kill them two or three days later. She never found out how many Germans she killed, how many just spent hours vomiting and got away with it, and that was for the best. She was raped two or three times a week by five or six men in a row until the end of the occupation. She became pregnant four times, but the fetuses passed out of their own accord. She would have had an abortion anyway; carrying a German's bastard was unthinkable.

As soon as Ron arrived at the Résistance, he was taken to a secret shooting range. He was an above-average shot; the armorer was very impressed. He let Ron shoot, shoot and shoot for four days. It was clear that Ron had to become a sniper. He was drilled for 14 days, he had to master the interaction with the companion and scout perfectly. Ron was deployed 14 days later. His first scout was Veronique. She had pounced on her protégé on the very first night and fucked him in the communal dormitory. He was a little irritated, but Veronique calmed him down. They were not the only ones fucking

under the cover of darkness. Veronique was enchanted by the young boy, he fucked very well, very experienced. Veronique knew she had to keep him.

Their first mission was quite simple. They had to hide in a wooded area and kill a certain high-ranking officer. Ron had a hunting rifle with a telescopic sight, but it wasn't the best rifle. He told Veronique they had to get much closer, about 200 meters. Veronique chose the bushes at the edge of the woods. They had to wait 4 hours in the grass until the convoy drove out of the makeshift barracks. Veronique looked through her binoculars and identified the officer in the fourth car, directly behind the driver. He could barely see the man, but he aimed carefully and hit him in the head. Following an inspiration, he aimed at the car's gas tank. The explosion tore the car apart and set fire to two more cars. The escort team opened fire without any obvious target. Veronique did not allow him to target any more cars. She dragged him into the woods by his sleeve. She ignored his yelling and they ran crouched through the forest. They could not stop counting the victims and the damaged cars. After 3 kilometers they took a break. Veronique cursed with all her heart. "We sneak up, we wait, bang! and then we run off immediately!" She shook her head. "Is that so hard to understand?" Ron nodded, he had thought about it. Veronique was absolutely right, that was exactly what the instructor had drilled into him every day. He knew there was no time to count victims and escapees, they were not a private hunting party that could afford that luxury. Veronique Morsed on her small radio that they were at meeting point 4. After half an hour they were picked up. A little later, reports came in about how successful they had been. Several high-ranking officers were dead, three luxury cars destroyed. The commander Armand gave out a bottle of cognac.

Veronique successfully defended her territory, Ron belonged to her and her alone! They had many days off, Armand often sent them out to mercilessly eliminate a collaborator. Ron shot the farmer from a short distance, they stormed the house in pairs and drove the farmer's wife and her daughters into the bedroom. Ron exchanged a look with Veronique, then he enjoyed fucking the farmer's wife, sometimes one or two of the daughters too, but never the maids. After the rape he went out, Veronique shot the farmer's wife in the

head, then they left the farm. Veronique grinned, he should have his sexual variety while she was there watching.

One of the raids on the Germans gave Ron a very modern German sniper rifle with an excellent telescopic sight. He tried it out at the shooting range, even at 500 meters he could hit a watermelon. He was very happy, now he could use all his skills. Veronique had broken both her legs on a night patrol and was in hospital. Armand immediately assigned him a new scout. Marie was a lot older than Veronique, but she loved to fuck and she was no worse at fucking than Veronique. She had been a scout for a long time and she was a blessing. She chose several escape routes very carefully, which made her better than Veronique.

Marie was basically sexually insatiable. She let Ron fuck her every night until he was completely exhausted and drained. He slept long after sunrise every morning, he had trouble keeping up with Marie sexually. Armand assigned them Monique, she was to learn the practical side of scouting from Marie, she was a smart, wily scout apprentice. Not even 20 years old, she outranked Marie's Ron right from the start. Marie didn't really care, there were enough other men. Monique took Ron in, but she wasn't as demanding as Marie. She always had an orgasm when he fucked her, which Marie rarely achieved. Monique was happy with one fuck, but she let Ron fuck her as often as he needed. He breathed a sigh of relief and recovered quickly. He was able to write to Emily about twice a month, it always had to be trivial, Armand read all the mail carefully. Ron only cared that Mama received regular signs of life. Of course she couldn't reply and he had no news from her, but that was all he could do.

Ron fucked many of the wives of collaborators, the resistance knew no mercy, the collaborators had to be intimidated. Marie and Monique watched with indifferent eyes when Ron fucked a farmer's wife, a collaborator's wife or daughter for a while. Marie was completely numb, but Monique was not, she was usually sexually aroused. Finally, Marie shot the woman in the head, just as Veronique had done, and Monique had to shoot her too, even though she was already dead. Monique had to learn the scouts' business,

even if she still had to vomit after every shot. Marie smiled relentlessly, the girl had to learn. Period.

Ron stayed with the Résistance for over a year, then the Germans had to retreat east. Paris, France was liberated! Ron drove to Emily as quickly as he could. She was waiting for him; he had announced weeks ago that he would soon be coming home. She hugged him for a long time. He felt great gratitude that she was well. They fucked for 48 hours until they both couldn't take it anymore. Ron was allowed to fuck Emily from the front for the first time, like brother and sister, like mother and son. Then they started to tell each other everything. Ron was hit hard that she had become pregnant four times, but Emily waved it off. She had long since forgotten that. Ron reported that he had a dozen female scouts and had fucked hundreds of women and girls. He didn't talk much about killing, Emily talked about poisoned fruit juice. They quickly skipped that chapter.

They were happy to be together again, and in a liberated Paris. Emily said he could of course fuck her from the front, and she masturbated in that position too, delaying her orgasm until he had squirted two or three times. It was a wonderful time.

Ron was ashamed of the Parisians who shaved the heads of the collaborators, tore off their clothes and chased the poor girls half-naked or completely naked through the streets and very often raped them in public. The mob didn't care whether the girl had fallen in love with a German or whether she was a prostitute out of sheer necessity. "Chatte des Boches," that was the insult, German pussy. A cold shiver ran down Emily's spine. "If they find out that I've let hundreds of Germans fuck me, ..." Ron shook his head and pointed with his chin at his rifle and the two pistols. "Let them come!" he said with a grim face. But they never came.

It had been a long time since General de Gaulle had pinned the medal on his chest and that of hundreds of heroes of the Résistance. He kept in touch with neither fellow fighters nor the scouts. The war was over, once and for all. Emily sensed his restlessness. He needed variety, which she could not give him. "Come on, my tiger, bite them,

take them all! There are plenty of young widows who just want to be fucked!” Ron went off.

He knocked on the door of a very pretty young widow. He had brought a pound of coffee, a coveted commodity. She invited him in, although she was immediately aware of what was in store for her. She had served the coffee and sat down opposite him. He took her hands in his hands. She lowered her gaze; she had not fucked since the beginning of the siege, the last time with her husband, who had gone underground. “You came to fuck me!?” she asked, half questioning. Ron nodded, he didn’t need to say anything. They drank the coffee and she stood up resolutely. He followed her into the bedroom. She was naked, a beautiful young woman. “I was a true, chaste virgin when I got married. We only had a few days together, four nights only” she said, her eyes downcast. “I’ve only fucked half a dozen times in my life, maybe I can’t do it properly yet.” Ron pulled her onto the bed. “We’ll see,” he said gently. She let him fuck her willingly, but she was stiff as a stockfish. “My husband taught me to masturbate after our last fuck. Since then, I’ve masturbated every night until I’m exhausted.” Ron nodded sadly. She was a beautiful woman, but she was no fun to fuck. He fucked her a second time, but she was useless.

With a pound of coffee in his hand, each one let him in. With the adult widows, neither words nor violence were needed. He fucked one after the other and was relaxed and satisfied when he lay down with Emily in the evening. It was good to fuck a known and familiar pussy. The young girls who opened up to him were not so easy to fuck. He often had to use force to be able to fuck the girl. He was ashamed, but he used force if she did not let him fuck her voluntarily. There were hundreds, even thousands of widows and girls, he just had to bend down and pick the flower.

He lived with Emily like brother and sister, like mother and son, like husband and wife. She remained his best and favorite, for many years.

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Ben Surprises his Stepmother

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ben had been a foster child with Jeanette for years. She was quite stupid and of a limited mind, but a good foster mother. She always masturbated lying on her belly, Ben knelt between her thighs and pressed them apart to see her hairy pussyhole, her clit and her rubbing finger.

In the first few years she laughed quietly when he watched her masturbate and stuck his little boy's cock into her hole and squirted inside. She asked him why he did that? He liked his new Mom very much, he didn't lie to her then. "I saw it, the bigger girls let the bigger boys squirt inside, that was the right thing to do!" He said that the girls let him watch her masturbate, that was the right thing to do! And these girls had taught him to masturbate with his fist and squirt, a few showed him how to squirt in their little holes at the end of masturbating, but not many girls. She smiled, "do the girls masturbate like I do?" He shook his head. "No one masturbates lying on their belly like you, Mom!" So it came about that she let the little one squirt in, he was so sweet and cute when he struggled to squirt in.

But he grew bigger and so did his cock. She often took his cock in her hand and inspected it. It was really quite big, about the size of an adult's cock! And it squirted in thick, full jets when she made it squirt with her fist, which she did over and over again because he liked it a lot. It was certainly bigger than the one of the cousin who had raped her ages ago. It kept reminding her of her rape and she soon stopped letting him squirting inside her. He nodded, okay, if she didn't want it anymore, then he obeyed. But he still sat between her thighs and watched her masturbate.

He had been in this position for a long time, for years, and while masturbating he would squirt over her ass cheeks, sometimes into the dark space, the unknown, where her hole was. About a year ago he had very carefully and hesitantly put his cock into that dark, deep place. She had immediately pulled his cock out and angrily shouted

at him, “Fucking! No, fucking, that is out of the question!” He was intimidated and didn’t dare try again for the time being. He came into the kitchen several times a day with his stiff, bobbing cock, so she knew what was going on and went ahead into the bedroom. She didn’t stop him from spreading her labia with his fingers while she masturbated, lying on her belly. She didn’t care that he squirted into her hole between his fingers, that was OK as long as his cock didn’t touch her pussy. Every month he tried to penetrate her and fuck her while he was squirting. He usually managed to squirt it all in. She was too slow to scold him and pull his cock out. He shortened the intervals more and more and squirted almost every week inside. She soon got too tired of scolding him and pulled his cock out very late.

In the last few months, however, he had violated this restriction. The tip of his cock touched her pussy hole when he squirted. She warned him urgently not to put his cock all the way in. Ben nodded, he wouldn’t put his cock all the way in, just the tip. Ben was much smarter and cleverer than Jeanette. She nodded, “but only the tip!” she repeated. So it was that now, before he squirted, while they were both masturbating, he would put the tip of his cock in and squirted inside. Jeanette had previously only masturbated at night to fall asleep since childhood, but now she masturbated three or four times a day when Ben wanted to squirt. When he was finished, he let his cock slide the whole length into her little hole. She had finally accepted it and stopped complaining, his cock had gone soft and he couldn’t fuck her at all anymore.

At the age of 13, she had been brutally deflowered by her cousin in the stables and had to hold the stallion’s cock in her fist while being fucked. The sneaky guy showed her how to masturbate the stallion and make him squirt. She never ever did it. The guy fucked her for 14 days, then his interest waned. Since then, Jeanette had never let herself be fucked again. When Ben penetrated her a year ago, she reacted in panic. But that was now cleared up, he really only put the tip of his cock inside, that wasn’t fucking, really not! The fact that she now masturbated three or four times a day because Ben wanted to squirt inside didn’t bother her.

The first time Mrs. Wagner from next door was drinking coffee with Jeanette in the kitchen and Ben came into the kitchen with a stiff, bobbing cock, he noticed that Mrs. Wagner couldn't tear her eyes away from his cock. Jeanette stood up and told Mrs. Wagner to come with her and see for herself that she hadn't been telling lies. Mrs. Wagner followed them and sat down on the stool behind the bed. It was as Jeanette had said. He spread Mom's thighs with his knees and she immediately began to masturbate lying on her belly. Mrs. Wagner could see her pussy hole very clearly, her finger and her clit too. Ben masturbated with his back to her, but she also saw clearly that he stuck the tip of his cock into Mom's little cunthole, right from the start. He kept looking around and looked under Mrs. Wagner's skirt because she was not wearing any underwear. She noticed his gaze, this obviously turned him on, and she saw how he rubbed his cock and squirted into Jeanette's hole, how he stuck his cock deep into Mom's pussy hole after masturbating. Mom was far from finished, it took another 10 minutes before her body trembled in orgasm. When the orgasm had subsided, she reached back and pulled out Ben's flaccid cock. She looked at Mrs. Wagner and grinned proudly and stupidly. After Mrs. Wagner had left, they kept whispering. Jeanette had also noticed that Mrs. Wagner was not wearing any underwear. "And I can see very clearly that she puts a finger inside her cunthole and pushes it in and out," said Ben, "but she is not masturbating, I would notice!" They talked about Mrs. Wagner's pussy, Ben constantly watched her pussyplay and could describe the pussy and the clit very precisely.

Mrs. Wagner came very often now and watched as Jeanette masturbated and Ben squirted inside. When Ben turned his head he saw Mrs. Wagner with her fingers under her skirt and inside her cunt-hole, but she wasn't really masturbating, he noticed, just playing a bit. Mama never scolded him when Mrs. Wagner was there, he fucked a little bit before he stuck his cock deep inside to squirt. That was the good thing about Mrs. Wagner watching. From week to week he went his way further, but Mama scolded him later. "You would never fuck me, that was agreed and you promised!" Ben ducked and pulled his head in. "I don't really fuck you, Mama," he whispered hoarsely, "just a little bit, maybe!" Jeanette nodded, stupid as she was, she had to agree with him. "Just a little bit, that's true!" she

said, "You're right, my dear child! Just a little bit, that really isn't the bad kind of fucking." She could remember exactly how brutally her cousin had fucked her. It certainly wasn't the same with Ben.

Ben knocked softly on Mrs Wagner's door. He heard a rustling sound, Mrs Wagner opened it in her bathrobe, her face flushed and sweaty. What did he want, she asked much more kindly than she had intended. Mrs. Wagner looked around the corridor to see if anyone had seen the big boy, the big boy who was only wearing a towel around his waist. She quickly pulled him in. Her bathrobe fell apart and Ben saw Mrs. Wagner naked for the first time. She wasn't as pretty as Mom, she was actually much uglier. The towel fell to the floor. She opened her eyes wide when she saw his cock. There could only be one direction. "Mom is in town, she wouldn't be back for another three hours," said Ben, "but I need it right now. I thought..." Mrs. Wagner's breath flew. "I'm married and I don't cheat on my husband, not very often," she gasped, slightly confused. "And you want to do it like you do it with Mom?" She knew the answer. He nodded, "Yes, because you've always watched us and you know how I do it." She hesitated for a long time. "I am not cheating on my husband, not very often," she repeated again.

"Then come," she said and went into the living room, to the couch. She dropped the bathrobe and lay on her belly. "You have to start first, like Mom" Ben said. She started to masturbate. He knelt behind her and masturbated. After a while he said he would now put the tip of his cock in, just the tip of his cock. She nodded and continued masturbating, she had already had a quick orgasm at the beginning and was on her second round. He squirted inside and let his cock penetrate really deep. Her pussy hole was not as soft as Mom's, but he waited a few more minutes until she twitched and trembled and came to her second orgasm. She put on the bathrobe and he put on the towel. "Can I fuck a little next time, just a tiny little bit?" he asked. She nodded at first, but said, "There's no next time!"

Of course there was a next time. She didn't ask for long, it was crystal clear where they were going. He whispered that he wanted to fuck a little at the end, just a little bit. She nodded, then they did it. Ben put his cock all the way in before he squirted, fucked for half a

minute before he squirted. She had to keep masturbating for another 10 minutes before she too had an orgasm. "Next time you can fuck me longer, if you want!" Ben nodded, he would.

The next time, as soon as she had started masturbating, she said he could start fucking, right now. Ben nodded and fucked her from the start. He really enjoyed it, he felt her first orgasm with his cock and then how she continued to rub her clit while they fucked. He squirted in with pleasure and waited until she had her second orgasm. She pulled out his soft cock and nodded in satisfaction. They fucked like that for a few more months, every few days. Then a change came that Mrs. Wagner did not include.

Jeanette got a new foster child, Miriam, she was already 16, almost as old as Ben. For a few days she watched as Ben masturbated on his knees over Jeanette and squirted into her. She did nothing herself, she just looked deep into Jeanette's pussy hole and pulled a little on her clit when Ben squirted in. He quickly found out that Miri had been fucking for a long time, for years. He immediately asked her if he could fuck her, really fuck her? Mom had heard everything and had no objections. Ben took over the choreography. Mom was supposed to lie on her belly and masturbate like always. Miri was supposed to lie with her face over Mom's pussy hole and stick her ass out wide, he would fuck Miri from behind, really fuck her. That's how they did it.

Miri had a very fine, small and tight pussy hole, much tighter than Mom's. Miri stared at Mom's clit and her pussy hole, up close. The hole trembled and shook, during orgasm the little hole contracted and widened spasmodically, again and again, until the orgasm subsided. Ben squirted pleasantly into Miri, she was very pleasant to fuck. After fucking, they both waited until Mom had finished masturbating. They remained lying next to each other. Miri told Ben that he was not allowed to fuck her on several days a month when she had her period or on the days when she was fertile. Mom didn't think much when Miri asked her if Ben could fuck her on those days. It was only much later that she realized that she had agreed to Ben fucking her for real. Miri asked Mom if she could lick her pussy and clit next

time. Again, Mom answered too quickly and said yes. She had never been licked before, but she had agreed.

They fucked like this for several months. Ben now fucked Mom thoroughly, she had agreed. Miri mainly licked Mom's clit, so that Mom had much more orgasms while masturbating. Miri only masturbated sometimes before falling asleep, she had an orgasm quite easily when being fucked, and that three or four times a day. Ben was in seventh heaven, Miri was so great to fuck. Unfortunately, the authorities sent Miri to someone else. But someone else came along, Luisa, who was already 17 and loved to fuck. However, she didn't lick Mom's clit, that seemed disgusting to her. But she could fuck excellently, so that Ben not only completely forgot about Mrs. Wagner, but also gradually lost sight of Miri.

The authorities thought that Jeanette was very good with older girls. So the girls changed every few weeks, every few months. Ben gradually got used to it, as the girls all came from homes where they had a lot of sex. He quickly found out that most girls liked to fuck and were pretty good at it. Most of them licked Mom's clit intensely while getting fucked, and she loved it very much. Mom now let Ben fuck her as often as he wanted, but only from behind. She had detested the front fucking since she had been raped several times during puberty.

Mom now loved being fucked from behind while masturbating, three or four times a day.

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Jack and his Motherly Love

by Jack Faber © 2024

Jack lay tired from fucking between his mother and Jeanette. She was his mother's current lover, she was already quite old, maybe even 40. But she was great to fuck, goddammit! Jeanette preferred to be fucked on all fours in the doggy position, Jack liked that very much too. He fucked her three times like every evening, then his juice was drained. He was allowed to fuck her when she was still cuddling with his Mom or making love to her. Jack knew exactly when he wasn't allowed to disturb her. Mom was already dozing off and she reached for his cock and stroked it like she did every evening. That calmed her down somehow, her Jack was there, she could fall asleep confidently.

Jack couldn't sleep yet, the past crept past in his mind. Mom had masturbated him gently and slowly from a young age. He could ejaculate from a very early age, he needed it more than once. She explained masturbating and fucking to him openly and honestly. He had been allowed to watch his mother masturbate from a young age, now she explained to him why girls and boys masturbated. He understood that immediately, he was now learning the correct names and terms. He was a little surprised that most boys masturbated themselves in order to ejaculate. This was something new, because until now it was only his mother who took his cock in her hand, rubbed the foreskin very slowly and gently back and forth and made him squirt. He didn't know anything different. She smiled kindly and rubbed him again, usually two or three times, until his cock became soft. For him, that was how it had to be.

When he was still very small, she liked it for a while when he stuck his little cock in while she masturbated. If she continued to rub herself during orgasm, he would start to squirt. At that time he didn't yet know how to fuck. He was still stiff and she had to masturbate a second and third time until his little cock became soft again. She let him do it like that for a long time, but when his cock grew and was quite big, she told him she wanted to do it differently. She would do it him

with her hand, that would be appropriate now. Jack nodded in agreement, because Mom was incredibly smart, she knew everything and she had only given him good advice so far.

Jack was still very young and watched her masturbate very closely. As soon as she was finished, he crawled up close to her pussy and thrust his stiff cock towards her. She smiled very sweetly, pulled his foreskin back and forth over the tip of his cock. She noticed exactly when he was about to ejaculate and rubbed his cock and foreskin very quickly. She aimed his jets at her pussy and let him ejaculate. As soon as she let go of his cock, he fell forward and drilled his cock deep into her pussyhole. She had to break him of this habit at all costs and it took two years before he stopped doing it. He was impressed by her long, serious speech about why he shouldn't do it anymore. She had won.

As a little boy he had always ejaculated over his mother's pussy, but now he didn't want to anymore. "You have to ejaculate inside," he said firmly, "that's right, that's how it has to be!" These were the words of Angelina, who sometimes looked after Jack when Mom was with the photographer to be photographed fucking. Angelina was a secret prostitute who always let him watch while she let the customer fucking her. Angelina sometimes did it little Jack's with her hand, often all afternoon long. But mostly she let the little boy practice fucking, he learned to fuck and he squirted inside. Angelina didn't mind him fucking all afternoon long, because the boy was getting better and better.

And now he told Mom he absolutely had to squirt inside. Mom was surprised, but she nodded, okay! Now Mom masturbated him, who was kneeling in front of her pussy, and when she noticed that he was about to squirt, she pulled his foreskin back over the glans and inserted the tip of his cock, but only the tip of his cock, so that he squirted inside.

She noticed, of course, that his cock was growing and growing, it had become disproportionately large, almost as large as that of the assistant who was allowed to fuck her after every session. Even when erect, Jack's foreskin covered almost the entire glans. In the past,

when he was still a little boy, she had always pulled the foreskin back completely to let him squirt on her pussy. Now that she was putting the tip of his cock in every time, she was pulling back the foreskin, but now she was rubbing the foreskin quite vigorously when he squirted, which Jack really liked. Later, when he was already fucking, he pulled back the foreskin himself quite firmly so that it didn't hinder the fucking.

It was new to him too when she explained fucking to him. People fucked to avoid masturbating and sometimes to make a baby. He had learned that at school, of course, but the information was pretty confused and contradictory, that much was clear to him. At the end of her explanation, he really wanted to try fucking. He demanded it, plain and simple. Mom hesitated for a very, very long time. Her strongest argument was that she was very reluctant to be fucked by a man, she much, much preferred to fuck girls, but he had always known that. He wanted to know why she didn't really like being fucked by men.

Mom said it was hard to explain. But she told him, because she and he never lied to each other. "I was already 15 when my father, your grandpa, took my virginity. Deflowering is when a girl is fucked for the first time, even if she doesn't want to. The hymen, which closes the entrance to the pussy, is brutally torn, but it doesn't hurt most girls. Grandma was totally against it and beat him, but she was far too submissive and compliant to get her way. He fucked me every night until I got pregnant at 18 and had you, the apple of my eye." Jack really liked it when she said something nice like that to him. "Is he my father?" he asked. He had never asked her before.

Mom wiped away a tear, also to buy time. "Yes, my love, yes!" she said, fighting back tears. "He fucked me every night, at least once. He didn't care that I enjoyed it less and less over time, because I discovered even then that I was more into girls. He brushed it aside, saying it was pubescent nonsense. It wasn't, but he fucked me until you were born. After that, not anymore, I rejected it completely. Unfortunately, you never really got to know Grandma or Grandpa, they died far too young." Jack nodded, he knew that they had committed suicide together. Grandma had left a suicide note for the police, who

were happy to accept the story of their joint suicide. She had left another suicide note for Mom, which was completely different.

Grandpa hadn't fucked her for years and had condemned her to shameful masturbation. She knew how perverse, shameful and depraved masturbation was. She tossed and turned in bed at night and fought against it, a woman had to have an orgasm from fucking, not from shameful, unnatural masturbation, but she masturbated every night anyway. Grandpa then turned on the small light and watched her grinning. He nodded very contentedly, old women had to masturbate, there was nothing perverse about that!

Grandpa brought a young girl over every day, she was very young, she was still in elementary school. She sat on his lap and his hand crawled up from her inner thighs to her panties. What he was doing felt so good! His hand caressed her inner thighs in the sexiest way, of course she opened her thighs willingly when the hand asked for it. How nice and exciting it was when the hand slipped under the hem of her panties and played with her pussy, with her clit! She giggled and responded to his topic, of course she played with her clit every night. She didn't masturbate, she said, because she didn't know the word. He showed her what he meant. She giggled, yes, that's how she did it. Or she corrected his hand, it works like this and like that! He made the child orgasm at least once, but most of them several times because they enjoyed it so, so much. He made her so hot that she was ready for sex. She didn't understand anything when he laid her on her back, deflowered her and fucked her. She started to cry when he squirted inside her, the old scoundrel. Grandma watched his perverse, shameful activities, but she couldn't take it anymore, she poisoned the wine and wanted to die with him. That was the truth.

Mom continued her story. "Grandpa actually fucked me against my will, until the last day of my pregnancy. I loved him to bits, as every daughter does, but I didn't like being fucked at all. So I didn't like being fucked by men anymore." Jack knew that she worked as a model. "As a model, don't you often have to fuck strange men, Mom?" She answered quickly and lied. "No, not that often, maybe once a week." How could that be, Jack wanted to know. "The photographer is gay, which means he only fucks men. But his assistant, a

young rascal, fucks me after every session. He knows that it disgusts me, but that doesn't stop him. The photographer always likes to do photo series where I can cuddle and make love to a girl in front of the camera. I like doing these sessions the most, even if the assistant gets horny at work and then fucks me brutally hard."

Jack hadn't forgotten his thread. "So, Mom, can I try fucking now?" She glanced at his cock. "Mothers and sons aren't actually allowed to fuck each other, although a lot of them do it." She hesitated because she knew there was no other way. "It has to be our secret, Jack, I mean that very seriously!" Jack nodded and whispered that it would remain their secret.

Mom leaned back and took him between her thighs. She guided his big, magnificent cock into her pussy hole with her hand. "That's how it starts, the man puts his cock into the woman, right?" He nodded. Mom was so tight, much tighter than he would have expected. And velvety and silky soft, just wonderful. Mom sat up and hugged him tightly. "Now you have to wait, your cock will grow and get thick in my warm hole." Jack nodded and they waited until his cock was really hard and thick and filled her completely. "Now you have to fuck, thrust hard and powerfully until you squirt. You can squirt inside, I'm on the pill, because of the assistant and the other strange men." Jack nodded. "Mom, I'm going to fuck you now, okay?" and waited a moment until she nodded. He didn't last half a minute and squirted inside. Mom kissed him on the top of his head and let him catch his breath. "But that's it, we're not going to fuck anymore, OK?" Jack nodded and let Mom masturbate him twice more, even though he would have much preferred to fuck her again. But he stuck to their agreement for a long time.

Mom only fucked girls or women at home. Most of the time they were one-night stands, rarely did she stay longer, for weeks or months. Jack had always watched lesbian lovemaking, he touched and explored the new pussies and clits. They were basically the same, but each one was individual and different. When there were three of them, he was not allowed to put the tip of his cock in Mom's hole. The secret! He would squirt all over the girl's pussy and most of them would let him put the tip of his cock in to squirt. Some of them didn't

stop him if he pushed his cock in a little further. Some would grin mischievously and let him go all the way in and squirt inside there.

He could hardly bear his desire any longer. He knew he was not allowed to fuck Mom. But was he allowed to fuck Mom's lover? Mom was tired from all the masturbating, because Jack asked her to masturbate two or three times so that he could finally put the tip of his cock in and squirt. She was exhausted and tired. "Just ask them, try your luck," she breathed.

Jack asked the lovers, one by one. They were bisexual like Mom, but he had no luck at first. They watched him masturbate, grinning, and finally let him squirt inside. He realized that he couldn't fuck anyone by asking politely. He changed his strategy. He knelt down very close to the young woman and said, "I'm going to fuck you now, Rose!" That worked right away. Rose lay on her back and willingly spread her thighs. That way he managed to fuck all of the beloved Mommies, it was very easy.

He fucked the girl when she bent over his Mom's pussy and licked her clit. Then they all stuck out their asses, he parted her ass cheeks and first excited her clit until she sighed and was ready to be fucked. He liked to fuck ghem from behind, so he could penetrate deep into her pussy hole and fuck her very well. He knelt behind the girl and could watch her tongue play on his Mom's clit, but also see her face, on which the whole range of emotions played out.

He had fucked everyone, except the virgins. Mom looked at him kindly, "You have a good, soft heart, Jack. But they won't stay virgins forever, so why are you hesitating?" He thought for a moment. "They beg and plead not to do it," he answered. "How many times have I begged and pleaded with you, and you still fucked me, you wild animal?" He lowered his head in shame. It was true that when no lover was around, he had fucked Mom, even though she didn't like being fucked. But the wild animal had got its way, had forced Mom to masturbate and fucked her while he did it, once, twice and three times, every evening.

He understood what Mom had said. He asked her what was different about deflowering. "You have to break the hymen with a quick jerk. Some men do it very slowly, they only penetrate millimeter by millimeter, they stretch and extend the hymen until it tears. In my opinion, that's not good, the girls suffer completely unnecessarily." So it came about that Jack now deflowered the few virgins and was no longer deterred by begging and pleading.

Mom often came home completely exhausted. "Today I had to let 6 men fuck me a dozen times in front of the camera!" she said, but she saw that Jack's cock was eagerly stiff. She shrugged her shoulders and got ready. "Come on, I haven't masturbated yet today!" She had to masturbate three times because Jack wanted to squirt three times. "Better three orgasms than none at all," she giggled afterwards, grinning. She had long since accepted that Jack fucked her regularly, mother or not, said the son. In reality, she was fascinated by Jack's big cock and liked being fucked by him because he fucked really well and went along with her pace very well.

Janine, the 17-year-old daughter of a relative, stayed with them over the summer while her parents were traveling halfway around the world. Janine immediately understood that there were four of them sleeping in the big double bed. Mom and her lover made love for almost two hours, Janine saw two girls doing it for the first time and excitedly clutched Jack's cock. He touched the younger girl's body and explored her pussy and bursting stiff clit with his fingers. Actually, Janine was neither pretty nor sexually attractive, not like most of his mother's lovers. The two women fell asleep tired, Janine snuggled up to him and they whispered to each other.

Janine hadn't been a virgin for a long time, a greedy but stupid cousin had deflowered her and fucked her. He fucked her a few times and that's how she discovered how wonderful fucking was. She was very easy-going and always had a great orgasm when fucking, better than when masturbating. She fucked in secret every day because she wanted to keep it from her parents.

Janine lay on top of Jack and cuddled with him, almost smothering him with her French kisses. It was almost midnight when she

asked him if he wanted to fuck!? Of course he got into the boat, even if she wanted to play captain. Janine nodded in the twilight and mounted him. One of her mother's lovers had only ridden him a few times, but Janine could do it perfectly! She sank onto his chest in orgasm, her whole body shaking and trembling with lust. She immediately went on, on and on until he squirted with a pleasurable orgasm. Janine whispered in his ear that her Mom had given her a 6-month injection before they left, just in case. Jack's Mom had woken up during the fucking and whispered, "But don't make her a baby!", then she went back to sleep. Janine laughed quietly when Jack said he had to squirt twice more before he could go to sleep. She lay on her back and let herself be fucked twice more times.

Mom put a pack of condoms on the table at breakfast. "Janine is our guest, we have to return her undamaged. That means she's not pregnant!" Janine and Jack exchanged a look. Then Janine said, "My Mom was a hottie when it came to fucking when she was a girl, so she had me get the 6-month injection. Besides, we don't even fuck each other!" Mom snorted indignantly through her nose. "Yeah, sure, of course you didn't fuck tonight, you innocent lambs!" Now they all had to laugh.

For Jack that meant that he couldn't fuck Mom for the next two months. Hiding it from her lover worked more or less, but now Janine was in the house 24 hours a day, so keeping the secret was impossible. He shrugged his shoulders, he had no choice but to fuck the unattractive and definitely not pretty Janine, at least three times a day. But Janine was an excellent fucker, that was a good consolation. Janine pulled an insulted face when Jack fucked Mom's lover. And he really liked fucking them, because they were attractive and pretty, many worked as erotic photo models like Mom. But Janine knew that the photo model only stayed one night at most, but she had Jack every day, every night.

Jack had never asked Mom about it, but Janine cheekily asked if she could see videos of her fucking in front of the camera!? She pestered Mom until she finally gave in. Mom could never resist such harassment for long, Jack always knew that. She put her laptop on

the table and opened a folder with hundreds of videos, then walked out, humiliated and ashamed.

The two of them were now sitting in front of the laptop non-stop. In the first videos, Mom was still a young, pregnant girl. Even then, she had to sell her body, and there were a lot of people who got turned on when a pregnant woman was fucked by four, five or six men in a row. During pregnancy, she orgasmed easily and frequently, Jack was amazed to see. The videos were still unedited, the raw version, where you could hear the photographer's commands, the strained panting and ugly cursing or the horny moaning of the actors. Jack heard his pregnant Mom tell the photographer that she had to stop now, six orgasms in a row were enough and too much for her and the baby. Jack knew Mom very well and noticed the difference between a real orgasm and a fake one.

Jack saw that Mom was being fucked by four, five or six men in a row. She rarely had a real orgasm during this non-stop fucking. When the photographer barked at her to fake an orgasm, she did. Video after video always showed the same thing. But every now and then a little thing changed, whatever was in fashion at the time. Sometimes she was fucked by two men at the same time, one in her pussyhole, one in her asshole. Jack noticed how often she came during this fucking without acting it out. She licked cocks until they squirted. And sometimes she had to stop and lick and rub a flaccid cock to make it stand up.

Videos of Mom and a girl were extremely exciting. They cuddled and turned each other on, there was nothing fake about it. The situation changed quite naturally, the photographer didn't have to give instructions. When the two girls licked each other's clits, you could hear the photographer directing the cameramen closer and closer. Close-up, close-up! yelled the boss, and the cameramen got so close that they touched the girls.

Jack knew Mom well enough to know if she was having a good or bad day. If she was really horny or just pretending. He knew what she had to endure to make him grow up well. Of course he got horny watching, but at the same time a little sad. Janine, on the other hand,

was glued to the screen, she only saw the sexual activity and got much hornier than Jack. She often stopped after the video and had to let Jack fuck her right away. He fucked her, of course, because she was relaxed again after the orgasm. Then they continued watching. They sat in front of the laptop for hundreds of hours. When Janine left after 2 months, he copied the folders with more than 2 thousand videos onto his own laptop before giving the laptop back.

At school the girls whispered whether he was gay? It was quite obvious because he wasn't at all interested in his classmates. He was there to take his A-levels, he had to study, not flirt. No one at school knew what he did after school. He rushed home to fuck Janine, the mistresses or Mom. When his A-levels were almost over, he dragged the school's biggest slanderer by the hand behind the gymnasium into the field. She screamed and yelled that she didn't want to be fucked by him. Her screaming suddenly stopped when Jack penetrated her. In front of the assembled team, he fucked the stupid girl once, twice and three times. Then he looked around. "What a load of gay!" he screamed loudly and walked away.

Mom talked to Jack for a long time after he had graduated from high school with honours. He wanted to study behavioural psychology. She nodded, that was a good choice. For the first time she spoke about her own future. She would stop fucking in front of the camera by the time she was 40. She had saved a lot of money and wanted to buy a condo in the city. The money would be enough to finance the second phase of her life without having to work. Jack was happy because that was a good plan.

The female professor was of indeterminate age. There were 4 hours of lectures on 5 working days, after which the students were supposed to mate. She saw the astonishment on their faces. "You must first understand yourself and others. The best way to do that is to mate, screw, fuck. All female students take the pill, the majority have the 6-month injection. You are not supposed to reproduce, just mate. Each of you keeps a list of sexual partners, we will check the lists at the end of the year, so don't lie."

Jack took it easy. Lectures in the morning, fucking in the afternoon. He was glad that he didn't have to court, he asked a female student and went with her. Most of the female students didn't have much sexual experience, but that didn't bother him. Some mothers stood under the door and watched to supervise the fucking, so that no harm should come to their daughters. Some mothers sat on the edge of the bed, clothed, or lay down next to the two of them, clothed. But many lay down naked next to the two of them, and Jack knew exactly why. He fucked the girl, but only once; he had to give most of them time to get used to fucking and being fucked. A sideways glance at the mother confirmed that he was right. They expected him to fuck them. He fucked the mother really hard, everyone liked that. He fucked her or the daughter a second time, he needed that. By the end of the year he had a very long list and had fucked almost all of the female students. He was amazed to see that he could fuck 5 or 6 times a day, because in the evenings the lover and his mother or just his mother alone were waiting for him. He thought that was a good year of study. Throughout his studies he kept in touch with those girls who were very easy to fuck, and he was really diligent both in studying and in fucking.

The second year of study was devoted to organized crime and prostitution in particular. The professor rarely turned down students who wanted to fuck her herself. Jack fucked her relatively often, she knew a lot about fucking. No one dared to ask her directly whether she had worked as a prostitute herself. Jack suspected that she had financed her own studies with prostitution decades ago. He found out that she was already 62 years old, but her body and her sexual desire had remained young. She once praised him for his fucking, and he told her the rough outlines of his career. She was very interested in his earliest memories, watching his Mom masturbate for as long as he could remember. Mom's hand, which had gently stroked his foreskin from the very beginning, masturbated him and made him squirt. That she put his cock into her hole and made him squirt there. And the further development up to the end, where he fucked Mom every day. The professor nodded thoughtfully, she had heard this story hundreds of times.

The students knew the structures and organization of the clans in the city. Now it was their job to deal directly with the prostitutes, in the middle of their lives. Jack immersed himself in a completely new world. He didn't have any trouble getting to know prostitutes. For a small bill they let him watch them fuck through a mirrored glass. Almost all of them had a little window like that, where they let voyeurs watch for a fee. They washed their pussy carefully after fucking and many asked him if he wanted to fuck her. She saw his erection and didn't ask for any money. He fucked her and realized that it made no difference whether he fucked a prostitute or another.

He drank tea or coffee with them and he interviewed them. They were very open and told him whatever he wanted to know. He noticed a lot of similarities. All of them had masturbated as little girls, many every night. Most of them had been deflowered by their father or uncle at a very young age, they had been fucking with them for years and discovered their love for fucking. Many fathers sold their daughters for sex, so they were used to fucking men for money from a very early age on. From then on, the slideway only went in one direction.

Jack concentrated for a while on secret prostitutes. They were mostly single young mothers. They were not as indifferent and callous as regular prostitutes. They were shy, bashful and not very well practiced at fucking. He interviewed them all, but some of them were quite reserved. They did not like to talk about the child's father, who usually just took off. He liked to fuck these girls very much, their shyness, their bashfulness and their often sad devotion had a very erotic effect on him. He fucked her much more passionately and with more pleasure than the professionals.

What his mother had taught him well was sexual hygiene. He always showered before fucking, he used hygienic sprays and went for a medical check-up twice a year. The health system had eliminated many sexually transmitted diseases and so it was not very likely that he would become infected. Nevertheless, his mother had instilled vigilance in him and he stuck to it.

Throughout his studies he fucked his Mom every night, she continued fishing but rarely caught a lover. Actually it was enough for her to let Jack fuck her, she didn't miss the lesbianism that much. She was already in the process of finding an apartment in the city center. She was approaching 40, she was going to the photographer less and less often to get fucked in front of the camera. In response to the photographer's sometimes stupid comments she would regularly reply that he hadn't gotten a day older in the last 20 years. That kept him shut.

Jack had a good time during his studies. The mornings were filled with lectures, after lunch he usually had a date and fucked a student from the first classes. Of course he appreciated the experienced ones, but there was something about fucking the new chick too! The evening belonged to Mom and sometimes to her lover, but every few days he liked to watch videos made with Mom. Mom was now about to turn 40 and had already found the right apartment in the city center. They were preparing to move, Mom wanted to take the huge marital bed with her. It had a long history, had been in the family for 100 years. It had been built after the liberation of Paris, had served great-grandparents, grandparents and parents. Grandpa had deflowered and fucked Mom in this bed, he had fathered Jack in this bed. Mom had masturbated in this bed all her life and Jack was masturbated in this bed from a young age on and Mom let him squirt in it. Hundreds of lesbian lovers had made love to Mom there and given her wonderful orgasms. Jack had fucked her lovers and Mom in this bed, without ceasing.

There was no question, the bed had to come with!

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Anni and Her Twin

by Jack Faber © 2024

After a car accident as a pedestrian, 48-year-old Susanne received a generous disability pension and had not had to work for a long time. She lived alone; she had no man and did not need one. She masturbated every night to fall asleep; that was enough for her. Her youngest sister had died in the epidemic and left behind her twins Anni and Ben. She set up a small camp bed in the storage room. Actually, she was completely overwhelmed by living with two children.

The children were not happy sleeping in the closet. The next morning, Susanne woke up with something squirted on her inner thighs and pussy. Anni and Ben were sitting next to her on the bed. Anni grabbed Ben's cock and rubbed it so that it continued to squirt on Susanne. She was completely confused. Ben said that Anni had seen her masturbating during the night. Now they both wanted to see it. The twins nodded at the same time, they wanted to watch her masturbate and they wanted to sleep with her in the big double bed, the bed in the closet was too small and it smelled very bad in the closet, said Anni. Anni was the boss, not Ben. They lay down next to Susanne and snuggled up to the naked aunt on either side.

Anni said that they had never seen an adult masturbate and were desperate to see it. Susanne had pulled herself together a little and said firmly, "I don't masturbate, so there's nothing to see." Ben nodded, so there was nothing there. Anni examined Susanne's pussy and her clit with experienced eyes and fingers. Susanne didn't stop her, on the contrary, she relaxed and let the girl do it. "Susanne, if I'm honest, your clit looks as if it gets a good workout every day. It seems to me that you masturbate very often, maybe even every day! But your pussyhole seems to be unused. Don't you have a boyfriend, don't you have a guy to fuck?"

Susanne looked for a way out. "I've already told you that I don't masturbate. And I've only been fucked once, and that's really none of

your business.” She hugged both children and caressed them both. They were her sister’s children and she loved them.

Susanne never fucked again after the first time. When she was young, she had many admirers. She would lie naked on the bed with them, they would hug, kiss and cuddle, but she remained aloof. She never allowed them to fuck or be touched sexually. They would cuddle tightly, because she was in love with each of them. They would rub their genitals against each other until he squirted. Of course they were allowed to penetrate and finish squirting. That wasn’t fucking, because she was determined never to let them fuck her again. She actually liked it when the guys squirted when they rubbed against each other, but she liked it just as much when she let him penetrate her and he squirted inside her, twitching. Of course there were some who didn’t like either. She would watch the guys masturbate themselves with a stupid look on their faces. That was usually the end of the short relationship.

Susanne felt Ben’s cock getting stiff. She put her hands around his cock. “You’re not allowed to fuck me, Ben. I’ve only been fucked once in my life and I’ve had not done it since. OK?” Ben snuggled up to her. “Was it that bad, Susanne?” She hesitated. She was very unsure whether she wanted to talk about it. “I was 14 or 15, he promised me the world, so I let him take my virginity and fuck me. He fucked me several times a day for three weeks, then I found out that he had also taken other girl’s virginity and fucked them, even though we were together. He laughed at me and so we parted on bad terms.” Ben hugged her and kissed her on the lips. “I’m very sorry about what happened to you, Susanne. But it’s no reason not to fuck at all anymore.” He had laid on top of her and his cock was drilling into her pussy from the outside. She pressed her thighs and labia tightly together. “No, Ben, no! I don’t want to be fucked by anyone, not even you. OK?”

Ben clearly didn’t agree, his cock was still pressed firmly against her pussy. Anni intervened. “Ben fucks really well, we’ve been fucking for over a year. And he always made it good for me!” Anni’s fingers had dug into Susanne’s pussy and cleared the way to her pussy hole. Susanne took a sharp breath and sighed. Anni had discovered

her clit, the traitor was stiff to bursting. Anni was very good at masturbating a clit. Ben penetrated a little between the labia. He started to fuck immediately. Anni kissed her on the lips. "Don't be afraid, he's doing it well, he's not hurting you." Ben started to squirt and Susanne cried. She hadn't wanted it at all. She felt Anni bring her to orgasm quickly. She suppressed the orgasm, only Anni's fingers noticed it. She relaxed after the suppressed orgasm and was still crying, but now Ben penetrated her deeply. His cock was still twitching, he fucked her for a few seconds and just kept squirting. The children whispered. "I brought her to orgasm," Anni whispered proudly. "I fucked her very briefly, before I squirted!" Ben added. "She must be very good to fuck," he added. Susanne jumped up and ran out of the house. Two hours of walking cleared her brain.

She made afternoon coffee and talked to the twins. Anni disagreed. "That wasn't real fucking, Ben had only squirted on your pussy at the beginning, that wasn't fucking! And he only penetrated you afterwards, that wasn't fucking either!" Susanne had to get used to the fact that the two of them always walked around naked at home. She was only wearing a light house dress, under which she wore nothing and which was open at the front, revealing her nakedness. She had always stayed naked in the house before. She wondered if she didn't want to be naked too.

The children didn't mind if they touched each other. Above all, Anni kept playing with Ben's cock, she made it half-hard, rarely completely hard. During the day she didn't masturbate him. When it was completely hard, she proudly pressed the cock into Susanne's hand. "Isn't his cock magnificent!?" For better or worse, Susanne had to take the cock in her hand. "I had a lot of cocks in my hand during my school days, it was fashionable back then to masturbate the boys. All I can say is that Ben's cock is much bigger, longer and thicker than those." It was embarrassing for her to hold the cock in her hand, although there was nothing embarrassing about it.

They went to bed. Susanne did not turn off the little light yet. She hugged both children and caressed them, both of them returned her caresses. "I want to be a good aunt, a good mother to you," she said and kissed both of them on the top of their heads. Anni made Ben's

cock stiff with targeted hand movements. Ben lay on top of Susanne and kissed her on the mouth. She did not return his French kisses, he would take that as an invitation. Anni guided his cock directly in front of the entrance to her pussy, Susanne pressed her thighs and labia tightly together. She began to cry quietly, "No, please don't, I don't want to!" Anni spread her labia with her fingers. Susanne cried louder. "No, please don't!" She was still crying, even though Anni pressed the tip of his cock deep between her labia. Ben started fucking right away and she stopped crying when Anni rubbed her clit quickly. She held her breath to cover her orgasm when Ben started to squirt. Her muscles relaxed after the orgasm and Ben penetrated her immediately, really, really deeply. His cock twitched as he fucked and continued to squirt for a long time. She had gotten really hot, but she was very ashamed too.

Anni pulled Ben's cock out very slowly and lay down next to him. They cuddled for a long time and warmed each other up with French kisses. Anni lay on her back and pulled Ben on top of her. Susanne leaned forward to see everything. Anni pulled his cock closer and very slowly inserted it into her pussy hole. She had a small, tight pussy hole, Susanne could see that very clearly, his cock only went in very slowly. It was much too big and too thick for the little hole. But the hole widened and adjusted. He stayed still for a while, probably to let the cock grow even further. Then they fucked. The fine skin that surrounded her widened pussy hole was pulled back and forth by the big cock and encircled it like a fine ring.

Susanne hadn't seen anyone fuck since school, and despite her feeling of humiliation from before, watching made her hot and horny. Feelings that she hadn't had for decades. Ben squirted inside and left his cock in Anni. After a while he fucked Anni again, this time for much longer. As with the first time, Anni quickly had an orgasm, she remained highly aroused and several smaller orgasms followed. He did not squirt until 20 minutes later and withdrew after squirting, he was exhausted.

Susanne hugged and kissed both children on the top of their heads, stroked Anni's wet pussy and wiped the juice off. She stroked Ben's soft cock a little and kissed him on the lips, then she turned off

the light. She had to wait a long time until the two were fast asleep. Now she could spread her legs wide and put them on the children's legs. The heat was still there, she masturbated and came very quickly.

She only woke up when Anni let Ben squirt all over her inner thighs and pussy. "We're waiting for you to masturbate, Susanne," said Anni. "We'll stay sitting there until you let us watch!" Now Susanne was wide awake. "I don't masturbate, I've already told you that," said Susanne and got up to shower. She prepared breakfast while the children showered together. She insisted that a good person should shower every day. Anni said that at their mother's house they didn't shower very often, at most after sex. Since their father had run off, they were allowed to sleep naked in the big marital bed with their mother, and Ben was allowed to fuck their mother until he was completely empty. Mama didn't make a fuss at all, she didn't really care if the two of them spent whole afternoons fucking each other. "It's healthy and promotes your love and your bond," was her standard saying on the subject.

Anni said that Mama had one or more one-night stands every week, and if they were completely quiet, they were allowed to watch in the bedroom. There were only a few men who absolutely didn't want to do that, so they had to wait in the kitchen. Mama always asked for money for sex, they desperately needed every penny.

Mama had explained to them both what would change when Anni got her period, so they had to use contraception. The best way was with the 6-month injection, with condoms or by counting the days. But that was the least reliable method. Mom herself took the 6-month injection, which was really safe.

The twins went to school, were in the same class in the senior year and both had the same good grades. No one had to tell them that school was important. They asked if they could take a classmate to sleep over? Susanne gave her permission, but only one child at a time. She forgot to say that she only wanted girls, not boys. But at first they only brought girls. In the evenings it had become routine for Susanne to cry a little when Ben lay on top of her. Anni spread

her labia as usual, Susanne stopped crying and smiled as Anni rubbed her clit and Ben fucked between her labia. When Anni had brought her to orgasm, Susanne relaxed, smiling as always, and he penetrated her immediately. Ben fucked for a few moments and, as always, squirted deep into Susanne's pussy hole. Then Ben fucked the guest girl and Anni too. Susanne had to wait a long time to masturbate secretly, but she often fell asleep beforehand.

But when it was a boy, the routine was completely different. Susanne rarely cried when Ben lay on top of her. As always, she pressed her thighs tightly together and he was only allowed to fuck between her tightly pressed labia, and Anni masturbated her clit. She was smiling now, the fucking was making her hot. To squirt after her orgasm, she let him penetrate her completely. This was repeated every evening. When a boy was a guest, he lay on top of her like Ben and fucked between her pressed labia. She also let him penetrate her to squirt, fuck for a moment and squirt inside. After that, Anni was fucked alternately by Ben and the boy until the boys had had enough. None of the boys had a cock as big as Ben's, Susanne always leaned forward to watch the fucking up close. She always refrained from masturbating at night when a child was around.

In the morning they always sat next to her, they wanted to see Susanne masturbate! They kept it up day after day, it was the only way they could force it. Susanne hadn't said anything for a long time and went straight into the shower. She had the morning to herself, she went shopping and cooked lunch. She had time to masturbate every morning, but she didn't masturbate every morning anymore. She had gotten older and wasn't so hot in the mornings anymore.

The children finished the last school year before their A-levels side by side in first place. The summer holidays came, the children went to the swimming pool every day, met their friends there and often found an opportunity to have sex. Susanne lay naked on her balcony in the sun and got a beautiful tan. She had only a few neighbors, so she didn't care if they stared, she put up with it. Let them stare!

She didn't let the children catch her masturbating. She thought a lot about Ben fucking her. Why not? But her shyness and sense of

shame did not give in one bit. The children had been with her for over a year, the evening routine had remained the same. She no longer masturbated at night, Anni masturbated her and that was actually enough. She still only let Ben penetrate her after she had suppressed her orgasm, he still only had a few seconds to fuck before he squirted inside.

Anni and Ben usually fucked in the afternoon. Susanne rarely watched anymore, she had gotten used to it. It was strange when they brought a very young boy over to stay the night. The small, thin cocks overcame her pressed labia and penetrated halfway from the start, they fucked the grown woman and squirted inside. The narrow, thin cocks reminded her of her first lover. He also had a small boy's cock, but he fucked her 8 or 10 times on some days. She hadn't known anything else back then, but now she was being fucked every day for seconds by Ben, and he had a magnificent and powerful cock!

They were sitting at their afternoon coffee and Susanne was thoughtfully playing with Ben's cock. She found it exciting to playfully pull his foreskin back and forth. She didn't do it so hard that it got completely stiff, because then she had to masturbate him and squirt. "Anni, when you masturbate my clit, you make me weak," she said, not looking at Anni. Anni asked in surprise, "Yes, don't you like it!?" Susanne said, "You make me weak, sometimes I have an orgasm and tear my thighs apart, and Ben fucks me immediately. That's what I mean." Anni widened her eyes. "And you don't like that!?" Susanne searched for words. "I told you, I don't masturbate, I don't want to be fucked. And where are we now? You masturbate me and Ben fucks me. Don't you see the discrepancy?" Anni and Ben nodded at the same time. "It's good like that, isn't it?" Ben murmured. Susanne grabbed his cock tightly and made it stiff in a flash. "And you said you don't like it with your hand!" Susanne was actually angry and made Ben squirt. She was a little satisfied.

Rose had met Susanne in the hospital waiting room, many years ago. Of course, she noticed immediately that Rose was mentally handicapped. You had to listen very carefully, otherwise you wouldn't understand a word. For some reason, she had taken Rose to her heart immediately and invited her over for coffee. They almost

always talked about sex. Rose had never learned to say No and she was constantly sexually abused. She actually quite liked being fucked and liked to talk about her experiences. They did a lot of girl-girl sex, clit rubbing and clit licking, nothing more. After a while they stopped doing girl-girl sex, but Rose told her story.

She had two children, but she never found out who they were from, and after the second birth the authorities had her sterilized. The kids were taken away from her by the youth welfare office and grew up separately in different homes. Now the authorities had decided to give her children back. They didn't know each other: 52-year-old Rose, 17-year-old Ruth and 16-year-old Rob. It was strange when they slept together for the first time. Ruth saw that Rose went to bed naked and didn't even put on her pajamas, and neither did Rob. Ruth immediately grabbed Rob's cock. "Do you do it before you go to sleep too?" she asked the strange boy who was her brother. Rob nodded in the affirmative. "Yes, every night." Ruth was pleased. "I do it every night too, to go to sleep. And what about fucking?"

Rob lowered his head in resignation. "I've only fucked one woman, Ruth. With a chaperone in the home who was watching over us. She's very old, over 60 for sure, but she took a liking to me and let me fuck her out of pity. 'What, you've never fucked before!?' she said, 'but you must, you're in the middle of puberty, you must ejaculate every day!' I confessed to her that I really must ejaculate several times a day. She shook her head and so she let me fuck her, secretly of course, for more than a year."

Ruth had listened quietly. She said that she had also been fucking in the home for almost two years, there were enough men, from cooks to gardeners. She had certainly fucked more than 20 men. A distant relative who visited her occasionally paid for her 6-month injections since then.

"And what do you think of Mom?" asked Ruth quietly, because Rose was dozing off. Rob shrugged his shoulders, no idea! "She lives alone, doesn't have a steady boyfriend and is mentally out of our depth, I was told at the youth welfare office," Rob reported in a quiet whisper. Ruth carefully parted Rose's labia and the two examined

her pussy, clit and fuckhole. “The clit is small, but it’s really red. I think she masturbates quite a lot. You can’t tell from the pussy hole whether she gets fucked often or not.” Rob nodded, although he couldn’t tell any of this. But Ruth obviously understood a lot of it. “I’ll just ask her tomorrow,” said Ruth, and that was the end of the topic.

“Did you fuck boys in the home too?” asked Ruth, taking Rob’s cock in her hand to examine it. Rob said no. “Many did it, I never did. It seemed perverse to me to fuck a guy in the asshole. Sometimes some of them masturbated together, and I often joined in because everyone did it for themselves.” Ruth gave him a long look. “We girls always lay next to each other, kissing and cuddling, it was the most natural thing in the world. I had girl sex with almost all of them, clit rubbing and clit licking. Friendships arose and disappeared like clouds in the sky.”

Ruth had rubbed Rob’s cock until it was completely stiff. “What do you think, are we going to fuck now or masturbate together?” Rob’s eyes widened in surprise. “Fuck, here, right next to Mama Rose!?” he finally managed to say. Ruth nodded. “Mama sleeps like a log. She doesn’t notice anything!” Rob was a little unsure. “I actually like fucking much more than masturbating. Do you really think so?” Ruth nodded confidently. “From behind or from the front?” Rob whispered, “from the front!” Ruth lay on her back and spread her legs. Rob couldn’t see much in the dim light, “can I see your pussy in daylight tomorrow morning?” Ruth nodded and pulled him between her thighs. He penetrated her immediately. “Well, at least you have a cock that fills me up completely!” Ruth breathed, “and now give it to me, Tiger!” she ordered with a smile. Rob squirted immediately, but his cock remained hard and he continued to fuck her without stopping. He fucked her for 20 minutes and Ruth had a very strong orgasm. He continued to fuck her without stopping, she had another small, trembling orgasm, and he already had to squirt. They lay there hugging for a while, then he slipped off her. “It was very nice,” whispered Ruth and stroked the hair on his neck. He asked, “Was I half-way good?” he asked and she laughed very quietly. “Everyone asks that first, you men!” She gave him a long French kiss, although it was immediately clear that he hadn’t experienced it yet. “You fucked me

very well, I had two orgasms in a row. I think I'll keep you for fucking!"

They woke up in the morning, Mom was still asleep. Ruth carefully parted her labia and both stared at the medium-sized clit, which twitched and trembled violently in her dream. "She's dreaming of fucking," whispered Ruth with a knowing look. "She'll be as hot as a stove when she wakes up!" Mom woke up slowly, and first she touched her clit. "Kids, go take a shower!" she said indistinctly and had to repeat it because the children didn't understand her right away. "I'll come when I'm finished," she said clearly. Ruth shook her head, "No, Mom, we want to see it, we want to watch!" Mom, whose fingers were stroking her clit, hesitated briefly. "Watching is fine, that's fine!" She closed her eyes and began to masturbate. Nothing new for Ruth, but Rob leaned forward. He doesn't know it, has really never seen it before, thought Ruth. She put an arm over his shoulder and whispered in his ear what Mom was exactly doing. Mom twitched and shivered violently in her orgasm, but after a few seconds she was calm again. "You too?" asked Mom. Ruth and Rob exchanged a quick glance, then Ruth said, "No, Mom, we're fucking!" Mom looked at Ruth's pussy, then her gaze settled on Rob's cock. "Nice cock, that! Fucking!? Brother, sister!?" Mom thought for a long time, then shrugged her shoulders. "Fucking! Like the adults!?" Ruth and Rob confirmed, nodding at the same time. Mom looked from pussy to cock again. She nodded thoughtfully. "Brother, sister. OK." That was the end of the topic. The three of them went into the shower, they splashed and laughed and splashed on each other, laughing. Mom said, "Funny, funny! But it doesn't matter, I'll clean up, Mom will clean up."

Mom was able to handle breakfast, cooking and shopping well. She was getting a lot more money from the authorities now, there was enough for everyone. The children went to different schools, but they went and came back together. They did their homework first, then they fucked after watching a bit of porn together on the Internet. They didn't watch much porn, just a bit to warm up. Mom hardly noticed it now, she had been fucked so many times that it was no longer a novelty for her.

The two of them just watched Rose masturbate in the morning for a few days. Ruth asked her one morning if Rob could fuck her. Mom didn't have to think long. Quite naturally she took Rob between her thighs and said, "Fuck Mom well, fuck her properly, not as hesitantly as the sisterchild!" Rob nodded because he partially understood. Mama Rose let Rob fuck her thoroughly. She hadn't had an orgasm and masturbated afterwards. Her clitoris was already so hot that she didn't need a minute. "Fucking is a good thing," she said with a grin, "Mommy likes fucking a lot! Really a lot!" The schedule was set: Rob fucked her as soon as she woke up and she masturbated briefly; Rob and Ruth fucked at night if they hadn't completely exhausted themselves in the afternoon. Rose had told her best friend Susanne all this and she told them about the last fucking events every time they drank coffee.

Rose was approached by a man and led into a house. The woman in the house didn't let herself be scared away, even though the man threatened her that he would fuck her so hard that she could hear the angels singing! The woman stayed under the door and watched the fucking. He actually fucked Rose quite well, so that when he squirted she only had to rub her clit a few times to trigger the orgasm. Some men fucked her a second time, which was fine with her. The man dragged the woman in and ripped her clothes off. He fucked the trembling woman very roughly. "Don't make me a child!" she moaned before he squirted inside, but he didn't care at all, he just squirted inside as much as he could. Rose was as quiet as a mouse, but she didn't hear a single angel singing. That's more or less how Rose's stories went.

Susanne sat with her teenagers every afternoon and coffee and cake. Anni squatted on the seat on her heels, spread her knees and played with her clit and her pussy without masturbating. Susanne sat next to Ben and pushed his foreskin back and forth until he was completely stiff. She only stopped before he squirted, she had figured that out well. She continued later, she loved playing with his cock without making him squirt. The topic of conversation was usually fucking. Susanne always wanted to know how and who they fucked at school, that gave endless material to talk about.

She still refused to masturbate in front of the children. But she thought about it more and more often, maybe she was just stupid, what's the big deal!? Every day she got closer to the point where she would overcome her shame. One morning she was ready. The children were sitting next to her as usual when she woke up. She looked at Ben and then at Anni, smiling. "Make a little room, my lovelies," she said and spread her legs, something she had never done before. Ben moved to the side and exchanged a long look with Anni. Susanne couldn't look at the children while she masturbated, so she closed her eyes. The finger crept to her clit. She masturbated very slowly, first a little faster after a few minutes and then at the end she went extremely fast. Still in orgasm, she opened her eyes and looked at them with a distorted face. She calmed down very quickly, but she stayed where she was. Anni said with a broad grin, "There, she can masturbate, and how well! You probably train every night!" Susanne was too tired for a discussion and didn't answer. Ben had laid down on top of her as always and was begging, "Mommy, please, let me fuck you," he pleaded and his cock touched her open pussy greedily, "please, please, let me fuck you, really fuck you!"

Susanne was tired of masturbating. She was tired of always saying No. She simply gave in, she gave up her resistance. Ben penetrated her immediately without Susanne saying anything. She kept her legs spread wide and just let him penetrate her. Ben waited a minute, his cock swelled up mightily and filled her completely. He started to fuck, he fucked Susanne thoroughly for the first time. She would not regret it, she had a strong orgasm and then many tiny ones. After 15 or 20 minutes he was ready, he grabbed Mom by the hips and lifted her up a little, then he roared squirting inside her until he had completely emptied himself.

Anni immediately asked Ben how it was. Ben replied, "You were right, Mom is really great to fuck!" Susanne remembered. She had discovered during the first and only fuck that she was very easy-going to orgasm. Even though the guy only had a small boy's cock and actually wasn't that good at fucking, she always had an orgasm when he fucked her. Her body hasn't forgotten that, and it was just wonderful. And she had never been fucked as well and as satisfyingly as she was now fucked by Ben. Not only did his cock look great, he

fucked very skillfully and persistently. She had already decided to fuck him as often and as long as she wanted until her brittle bones couldn't take it anymore.

Anni wanted to turn to her, but Susanne got there first. She said everything she had just thought. Ben was as happy as a king, so much praise! And, fucking until he was exhausted! He was perhaps even happier than Mom. Anni nodded, she was a little less easy-going than Susanne, but she appreciated this gift from Mother Nature.

Susanne masturbated immediately after waking up and let Ben fuck her. At first Anni had always bent down low to see the penetration and fucking, now she stroked Ben's ass cheeks and as soon as he ejaculated, his balls too, he liked that a lot. Ben fucked Susanne earlier and earlier until he fucked her while she was masturbating. Often she didn't know whether it was her finger or Ben's cock that triggered her orgasm. She loved being fucked by him very much. The deflowering and the fucking with her first love became more and more obscured and she forgot it, at least emotionally, even if she couldn't erase it from her memory.

It was already 45 years ago.

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The Prince Owns Everything

by Jack Faber © 2024

Prince Hiroshi Kagame was born in the Kagames' royal court and grew up as the only son of the prince, who was a great military leader of the emperor in war-torn Japan. His mother Michiko was a young, pretty and highly sought-after noble whore with whom the prince had fallen in love. She became his wife and princess and gave up her whoring immediately. Of course she had countless affairs and gave herself to state guests at her husband's behest. From the very beginning, little Hiroshi and his mother slept naked in her bed. She naturally let him watch her being fucked by different men. She impressed upon him that he should pay close attention and observe everything carefully so that he could learn. She rubbed the little boy's cock in a very natural way and when he started to ejaculate, she did it for weeks until he ejaculated better and better.

Even before puberty she let him fuck her. He had to learn that noblewomen and noble Misses should only be fucked from the front and maids or girls from the common people should only be fucked from behind, in the doggy position. She repeatedly brought noblewomen and noble Misses to him, so he learned to court and fuck high-ranking women even during puberty. The noblewomen of that time kept their affairs secret and pretended to be shy, innocent, chaste and sexually faithful. He had to learn the art of exploiting this theater and driving women crazy until they were ready to be fucked.

She also taught him to order maids and servants to bend over and lift up their skirts to fuck them standing up from behind. No wooing was necessary, it was an order for a sexual service. He developed a great sexual appetite during puberty, fucking noble ladies and servants alike several times a day, and then fucking Mama at night until he had completely drained his juices.

She was very happy with her son, he learned well from his private tutors because he was supposed to aspire to a high office. However, he decided to pursue a military career to emulate his father. He

trained, became an excellent soldier and, together with his friend, the future Shogun, made the bars and brothels unsafe. Like his friend, he climbed the career ladder, he earned his promotions with the sword and not with his lineage. His friend became Shogun, Hiroshi became a successful, feared general who led a large army from mission to mission.

Prince Hiroshi Kagame had bloodily conquered the rebellious province of Iga, beheading the prince and the generals himself in front of the assembled army, as was the custom. He was a friend and loyal general of the Shogun. He took over the magnificent castle of Iga, which was considered a jewel in all of Japan. After a week he sent the couriers to the Shogun and expected an answer in three or four months at the earliest.

Hiroshi had summoned the prince's widow to dinner. He was a bon vivant and a womenizer, you had to give him that. They ate excellently and he got straight to the point. The widow, about 40 years old, blushed violently. No, she was still an untouched virgin when she married the prince. She had always kept her vow of fidelity, she had never cheated on her husband. Her blushing faded as she answered the next question. Yes, she had masturbated every night since childhood to go to sleep, and to this day, with the approval and knowledge of her master. From an early age she was allowed to let boys sleep with her, but never to fuck them. She loved to cuddle and snuggle up to them naked. She had dozens of such playmates, whom she masturbated with her fist. The most reliable ones were allowed to fuck in the vagina entrance, the boys liked that a lot, but she didn't get much out of it.

Hiroshi looked at her greedily and covetously. She knew where the path was leading her and cried a lot. Tears couldn't stop him. She didn't want to tarnish the reputation and honor of her dead husband. Despite all the crying and howling, Hiroshi ordered her to undress. She stood up, one piece of clothing fell off after another. She always paused to see if he was stopping her, which of course he didn't. When she bared her breasts, he made a satisfied noise. She had given birth to and fed 3 children, but her breasts were still girlishly small. Piece of clothing fell off, saliva flowed in his mouth.

The last piece of clothing had fallen off, the furoshiki, the pubic shawl. He whistled through his teeth. The widow had had her pubic hair removed, leaving only a tiny strip, so that her pussy was shown off to its best advantage. "You gave birth to three children?" he asked in astonishment. She nodded, "My pussy is small and tight again, like it was before." She pulled on the furoshiki and something was attached to a silk thread. With a sighing cry she pulled it out, it was a lifelike cock made of polished glass. He had never seen anything like it before. "My master had it made for me," she said, blushing, "on the one hand he didn't want my pussy to shrink any further and my hymen to grow again. On the other hand he knew how much I liked to fuck myself with it." He had the dildo handed to him and examined it. "My master had it modeled after his cock. I fuck myself with it quite often." He put it aside and pulled her onto his lap. She was crying and howling no longer, she couldn't stop it at all.

Hiroshi let his dress fall. She grabbed his cock and felt it. "Yes, my master fucked me every night because he wanted a son after we had 3 beautiful daughters." The princess let herself be laid on her back. "Whatever you do, noble sir, I feel humiliated and dishonored." Hiroshi knew that she had to say that, for the sake of the gods. "Your cock feels very good," she said with a sigh, "it fills me completely, noble sir!" These words were not a rule, she said them of her own accord. He fucked the princess, who sighed and moaned because decency dictated that she hide her real feelings from him. Nevertheless, he saw from a thousand signs that she was very happy to be fucked by him. She winced when he shot his full load into her. How she had missed that for weeks! She was still very excited after the fucking, she turned her back to him as she relieved her clit with her finger. She had tears in her eyes as she reinserted the dildo with a deep sigh. "Thank you, Your Grace," she said, because that was the custom. He let her go without a word.

The next evening he had dinner with the princess's eldest daughter. She was almost 20 and engaged to a general whom he had beheaded. She had let her fiancé deflower her, having previously grown up like her mother. She also had a sexual playmate in bed every night, they hugged and cuddled and were allowed to do anything that didn't break the hymen. "You have taken away my future husband,"

she complained reproachfully. "He was the first and only one who was allowed to mate with me so far." He ordered her to undress. Again, one piece of clothing fell off after another. She was very modest and acted very chaste, but Hiroshi saw through the fake drama. The furoshiki fell off. She had only had her pubic hair plucked out from the sides. He took her on his lap and caressed her. "War is war, fucking is fucking. Don't get them mixed up!" He gave her a long, passionate French kiss. She was easily turned on, and his clitoral play quickly made her as hot as a stove. She smiled like a thief and lay on her back, willing and tense to bursting. He fucked her like her mother had been fucked. She still didn't have an orgasm. After she came, she masturbated unashamedly and quickly to orgasm. He let her go; she was nothing special to fuck.

The second girl was only 16, but she was no longer a virgin. She had insisted that her father deflower her in the traditional way. After that, she fucked to her heart's content. She quickly pushed the food aside and unashamedly played with Hiroshi's cock while he was still eating. She was clearly a naughty brat who was greedily wild about fucking. He pushed his food aside as well when she completely undressed. She didn't have breasts like her older sister, but she had had her pubic hair completely removed, so her pussy looked childlike and virginal. He fucked her with great pleasure, she was very practiced and skilled. He drank a cup of wine and fucked her a second time. He said apologetically, "I don't have the juice, the strength for a third time!" She pulled a snout and he chased the fuck-happy girl away with a friendly slap on her bare bottom. He could well imagine her walking home naked and provocatively past the guards and servants with her clothes under her arm.

The third daughter was only 13, still a virgin and very shy and scared. She ate like a good, well-behaved child. He let her sit on his lap and he unbuckled his belt. "You must get to know my cock before I fuck you," he said gently. His hand slid under her dress to her pussy. She enjoyed his gentle caresses, then she obeyed and grabbed his cock over-cautiously. It swelled, her fear gave way to astonishment. "You are going to rape me, Your Grace?" He shook his head, his hand explored her little pussy and gently rubbed the tiny, hidden clit. "No, not rape, but deflower and fuck, that's a big difference!"

She thought for a moment and looked at the cock in her hand. “Deflowering is a prerogative of the father or the husband,” that sounded like something from a book of etiquette. He smiled. “They are both absent, the privilege passed from your father to me when I defeated him. His kingdom, his wealth, his subjects, his wife and his daughters, all of that now belongs to me. Perhaps your sisters have already told you, you all belong to me. I can send you to hell, I can have you beheaded or I can fuck you, whatever you choose! What do you choose? Exile, beheading or fucking?” She thought seriously. “Fucking, Your Grace, if you like!” Her face expression said it all.

First we’ll learn how to kiss, said Hiroshi and showed her how to French kiss. She learned it immediately, her cheeks turned red and sweet. After a dozen French kisses she was as hot as a stove. He asked her what she felt. “The clit, noble sir! It’s hard and hot like it only gets in the evening before I go to sleep.” He smiled. “And do you do it before you go to sleep?” She nodded, “Every night, Your Grace, I rub my clit with my finger until I orgasm, then I fall asleep immediately!” she said with glowing cheeks. “That’s good, that’s how it’s supposed to be, so you’re ready for the deflowering and fucking!” She nodded with red cheeks. He was so clever, he knew all about it. “Shall I lie on my back, noble sir?” she asked and he nodded. “It will be a little prick when your hymen breaks, so don’t be alarmed!” She nodded and took him between her thighs. She felt the prick, but she was not alarmed. The prince fucked her and gave her instructions on what to do. He advised her to imagine how she did it with her finger at night, to concentrate on the beautiful feelings and the orgasm. She became very soft and dreamy. A short time later her orgasm came and shook her hard. Smiling, he ejaculated into her waning orgasm. He held her in his arms for a long time and slowly pulled his cock out. She smiled. “That was not rape, Your Grace, not by all the gods. Thank you, my lord!” He liked the young, unspoiled girl. He said that after a few minutes’ break they could fuck again. She nodded and took his cock in her hands. “And there, from this hole, the child comes into my belly!?” He nodded, so they say. If she caresses the cock and rubs it gently, we can fuck again. She nodded, that was easy. He fucked her a second time and reminded her to think about rubbing her clit at night and about the orgasm building up. She nodded obediently and closed her eyes. “I imagine it exactly how I rub

my clit and the lovely feeling emanates from my clit all around. That is the process, the orgasm can come!" She opened her eyes. "Now it's coming, it's coming, Sir!" she exclaimed softly, then she tensed up in orgasm. He had to squirt inside at the same moment. She smiled, "we'll take another break, then we'll fuck again!" He nodded in agreement. "But I can't do more than three times, my dear child!" She nodded understandingly. "If I rub my clit several times in a row, I get dead tired and have to stop."

Curiously, he asked after how many orgasms she has to stop? She thought for a moment. "I've often done it a dozen times in a row until I'm dead tired. I usually only do it twice, so after the first time I dream of something erotic, but usually something pretty dirty, and then I have to do it a second time." He wanted to know, "What dirty?" She answered immediately. "I've already watched both sisters fucking and it always looks hot and piggy when they slowly and carefully insert the cock into her little hole with her hand. Or when mom pulls out the dildo and licks it with her mouth to make it wet. Then she fucks herself with it again and again. These dirty things often haunt my thoughts and dreams." Hiroshi said that the third time would be a little harder, more brutal, but she didn't need to be afraid. And she had to think again about rubbing her clit and orgasming so that she could have an orgasm when she was fucked. She nodded, the good child. He fucked her hard and brutally to her orgasm and continued until he could squirt. After that he was completely exhausted. He hugged her for a long time before letting her go. She was to remain the only virgin he would fuck in the kingdom of Iga.

Now it was the turn of the noble ladies and noble Misses. He made it clear to all the noblemen that he was the winner and that no husband could deny him his wife. He chose a noble lady every evening. Fucking her was almost always a pleasure. Then he chose a noble Miss every evening. Many said that they were faithful to their husbands and rarely cheated on him. So not very often, at least not every day. He listened to their sexual stories, it was good conversation material at dinner. He only wanted to hear sexual stories, that was all he was interested in. He fucked a different one every evening, that was in keeping with his character. He did his best to make the fucking pleasant and enjoyable, lascivious and erotic. The women of Iga's

court appreciated it; none of them wanted to feel humiliated and dishonored.

Now it was the turn of the maids and servant girls. As was customary at the time, he was only allowed to fuck them from behind, in the doggy position. There weren't very many pretty girls, but most of them fucked excellently, especially those who hadn't been given any beauty by mother nature. Hiroshi knew this from long experience and always chose a couple, one beautiful and one less beautiful. He fucked two girls every evening. They were willing, but the fact that they had a new master after the conquest of the empire didn't bother them.

Hiroshi called on the citizens and farmers to send him their daughters or young wives to fuck, each of them would receive a gold coin. They came, so many that he had to give some to his officers. Not that the officers didn't already extort daughters and wives from the people, but Hiroshi wanted to give the women from the people to the troops. He had the feeling that he had really conquered and mated with the 200 or so women he had already fucked in Iga.

Then the courier came back. The shogun had written a private, warm-hearted letter that began with 'My dear brother'. The official letter, however, ordered him to go to the Mitsuki kingdom after securing the new government of Iga and to break the resistance by force of arms. Three months later, he had overthrown the whole of Mitsuki, and the king and 12 generals were kneeling in the dust of the courtyard, awaiting their fate. Hiroshi had heard from the king that he was a clever, decent ruler. But when he saw them kneeling in the dust, he had a servant fetch water and a towel. The king and the generals should be able to wash their faces to preserve a little honor. He stood next to the king with a sword in his hand. "Do you have an heir, king? I would secure the succession for him!" The king, not yet 30 years old, shook his head. "I have a daughter, not yet 2 years old. Another king will be found!" Hiroshi liked this young man immediately, but when he looked into the eyes of his officers, he could not give any pardon. The heads of the king and generals rolled in the sand. Disgusted, he threw the bloody sword into the sand and angrily stomped into the conquered castle.

The young queen appeared for dinner splendidly dressed. She was young, not yet 20, and she was beautiful. She had been crying all day for her husband, but she knew what custom required of her. She no longer cried and they had a pleasant conversation. She blossomed when Hiroshi wanted to hear sexual topics. No, she did not walk around with a dildo in her pussy hole, she had often visited the queen in Iga and each other and of course had often admired the glass dildo. The two queens often took turns fucking themselves with it and she enjoyed it very much because the dildo was the biggest cock she had ever inserted. Hiroshi was astonished because he had never seen the Queen of Iga fuck with it.

The Queen of Mitsuki knew what was going to happen next. She stood up, one piece of clothing after another fell to the floor. He sat her on his lap, she was only 18, she said, she had married a virgin at 15 and had her daughter at 16. Unfortunately they had not yet had time to produce an heir, the king was fighting in battle and she spent her nights with a dildo made of polished wood. She laughed, she had never masturbated before and had to be taught by a maid. She also had no pubic hair and was happy to show Hiroshi her childish, youthful pussy. He got her going with French kisses and light clit-play, the strong wine helped a lot.

She let herself lie on her back, giggling and gurgling, and sighed as he penetrated her. “Fuck me thoroughly, good man, I haven’t fucked for weeks!” Hiroshi gave it his all and she had a gentle, breathy orgasm towards the end before he squirted inside her. “Please, give me a child, I want another child!” she whispered as he fucked her for the second time. He knew that this was not something that could be done so easily. But he didn’t have the juice or the strength for a third round. He hugged and kissed her deeply before she left. If she fucked him for five or 10 days, 12 or 14 days after her period had ended, she could get pregnant. She did that and came to fuck every afternoon and after two months she was actually pregnant.

He called a provisional council meeting and dictated his orders to them. The last order sounded strange to the council members. He wanted to invite a noblewoman or lady to dinner every evening, and no fiancé or husband could deny him his wife. He did not mention

that the maids, servant girls and the wives and daughters of the patricians, citizens and farmers would follow.

There were only a handful of noblewomen, he entertained each one like a prince and then fucked them like a king. They responded to his sexual interest and told him about their sex lives with more or less hesitation. He was satisfied every night with the dirty stories and the fucking. There were hardly more than 25 noblewomen. They told him about their sex lives in a much more open and obscene way, they grinned and laughed mischievously when they told of a really dirty or piggish experience. That was exactly what he wanted, it was in his blood. The noblewomen had much more sexual experience than the noble Misses in terms of fucking. They gave everything and took everything they could get. It was a very satisfying month that Hiroshi spent between the thighs of these magnificent women.

The maids were selected beauties that the former royal couple had chosen. Again he formed pairs, a very beautiful maid and a not too beautiful maid. It was true, the inconspicuous ducks fucked much more passionately and better than the most beautiful swans. It took time to mate with the pairs every evening, he skipped dinner due to time constraints. Many maids and servants had secret, wild and interesting sex lives that they could tell of. One day he had fucked them all.

Now he invited the daughters and young wives of the patricians. That was much more difficult. He had to throw a dozen husbands into prison for 30 days and still took the wife. There were many who told him the most obscene and depraved stories without him having to push them too hard. It was not uncommon for him to have to interrupt a story several times to fuck the depraved woman in between, even if it took until the early morning.

Many patrician daughters were still untouched virgins, so they had less dirty things to tell. Many virgins were not sexually active at all, they didn't even masturbate. Hiroshi really enjoyed getting the girls hot with French kisses and gentle clitplay until they fell into his lap like ripe apples and looked forward to being deflowered. The suc-

cess of the fucking afterwards depended on whether and how many instructions he had to give.

The bourgeois women had a lot more to tell than the patrician women. There he heard stories of teenage sex, incest and relationships of all kinds. He only had to prod them a little and they told him the most obscene, frivolous, filthy and depraved experiences in ribald language. With these women too, he had to fuck the women in the middle of the stories until he could no longer. The middle-class women probably had the dirtiest and depraved characters. Their daughters were in no way inferior to their mothers. It was astonishing how many with angelically pure faces had already been involved in the deepest, depraved experiences. He had to fuck these young things so often that he finally ran out of juice.

The farmers' wives and their daughters worked hard and had hardly any sexual experiences. Most of them let anyone fuck them, unspectacularly and without any fuss. They nodded dully and with unpretentious natural understanding when someone said he had to fuck right now. They let anyone fuck them on the spot, even if it was several times a day. Fucking was nothing special, put your cock in, fuck, squirt, done. The farmer didn't care, property and earnings were values, loyalty was not. So nothing special. Many of them fucked the farmhands, almost all of them fucked their sons, which didn't happen very often among bourgeois and patrician women. Some of them fucked stallions, they had to describe it to him in detail, because he had heard of it but never seen it. He welcomed the farmers' wives with a hearty snack, then they got straight to the point. They were uncomplicated and very natural, not a bit of sophistication. Put your cock in, fuck and squirt, done. No orgasm, no masturbation, most of them didn't even know it. That was pretty confusing at first.

The couriers he had sent to the Shogun came early back after just two weeks. The Shogun had been murdered cowardly, poisoned. Three parties were fighting over the succession, each accusing the others of murder. Hiroshi set off immediately with the majority of the army and reached the battlefield after 10 days. The three parties kept each other in check, no one dared to make the first major attack.

Hiroshi's men fell upon them and slaughtered one party after the other. 14 days later, Hiroshi was sitting in front of the throne hall, the three ringleaders were kneeling in the dust, behind them three dozen generals. Hiroshi stepped forward and beheaded the three ringleaders. He ordered the generals to go to Edo to see the emperor and, tied up, beg him for mercy. They trotted away, well guarded.

Hiroshi wrote a report to the Emperor about how things had developed. He did not know the Emperor personally, so he remained militarily and brief. He mentioned the generals, whom he left to the mercy of His Majesty, as most of them were upright fellows. He had provisionally appointed himself Shogun and asked the Emperor for further instructions. He sent the couriers on fast horses, saying they would be with the Emperor in 10 days.

Shogun Hiroshi Kagame only had to wait 19 or 20 days for the Emperor's decision.

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Ralph, the Pimp

by Jack Faber © 2024

Maria, who was mentally handicapped, was sterilized by the state after the birth of her second child and received a disability pension that was enough for the three of them. Her daughter Aubrey was a year older than Ralph. Aubrey, mentally completely normal like Ralph, lived her own life in her bedroom, where she let her friends fuck her every day. She was still undecided as to who would be a permanent boyfriend, so she tried one after the other. She never told Ralph who her first was, who had taken her virginity. She let Ralph fuck her regularly, they were siblings after all and had hardly any secrets from each other. Since Aubrey had been fucking her friends in the nursery, Ralph had moved out and was sleeping in Mama's big marital bed. Of course they slept naked, Ralph had studied Mama's nakedness thoroughly at first, he had only rarely seen her naked before. She was slim, but not skinny, her breasts were full and firm. Mama didn't care, she let him look, touch and explore. Her pussy was much bigger and not as tight as Aubrey's.

He spread her pussy hole with his fingers and looked deep inside. Then he looked at her clit. As with Aubrey, it was pretty hidden, the foreskin covered it completely. He rubbed a little and it swelled the longer he rubbed. The little head now peeked out cheekily a few millimeters from under the cap. He stopped rubbing when Mom sighed deeply and gasped before orgasming. He didn't dare finish masturbating her. She didn't mind that he masturbated once or twice a night and squirted his juice over her inner thighs. She grinned from ear to ear and wiped the juice away with her hand. "Squirted well, my little Ralphie!" she said, grinning.

Aubrey rarely masturbated but had let Ralph watch her. Now he was lying with Mom, she masturbated every morning when she woke up and wasn't very happy at first that Ralph wanted to watch her. "Don't like watching," she said half-heartedly. He knelt between her thighs and spread her pussy hole with his fingers. "Don't look," she said again and again, he let go of her pussy and squatted on his heels.

She slowed down the clit rubbing as he rubbed his cock. “Squirt, fuck?” asked Mom. But Ralph didn’t dare to fuck her yet. It would be months before he would fuck Mom. “Such a nice cock, nice and long and really thick, little Ralphie!” she would say happily over and over again as she watched him masturbate. “Rub, fuck?” He concentrated and squirted long stripes over her inner thighs. “Squirt, squirt!” called Mom and stared at his cock. “Again?” she asked and he continued rubbing. She didn’t masturbate, she just caressed her clit a little and looked at his cock. “Nice and big, nice and thick!” she repeated. He squirted long stripes over her inner thighs again.

He hugged her. “That was fine and nice,” he whispered and kissed her on the lips. “Keep going, Mom!” he added. “Aubrey always let me watch while she masturbated.” Mom looked at him uncertainly. “Watching, I don’t like!” she said and continued rubbing very deliberately. He watched her finale, she twisted her face briefly. He didn’t let her stop him from watching her masturbating. It took a while for her to accept it. One night he asked her if she would do it with her hand? She turned on the small light and sat up. “Hand rubbing, squirting?” she asked in her limited vocabulary. He nodded, “Yes, that’s masturbating,” he said instructively. She nodded and repeated the word. “Mom only did that in the home, with boys. But now only fucking, lots of fucking.”

She grabbed his cock with a practiced grip. “Mommy does it, Ralphie, otherwise Aubrey does it?” asked Mom. Ralph nodded, “That’s right, Aubrey has done it to me so far, but she’s in bed with her boyfriend and now Mom has to do it.” Mom started to rub him slowly, she was good at that. “Aubrey fucks boyfriend? I’ve seen it a few times,” said Mom. Ralph nodded again, “Aubrey lets any boyfriend fuck her, she’s looking for the right one.” Mom thought about it and tried to understand. “Isn’t Ralphie the right one, Ralphie has already fucked Aubrey?” Ralph accepted her as she was, he didn’t treat her like a baby, he had never done that before. “Yes, Mom, Aubrey and I fuck very often, but only in secret, we love each other very much.” Mom nodded, “I’ve often thought that, Ralphie.” She leaned over him, kissed his glans, took it in her mouth and licked it for a few minutes, then she continued rubbing. “Mama loves Ralphie very much too, only does it with my hands, not fucking.”

He stroked Mama's hair. "Yes, Mama, you do it yourself with your hands and me with your hands too, that's very, very nice!" She smiled proudly. "Mama can do it all by herself, in the morning, with her finger, if it was a beautiful dream, lots of fucking and cocks as long as your whole arm. It's stupid, but only a dream." Ralph felt the squirt coming closer. Mama continued, "In the supermarket the man asks if he can fuck me and we go to the depository. But he only has a small, normal one and not as long as in the dream, an arm's length!" Ralph knew that Mama was often fucked on her ways around town. He didn't care as long as no one noticed it.

Ralph squirted in her mouth, Mom rubbed hard and giggled as he squirted high a several more times. Mom asked, "Again?" and Ralph nodded. She masturbated him in silence and let him squirt in her mouth again and then let him squirt high up. He shook his head and hugged her. "No, thank you, I've had enough, Mom!" Aubrey waited with breakfast, then they ran to the bus that took them to school. Mom went to the supermarket, she was good at shopping. She was not yet 30 and prettier than many bitter wives. She had no intention of finding someone to fuck, only once or twice a week was she directly approached. She went home, cleaned the apartment and cooked lunch.

Ralph had talked to Aubrey about how Mom now knew for sure that they were fucking. Aubrey said she must have forgotten it by now, but Ralph shook his head. "She may be who she is, but she's definitely not demented." Aubrey had a much harder time accepting Mom as she is than he did. Maybe because Mom wasn't a good female role model. "She's crazy and totally nuts," said Aubrey, although she didn't mean it.

Ralph was finally able to guide Aubrey into Mom's bed one morning. "Aubrey is watching?" Mom looked up briefly and continued masturbating. When she was finished, she saw that he and Aubrey were making out and kissing intensely. When the two started to fuck, she clapped her hands like a happy child. "Watch fucking, watch fucking!" She remained cheerful the whole time and hugged them both tightly after fucking.

“Aren’t you going to make her a baby?” she asked Ralph and he shook his head. “No, Mom, she’s having the 6-month injection!” Mom looked uncertain, she didn’t know it. “She’s getting the 6-month injection, she won’t have a baby!” Ralph said patiently and stroked Mom’s cheeks. Aubrey looked gloomy. Of course, Mom was sterilized, what did she know about contraception, about the 6-month injection!? Ralph nudged her with his elbow. “Don’t look so angry, it will only make you ugly!” Aubrey winced, how right he was! She smiled at Mom, “Mom, don’t worry, we’ll be careful that I don’t have a child.” Mom was still thinking. “Boyfriends who fuck also take good care!?” she asked suspiciously after a while. Aubrey hugged her lovingly. “Yes, Mom, that too, the 6-month injection applies to everyone, regardless of whether I fuck once or a hundred times!” Now Mom was completely astonished. “Why does Aubreydarling, fuck a hundred times?” Aubrey hugged her again and kissed her on the lips. “Mom, the 6-month injection protects me from getting pregnant, regardless of how often I let myself be fucked!” Only now was Mom satisfied. “Fucking is great, fucking is a lot of fun! Having a child is not nice, then they cut everything out from you, like Mom!” Now Ralph hugged them both, that was not a good topic. “How nice that all three of us love each other!”

It stayed the same until the next year. Aubrey sent the prince of the night home at night and slept next to Ralph until morning. After fucking, Mom always played with Ralph’s cock. How much she loved this piece of a miracle! She pulled his foreskin back and forth, it was fun! The cock swelled and swelled until it almost burst. She took the cock in her mouth, “I always did that in the home,” she took it in her mouth and licked and sucked it while she masturbated him. She let him squirt deep inside and sucked out the semen until the last drop, and of course she swallowed it. She grinned triumphantly at Aubrey, who never took it in her mouth or let him squirt in her mouth.

On Saturday morning, as the three of them lay in bed, Ralph said, “I saw the old janitor fucking the Weber from the third floor yesterday! I stood on the ledge and watched through the skylight!” Aubrey smiled maliciously, “Have you become a voyeur!?” Mom wanted to know, “Mrs. Weber has a husband?” and Aubrey said, “The Weber is cheating on her husband and fucking the janitor, the dirty slut!”

Mom wanted to know from Ralph, how they fuck? “How they fuck?” asked Mom with determination. Ralph said he would be happy to show her. Mom nodded enthusiastically, Yes, show Mommy! Had he gone completely crazy? Aubrey wondered when she saw his cock, which was stiff as a rock. “No, Ralph, no!” But he didn’t listen to her.

“The janitor is turning the Weber onto her belly!” he said and turned Mom onto her belly. “Mrs. Weber on her belly,” Mom repeated. “He spreads her ass cheeks and she sticks out her pussy,” Ralph continued. “Mom, stick out your ass and pussy hard!” Ralph commanded. Mom obeyed and Ralph pulled her ass cheeks hard apart. “Mrs. Weber is sticking out her pussy,” Mom repeated. “He puts it in and fucks her hard, she puts a finger on her clit and masturbates.” Ralph ordered Mom to press a finger on her clit and masturbate. Mom nodded. “Mrs. Weber’s finger is rubbing clit.” Ralph fucked Mom for the very first time. “Janitor fucks the Weber!” Mom added. Ralph straightened up. “The janitor is going to squirt all the way in,” Ralph announced. He squirted his full load into Mom’s hole. “Just squirt inside, janitor!” Mom said and grinned. Ralph said, “The Weber keeps masturbating until she’s finished.” Ralph urged Mom to keep masturbating. “Mrs. Weber masturbates until she finishes,” Mom giggled and kept going until her orgasm made her squirm and twitch.

Ralph lay down next to Aubrey, who looked at him in amazement. “You fucked her, you fucked our Mom!” she whispered tonelessly. Mom sat up and hugged Ralph. “Fucked Mom like Mrs. Weber,” she said breathlessly, “Mrs. Weber felt good!” She paused. “And fucked Mom, felt really good too!” Aubrey hugged Mom. “It won’t happen again!” Mom hugged back. “No, not again!?” she asked regretfully. “But Mom likes to let Ralphie fuck her, he has a big and strong cock, my Ralphie!” Aubrey couldn’t believe it. “Yes, do you really want Ralphie to fuck you?” she asked incredulously. Mom nodded, “Ralphie has a much better cock than the men in the supermarket. Ralphie should keep fucking, Mommy really likes it, doesn’t she, my Ralphie?” Aubrey let go of Mommy and kissed her on the lips. “Ralph is doing it again, Mommy, don’t worry!” Later she gave him a nudge in the ribs with her elbow. “Are you completely crazy, my little Ralphie!? Don’t you have any decency!? Mommy!? Fucking our Mommy

like some slutty woman!?” He lowered his head, it was actually a queasy feeling. The morning routine changed completely. Ralph fucked Mommy or Aubrey, whoever was awake first, and then the other one. Mommy only masturbated a little in the morning when the children were at school, or in the afternoon when the children were fucking on the marital bed and she happily watched them fucking.

Aubrey and Ralph took their high school diplomas that year, both passing without any problems. They both wanted to study, but it would be difficult, money was tight. Ralph asked Aubrey if she shouldn't charge for sex? Aubrey was almost insulted. She wasn't a whore, not a prostitute! Ralph nodded, it was just a thought. They sat at the kitchen table and stared at the study plans. Ralph's eyes lit up. “Mom can charge money if she gets fucked in the supermarket!” Aubrey looked at him in shock, but he was intoxicated by the thought.

He asked Mom into the kitchen and explained it to her. Aubrey interjected that if they were caught just having sex, they would get a warning, or in the worst case, a ban from the supermarket. But if she asked for money, it was prostitution, that was a serious matter, maybe the police would arrest her. Ralph nodded, that was too dangerous. But Mom had made up her mind. “How much?” she wanted to know. Ralph said that the prostitutes asked for 200, if she asked for 100, it was an advantage. So Mom started actively looking for men in the supermarket. They were happy to pay 100 and she came home with the money. The money shortage was over, they both went to university and Mom went to the supermarket as often as she could.

They were both finally able to buy their own laptop, and more. Ralph thought further. He spent many hours on the Internet doing his research. People were already whispering in the supermarket, that had to change. He told Mom to please stop doing that and just go shopping, really just shopping. No more letting men fuck her in the supermarket's depository. Mom was confused at first. He would find the men himself and lure them home, that was much safer. Mom was pleased with how clever Ralphie was and agreed to everything.

Aubrey said it would be better to rent a room, that could be changed more quickly than their own apartment. Ralph nodded in agreement, that was a good idea.

So he rented a room after making sure that the landlady had no objections. Mom lay in the room all day and watched TV. Ralph coordinated the appointments and the payment. After a few initial difficulties, it worked out perfectly. Mom was only the whore for businessmen, employees, students and schoolchildren in the mornings and afternoons. In the evenings she was at home and slept with Aubrey and Ralph as before. Every evening she talked about the people she had fucked, they sometimes laughed until they cried when Mom's description was funny. Mom let one guy after another fuck her all day long, and during breaks she watched TV and fucked herself a little with the oversized flesh-colored dildo that Aubrey had given her. She showered after each fuck and had a blasting fun.

Ralph dropped out of college and became a pimp.

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The Empress' Jewels

by Jack Faber © 2024

Lady Feng was a highly successful thief in her youth, who often made advantage of her beautiful body. When she became pregnant at 20, she hooked up with the respected court official Feng, who was both a nobleman and putty in her hands. He gave her complete freedom in choosing her lovers. She was now a noblewoman and had access to the imperial court. But she wanted to go high, much higher.

She had thought long and hard about how she wanted to raise her son Hiro. It was obvious to train him to be a thief. But when she looked at the baby that watched her masturbating and his baby cock swelled and dripped, she had a better idea. He should be the best fucker in the Japanese Empire. She sought out an old witch and bought a very special herbal mixture. She had to give the tea to the boy every day and masturbate him now, even if he was still too small to squirt. "And get him used to your grotto quickly, noble lady, no one is too young for that!" was the wise old woman's instruction.

Lady Feng followed the instructions. She let him drink the herbal tea, masturbated him several times a day, even though he couldn't squirt yet. When she masturbated, she let him penetrate her pussy hole with his little cock and showed him how to fuck until his cock throbbed and pounded. Little Hiro laughed with his whole face when his cock twitched and throbbed in his mother's hole.

Success came quickly. He started to squirt much earlier than others, she let him squirt as often as he could. The little boy's cock lost its boyish appearance and turned into a big, magnificent man's cock. That was good, that was the intention! She let him fuck as often as he could. Lady Feng had not had a period since he was born and did not need to think about contraception. Of course she had a lover every day, but now Hiro was allowed to stay in the big marital bed and watch the fucking. After the lover had left, she always discussed the fucking with Hiro. He learned well, he learned quickly.

Of course he reached puberty and had to fuck a dozen times or more every day until he had completely drained his juice. She ordered her maids and servants to let Hiro fuck them from behind, in the doggy style. They obeyed without hesitation, because if she got pregnant, she would receive a good bonus and have to leave. Hiro fucked all the girls in the household, Mama watched over him and gave him advice as well as criticism. At the same time, he received an excellent education from private tutors in order to be suitable for a high position. Lady Feng sometimes took very young girls into her service so that Hiro could gain experience in deflowering. When he turned 17, the Lady said he was the best fucker of all she had had, and there were probably quite a few. It was time for the next step.

Lady Feng introduced Hiro to court. The noble ladies and married noblewomen made greedy eyes at him and soon opened their thighs for the young aristocrat, who had a fabulous cock and was goddamn good at using it. Mama had taught him that all women had a special area of excitability, what we now call the G-spot. The noblewomen fainted in droves and he didn't stop fucking them hard. When one fainted in orgasm, he saved his juice for the next and rushed to her. From morning to midnight he fucked so many noble ladies and noblewomen that he lost count. His reputation spread like wildfire and preceded him. Of course, the news reached the Empress.

The young Empress was locked in her golden cage and her every move was monitored. No ordinary mortal was allowed to fuck the godlike Empress. She was at least clever enough to swap the guard dogs, the emperor's servants, for her trusted maids. Only now could she have one or the other lover come for one or two hours of love-making when she fell in love. No one ever found out about it. She had done her duty, she had given birth to a son and two daughters for the emperor. She alone knew that her youngest brother was the father of the children. Even before the wedding, she had wrested permission from the emperor to let her brother sleep with her, as he was still a child. He did not have to leave until he turned 20. So in the first years of her marriage she had someone who fucked her thoroughly night after night. The emperor was very old and only with luck and skill did she wring a few drops from him when he lied with her once

every two months. He had an heir to the throne and two lovely daughters, why bother?

Of course, the emperor was informed that this man and that man had spent a lovemaking hour with the young Empress. The emperor was completely indifferent, as he knew that young people had to fuck, even if they were an Empress. To satisfy the courtiers, he invited the accused man to a private conversation. He gave his imperial word of honor that there would be no punishment. Most of them trusted him and described the cuddling, caressing and fucking with the Empress in great detail. The emperor listened with his eyes closed and imagined it. He often asked questions to clarify a detail. He dismissed the man and soon forgot about him.

The Empress had the noblewomen fuck in a special room where she could watch unseen. Hiro from the House of Feng was indeed a good-looking guy, the Empress told herself in her hiding place. When the noblewoman unpacked his cock, she was struck by lightning. It was a cock, by God, a really enormous cock, the likes of which the Empress had never seen before. And how skillfully and masterfully he fucked! The noblewoman either fainted after a volley of orgasms or let herself be fucked until she came. Many a noblewoman asked him not to squirt inside. He stuck to his orders and only squirted from the outside onto her trembling and shaking pussy. The Empress spent many hours in her hiding place, she could never get enough watching the fucking.

The next step was due, Lady Feng told herself. She followed the Empress into the garden, where she was drinking her afternoon tea. It took weeks before the Empress noticed the beautiful young woman. She invited her to drink tea with her. What a coincidence! She was a Lady Feng, from the House of Feng. The Empress suppressed every emotion and asked if she knew a certain Hiro Feng? Lady Feng laughed out loud, an inappropriate laughter at any rate, a smile would have been more polite. "Your Majesty, this is my wayward son!" The Empress nodded in agreement, but asked, "Tell me, dear lady, why do you say wayward?" Lady Feng became serious again. "Your Majesty certainly does not want to hear that!" The Empress frowned, No, she wanted to hear it! The Lady obeyed. "Your

Majesty, he has a very bad reputation. He seduces the ladies at court without shame, his bad reputation precedes him. I have raised him to be a well-behaved boy!" Now the Empress asked how she had raised him?

Lady Feng gradually came closer to her goal. "Oh, Your Majesty, my lord, the honorable Master Feng, is already very old and unable to fulfill his duty." The Empress nodded in agreement, "We can sing this song together," giggled Her Majesty, quite un-Imperially. "My son Hiro has been with me since he was born. Of course, I immediately saw what a magnificent cock my son has. When the time came, I did it to him every night with my hand, as is the custom. Soon I had to do it to him several times in a row, because he was gradually entering puberty. I was still undecided at first, even though custom demanded it of me."

The Empress asked which custom she meant? "Oh, Your Majesty, the custom requires that the mother lets her son fuck her and teaches him everything about it. This custom is hundreds, maybe even thousands of years old." The Empress nodded; she had heard of it, but no mother with this experience had ever spoken to her. She wanted to know everything about it, in detail.

"Your Majesty, I would be ashamed to use such words in front of you, for example, fucking." The Empress smiled. "I have given birth to 3 children and know very well what fucking means. Speak freely and openly, my lady, don't muzzle yourself. I am a grown woman, not just an Empress." Lady Feng continued the drama. "I finally taught Hiro how to fuck. He has an extraordinarily large and enduring cock, Your Majesty, he can last longer than any man I've had, and there must have been hundreds. I tell Your Majesty, I've never been fucked so hard and brutally in my life. He can fuck for more than half an hour, he made me orgasm like never before. I've fainted more than once because I had an orgasm without stopping. He kept fucking me anyway, I came to my senses halfway and witnessed his finale and his powerful ejaculation." She hesitated and paused.

The Empress asked, "Did you really faint, dear Lady Feng?" The lady confirmed, "More than a few times, rather a lot, although I soon

regained my senses and was able to see the rest and the end.” The Empress asked if it was true what was said about her son, that he seduced so many ladies of the court? Lady Feng lowered her eyes, feigning shame. “I don’t know, Your Majesty, I only know it by hearsay. It’s nothing to be proud of.”

The Empress asked if she could bring her son to tea tomorrow? The sly lady nodded eagerly. “As you command, Your Majesty!” The Empress pushed her teacup back, the audience was over. Lady Feng sent for Hiro and hurried home.

She instructed Hiro how to go about having afternoon tea with the Empress. The goal was to fuck the Empress, quite simply. He was also supposed to answer embarrassing questions from the Empress and not hold anything back. He had to keep the goal in mind: to fuck the Empress. It would be wise if he left off the furoshiki, the pubic shawl, and wore his dress in such a way that the Empress could take a look at his cock now and then. Hiro agreed to everything and worked with Mama on how he would wear his dress. It had to be inconspicuous on the way to afternoon tea.

Lady Feng and Hiro stood in the back of the garden and waited until the Empress gave them a sign. They were allowed to sit down at the table, and the Empress guided Hiro onto the stone bench next to her. Of course, the Empress had noticed his cock immediately and kept looking at it. She set the pace and asked Hiro which noble ladies and maidens he had seduced and mated with. He readily answered. Was he thinking about her husband? asked the Empress. He shook his head. “I was only interested in the wife, I never think about the husband and I never discuss it with the lady. She has to sort it out with herself and possibly with him.” The Empress smiled. “That’s an easy, pleasant way. Let the others sweat.” Hiro did not respond to that. “I would certainly not ask His Majesty, the honorable Emperor, if I could fuck you, Your Majesty!” The Empress played the offended party. “Beware of you, dear Hiro, the Empress is chaste and unattainable for you!” Hiro felt that he had made a good point. “I would never dare to approach you, Your Majesty! It was actually intended as an example. Your Majesty, I know that the Empress is no ordinary woman and is pure and chaste!” The Empress pushed back

her teacup, the audience was over. They were to come back for afternoon tea tomorrow.

They came for afternoon tea for a week, ten days in fact, the Empress had pushed back the hem of Hiro's dress and was looking at his cock with complete abandon. Hiro had to report on his conquests, the Empress always wanted to know whether the noblewoman or lady had fainted or whether they were strong and did not faint. He reported truthfully, there was no reason to exaggerate or to keep quiet about anything. The Empress was amazed at how many noblewomen, who were considered as pure, blameless and modestly chaste, happily lay down with Hiro. He reported that he did not squirt inside when the noblewoman asked him to, but he still squirted inside when she fainted. He didn't care at all.

On the tenth afternoon tea, the Empress asked if she could touch his cock. Of course, only under his dress; too many eyes were hidden in the garden, too many ears tried to eavesdrop on the conversations. The Empress fought bravely against the temptation, but on the third day of holding and caressing his cock, she lost the battle for decency, chastity and godlike inviolability. "Come to that little door at the back of the garden at 9 o'clock sharp in the evening, cover your head and face with a hood. My servant will lead you to me." Almost shocked at herself, she immediately stood up and left the garden without saying goodbye. Lady Feng's eyes flashed.

Hiro arrived at the door on time and a hand grabbed his hand in the dark. The maid led him, looking around again and again, to a room and opened a wallpapered door. "Your Majesty," she said simply and disappeared. Hiro stepped forward; he was alone with the Empress. She was wearing a transparent nothing that revealed her nakedness. The Empress was about 30 years old, graceful and slender, with shaved pubic hair that allowed a glimpse of her beautiful pussy. "Have a glass of wine with me, Master Hiro," she invited him and handed him a glass goblet. They talked about trivial things while she took off his clothes piece by piece. Hiro smiled mischievously as she untied the ribbon of his furoshiki. "Your Majesty, allow me," he said and let her transparent nothing slide to the floor. She pulled him onto the wide bed. "I'm so happy," said the Empress and hugged

him. They exchanged long French kisses, his cock went into attack position and he could feel her tiny little clit hardening. They didn't say a word after that. She took his cock and inserted it very slowly, she was very tight, wet and hot. They fucked several times until midnight, the Empress was tough and didn't faint, although she had several smaller ones after the strong orgasm before he squirted. At midnight there was a quiet scratching at the door. "Hurry up, dear Hiro, the maid will take you out unseen. Tomorrow again, at the same time?" Hiro nodded as he put on his clothes. "I was never here, Your Majesty!" he whispered and kissed her on the lips, then left silently.

He visited the Empress for four months and fucked her every night until midnight. After four months, her sexual intoxication was fading, but she couldn't do without the secret sex. Lady Feng explained her plan to Hiro. "Take this valuable golden jewel and give it to the Empress, she should keep it for you. Tell her that you have to hide it from me yourself, that it is an heirloom and that I would only turn it into silver. Then remember the combination to her safe, we will rob her." Hiro nodded, the sex with the Empress would soon be over anyway.

And so it happened. The Empress looked at the beautiful heirloom, "too good to be melted down." Hiro watched her from under his eyelids as she opened the iron cabinet and closed it again. It was easy to remember. He came home after midnight and wrote down the combination on a bamboo strip for safety. The day after tomorrow, said Mama, the day after tomorrow!

And then they committed the crime. He fucked the Empress until midnight as usual, the maid took him into the garden, where Mama was already waiting in the dark. They waited two hours, then he led Mama along the path he had already taken a hundred times. They crept silently into the Empress's bedroom, who was sleeping soundly, snoring softly. Hiro opened the iron cabinet and Mama emptied it completely. He left the cabinet open, then they crept out silently.

Mama examined the loot, it was worth immeasurably much. She got on her horse and rode out of the city, they had all that was well prepared. Early in the morning the maids woke the Empress. She

knew immediately who had robbed her, he had not left her a single piece. She thought for a long time, then sent for the emperor. She asked for a private conversation. The emperor was beside himself. She had to confess everything to him and who she thought it could be. "Just for fucking you, my love, I'll have him beheaded! He'll have to hand over the jewelry first, that's for sure." The Empress begged urgently for mercy, but the emperor's decision was final. Hiro was arrested immediately, the Feng palace was searched. No trace of the imperial jewelry. His mother had been on her way to Hainan for days to care for a frail relative. Hiro was interrogated, but he did not admit it, not even when the Empress visited him in prison. She wanted to believe him, as he protested his innocence. But he had to confess to the judge that he had fucked the Empress, and that was punishable by death.

He was given his last breakfast, the court was waiting for the execution. The chief judge read out the verdict. Hiro had tried to improperly seize the Empress, which unfortunately could not be prevented in time. He had already committed the crime and was about to dishonor the Empress for the fourth time when she was rescued. The death penalty was imposed. The court whispered that this was definitely not true, but they did not say it out loud.

The executioner's assistant came into his cell and threw a hood over his head. A long silence. Then a familiar voice. "Don't move, Lord Hiro," the maid's voice. She cut his bonds with a knife and pulled the hood off him. A man in prison clothes stood tied up in the background, the maid pulled the hood over him and took Hiro's hand. "Quick, we must be quick!" and pulled him away. She led him at a run two streets away, where a horse was waiting for her. "Ride quickly out of the city, the Empress sends you her loving blessing and wishes you to escape!"

Hiro rode for 6 days and nights to the agreed meeting point. Mama had the jewelry, gold and precious stones, melted down by a fence and had received three wooden boxes with money. The fence received a generous reward and now they rode together southwest, to the Mekong. Mama had always wanted to be a human smuggler, she had a large house built on the river bank and three ships built. Dur-

ing the day the ships were ferries that brought people, loads and livestock across the river. At night they smuggled criminals and shady characters to India or back at ten times the price. Business flourished, Mama was very happy and worked as a whore for another 20 years. She was by no means cheap like the usual prostitutes, and not only was she expensive, she also fucked for her own pleasure. Hiro lay with her every night, she was his first great love.

Hiro, on the other hand, took a completely different path. Over the course of weeks and months, he put together a wild band of robbers, a band of 60 bandits. They rode at least three days' ride from Mama's house and attacked merchants and traders. They were robbers, not murderers. Hiro had the privilege of fucking the wife or adult daughters of the man he attacked. He chased her son out of her bed. "And how long has he been sleeping with you?" he barked at the frightened woman. "Two years already, Your Grace, he is now 14 and he's been fucking me for two years, as is customary." He promised not to harm the boy. The woman sighed in relief and said, she was ready to be fucked. The husband had to watch, bound and gagged. "So that you can witness that I don't harm your wife and don't dishonor her." The poor man had to watch as Hiro fucked his wife or daughter or both of them, so often until he was drained of his juice. They returned home heavily laden with goods and valuables. The loot was sold across the Mekong.

Once a year, competitions were held in the imperial city. The emperor and the entire court took part in the stands. Hiro disguised himself as a simple peasant and stared at the stands, casting longing glances at the Empress. Only the red scarf that his lover had given him could give him away. Someone tugged at his sleeve, it was the Empress's faithful maid. "I'll be waiting for you at the door at the 9th hour, noble Hiro." He was astonished, but he whispered his Yes. For the first time, he looked closely at the maid, for the first time he saw her in short, semi-transparent veils, with which women were allowed to show off their charms half-covered, frivolously and freely on this day. She had a far more beautiful body, which she showed off indecently. "I'll be there at the 8th hour," he said quietly, "perhaps you would like to be rewarded for your faithful services." She didn't bat an eyelid. She was far too well-bred to accept the sexual offer di-

rectly. “Well, see you at eight o’clock, noble Master Hiro,” she whispered and disappeared into the crowd.

She was there on time, she had only thrown a transparent veil over her body. Without saying a word they cuddled and kissed in the darkness of the gate. She was pure pleasure and fucked very skillfully and very well-practiced. He fucked her a second time, until nine o’clock. Then she led him in silence to the Empress. She received him like a long-lost lover. He thanked her for saving him. “I wrested that from the emperor, my lord and husband. On the condition that you leave the city forever, he agreed to have a vile murderer beheaded in your place.” He assured her that he had nothing to do with the theft of the jewelry. He had to lie to her, although it wasn’t easy for him. They fucked until three hours after midnight, then he left without a sound. He came every year at the same time, always fucking the faithful maid before going to the Empress to fuck. The Empress had two very sweet girls, twins, which the emperor was overjoyed about and gratefully showered the Empress with jewelry. It was obvious that the little angels looked exactly like Lady Feng.

Hiro and his mother lived undisturbed as rich, successful criminals. He lay with her every night, she was his great love. He had no desire to get married. Why would he?

Hiro visited and fucked the maid and the Empress once a year, every year.

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Axel, the child abuser

by Jack Faber © 2024

NOTE: This text is harmful to minors, please pay attention!

Axel was 29, he was a blameless bus driver. He grew up alone with his mother, who was a staunch lesbian. He had slept with her in the big marital bed since he was born, he was used to women or, more rarely, girls staying over. From a young age he was used to watching the two women make love, but he had to be as quiet as a mouse. That was no problem.

Before puberty, Mom masturbated herself every night before going to sleep and he masturbated next to her. It took a while before she did it to him with her fist. When two women wrestled on the bed, Axel sat next to them and masturbated non-stop. Mom was no longer surprised how often he squirted while watching the lesbian lovemaking, on such evenings she no longer needed to masturbate him. Otherwise she masturbated him several times, usually two or three times, by which time Axel had released his juice.

At the end of puberty he fucked Mom for the very first time. It was completely unspectacular, she just let him fuck her, because she was a lesbian but not obsessed. He now also fucked the girls and women who came to her. Only very rarely did one not want to be fucked, in which case he just fucked Mom until he had had enough. He liked it a lot, because it was always a different pussy, a different pussyhole, a completely different clit. He had learned to masturbate the girls' clits really well before fucking them, then they were hot and ready to be fucked.

He had never looked for a girlfriend of his own, he had Mom's girls or Mom herself to fuck regularly. That was enough for him, after school he trained to be a bus driver and he was very happy that he earned his own money and shared it with Mom. They had enough, they didn't have to go without anything. With Mom's small invalid's pension only, it was sometimes tight at the end of the month.

It was a day of constant snowfall. It was already late in the evening and his eyes ached from the strain. Without warning, a little girl jumped in front of the bus. He braked in a panic, stopped the bus and jumped out. He saw immediately that the child was dead, stone dead. Its head and upper body were lying under the twin tires, only its abdomen and legs were visible. He stood rooted to the spot in front of her twisted legs and stared at the girl's naked pussy. He couldn't move, he could only stare at her pussy. Only a very fine down fluff was visible above the pubic cleft, the small clit was stiff and rigid. He was still standing in the same place when the fire brigade, ambulance and police arrived. He was hustled into the police car and taken to the police station. He stared with empty eyes and was not fit to be questioned. Only the emergency doctor's injection brought him to his senses. He answered all the questions and gave a precise account of the events. He could not answer why he had stopped dead in his tracks.

He stayed at home for 4 weeks, he was no longer interested in his mother's friends and only fucked his mother sometimes, completely absentmindedly.

Something had broken inside him.

There was a quick trial and he was completely exonerated. He spoke briefly with his boss, who had testified in his favor. "Thank you very much for your support," he said politely. No, he was not coming back, he could no longer drive the bus. He went home and told his mother in a toneless voice that he had been acquitted by the court and had quit his job. Mom sighed, now they would have to live on her invalid's pension again. He didn't care, he could easily limit himself.

He remained in this foggy state for half a year. It didn't occur to him to see a doctor, he wasn't sick!? Now he sat in the children's playground and watched the children. It was somehow healing to watch the happy children. He smiled for the first time since the accident when some girls and boys disappeared into the bushes and played "Show me yours, I'll show you mine". He grinned broadly when a girl rubbed a boy and let him squirt or when another girl

masturbated her. This only happened very rarely, but it gave him pleasure to watch the secret activities.

These childish games flipped a switch in his mind. He took a deep breath, stretched and yawned. He had made up his mind and set to work. He dragged an old mattress into the boiler room of a neighboring house, bought a dozen different dolls and deposited them there. Then he lay in wait.

He sat on the bench in front of the elementary school and looked at the girls. He looked for one, 9 or 10 years old, who did not run around happily with the others, but went home quietly and alone. It took him a few days to choose her. He went ahead of her and told her that he had some beautiful, new dolls in the street over and that she could choose one and keep it. He wanted to lead her by the hand, but she didn't. She followed him fearfully and in the boiler room he pointed to the dolls. With shining eyes she went to the dolls, he sat down on the mattress and asked her to pick them all up one after the other and choose one.

Gabi, that was her name, was not yet 10, but soon. "Keep her for your birthday!" Gabi sat on his lap and hugged her new favorite doll. He carefully probed her. Yes, she had seen the fucking many times before, her Mom always had a man who she let fuck her quickly and secretly. She didn't think that was right, because of Dad. Axel's hand slid up her inner thighs. Did she often play with herself at night? She shook her head. Her Mom sometimes does it and she sometimes tries it at night, but it was always too strong and she always stopped. His fingers had long since slipped under the hem of her panties and were gently rubbing her little clit. Should he show her how to do it properly? She was undecided and didn't answer. But her thighs opened willingly. "That's so nice, Uncle Axel," she said, smiling. He masturbated her very gently and carefully, he didn't want to scare her off. Her eyes and mouth opened wide as she climaxed. She buried her face in his chest. "Come on, let's do it again," Axel said, and this time she nodded. He masturbated her gently again, but he asked if she didn't want to fuck like mom? She shook her head half-heartedly, "aren't I too young?" He reassured her, No, lots of girls this age already fuck properly, like your Mom. She said nothing, she

was hot as a stove and close to orgasm. He triggered her orgasm and stroked her face. "Let's do it again, then we'll fuck like Mom!" he said. She only needed a tiny push. He masturbated her again, but on the way to orgasm he said there would be a little prick the first time, but then never again. Gabi had surrendered to him completely, was light as a feather and opened her thighs, giving herself completely to the pleasure. "Yes, I've heard from other girls that it's called deflowering and the prick is tiny," she breathed. He turned Gabi over on his lap before the orgasm came and took out his cock. Gabi kept her eyes closed, her orgasm would come soon. "It's going to prick now," said Axel and with a quick jerk he deflowered her. She didn't make a sound, she waited for the orgasm. He fucked her slowly and full of desire. After a few minutes of fucking, her orgasm came and he squirted inside. He looked at the girl's face, she relaxed after the orgasm and smiled. He asked if she would let him fuck her again? She nodded eagerly. He laid her on her back and fucked her for the second time. She smiled, "Like my Mom!" and grinned proudly as he squirted inside.

He was very satisfied, it had worked out great and could serve as a model for the next time. "I know I must never tell this secret, not even to my best girlfriend." Axel was a little surprised, but he was happy that she said it and not him. "We're in the devil's kitchen, please remember that, Gabi! You're a real woman now and you can choose who you want to fuck!" Gabi smiled. "I don't have to chase the boys to hell anymore if they want to fuck?" Axel nodded, that's it! He went out into the street with Gabi and accompanied her for a bit. "Is there a female first name for Axel?" she asked. He shook his head, "maybe Alexa, what do you think?" She nodded. "My doll is called Alexa now." Axel said "Bye!" and turned off.

The next one was called Mike, "that stands for Michaela," she said. She was already 10, almost 11. She liked to follow him into the boiler room and look at the dolls. She didn't really play with dolls anymore, she said rather cheekily, "I thought you wanted to fuck me, Axel." He had to swallow. "Yes, actually that's exactly what I want!" He sat down on the mattress and she sat on his lap and immediately took off her panties. His hand quickly slid over her inner thighs straight to her pussy. Her clit was hard and stiff, it was a bigger clit than Gabi's.

He wanted to know how long she had been fucking. “My big brother is already 17 and we’ve been fucking for about a year. He took my virginity and since then I’ve fucked 5 friends. We spied on my parents, but I found their fucking boring. Tom, my brother, held me back, “it’s still going on!” so I stayed. Dad quickly fell asleep and Mom waited a bit. She uncovered herself completely, we rarely saw her completely naked. Now she started to masturbate, I had no idea about that at the time. From then on I was hot for masturbating and so it happened that Tom took my virginity in the middle of my orgasm. Since then we’ve fucked once or twice a night.”

Mike spread her thighs wide because she had become really hot and horny while being masturbated. “Don’t you want to fuck me?” she asked, panting, and Axel hurried to get his cock in position. He continued to fuck her after her first orgasm, and he wasn’t sure if it was aftereffects or more new orgasms. He squirted rather late, and they lay next to each other, exhausted. “I have to go home, I don’t want to be late.” She left as quickly as she could. That afternoon he fucked both the girl who was with his mother and the mother. He grinned broadly, the mother was amazed at how active he was at the moment, but that was better than his sad November face of the last few months.

Axel was completely unaware that he had become a child molester. He thought child molesters were the monsters who murdered children after sexual assault. He wasn’t such a beast after all. He stalked little girls, masturbated, deflowered and fucked them, but he didn’t harm anyone. If she wanted to leave right away, which happened quite often when his fingers touched and caressed her clit and masturbated some of them to orgasm, he let her go immediately, he would never rape a girl!

But most of the 10 or 11 year old girls were either already horny or curious, at any price! They sighed with lust when his fingers caressed and caressed their clit. Of course they wanted to be masturbated, either because they knew it or because they didn’t know it yet. It took until the second or third orgasm until she was hot as a stove and ready to be fucked. He was able to deflower almost all of them, only a

few had already been deflowered like Mike. He deflowered the girls with their consent and fucked them once or twice.

Georgia was a curious girl of about 10 years. Of course she went with him, she really wanted to see the dolls. She sat on his lap. When his hand slid up her inner thighs and his fingers brushed the hem of her panties, she asked, "What are you doing, Axel?" He answered, "I'm putting my fingers in your panties to touch your pussy." She smiled slightly. "If you want to touch my pussy, you should take off my panties, don't you think?" He nodded and took off her panties. "Do you already know that, Georgia?" asked Axel.

She nodded. "Our janitor gives me a silver coin if I let him touch my pussy. If he rubs my clit until I tremble, he gives me two." That was very interesting. "And, isn't he trying to fuck you?" She laughed. "Oh no! He's much too old! But he gives me another 2 if I rub his cock and make him squirt." That was even better. "So, how often do you do that?" She answered quickly. "Once or twice a week." Axel noticed that she liked his clit play and that it made her hot. "So, I have to give you 2 and then I can masturbate you?" She didn't know the word. "Rub your clit until you start to tremble, that's masturbating," he said. She nodded and repeated the new word. "So, how often do you masturbate, alone, at night?" She laughed at him. "Why? Nobody gives me anything for that!" Oh, Axel, don't you realize that I'm only doing it for money? thought Georgia. Mom always took money when she let a stranger fuck her, which she kept secret from Dad just like she kept secret her masturbation.

He said, "So I'll give you 6 and make you tremble three times?" "That's right," she said. He cast the fishing rod. "And how much should I give you for fucking?" He had already waited too long for an answer. "20 for everything?" His bait was tempting. "I would have done it for 10 plus 6," she giggled proudly, "but 20 is better than 16." "Good," said Axel, "20 for everything."

He fumbled in his pants and counted out 20 silver coins. He masturbated her once, twice, three times. She actually trembled in orgasm. He laid her on her back and spread her thighs. Georgia watched very closely what he was doing. "If you've never been fucked

before, there'll be a little prick the first time, nothing to mention. From the second time onwards there won't be a prick, I promise!" Georgia nodded, her cheeks hot. "I've heard that before," she whispered excitedly.

He deflowered her with a quick jerk and she let out a startled sound. "Does it hurt a lot, should I stop?" But she shook her head. He fucked her and after a quarter of an hour he squirted everything inside. He took a break, smoked and played with her clit. She seemed to like that a lot and trembled, smiling and proud. "Come on, let's fuck again!" he exclaimed and she nodded, still trembling in orgasm. He penetrated quickly and she trembled without stopping until he came after a long time. For him it was a wonderful experience, Georgia lay there for a few minutes, she was really exhausted after so many orgasms. Then she gathered up the silver coins and left quietly. They agreed to meet again.

Kitty was 11, almost 12. She didn't just go for the dolls, she seemed to sense that it was about fucking. She immediately sat on Axel's lap. She put an arm around his neck. "Your fingers are crawling up my inner thighs, they are touching the hem of my panties. Should I take them off?" He nodded and she took off the panties. He touched her clit, she seemed to like it and spread her thighs wide. "You can touch my clit, that's okay. Can I hold your cock in my hand?" Axel pulled down his pants. She reached curiously. "I saw my Dad rubbing his cock and cumming in the sink. He noticed me and has been locking the bathroom door ever since. I see my big sister rubbing my brother like Dad and making him squirt when they don't fuck because of contraception. Of course they let me watch them when they fuck, but I'm not allowed to do it to my brother with my hand. Can I do it to you, dear Axel?" He nodded, "Just try it! Sit opposite me and spread yourself wide so I can look into your pussy!" She sat opposite him and opened her thighs wide. He looked at her hymen. She didn't masturbate him properly, he corrected her until she did it right and let him cum. He asked her that she had a big hole in her hymen. She was visibly embarrassed. "Yes, when I masturbate I put the handle of the hairbrush in there and fuck myself with it while rubbing my clit, then the orgasm is much stronger!" He leaned forward. "Come on, let's fuck!" She nodded and lay on her back. "I know, it hurts a little the

first time, I saw it with my sister.” He asked her again if she really wanted to and she nodded, “Then I can fuck my brother if my sister doesn’t make a fuss.” Axel deflowered her with a quick jerk and fucked her right away, she had seen it a hundred times before. Kitty didn’t have an orgasm and masturbated during his break. He fucked her shortly before she had an orgasm and she had a strong orgasm. After that they chatted a bit, then he took her out onto the street.

He had already had 17 or 19 girls on his lap when everything changed again.

A man was standing in wait for him in front of the school. He was the father of little Veronika, whom he had deflowered and fucked twice a week ago. He remembered immediately. Her father asked him to come with him to the police. Axel shook his head, No, no and no again! This went on for several minutes, the father repeatedly grabbed his sleeve and tried to drag him away, of course he refused. Suddenly his father had a knife in his hand. Axel reacted in an animalistic and instinctive way. He hit the father several times in the face and knocked him down with a powerful fist punch. The man fell to the ground and the knife slipped several meters. The man remained lying there. Axel grabbed him in a panic, the man groaned and moaned. Axel should have stopped and waited for further developments, but he ran away in a panic.

He stopped in one place, he had a stitch in his side and his lungs hurt. He sat down on a bench. Thoughts raced in his head, racing unchecked in contradictory directions. He was a child molester, the father had yelled at him. Was he a child molester, was he!? The father had yelled at him that if nobody stopped the child molester, he would carry on raping, abusing and dishonoring girl after girl!

But — that was exactly what he was doing at the moment! He was a child molester, the thought drove him mad. He had almost beaten this father to death, he was alive, but what about the next father? If he beat him to death, would he become a murderer!? Murderer, murderer! echoed in his confused mind. He looked at the tall office building opposite. He stood up, entered the building and took the elevator to the 18th floor.

He smashed the window with the fire extinguisher and jumped down.

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Piet and the fotomodel

by Jack Faber © 2024

Piet

Piet's wife had died after the difficult birth of Ben. This birth also meant that Ben was retarded and attended a special school. His sister Aurora was a normal child, she was 2 when their mother died. She was a very good and considerate surrogate mother, she loved Ben and took him seriously, for her he was a normal boy and she was the only one who could communicate with him perfectly. Father Piet was broken after his wife died and did not want to marry a new woman. He took loving care of his children, he communicated almost as well as Aurora did with Ben. For the first few years his mother helped him with the children, she slept with him, let herself be fucked and comforted him lovingly. When she left, he contented himself with masturbating. He made no secret of it and if the children watched, it was fine.

Aurora had been masturbating in the crook of Piet's arm since kindergarten, Ben knelt in front of them and squirted with a happy grin. Aurora had masturbated many boys at school and masturbated Piet when he needed it. He never got over the death of his wife, but he increasingly took a girl or a woman with him for a one-night stand. Most of them didn't want the children to watch, so the children waited in the children's room and peeped through the crack in the door. When the two of them had finished fucking, the children stormed into the marital bed, Aurora lay in the crook of Piet's arm, snuggled up to her father and masturbated, Ben knelt in front of them as usual and happily ejaculated again and again. When the one-night stand slept with them overnight, Piet fucked the girl very quietly early in the morning, the children rarely woke up.

When Aurora was 13, she convinced Piet, whom she loved dearly, to deflower her, most of her age group were already fucking their father, brother or uncle. Piet had a hard time making this decision, but he gave in. He stuck his cock in Aurora's vaginal vestibule and penetrated millimeter by millimeter. "I can feel the hymen stretching, Daddy," she breathed. "I think it's about to tear," she said quietly. He kept up the pressure because he didn't want to hurt her. "Now, yes,

now it's about to tear," she whispered. And then the hymen tore. He penetrated her deeply and hugged her long and tight. "You're a woman now, Aurora," he whispered. Ben, who was kneeling next to them and rubbing his cock, paused. He didn't know what was going on, but it had to be something holy. As Daddy fucked Aurora, he resumed the rubbing and squirting, he was already familiar with fucking.

Piet no longer brought one-night stands with him. Aurora was now his fucker, she quickly learned how to orgasm while fucking. He was impressed by how well it was developing. As a system administrator, he mostly worked from home, but since the pandemic he has only worked from home. This gave him a lot more time for his children, Aurora and Ben really enjoyed going to school. Aurora always told him who and how she let older classmates fuck her. These filthy stories were usually the prelude to fucking. Ben snuggled up to Piet and listened attentively, although he only understood a fraction of it.

Aurora taught Ben how to fuck, gradually he understood the process and fucked Aurora several times in the afternoon. He had a lot of fun fucking and now understood that Dad and Aurora fucked in the evenings. They were the best years of her youth, Aurora thought again and again. Every year there was a get-together at Ben's school and Piet went with Aurora, now he could free up time for such events at both schools.

Melanie

Melanie had also had a difficult birth. Jan had a slight mental disability due to a lack of oxygen at birth. The psychiatrist reassured Melanie. Jan would lag behind the others in his youth, but by the end of adolescence, at around 20, he would have overcome the shock of birth and would be a completely normal boy. Melanie, who worked as a fotomodel, loved her Jan very much, even though he was the unplanned result of a boozy party. She never saw his father again; he dutifully paid child support for 18 years; that was his only positive side.

Jan slept with her from the very beginning; she made no secret of the fact that she sometimes masturbated. He knew her naked body inside and out; she had explained the female sex parts to him in detail and without any frills and let him explore every inch. She accepted that Jan thought like a 3-year-old child at 5, and that he was like a 9-year-old at 12. When she went to the porn film studio once a week, her friend Veronique was with Jan. Veronique was also a model, she was used when a grandmother was needed.

Melanie worked as a model, she posed for woman's stockings, underwear or deliciously roasted coffee. She didn't care, she was a sought-after model and she was paid well. Her father, who had deflowered her at 14 and fucked her every night for another 4 years, was the one who brought her into the industry. She was grateful to him, but when she started modeling at 18, she gradually dropped him, but she always fell into his hands, for many years, even today. No matter how pitifully he begged and pleaded, she had enough young men to choose from at work. She had always asked her old friend Veronique to be there to accompany her. All three of them had dropped their clothes and were standing naked and crowded together; there was actually only room for one person in the booth. Her father was very nervous and very excited. Veronique had very large, melon-sized breasts, much larger than Melanie, and her father's greedy fingers were wrapped around them. He was so excited that he couldn't get his cock into Melanie's pussy. Veronique grabbed the

cock to make him really stiff. Full of contempt and shame, Melanie took the cock from Veronique's hand and inserted it into her pussy hole. Veronique got excited by her father's buttocks, she sighed deeply and longingly and began to masturbate her clitoris with one hand on his buttock. Melanie let her father fuck her standing up without much enthusiasm until he was satisfied. It was so tight in the cabin that all three of them rubbed against each other at the same time in pleasure. Her father fucked her, panting laboriously, and Veronique masturbated her clitoris non-stop. Her father came inside, his cock stayed hard and he waited until Veronique had finished masturbating. Melanie caressed Veronique's breasts and began to masturbate as well. She was not surprised that he always fucked Veronique afterwards, the old scoundrel. This gave her the opportunity to caress Veronique's breasts and masturbate at the same time. She was the first to finish, now he came inside Veronique and it was over. This had been going on for about 15 years. Melanie's biggest nightmare was that he might be Jan's father.

Once a week she went to the film studio. Porn films were being shot there. She was fucked by 6 or 8 men, she had an orgasm with the second or third stud and then with every other one. That was the reason why the director made a raunchy porn film with her week after week. La Zorra, who appeared with a mask like the legendary Zorro, became a best seller on the Internet. Her identity as La Zorra was never revealed, she earned more on such a day than during the rest of the week.

On these evenings it was usually the old Veronique who stayed with Jan. She reported that Jan had masturbated and squirted all evening. Up until now Melanie had masturbated him very gently, moving the foreskin gently back and forth until his semen oozed out. Jan couldn't ejaculate yet, his semen oozed out very slowly and dripped onto her inner thighs. Later Veronique reported that she rubbed Jan with her fist. Melanie was dead tired from a day full of orgasms and just nodded that he was a completely normal boy. Melanie was not at all alarmed when Veronique reported that Jan had fucked her. Melanie cast a searching look into Veronique's eyes. "Is it a problem for you?" she asked, but Veronique waved her off. "I'm trying to teach him well, he's a good boy, our Jan!" Melanie was

reassured by how relaxed Veronique was about it, after all she was a sought-after model in her youth and someone who had never turned down an offer for a good fuck.

Jan snuggled up to Melanie, he snuggled up to her naked body and she knew where this was going. “Was fucking Veronique good?” she asked him and pushed his foreskin back and forth, he had a nice, stiff boy cock. He nodded and nodded. “Fucking Veronique is always great, Mom,” he said. “But I want to do it with you, Mom, I love you so much and I want to fuck you!” Melanie listened to him for a week, hugged and caressed him, rubbed his cock gently and made him squirt high. Then she gave in and let him fuck her. “Jan, I don’t want to look you in the eyes, my darling. I’ll show you how I want it!” Jan’s eyes flashed. Melanie lay on her belly and spread her ass cheeks with both hands. “Can you see my cunthole?” she asked and he said Yes, so she didn’t have to explain anything to him. It was a strange feeling for her when Jan fucked her for the first time. He squirted with a contented smile inside and she said it was OK, she was using the 6-month injection for contraception. She had to explain that to him first because she had to do it for her job. She explained to him for the first time that she was fucked by a dozen men in front of the camera once a week, that’s why.

Melanie let Jan fuck her multiple times a week, that was satisfying for both of them. Once a year there was a reception at Jan’s school, she went every year.

The reception

Melanie had already seen Piet a few times, he had only been there for a short time. She liked him straight away, her clit signaled desire, wild lust and goddamn longing. She spoke to him, for the first time in her life she was in love. They started talking, he said he was a system administrator for a well-known travel agency with more than 300 computer workstations. No, the work wasn't difficult if you were well prepared. She was a fotomodel, said Melanie, underwear, stockings and coffee. Piet's face lit up. "Oh, that's how I know your face! Coffee Columbiana!" They laughed and Aurora whispered to Ben. "Daddy is in love!" Ben looked up. "Jan's Mom!" he said, he had no idea about being in love. Piet and Melanie agreed to meet again. One thing led to another, and Melanie had a one-night stand with Piet. She had taken Jan with her because he already knew Ben. The children were in the children's room and were as quiet as a mouse while they secretly watched the two of them. While fucking Melanie, Piet realized that he had fallen in love again for the first time after 15 years of mourning.

Stories

They lay next to each other, exhausted. Piet talked about his youth. His father had already left before he was born, his mother worked as a dancer in bars and clubs. She danced naked under a veil, only having to undress completely at the last moment and let the audience grope her intimate parts. She didn't think that was so bad, she was never a prostitute. She was very reserved about who she let into her bed for fucking, but she always made people pay. The only thing that was free was a kiss through the air.

Piet had seen her fuck countless men during his youth, it was nothing surprising to him. When he got older, his mother let him fuck her with a sad heavy sigh and goddamn resignation, mothers shouldn't let their sons fuck them, she breathed with tears in her eyes, but she let him fuck her anyway. In the first few weeks she would hide her face after fucking and cry bitterly. A son shouldn't fuck his mother, it was indecent, it was shameful. He ignored it and fucked her again straight away. She dried her tears and concentrated on fucking, because he could already fuck quite well, even though he was only a boy. It took a long time before she accepted what it was and that it would now happen again and again, day after day.

For him it was wonderful. He waited until the prince of that night had left and lay down next to her. Even when she was still exhausted from fucking and orgasming, he fucked her. She had shown him the G-spot and that he had to hold back his ejaculation until she had orgasmed. She was a damn good teacher and he still fucked her regularly, even when he was already married — here his story faltered briefly — because his wife knew and understood it well. He fucked her until a few years ago, then she didn't want to fuck anymore, she thought being too old.

Piet didn't find it easy to talk about his love life over the last few years. With his eyes lowered, he mentioned the 200 or so girls and shy married women he had invited to one-night stands and fucked. He haltingly reported that he had deflowered Aurora years ago at her

request and had fucked her almost every night since then, now he didn't need any more one-night stands. Melanie nodded, "Aurora is already 17, isn't she?" He replied, "Almost 18." Melanie kissed him with a French kiss. "Come on, darling, come on and fuck!" And so they fucked for the fourth time.

Melanie

Melanie kept her confession short, but she didn't hide anything. The deflowering by her father, the daily fucking with him, although after a while he was no longer her great hero. He had got her into modeling when she was 18, and she lived her own life. She earned quite well, but at 19 she had Jan. She gladly accepted the help of her mother, who had suffered silently during her father's sexual assaults. Since then she had been a porn star once a week, she had to let herself be fucked by up to a dozen men. There were hundreds, many hundreds of men, she admitted, she had many orgasms during the shoots, so that she was completely exhausted in the evenings. Piet was alarmed, but Melanie continued. She said that this day was the most exciting of the week, she really liked being fucked by a dozen men and having an orgasm every time from the second or at least the third on. It was the most wonderful fucking, she said with shining eyes. She would not have been able to do both jobs if old Veronique had not helped her. But Melanie was clever and put all the money into her savings account, because she could neither model nor make porn films when she was old.

Her story faltered. Jan masturbated in front of old Veronique, she masturbated him later. He really wanted to fuck Veronique, the old woman grinned and let him fuck her as often as he wanted. Then Jan's wooing of her and how, after much hesitation, she let him fuck her. Originally only from behind, now just so because it was fun.

Piet hugged her. "We're all little criminals," he grinned, "if you just scratch the surface a little, each of us has something secret." Melanie stood up and looked into the children's room. She came back smiling. "Aurora lets the boys take turns fucking her," she grinned, "everything's fine!" She couldn't have said later how they got onto the subject.

The ancestress

Melanie lit her umpteenth cigarette. It was after the end of the Thirty Years' War, when her ancestor Gerfriede came here from Alsace. On the way she had to fuck a lot of men, nothing was free. It was a happy trip. If she met a hiker, a farmer, a hunter or a fellow on the road, they would gossip for a while. She could tell immediately whether he was ready and inclined to fuck, there was no need to beat around the bush. She would take him into the undergrowth, into the bushes or into the field. For these simple people, fucking was a quick, uncomplicated shagging without sophistication, pure nature. In bad or cold weather, she looked for someone to take her to his bed. She completely ignored the angry looks of the bitter wife, that was not her thing. She fucked her husband as often as he could, because that meant a dry, warm night. She was already 20 years old, but very experienced and knew how to ensure her orgasm.

She was a herbal healer, that was her job and her calling. She stayed with this bunch of motley refugees. It was just forming a little village that became her home. Many women envied or despised her because she was as free and independent as a bird and could choose her partners every day. She was really shameless, there was no obstacle for her, such as marriage, for example. She fucked whenever and whomever she wanted. She mastered the art of getting men excited to bursting point. No means was too good or too frivolous or too filthy for her to conquer a man. Most of the fun was with the sexually starving husbands who were kept on a tight leash by their bitter wives. As a herbal healer, she was indispensable to the community, so the hostilities were kept in check. But there was something else.

It was the solstice festival. The whole village community, a good 200 people, were gathered around the large campfire, eating and drinking to their hearts' content. But something was missing. The fun-loving 20-year-old Gerfriede jumped up and danced happily around the fire. No one could fail to notice that she was naked under her skirt up to her belly button. She lifted and lowered her skirt to the beat of the music, frivolous, obscene and revealing. Again and

again she exposed her beautiful long legs up to her naked pussy, which made the men all excited. The music stopped and Gerfriede took a man from the audience. At that time, no one exposed themselves completely during sex, so she lay down next to the fire and lifted up her skirt. She pulled the surprised man between her thighs. She let him fuck her, clearly visible to everyone.

She jumped up and took the next one. In total, she fucked 6 men, then she chose which 3 of them would live with her for the next year. The fucking lasted an hour and a half, the people further back took advantage of the darkness. Many a shy girl, many a chaste good woman was grabbed from behind and fucked from behind. Not a single one screamed in indignation, they sighed and moaned resignedly and sanctimoniously, but they all let themselves be fucked. Some by several, but that was fine too.

She had been squatting on her heels, now he pushed her forward on her knees in a praying position like a muslim and lifted her skirt. She could only feel him feeling her ass cheeks and exploring the path to glory. She was shy, chaste and devoted to God, she sent a quick prayer to St. Agnes, asking for forgiveness for the impending sin. She buried her face in the grass because she was irritated by the fucking, ramming, shagging and screwing going on left and right. She sighed deeply and tremblingly as he penetrated her. It was a relief to be fucked again, even if it was a stranger from her village. He actually fucked her quite well and she bit the grass to suppress her cries of pleasure. But she was irritated again because the next man pushed her stranger aside immediately after squirting inside and rammed his cock into her cunthole. She had no time to pray a quick prayer because he fucked her fast and hard. The next one had to be a boy, his cock was small and he was still unsure of how to fuck. Then the next one came immediately and after him another and another. She lost count of how many times she was fucked in this round, it must have been quite a few.

This happened every year, Gerfriede chose 3 companions again after she had been fucked in public by 8 or more guys. The fact that you could get fucked in the back rows spread like wildfire. It was a happy fucking in the back rows, people pushed and shoved to get a

seat. Every year Gerfriede fucked more and more men so that the others had enough time to fuck in the back rows. Gerfriede let herself be fucked by three men throughout the year, preferably by all three of them one after the other. She loved the variety, every year she looked for three new ones who could fuck well. It was a good life.

Life today

Melanie laughed, “that was an ancestor, and I still have a lot of her in my blood.” Piet let it be known that he didn’t like her doing porn films. She had shown him a few uncut videos with La Zorra. The fact that Zorra was fucked to orgasm and how she was fucked was exciting for him, but it was a problem for him, he made that clear. He simply couldn’t imagine an affair with a porn actress. Melanie said her contract was running out at the end of the year and she wouldn’t renew it. The relationship with him was more important to her.

But things weren’t as hot as they were cooked. They continued the relationship, even though she was still being hard fucked for porn films. She was excited about this fucking in quick succession because she had so many orgasms. Now she showed him the raw film every time, and it was easy to see how she was fucked almost without interruption and had her first orgasm, followed by a small, restrained orgasm with each one. Piet watched it with mixed feelings. On the one hand, it was very hot and sexually exciting, but on the other hand, it was his lover who was being fucked by a dozen strange men.

When Melanie gave up making porn, they moved into a bigger apartment together. Each child got their own room, and that was important because they were from different classes and different stages of development. Most of the time, the five of them lay in the big marital bed, and they all had sex with each other. Piet still fucked Aurora, Jan with Melanie. Ben was very moved when he was allowed to fuck Melanie for the first time. Most of the time, however, Aurora lay in her bed with Ben and Jan and let them both take turns fucking her, while Piet and Melanie stayed by themselves. Melanie had compiled almost all of the rough drafts of La Zorra and they enjoyed the videos together from time to time. They talked more and more about marriage.

Jan

Jan had had a steady girlfriend since he had turned 18, Anna, who was now working as a receptionist, office worker and girl for everything for a gynecologist. They had been together for three years and Anna had already fucked a whole lot of boys and young men, but Jan was the best. He had a good, likeable character, a good behaviour and he was the best fucker far and wide. She had taught him a lot of things that she particularly enjoyed. The most important thing for her was that he learned to lick her clit well, that was her favorite thing. She had let her clit be licked all the years in her youth, although she was by no means a lesbian. She was very easy-going, she always had wonderful orgasms when she was fucked by a boy. But she didn't want to miss the clit licking. She preferred that her boyfriend mastered this art and that she no longer had to fall into the fangs of dubious lesbians. Jan was fine with that because he understood her sexual needs very well. He had his preferences, too.

She knew about it and didn't see anything wrong with it. She made short videos of the women who came to the gynecologist, or more precisely, nude photos or videos. Pregnant women turned him on a lot, and that was good for the subsequent fucking and clit licking. She didn't just take nude photos, she got the women to open their pussies to the camera. She found out which of the women were more accessible and had them pull the foreskin back over their clits. The gynecologist shook her head in disdain when Anna told her the invented tale about her scientific work.

Ben watched her videos. He wanted to see the women masturbate, he wanted to fuck the pregnant women. Anna knew that she could be sure of him and fulfilled his wishes. She had the pregnant women stroke and rub their clits, only a few until they came. Jan threw his arms around Anna when she showed him the videos. She cooed and laughed, she had saved the entire profile of the women. With that she had crossed the line from innocence to crime. She didn't care, she said he should visit one woman after the other and try his luck. No violence, just polite questions. Jan promised her, solemnly.

He visited the first one after watching her video several times. He rang the bell and took out his fake ID. She opened the door wearing a light cloak. She was sweating and her face was flushed. Jan knew immediately why. He gently stroked her beautiful belly. He trembled for a moment, he had never touched the belly of a pregnant woman before. He wanted to see the mattress of the marital bed, said Jan. She went into the bedroom without saying a word. He immediately saw the large dildo peeking out from under the pillow. He put his arms around her waist. "Is it that bad?" he asked and she lowered her eyes. "Yes, it is." She blushed and looked directly at him. "My husband gave it to me," as she followed his gaze. "He's a good man," she said, "but he's always out and about earning money for our new family." Jan's arms tightened around her waist, his hand slid lower. "I have time, no more appointments today." He smelled her excitement, she was practically steaming with sexual desire, with sexual greed. Without a word, she went to the bed and dropped her cloak. She was wonderful to fuck and just made sure that he didn't lie down on her belly too hard. He was impressed by how well she went along with the fucking, how well they both met at a common pace. She clearly enjoyed being fucked. She masturbated from the start and he squirted right in the middle of her orgasm.

She made a good coffee, he stood next to her and caressed her back and buttocks. He was only the fourth person to have fucked her. "Father, Jim, Frank and you." He questioned her. "Dad took my virginity when I was 12, he was the best fucker who fucked me every night. He fucked me until recently, but he's in a home and hasn't recognized me for months, even when I occasionally fuck him in the home, he's so demented." She defiantly wiped the tears from her eyes.

"In college I got myself the captain of the rugby team, Jim. A broad-shouldered black guy whose cock hung halfway down to his knee. He was the worst at fucking, you have to know that. His cock was always only half soft, I had to put his soft tube in myself, he only fucked a little and squirted like little boys. I let him fuck me for half a year before I dumped him. He was very backward, women didn't have careers to pursue, but had to raise a dozen children and women weren't allowed to masturbate, that was a mortal sin and insulted

masculinity. Nevertheless, at the end of the fuck I secretly triggered my orgasm with my finger.”

“Then I met Frank, my husband. I was impressed by his straight-forward character, by his whole being, before I went to bed with him. He knows where my G-spot is and he fucks me to orgasm like you, Jan. He gave me the flesh-colored dildo without saying much, for the lonely times, he said. He is my husband, with all my heart.” They drank the coffee and she was really hot again. So it happened that they fucked twice more in the doggy position. Jan went home elated and told Anna everything in detail.

A few days passed before he left again in the afternoon. He had watched the pregnant woman’s body, clit and masturbation several times on video and was very excited. She opened the door in her tracksuit and let him in. She didn’t mind letting him show her the apartment. In the beautiful children’s room he reached under her jacket and felt her beautiful, round belly. She stayed still as his hand slipped down into her waistband and touched her pussy. A deep sigh, then she asked if he wanted to do some sport. Jan shook his head, no, sport wasn’t his thing. She laughed harshly, “not even mattress sport?” He was speechless and followed her into the bedroom. In an instant she was naked, a very pretty, athletically built sports teacher. She didn’t want to cuddle so much, nor kiss him. They started fucking right away and he was surprised at how little she knew about the subject. It was a happy but strange fuck. She liked being fucked and of course made sure that he didn’t put any pressure on her belly. She didn’t have an orgasm at all, although he fucked her really well. She smiled after the fuck. No problem, she said, she’d never had an orgasm while fucking. Only while masturbating, but she wouldn’t do it until he was gone.

About once a week he went out to fuck a pregnant woman. He was unsuccessful with half of them, only a few turned him away at the first touch. Some let him touch her belly, but then she politely sent him away. Some let him undress her and expose themselves naked. Some lay on their backs and he caressed their pussies, some let him masturbate while standing. Most of those who let him masturbate also let him lick their clits, some several times, to multiple orgasms.

But none of them wanted to be fucked. No violence, not even verbal violence, he had promised Anna that solemnly.

So he went straight to the next address where he might have success. Anna hugged him lovingly, he was and is her Jan, his heart belonged only to her. He left no doubt about that. He was successful in his studies and fucking wasn't the focus of his life. He was actually glad that he didn't have to waste many hours looking for a partner like others.

He had Anna and he didn't need anyone else. Fucking the pregnant women was just a bonus, and Anna only brought him the videos and addresses of the best, sexiest, selected and probably willing ones.

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Pat and the Lesbians

by Jack Faber © 2024

Betty and her son Patrick lived on her small invalid's pension, more or less. Pat knew that his mother could only sleep with a strong sleeping pill. Betty was a sworn lesbian, Pat was actually an accident at work from her youth, when she was still a porn star and earned her money by fucking in front of the camera. After her accident, she no longer fucked a man; she was no longer suitable for the camera. She often thought about whether her father could possibly be Pat's father, and the thought always made her shudder. She shuddered, because it was very likely, because he was the only man, apart from the men on camera, who fucked her every night and squirted deep inside her. The uncertainty was getting on her nerves. Her father had deflowered her when she was very young and fucked her every night until Pat was about 6 years old. Then his luck ran out and he became impotent. In fact, he fucked much better than many of the studs who fucked her on camera.

From a young age, Pat, who had to sleep in the children's room, spied when Betty had female visitors. At 12, he knew more about lesbianism than anyone else. He pestered his mother, wanting to be there when the female visitors came. She watched him disgustedly as Pat rubbed his cock and ejaculated in a wide arc. She whispered to her girl and one day she came naked into the children's room. He could come and watch in complete silence, and if he had to, he could masturbate, she said, not very enthusiastically.

From then on, Pat was there too. He looked at the women's and girls' pussyholes and clits up close when they licked Betty's clit and stretched out their asses. Very few protested when his fingers touched their pussy and rubbed the clit a little. His mother always gave him a reproachful look, but that was not a given. One of the older visitors broke the ice. "You want to fuck me, don't you?" she asked him and Betty immediately protested. "He's still too young to fuck, Thea!" but Pat couldn't be stopped. Thea was the first woman Pat had fucked. He was surprised at how fine, soft and warm her

pussy was inside. He had squirted shortly before and now fucked Thea for quite a long time. “You can squirt inside without worrying, Patrick,” said Thea, “I’m already 39 and in the menopause, I’m definitely not going to get pregnant again!” Pat didn’t know what the menopause was, but he squirted inside full of lust and horniness.

After Thea had left, Betty had a serious talk with him. They went back and forth, Pat made two important points. Firstly, he was allowed to ask her lovers if he could fuck them. Secondly, he was allowed to sleep in the big marital bed with Mom. She sighed, but his argument was good, he wanted to caress her buttocks while masturbating and squirt on them. She found that disgusting, but she finally agreed. It was the first time he saw her turn her back to him, masturbate quietly and secretly as every night. He stared at her masturbating finger between her ass cheeks because he spread her ass cheeks a little with his hands. That didn’t bother her and she masturbated even more diligently. When she pressed her finger to her clit and clenched her ass cheeks during an orgasm, he let her go. She fell asleep immediately after her orgasm because of the sleeping pills.

At first he stuck to the agreement. He asked the woman if he could fuck her from behind, while she was licking Mom’s clit. After exchanging glances with his mother, they all agreed. At night he pressed his cock into the crease of Betty’s ass, who was sleeping like dead on her belly. He squirted on her buttocks and fell asleep too. But time is the enemy of all peace, it gnaws and gnaws at every agreement to weaken and undermine it.

He no longer asked the ladies if he could fuck them, he fucked them to his heart’s content, sometimes even twice. And at night he knelt between Betty’s thighs, who was lying on her belly. For a while he squirted from behind onto her pussyslit, night after night his cock came closer to the pussyslit. Until he touched the slit when he squirted. Betty slept soundly like the dead, she didn’t notice anything.

Night after night his cock went a few millimeters deeper when he squirted. That was encouraging. Because he spread her buttocks with his hands, a few nights later he was able to push his cock all the way

into her pussyhole to squirt. Betty was lying on her belly as usual, she was fast and deep asleep and didn't notice his intrusions. Betty's pussy hole was as fine, silky and velvety as the girls' pussy holes. He felt a holy shiver run down his spine. He was determined to fuck Betty properly. He had pushed her legs to the side, her pussy was shining and glistening between her ass cheeks.

The Holy Grail.

He leaned forward and rubbed her clit for a few minutes until it was stiff and pointed, indicating that she was ready for fucking. Betty's clit was rather small and hidden compared to other girls' clits. He pulled his foreskin back as far as he could, then he penetrated slowly, as always. He paused for a moment, he was about to defile and dishonor Betty. He plucked up the courage and fucked Betty like the girls. Betty didn't even flinch, he fucked her timidly at first, but later more and more confidently and thoroughly.

Betty didn't let on in the morning that she had been fucked while sleeping. She told Pat over breakfast about her dream in which she had been fucked by this and that guy. The telling of her naughty dreams made her hot as a stove, she lay down in bed and masturbated. He lay down next to her and caressed her inner thighs. He asked if he could fuck her while she masturbated, but she shook her head, even though she was so incredibly hot. "A son is not allowed to fuck his own mother," she groaned, rolling her eyes, "letting him watch you masturbating is already very, very sinful!" He masturbated after her orgasm and squirted upon her inner thighs, even though she didn't like his masturbating or squirting. Pat, who had not been caught by her strange fake religiousness, continued to caress her inner thighs for a whole year, masturbating after her orgasm and squirting upon her inner thighs, very near her pussy. She now masturbated every morning after breakfast. He knelt between her thighs and squirted on her pussy when she climaxed. It took half a year before she accepted that he pressed his cock against her pussyhole when he squirted and squirted inside. Half a year later, he still dared to stick his cock deep into her pussy hole and squirt inside when she had an orgasm after breakfast.

When her orgasm had subsided, she pulled his cock out of her pussy hole, sighing, groaning and moaning, and held the stiff sex offender in her hand, caressing his foreskin softly. “No, we mustn’t do that, it will end in true fucking at some point! That’s a mortal sin, you understand, a mortal sin!” He nodded, “yes, a mortal sin, fine by me! I don’t care, Mom, whether it’s a mortal sin or not! I’ve fucked dozens, hundreds of your girlfriends, and now the time has come to fuck you thoroughly!” Mom put her hands over her face. “No, please don’t, Pat! I don’t want to commit the mortal sin! Is it so difficult for you to give it up for my sake?” He never answered that question. This dialogue repeated itself day after day when she came to orgasm after masturbating and he buried his cock deep in her pussy and squirted inside. She smiled and giggled lustfully when he put his cock deep in her pussy and squirted. She deliberately took her time pulling his hard cock out. She seemed to enjoy it more and more each time and their arguments about it lost their edge.

One morning his cock entered her pussy when she was still miles away from orgasm. It was too late to protest, he fucked Betty regularly, from start to finish. Betty could hardly contain her sexual excitement. She hadn’t been fucked so well in ages, except in her wet dreams. She thought she recognized his cock, but that was simply not possible! Now, now Pat was squirting inside, it was a long-missed, wonderful feeling. But it wasn’t right to be fucked by her own son, and now the tears were gushing uncontrollably into her eyes.

Betty cried heartbreakingly when she tried to pull his cock out, but it was very late. Because his cock was still really stiff, he pushed her back into the fuck position. He ignored her sobs and cries and fucked her until he had to squirt. She held him in her arms sobbing for minutes, and he felt with his cock that her clit flinched with each sob. She had become very hot, but did not allow herself to orgasm. An eternity later, she reached down and slowly pulled his cock out. She cried bitterly.

“Oh my God! We have sinned!” Pat was silent, he knew what was going to happen next. “The mortal sin! The mortal sin! And I let it happen, maybe even promoted it! Oh my God!” She cried sobbing, and Pat hugged her comfortingly. He knew that she was not putting

on an act. He consoled her, saying it would not happen again. It took her a quarter of an hour to calm down. He held back for a week, only penetrating her to squirt inside and letting her pull his cock out later.

One week later he fucked Betty again. She cried and sobbed a little, but she felt how much she had longed for him to fuck her, for a whole week! He squirted pleurably inside her, he squirted and squirted without end. She smiled broadly and nodded in agreement when he whispered that he had to fuck her again, a second time. She could no longer hold back her orgasm and smiled shyly as he squirted inside. She left his cock inside, hugged him lovingly and whispered, “you did it again!” He smiled too and stroked her cheek. “You can’t be dead more than once, the deadly sins don’t accumulate!” So it came to be that from then on he fucked her every morning. No more crying, no more sobbing. “If you pile our deadly sins on top of each other, we’ll finally reach to heaven!” She felt good about it.

For the first time, she told him that she used to be a porn star. With a few clicks, she called up the porn film company’s internal archive and showed him 20-year-old recordings, raw, uncut and without sound. She let him watch for hours. “You were a real beauty, Mom,” Pat said reverently, “I can see how much fun you had. Orgasms without end! You were very talented!” Betty said, yes, until the accident. “That’s when I discovered that I’m a lesbian. But that was ages ago!”

Pat was in the middle of preparing for his high school exams, he had to organize his time like never before. He would have loved to watch the old porn videos day and night, but he controlled himself. With his high school exams ahead of him, it demanded his attention. He fucked Betty after breakfast and her lover in the afternoon. He studied late into the night and only rarely fucked Betty when she was sleeping. It was important to learn, only to learn!

After graduating from high school, he lay in the sun on the balcony. Thank God his Mom woke him up before the sun burned him. He disappeared into his room and was glued to the screen. It had taken him almost 6 hours to download all the videos of Betty onto his

laptop. First he looked at the folder “Betty Solo”. It contained hundreds, thousands of videos of Betty masturbating. In the oldest videos Betty was still a very young girl, a child, who masturbated very concentratedly and earnestly until she had an orgasm. Back then her orgasms were real, only over the years did she start to fake her orgasms. He skipped these videos, the drama was actually a bit disgusting.

The next folder, “Betty Pregnant”, interested him a lot. Betty had a small belly at first, she masturbated to real orgasms. So that was him, safe in her belly. She was fucked by a dozen men until she said directly into the camera that she had had enough. Her painful race to orgasm came from real suffering that turned into smiling contentment. He looked at her belly, which visibly grew with each shot. He could somehow understand that there were men who got turned on by a pregnant woman who was being fucked by a dozen men.

He couldn't get enough of seeing Betty being fucked by a dozen studs and occasionally having a real orgasm. There were also recordings of the pregnant girl masturbating, but the orgasms were just for show, nothing real. He couldn't get enough of watching. Betty get fucked by a dozen studs and occasionally have a real orgasm. There were also shots of her masturbating, but the orgasms were just for show, nothing real.

The shots of her and girls revealed her growing interest in girls. He saw her first steps on the lesbian dance floor and the authenticity of the actions, which Pat recognized immediately. The girls masturbated each other for real, there was no show involved. The clit licking was repeatedly interrupted by the director so that the cameras could get closer and closer to the clit and tongue. But otherwise the clitlicking was real and without any show, Betty was obviously just learning it.

Pat had noticed a girl at the high school graduation who was in a parallel class and whom he was seeing for the first time. He knew immediately that he was lost. Jenny, at 18 a little younger than him, came from a good, rich family and was still an untouched virgin. He was lost when he looked into her eyes. She had a noble, impeccable

character, he had never seen such a pure girl. He knew that he had to get a room, he definitely didn't want Jenny to come into contact with Betty and her women's affairs. Jenny moved in with him with child-like naivety.

They lay naked on the small bed, she innocently embraced him, who didn't dare to destroy her delicate flower. What a stark contrast to a boy who had been shamelessly fucking his mother and her lover for 10 years! They hugged, they caressed and explored each other's bodies. On the first day, she let him masturbate her after the cuddling and kissing. After her orgasm, she smiled gratefully and grabbed his cock as if it were the most natural thing in the world. She masturbated him with her fist and made him squirt as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

For weeks, they masturbated each other, God knows how often, then they told each other their backstory. It was no cowardice that he let Jenny tell it first.

Around the end of primary school, Jenny no longer wanted to sleep in the children's room. She argued with her mother that she had been masturbating since primary school and was old enough to sleep with her parents. She wanted to experience married sex life up close and not spy from afar, that was beneath her dignity. Her parents discussed it for almost a week before they finally agreed. She was very excited, she only knew the theory of fucking and now she saw it up close. She had a very good relationship with her mother, who answered all her questions the next day, honestly and straightforwardly.

After her parents had fucked or not fucked, she would snuggle up in the crook of her mother's arm and masturbate. Dad always watched her masturbate with interest and even wanted to deflower her when she was 14. But at home, mom was the boss and she just wouldn't allow it, even though Jenny really wanted it herself. Mom allowed Dad to fuck Jenny's vaginal entrance and squirting in it, but without damaging her hymen. He did it for a few years until he had no desire or strength to fuck Jenny after Mom.

It had become fashionable at school to rub the boys' cocks until they squirted. Jenny only half-heartedly joined in, she hardly did it with more than 30 boys. She had to take off her panties and sit with her legs spread across from the guy so they could get aroused by the sight of her pussy. They were allowed to touch and explore her pussy, that was okay with her. She was skilled at making them squirt and they all wanted to squirt upon her pussy, so she did it and it was okay with her. Of course they all wanted to fuck her, but she quickly put her panties back on and just ran away.

For a year in high school she sat between two naughty girls, dirty sluts who only had one thing on their minds, nonsense. They masturbated her every day during class lessons. They sat in the back row, hidden from the teacher's view. One of the horny little witches reached under her skirt and spread her labia, the other reached under her skirt from the other side and masturbated her clit inconspicuously. All of this took place under the table, above the table all three of them pretended to be innocent. Jenny quickly learned to have orgasms only with her lower body, her upper body and her face were not allowed to twitch or shake or act indifferent. This went on for a school year, then it was over, the two witches failed to advance to the next class and had to look for a new victim.

She had a steady boyfriend in high school, Leonidas, because without a boyfriend you were immediately an outsider. They often lay naked next to each other and masturbated individually. She liked him quite a bit, but he was definitely not the right one. She often did him masturbate with her fist, a thousand times, but never let him masturbate her or even deflower her. They masturbated three or four times every afternoon, sitting peacefully facing each other, she often fisting him, because he liked that very much.

Sometimes she let him fuck her in the ass, more and more often, and that was probably what made him go crazy one day. He gasped that he wanted to fuck her, really fuck her. She was alarmed when she saw his stiff cock approaching. They wrestled with each other as if it were a matter of life and death. He took her from behind in his hard grip and penetrated from behind. He fucked for quite a while before he realized he was in the wrong hole and was fucking her in

the asshole. He pulled his cock out growling, but she grabbed his cock with an iron grip in desperation and masturbated him with her fist, which he could not resist. She made him squirt and continued rubbing until his cock went flaccid. He stammered many apologies, but she stood up, packed her things and left without saying goodbye, forever. Now she was here and had fallen in love with him, Pat. Pat swallowed hard, this is what the youth of an immaculate, pure virgin looked like!

Pat was torn. He wanted to be honest with Jenny but he couldn't possibly tell her everything. He pulled himself together and put everything on one card. He held Jenny tightly and his hard cock was in her hand, she rubbed it gently up and down her pussyslit while she listened to him. He told how, as a boy, he had been present at his mother's lesbian lovemaking and kept squirting. Thea was the first one he was allowed to fuck properly. After that, he fucked all of them and everyone, and he had deflowered a few of them. Jenny had a question. "Was that what the girls wanted?" He scratched his head. "Most of them did. Betty insulted the others until they accepted it. But I'm not particularly proud of that." Jenny nodded. "There's a bit of a dirty streak in all of us."

Pat continued. How he used the effect of the sleeping pill at night to fuck Betty secretly for years. Jenny asked, "Betty is your mother, your real mother, isn't she?" He nodded, dejected. Was that his death sentence? But Jenny continued, "My Dad fucked me for years too, just not properly." He nodded and told the rest in brief. He still fucked all of his mother's visitors, maybe hundreds, and also his mother, but now during the day and no longer when she was numbed by the sleeping pills.

Jenny shuddered and trembled in orgasm and let go of his cock. She calmed down after a while. "Even if we don't stay together, Pat, you'd be the right one for me. You understand, deflowering and fucking." He shook his head firmly. "Let's sleep on it a night or two, Jenny. You're saying it now, under the influence of your orgasm. You shouldn't make such important decisions then." Jenny nodded, "that's exactly what proves to me that you're the right one, Patrick."

Two nights later she had made up her mind. Pat lay between her thighs for the first time. “The little prick?” he asked quietly and she nodded, she knew. “Slowly or quickly?” he asked and she whispered quietly, “Both! First slowly and gently and then quickly!” He nodded. He penetrated millimeter by millimeter, the hymen stretched more and more. Jenny breathed, “Now!” and with a quick jerk he deflowered her. She looked at him with shining eyes, she had never looked more beautiful than now. “And now fuck me, Patrick, I’m a real woman now, made a woman by the right man!” He fucked her very skillfully, he knew very soon where Jenny’s G-spot was. She orgasmed, orgasmed and orgasmed, and it was only on her third orgasm that he squirted right in the middle of her orgasm. They lay next to each other, drained. “I had taken the 6-month injection when I fell in love with you 4 weeks ago, my darling. We should be on the safe side.”

They were both studying and he worked part-time to support Betty financially. Jenny was very generous and often gave him her pocket money, which was as much as he earned in half a year. Betty was desperate to meet the girl Pat had taken away from her. They came for dinner and then spent the night in Betty’s big marital bed. Betty hadn’t seen Pat for 6 weeks and when he came in, Betty’s knees almost gave way. He looked exactly like her father, which put an end to all of her speculations.

Betty was desperate to find out if Jenny was bi. Unfortunately, Jenny wasn’t; she didn’t have a single drop of lesbian blood. Jenny liked to let Betty masturbate her and offered to return the favor by licking her clit; she had learned that from her mother, who always let Jenny lick her clit when dad wasn’t sleeping home. Betty cast a sideways glance at Pat, but he nodded. Jenny licked Betty’s clit and Pat fucked Jenny from behind. That wasn’t the end of course, but eventually everyone was tired of fucking and they fell asleep.

Betty, Pat and Jenny were completely satisfied, they had gotten to know each other well.

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Hekate and Her Son

by Jack Faber © 2024

Hekate was extremely poor. She was pretty, but not a beauty in the sense of early Greek culture. She and her son Dionys lived in a small, half-neglected cottage on the outskirts of the city. She accepted every alms, every little gift of food. Thank God her cottage was on the main road and she lay in wait for every merchant, every trader to sell her body. Dion retreated silently into the background of the cottage. He had known from an early age that he must not disturb his mother while she was fucking, she earned a few silver coins that way.

They slept naked on mats that were laid one behind the other. When the moon was full, Dion could see his mother masturbating, otherwise he could only hear the quiet noises. He grew older and when Hekate bathed and washed him in the nearby stream, she was always amazed at how big his cock had become. A boy with a real man's cock. Puberty came, he crawled to her after her evening orgasm and lay on her with his stiff cock. "Is it so bad?" she asked him the first few times and he nodded embarrassedly. "Yes, Mom, the cock needs it again, really badly!" Smiling, she took his cock in her fist and rubbed it. He squirted on her breasts or her belly. Smiling, she let it happen. When he asked her if he could fuck her properly like the passing merchants, she smiled and told him that if he was as old as they were, then maybe.

Hekate was a sought-after midwife. Back then, over 2,500 years ago, it was believed that stimulating the clit made childbirth easier. She was very diligent in stimulating the clits of the women in labor to orgasm. Dion, a child at the time, accompanied her to the births; he was used to seeing hundreds of pussies and clitrubbing.

Hekate took in a traveling singer who wanted to share his earnings with her. So far, so good. There was no room for a third mat, so the old man slept on hers. His cock had stayed young, so he was allowed to fuck her every night. Old Greek society was not as prudish as it is today. Dion developed a passion for the old man's singing, he accom-

panied the old man everywhere he went. He learned the songs, the old man was happy to show him how to play the harp. The old singer stayed for more than a year, he fucked Hekate night after night and taught Dion to sing to the harp. One morning he did not wake up, his heart had stopped beating. Hekate and Dion mourned the old singer who had lived with them like a grandfather.

Dion couldn't wait. He waited patiently until Hekate was done masturbating and orgasming at night. He crawled on top of her, but before she could grab his cock to fist him, he inserted his cock into her pussy hole, deep inside. She was frightened the first time and held him by his buttocks tight so he couldn't fuck her. She sighed with desire because his cock felt very good. "No, Dion, you're much too young for this!" She pulled his cock out and sighed again. "I'll show you how to fuck a virgin without penetrating and tearing her hymen!" She showed him how to fuck up and down between her labia in her pussy crack without penetrating the pussy hole. He learned immediately and fucked her as if she were a virgin until he squirted. This was repeated night after night, he always penetrated first and had her to pull his cock out and then do the virgin fucking until he squirted. They did this night after night until the patrol came.

Dion practiced playing the harp and the songs, with tears in his eyes he sang sad ballads when he remembered the old singer. Hekate, who did not go about her business when the singer was in the house, now went back to the main street when a group approached. Usually there were three or four who were prepared to pay for the sex and Dion stayed in the background so as not to disturb the three or four who fucked Hekate in quick succession. She went to the stream and bathed, he waited impatiently for her with his stiff cock. She let him wiggle on her belly and fuck in her pussy slit and let him squirt without him being allowed to penetrate her cunthole. That was the virgin fucking that she allowed him and after he had squirted he was relaxed again.

The count had ordered every man fit for combat to be drafted for the next battle. Hekate was afraid for Dion and when the patrol approached, she had Dion lie naked on top of her and covered them-

selves with a blanket. The captain stepped under the door with a harsh look on his face. Hekate looked him in the eye and said that her little son was too young for battle and was sick right now, he could see that. She lifted the blanket to let him take a look at her sick child. The captain knew her, they had already fucked several times. Hekate was still looking at him, feeling Dion's hard cock creeping closer and closer. The captain wanted to have a chat and stopped under the door. Dion's cock had penetrated, the sick boy moved carefully. Hekate and the captain continued to chat, he wanted to know how business was going. Dion only moved a little and Hekate was completely beside herself. She definitely didn't want to expose Dion and on the other hand she didn't want to let him fuck her. She told the captain that business was going very badly, her best friend was her finger, which stood by her faithfully. "Go, captain, dear Gerkos, he is very restless, my poor child." Captain Gerkos could see that and left. Dion now fucked very quickly under the blanket and had to squirt inside. Gerkos turned around and saw Hekate lifting the sick boy up and saw his cock dripping. It looked rather funny, thought Gerkos, mounting his horse.

Hekate was confused. "It was about your head, you thoughtless brat! And you have nothing else on your mind than fucking me! What did I say, when you're older, then! And what are you doing? You can't wait and you fuck me in front of the patrol! Shame on you, idiot!" She was upset, no doubt about it. Dion ignored it completely. "Fucking is nice, fucking is wonderful! Much nicer than rubbing!" She was insulted all day, but she didn't make a sound when at night, after she had masturbated, he crawled to her like he always did, lay on top of her like he always did. She was completely relaxed after her orgasm and wanted to do it with her fist like she always did, but Dion shook his head and penetrated her slowly. She was far too tired and surprised to protest, so Dion fucked her slowly and with great pleasure. After he had squirted inside, she expected him to lie down again. But he kept fucking. His cock was still half soft, but it was getting stiffer inside. Hekate was still hot from the first fuck and hugged him, clinging to him, because her orgasm was coming like dolphins on the waves of the sea. The dolphins arched and she arched under Dion. She hadn't had an orgasm from fucking for a long time, only from masturbating. She relaxed after the surprising orgasm and held

her son in her arms as he squirted inside, panting and moaning. They lay next to each other in silence for a long time.

“Your father called you Dionysos because he worshipped this god more than the others.” She didn’t know exactly why she had said that. He hugged her and kissed her on the lips. “If it’s important to you, Mom,” he whispered, “then I want to love and honor this god especially.” Hecate nodded, “It’s good to worship the god you’re named after!” She thought for a moment. “We can fuck every night, Dion,” she said quietly, “just not on my fertile days. After you were born, I learned to recognize the fertile days by the consistency of my mucus, and I don’t let anyone fuck me on those days.” Dion nodded submissively. “I only do what you allow me to do, Mom!” And so they kept it for the next few years. They fucked every night when she allowed it.

When the count returned from a battle, he stopped his horse. He had not heard such moving, stirring harp playing for a long time; the song went straight to one’s heart. Hecate threw a veil around her, stepped outside and bowed deeply to the count. “I was wondering if it was you who was singing so beautifully, daughter of the road.” Of course he knew how she earned her money. She bowed again, “No, Your Grace, it is my son, Dionysos.” She called to Dion, who put down the harp and came out. He bowed as best he could to the noble lord. The count remained very friendly, although Dion’s bow seemed rather awkward. He engaged Dion in a short conversation. When he received the answers he expected, he asked Dion if he would like to come to the castle and live as a singer at court. Dion thanked him, bowing his head. Yes, he would be very happy to. But he could not leave his mother Hecate alone; she was dependent on him. A wrinkle twitched on the count’s face, because Hecate could certainly live off her young, pretty body for a long time. But his grace nodded. “Come on, both of you!” And so it came about that Dion and his mother lived in the castle.

Hecate could not help it. Men’s hearts and the cocks that went with them flew to her. She could be conquered if she was offered enough money. Dion now sat every evening next to the large table in the hall and his singing and harp playing accompanied the meal. The young countess saw him and knew that she had fallen for him, even

from the first ballad. She did not let it show; as the count's wife, she was untouchable, at least apparently. She was a princess who had a lot of mischief up her sleeve.

During the day, the new singer was free from all duties. He wandered aimlessly around the castle and the garden so as not to disturb his mother at work. At night, late at night, when the banquet was over, he went into their shared room and lay down next to her. They had no secrets from each other and told each other the events of the day after fucking.

He often played catch with the maids. They usually let themselves be caught in secret places and lifted their skirts, giggling. He always looked around briefly, and when they were alone, he quickly fucked the stupid grinning girl and then ran after the next one. He fucked a dozen girls every day and was not too tired to sing in the evening. Those were very beautiful and satisfying moments. It took weeks until he had fucked all the maids at the court. He even took his time with the girls in the kitchen, he didn't have to run after them, his reputation for his large, magnificent and enduring cock preceded him.

Of course, the countess heard about it. She was a loyal and aloof young woman who kept her affairs under wraps. She didn't fuck around wildly and indiscriminately like other women at court. She only let herself be conquered and fucked by men who brought quality and discretion. She only let herself be fucked briefly, in a secret place, for a few minutes. She had a certain mastery of hiding this even from her maids. She kept the affair going for a long time until she lost interest. She was content with masturbating at night when she wasn't having an affair.

The news of the new singer's large, magnificent and enduring cock set her clit on fire. She asked her maids exactly what it was like to fuck the singer. She had them tell her every detail, until she was almost there herself. Her plan was set. She summoned the singer and his harp to her private chamber. He came, amazed. She asked him to sing some love songs. She listened to him and looked at him very closely. She ordered him to come the next day at the same time. He obeyed and came the next day. The countess was wearing a sophisti-

cated dress that opened at the front with every step, exposing her pussy. She wanted to hear more love songs, but after the first one she asked if he knew any obscene, lewd songs. She walked up and down and he looked at her pussy with every step. Of course he knew lewd songs, but was that for her ears? he asked. She took a step towards him, her pussy remained exposed. Yes, she wanted to hear it, just don't be ashamed, she said, she was a woman like any other and was already pretty hot. He nodded, gladly. So he sang dirty jokes that he had picked up in bars. She stood in the same position the whole time, he had to look at her pussy from an arms length all the time. Now and then a finger would stray onto or into her pussy, making the poor singer roll his eyes. She ordered him again that he had to come back tomorrow. He could perhaps wear something revealing, she said with a lascivious smile, she wanted to see the cock before she let him fuck him. Dion was speechless, the Countess!? He bowed with a final look at her pussy.

The next day, Hekate went from dealer to dealer until she found something suitable. He went to the Countess lightly dressed. He sat down on the stool he sat on when singing. He threw back his dress and exposed his cock without asking. He sang a few raunchy songs and the Countess walked slowly around him. Her dress was the same as yesterday and exposed her pussy with every step. She had several songs to look at his cock. He finished the song and looked straight at her. "Well, what do you think, noble lady?" he asked quietly. "I don't know," she said just as quietly, "it's just too big, I think. I'm afraid my pussy is too small. You'd have to try it." Dion nodded and stood up. He stood in front of her and pressed his cock against her pussy hole. It stretched and let him in. She immediately pulled his cock out again. "Not now, Dionysos, not yet!"

He came back the next day in his ridiculous outfit. In the meantime he had organized his games with the maids so that he had enough time to fuck a few of the maids before singing with the Countess and afterwards. He entered, the Countess put a wooden bar to lock the door and lay on her back on her bed. She pushed her skirt apart and said that he should keep his clothes on while he fucked her. Dion nodded, that was fine. He lay down next to the Countess, she had to be heated up with some foreplay first. He knew that from

Hekate, she also loved it when he got her hot with French kisses and clitoral play. The Countess got hot, so rarely did a gentleman take care of her and give her time to get hot. After a while she said she was ready. Now he stepped in front of her and fucked her standing up, while the countess lay on her bed with wide spread legs. She had pressed a finger to her clit and triggered one orgasm after another. How rarely did she get so much pleasure!

He fucked her for a long time until she got tired of the constant orgasms. He squirted inside, although she shook her head half-heartedly and begged him with tears in her eyes not to squirt everything inside. He didn't pay any attention to that and squirted his full load inside, goddammit! Now she invited him to her place every day. Dion divided his time well, spent the whole morning fucking the maids or some of the dissolute ladies of the court, went to the countess in the early afternoon, fucked her and shot his full load inside, even though she begged him every day tearfully not to squirt his full load inside her. He sang her some beautiful pieces, then went back to a dissolute lady of the court and sang at the banquet in the evening. Hekate welcomed him with open arms at night. She had received a hint from the master of ceremonies to pursue her profession a little more discreetly. She giggled that she would now concentrate more on selling her nights dearly. She saved every piece of silver for later, for worse times.

The countess was pregnant and forced the count into her bed to legitimize the child. The happy fucking suffered during her pregnancy, as her health was not good. It was a boy, whom she gave birth to in terrible pain. The count was absolutely over the moon, the long-awaited heir to the throne! The countess was his fourth wife, the previous ones turned out to be infertile. The count threw a lavish party for the entire population, he was so happy about his lucky hit.

The countess resumed fucking Dion. Sometimes a maid would knock on the door, and the maids would suspect what was going on. The maid would tell the countess this and that, and she would look behind the countess. Dion was sitting on the stool, his harp in his hand. He couldn't hide his hard cock in time. The maid left again, and now the maids' whispering picked up speed. The countess had

no choice but to let two of her most loyal maids in on the secret, who from then on guarded her door. The maids had both let Dion fuck them several times before and allowed the mistress the pleasure. The countess became pregnant twice more, with sweet little daughters. Four years had passed, and it was only now that the count heard that the countess was apparently having an affair. He spoke to his wife in private and she admitted that she had been having an insignificant relationship with the singer for a few weeks, nothing important, nothing exciting. They hadn't really fucked yet, it had only been cuddling and kissing. She would agree if he banished the singer from court before he could actually conquer her. Her maid was already on her way to inform Dion of the development, then a messenger arrived to take him to the count.

Dion was already sure that he would be sent to the galley. But the count was in a good mood, there was no sign of the galley. He said he understood that he wanted his pretty, young wife, he was probably not the only one at court. But he could not tolerate it, because of the courtiers he had to send Dion and his dissolute mother away from court. Of course Dion received a lot of silver pieces so that he wouldn't be left with nothing. Dion could not believe his luck and put on a final, ill-considered performance for the count. He was devastated, he said, he had worshipped the countess from afar for years and now had to leave without having achieved his goal. Tears glittered in his deceitful eyes and ran down his deceitful cheeks. Such love, so honest and pure, moved the old count to tears. He stood up and embraced his deceitful brother in love. He took Dion by the hand and went with him to the countesses dorm. He told her to quickly undress and bare herself and get into bed. She obeyed without a word, heaven knows or God knows what her husband was planning. He paused for a moment, he made up his mind. "Go, dear brother, go and reach the finish line! The countess belongs to you for the first and last time, be gentle and kind to her, she is so fragile! I will sit on this stool and make sure that you do not humiliate or dishonor her!"

So it came to pass that Dion was allowed to fuck the beloved countess for the last time, with the count's suspense. He fucked the countess for half an hour and she repeatedly triggered her orgasm with her finger on her clit. She was completely exhausted after this

half hour, Dion pulled out his cock and squirted all over her body, her breasts, something he had never done before. He whispered that it was because of her husband. She smiled, dead tired. Dion went, told Hekate about everything and they left at sunset. He had given the count's family three children, something he never regretted.

Hekate wanted to stay in the city, but he wanted to move on, to try his luck somewhere else. He directed their steps to the nearest royal court. The old king remembered the singer and took him and Hekate into court. They were given a very spacious room. The old king was a widower, but he had heard of Hekate's reputation during his visits to the count. He was a widower, but he was certainly a little piglet too and was happy to accept her services for a while. And his servants were roaming the whole kingdom to find him a bride. He cast a knowing glance at Hekate. No, he said, he was looking for a young virgin, an untouched virgin of course. But he would be happy if Hekate warmed his mat for a while. He whispered to Dion, he had already fucked all the women of the court to the point of exhaustion, and Hekate was new and certainly experienced. Dion nodded understandingly, he agreed. But two things had to be considered, Hekate did not do it for free and she would not let herself be locked up when it came to fucking. The king gallantly gave Hekate his arm and led the two to their chamber.

Dion sang in the evenings and Hekate lay with the king. Hekate was really excited the next day. Hekate winked at Dion; the king was apparently nearly impotent, which didn't make her job any easier. Dion noticed that things were even more liberal at this court than at the count's. It didn't take a game of tag to get a pretty maid. He got to work; at the royal court there were plenty of maids, maidservants and their daughters. That meant a lot of work, he knew. Hekate sneaked to him at night when the old man was fast asleep and sneaked back later.

Dion had fucked one maid after the other. Whenever he could arrange it, he deflowered young girls who weren't embarrassed about it. Several months passed before the king's men returned with an untouched, pure virgin, young and almost a child. A maid examined the little girl and confirmed to the king that she was *virgo intacta*. The

king licked his lips, his men had found the right one. The king ordered the wedding to be arranged immediately. For the first time, but certainly not for the last time, the virgin Lina, Angelina, raised her tender voice. The wedding would take place in 14 days, she said firmly. This is how she learned that the old man was putty in her hands. She would get her way whenever necessary.

This is how the pure virgin Lina met the singer Dion. The courtiers and noblemen were introduced to her before the first banquet, when Dion embraced her in accordance with protocol and kissed her left and right cheeks, her clit twitched and signaled that the roof was on fire. She was addicted to Dion from that second on. The virgin was instinctively much more experienced than the royal scouts suspected. Since her early youth, she had masturbated night after night until she fell asleep from exhaustion. The scouts didn't find out about this, of course, and asking about it wasn't their focus. She was smart enough to listen to the unbridled reaction of her clit. Dion was the one for her, the right one. She sat near him every evening at the banquet and caught his eye with her beautiful legs, which she cautiously and secretly exposed to him only up to her pussy.

She met him in the garden purely by chance, or perhaps not entirely by chance. He gallantly offered his arm and they walked up and down chatting. She confessed her love to him in the first moment. He painfully remembered the last experience in this regard. But she was smart and already had a plan. She would persuade the king that he, the famous singer, would accompany her to her wedding night as a chaperone and that Hekate would consummate the marriage with the king. Lina said that Hekate had already agreed to trick the king. Dion was completely shocked, this small, beautiful maiden was very clever and skilled. Who did she want to give her virginity to, now or on her wedding night? She looked at him with a smile. "I only want to be deflowered by you, Master Dionysos, not by the old man who will probably be drunk by then!" He objected that it was high treason, but she waved him off. "If we are to be beheaded, then at least together!" He held his breath. "My head is not at your disposal, noble lady!" he cried indignantly and pressed her hand to his tunic, exactly where his cock was, smiling. They smiled at each other. "Then we are agreed," she said, and there was no question about it.

Day after day she prepared the king for the fact that the singer was the only one she trusted completely. She had no maid of her own, but the singer. The king nodded in agreement, if she said it, then it was certainly true. He was putty in her hands, he treated Dion with everything to please her. She knew when to praise him for it and when to give him a kiss on the cheek. Even before the wedding, he agreed that the singer would take on the role of chaperone to swear afterwards the consummation of the marriage.

It was a happy, splendid wedding, the entire population was invited and the king served wine and beer until they were full. Everyone was supposed to join in the celebration, and soon the king had filled up. He had Dion accompany him up the stairs, the young bride followed them. The musicians had been instructed to make as much noise as possible to drown out the bride's screams. Dion led the drunken king into the bedroom and helped him undress. The maiden undressed as well, the king and the minstrel stared at the naked beauty in equal measure. Dion poured two goblets of wine and drank to the marriage with the king. The heavy red wine from Patras was the last straw for the king. He sank onto the bed, into Hekate's arms. How skillfully the noble whore consummated the marriage with him! How skillfully she made him ejaculate! How gently she put the old man to sleep! Hekate kissed Dion on the top of his head. "Be gentle with her!" then she disappeared without a sound.

Dion took off his clothes. He hugged the virgin Lina and they lay down next to each other. They whispered how he wanted to deflower her, how she wanted to be deflowered. They agreed. He kissed her with lots of French kisses and his fingers played with her clit. "I'm already as hot as a campfire, Dion!" she breathed. He lay between her thighs and penetrated millimeter by millimeter. "The hymen is stretching, my love," she breathed. "It's getting more and more stretched, my love," she breathed, "It's going to tear soon!" Dion continued to press millimeter by millimeter. Dion nodded, as Lina called "Now!" and he thrust in at lightning speed. She didn't make a sound and gave him a deep French kiss. "Now I'm a woman, your wife, Dion!" she breathed. "Please fuck me as well as you can! I want to enjoy fucking with you." She put a finger on her clit. "I'll trigger the orgasm whenever I can!" From then on they didn't speak anymore.

Dion fucked her as well as he could. She didn't have to trigger the first orgasm with her finger, to her amazement it was Dion, the singer. He fucked her for another quarter of an hour, now she triggered orgasm after orgasm with her finger. He squirted inside, he gave it his all after she had whispered, "Yes, make me a child, let's give the old man an heir to the throne!" He almost choked as the memories threatened to suffocate him. Lina masturbated while he recovered. "In court society it is frowned upon to masturbate in front of your partner, although I know full well that all girls and women masturbate in secret," he said. She grinned cheekily. "That will soon change when I am the queen," she smiled and continued masturbating cheekily. He realized how different her orgasm was when she masturbated than when she fucked. They fucked three more times, then they were both exhausted.

A servant had a door slammed shut as the storm swept through the castle. All three of them woke up at the same time. Lina handed the king a large glass of water, which he drank eagerly. She knew what he would ask first. "Despite all the wine, you have vigorously deflowered me and made me your wife. Look, here is the small blood stain, the maid should quickly make the bed, I must be ashamed." The king let her give him a passionate kiss on the lips.

Now Dion woke up too and sat up. "I wouldn't have thought that at your age, Your Majesty. Despite the slight list, you have done well, I can and will testify to that." Now the king was finally convinced. "Did you fuck her too, Dionysos?" He nodded, yes. "At your express request, Your Majesty, I had initially refused, but you ordered it emphatically before you fell asleep, Your Majesty!" The king searched for fragments of memory. Yes, Lina had waited for him naked and hugged him. Yes, he had fucked and squirted.

But everything was nebulous, he had completely lost his memory. How could he order something like that!? Dion added, "After you took the virgin, Your Majesty, the queen took my stiff cock in her hand and said she wanted to fuck with my cock too!" The king tried desperately to remember, but nothing. "Your wife insisted more and more and you gave in. Your wife forced it out of you because she loves me very much!"

Lina came to Dion's aid. "I saw Dionysos' magnificent cock and sexual desire seized me. You refused, my lord and husband, saying you were tired and wanted to sleep. You could not be persuaded to change your mind, you brought your age into play. I absolutely wanted to be fucked as well as before. I took the reluctant Dionysos between my thighs and said, you would not tolerate his resistance. So you expressly ordered him to do it, twice in fact, until Dionysos followed your command."

"You grabbed me like an eagle, took my virginity and took my heart with sharp claws. Dionysos, on the other hand, took me like a tame dove and he tried damn hard to do the same." Lina put her arms around the king's shoulder and kissed him on the lips. "It was so pleasant to lie in the arms of a tame dove after your stormy conquest. You love me, my royal husband, and you will not refuse my request. Every night I want to lie first in your strong arms and then in Dionysos' arms. I love him a little too." The king nodded in agreement, that was how she was, his new wife, she demanded and he had to give. He asked Dion what it was like to fuck his wife. Dion described it in detail and raved about how good, fine and really hot his wife had fucked him. The king nodded, he too could remember fragments of how well she could already fuck, even though she was still a virgin. The three of them went to breakfast.

Queen Lina brought excitement to this small Greek kingdom. Every night the three of them went to bed, she insisted that the singer had to fuck her after the king. She let the old man fuck her occasionally once a week, even though she hated it deep down. She held Dion's hand while the king fucked her and looked him in the eyes. I'll pay the price of being queen, that's what her look said. She pretended to have an orgasm for the king as soon as the old man squirted a few drops. The king fell to the side and was completely exhausted. But then she ordered the poor singer to fuck her. He played the poor singer when the king was awake and watching the two of them. He felt sorry for the poor minstrel, whom the young queen ordered to fuck her again and again. It was a cheap charade, but it had to be that way. The king had to be a witness so that their fucking was legitimized.

Dion shared the bed with the king and queen, who were already looking forward to the birth of their first child. The king had no doubts about his paternity, because when he watched the two of them fucking, Dion pulled out his cock and squirted in long stripes over Lina's upper body, her beautiful breasts. She, in turn, knew very well that the king was not the father, because he could only squirt a few drops a week.

Dion did not let Lina tie him down. He continued to fuck maids, servants and dissolute court ladies who shamelessly cheated on their husbands. But, as I said, at this court in those early days, when Greece was still split into hundreds of kingdoms, principalities and counties and a certain Homer dictated his works to the scribes, at that time very loose morals prevailed, including in this small kingdom. Queen Lina gave birth to her first daughter, a sweet, cute child.

The king and Dion started on the next task, perhaps it would be a boy. The old king's eyes often closed before he had even fucked, so Dion took over his part. Lina whispered that he should give her another child, perhaps it would be a boy, the heir to the throne. Queen Lina gave birth to another daughter, but the poor little thing died on the fifth day. The king mourned and gave in to old age. It became increasingly difficult for him to fuck the queen. But he was as proud as a peacock when Queen Lina was pregnant again. She gave birth to twins, two beautiful boys. The king gave a feast for the entire population and did not hold back.

Dion and Hekate had already been in the kingdom for 6 years. Rumors about the king's paternity kept flaring up, now that he had two crown princes. The gossip didn't stop, because it was scandalous that the singer slept with the royal couple night after night. The king dismissed the stupid gossip. It was Queen Lina who took decisive action. The worst of the tormentors was Leonidas, the king's nephew, who wanted to succeed to the throne himself, but the twins were in his way. Unless they were illegitimate. The second greedy fellow was Theodoros, the general. He also believed that he was the only one who should succeed the king. The twins were illegitimate, the singer's bastards. Lina was determined to get rid of them both. No,

not with poison, as Hecate suggested. She was not yet 30 and was beautiful as a Goddess. These were her weapons.

Queen Lina, who was hard to beat in terms of cleverness, cunning and deceit, lured Leonidas with her weapons until the naive wretch was ablaze. As ordered, a maid burst into the queen's bedroom, where the queen was being happily raped by Leonidas since hours. The maid called the guards, Leonidas was thrown into the dungeon and was never to see the light of day again. Theodoros should have been warned, but the old swashbuckler was completely thrown off guard when Queen Lina confessed her love to him. He lost this battle, he who was used to winning. He was cautious and it took weeks before he took the bait. He was not as clumsy as Leonidas, he fucked the queen and was already long gone when the maid burst in. He managed to do this for four afternoons, he fucked the queen and disappeared. On the fifth afternoon, luck deserted him, he was thrown into the dungeon like his comrade.

The king lost his temper and held a court in the main square. The people should see for themselves what happened to those who had encroached on the king's property and honor. It was a long and exciting trial. The judge first allowed those who spoke for Leonidas and Theodoros to speak, and they gave them a good testimony. Then, at the end, the queen was questioned. Leonidas approached her and raped her repeatedly for an entire afternoon, even though she did not want to be humiliated or dishonored. Neither the question of who made eyes at whom first nor how he was able to get into her bedroom were asked. Regarding Theodoros, crocodile tears shed, a whole bucketful. Theodoros had fucked her every afternoon for a week. The judge asked her if he was a bad fucker? She acted as if the question confused her. No, the general fucked excellently, but not better than her husband, the king. She could not answer how he was not caught so often. And she added that one should add to the positive testimonies that he was very good at fucking and that it would be a pleasure for any respectable Greek woman to lie with him.

The King's Marshal stood up, speaking for the King. Sneaking into the King's treasury and stealing something was a crime punishable by death. Sneaking into the Queen's bedroom and fucking the King's

poor wife for hours on end all afternoon was also punishable by death. Fucking the King's poor, defenseless wife every afternoon for a week was also punishable by death. In the name of the King, concluded the Marshal.

The 5 judges whispered and gesticulated. The chief judge stood up. The King's demand for the death penalty was just and legitimate. That was the right of the husband, whose wife's innocence and honor had been stolen behind his back. On the other hand, there were many witnesses who vouched for Leonidas and Theodoros. He wanted to hear the queen's opinion, because she was the one who had been raped, humiliated and dishonored. Death or prison? After a short pause, the queen said, "Prison!" And so it came to pass that Leonidas and Theodoros disappeared into prison forever.

Even in the 7th year, Hekate was able to put many, many silver pieces into her savings box. Dion and Lina fucked night after night in front of the king's tired eyes. He could clearly feel how much the two loved each other, and it all happened on his orders. Most of the time he was condemned to just watch, and he was able to fuck Lina less and less often. It was important for Dion to be a conversation partner for the king. He learned a lot and sometimes had advice or ideas. After the trial, the king was devastated. The judges had laid out the queen's most private things before the people. Leonidas had fucked the queen for an entire afternoon before he was caught in flagrante delicto and arrested. Theodoros had fucked the queen every afternoon for a week. The king believed his wife when she said she didn't want any of this. Perhaps his wife had felt great sexual pleasure in being fucked by Leonidas and Theodoros, she didn't deny that even in court. But the two had robbed him, the king. In conversation with Dion, he summed up who was fucking his faithful and chaste wife: himself, Dionysos, Leonidas and Theodoros. He shook his head in contempt and despair. "I always wanted only a chaste and faithful wife. Lina is my fifth wife, the others I had to send to hell. Not because they didn't give birth to an heir to the throne, but because they behaved like shameless whores. They unashamedly fucked with anyone and everyone. Will the same thing happen to me with Lina?" Dion shook his head firmly. "No, Your Majesty, no and no again! She fucks you because you are her beloved husband and the father of her

children! She fucks me because you expressly ordered it twice on the first night and there has been no turning back since then. She must love me at least a little, otherwise she would have sent me packing long ago. And you see with your own eyes night after night that I fuck her as well as I can. I see how much it pleases you when your wife experiences sexual joy, excitement and sheer horniness. Your love for your wife and your generosity with regard to your wife's sexual fulfillment, all of this is an honor to you, Your Majesty!" Dion could see that he had given the king a good explanation. The king nodded in agreement and said, "I was very jealous at first when you fucked my Lina every night. The longer it lasted, the more I realized that fucking brought you two very close together, and that it felt good for Lina and that she was completely happy with you. Now I am not jealous for a second, my dear friend!"

Dion continued. "Leonidas and Theodoros are criminals, plain and simple, at least they are not sitting in prison innocently. They stole from you and the queen. But what really bothers you is the thought that Queen Lina had sexual feelings with those criminals. You are doing her an injustice, Your Majesty! She is a healthy young woman, she is very sexually receptive and very sexually sensitive. Apart from the crimes themselves, I am not at all surprised that your wife feels great sexual pleasure and sexual fulfillment when she is fucked. I am quite certain that your wife suffered greatly from the crime, no question about it. But the fact that she found being fucked sexually exciting and arousing shows me that she is a healthy young woman who enjoys fucking sexually. That is my opinion, Your Majesty!" The king nodded again and again. He knew how right the singer was.

But the gossip and conspiracy theories did not stop. Dion had his ears everywhere, he heard what the maids, the servants and the dissolute court ladies and noblewomen said. Although he sang his songs every evening, he listened carefully to what was said at the banquet after two or three cups of wine. Even if it was whispered behind the hands. He lay down next to Hecate, who became happy and devout every time her son lay down next to her. "We must go, Mama!" he said to her astonishment. "The gossip does not stop, even though the filthiest agitators are in prison. They are whispering about the king,

the queen and me. I must put an end to it brutally, we must go. The sooner we go, the better. That is the only way the gossip will end.” They discussed the matter for a long time, he even suggested that he alone should go and that she could continue to earn her silver here. No, she did not want to stay here without him. No. It was agreed that they would both go.

Queen Lina was offended. She loved him, the father of her children. She loved the fucking that she had enjoyed night after night for 7 years, she did not want to give it up. She cried and howled and sobbed. She was only 25 years old, her body screamed every day for fucking, for orgasms. It took several days before she really understood his argument. After a while she had accepted that Dionysos would go, without a doubt. He told the king, who flinched at first but listened carefully to his argument. It did not take him a moment to understand the implications. “I am losing my singer, who accompanied the banquets so beautifully. My wife is losing a good friend, a good lover, and that will hurt her for a long time. But you are right, friend Dionysos, the conspiracy theories and the gossip would immediately stop. I sense your great love for me and my wife, that you put our happiness above your own.”

Dion never told anyone that he was fed up with the same old maids, servants and depraved noblewomen. He was now 29 or 30 years old and could no longer stand still. Hekate and he tied their bundles onto a donkey and set off. Hekate suspected that he already had a goal in mind. Yes, that was true. In the neighboring kingdom there was a not so old king and queen whose chastity, loyalty and purity were known beyond the borders. However, it was also said that in this kingdom the morals were even more relaxed than in the one they had just left. Maids and servants served practically naked. At the banquets the ladies outdid each other to show themselves obscenely, frivolously and as naked as possible without being completely naked. Hekate laughed when he talked to her about it. “I may already be too old to show myself naked in public,” she said with a grin.

Dion headed straight for the royal palace and asked to be admitted to the king. The receptionist looked him and Hekate up and down. “I see, you are a singer and harp player, that will interest the king. Find

a place to stay, take a bath and come tomorrow at 11 o'clock, well dressed, I will let you or both of you appear before the king." Dion did as recommended.

Like Hekate, he had put on his best clothes and arrived at the palace on time. The receptionist led them to the king, "The singer and harp player Dionysos and Hekate." The king had had a good breakfast and a not too disastrous meeting with the High Council. He told the two of them to sit down. King Pantocrates was about 50 years old, a stocky, powerful military leader. "Greetings, Dionysos and Hekate. We have heard of you both for years, your harp playing and your songs at banquets are famous. I have only confused, contradictory reports about you, Hecate. What do you have to offer?"

Hecate thought for a moment. "I am a noble whore and can claim to have been the best in the previous court." The king nodded, "I understand. Here you will have to fight hard for the first place, we already have several noble whores at court, each one better than the last." He waved to his chief of staff. "Dionysos and Hekate will be accommodated here in the castle, he is the new singer who will entertain us in the evenings." The chief of staff bowed and went with the two to their chamber. It was a large, spacious room with three beds. They would be helped to set up, said the chief of staff and snapped his fingers. Two naked maids scurried into the room. Dion and Hekate saw that it was true, the maids were naked, completely naked. They gave each other a meaningful look.

Hekate knew about herbs. The meat that was served in the morning, afternoon and evening was seasoned with stimulating herbs. This was an aphrodisiac that sexually aroused both men and women. Dion, who knew nothing about herbs, nodded understandingly. That explains a lot, he murmured. They settled in comfortably and took a siesta. In the evening, Dion packed his harp and went into the great hall, where about 40 people were sitting at the table. The king stood up and raised his goblet. "My friends, this is Dionysos, he will accompany our evening meal with harp playing and songs. Welcome, Dionysos!" That was a warm greeting, Dion bowed and began his playing.

Dion's eyes surveyed the company as he sang and played. The men wore knee-length tunics, the decorations of which probably indicated the wearer's rank. It seemed to be of no concern if the cock and balls were occasionally visible. The ladies were all no longer so young. They wore a bolero that was open at the front and barely covered their breasts. Most of the breasts had nothing about them that a young man like Dion would particularly like. The noble ladies wore a wide or narrow sash around their hips that did not cover their private parts at all. Dion sang songs and ballads and enjoyed the sight of the naked serving maids. They were exquisitely pretty and were just to our bard's taste.

Hekate had pushed her sleeping mats together and was waiting for him. "This is Phoebe, our maid," she said to Dion with a smile and pointed to the girl who was crouched between her thighs and licking her clit. Phoebe was well-fed and a little plump, but she licked Hekate's clit from orgasm to orgasm until Hekate was tired. Now he could look at Phoebe from the front. Her small, pointed breasts looked good, she had a childlike, friendly face and her eyes flashed with sexual excitement and lust. She lay on her back on Dion's sleeping mat and took him between her thighs. "I could use a little fucking, sir, or a whole lot of it!" Dion accepted the invitation and Phoebe put a finger on her clit to trigger her orgasm from time to time. He fucked the maid slowly because he was still tired. She triggered orgasm after orgasm and then was tired too. They hugged each other, it had been a nice and satisfying fuck for both of them.

Dion put his arm around the maid and asked her to tell him everything about the queen. Queen Dina was a princess from the kingdom of Corinthium, she was 26 years old and had already given the king 4 sons. In the country of Corinthium, the customs were not as relaxed as here, Phoebe said with a shudder, female masturbation was strictly forbidden, everyone was clothed, even when fucking, nudity was considered lewd. Here everything is allowed and nudity is a given, thank God! The queen, however, was a child of her homeland, she never exposed herself in public except when playing in the garden. She was sexually devoted to her husband and physically faithful, she was never seen fucking anyone other than her husband. When she fucked the king, she exposed herself because the king insisted.

He was also the one who liked to fuck half in public. “I will not hide a beauty like you in a dark small room.” Queen Dina had accepted it over time, but she never let herself be fucked by anyone other than her husband, Phoebe finished her description.

What kind of games were those in the garden? asked Dion. Phoebe said ball games, tag, and the like. No, Queen Dina was the only one who wasn’t naked. She usually wore a thin, semi-transparent dress that gave a hint of everything but didn’t show anything definitively. She played with people every afternoon, but they were all younger than she was. Dion was dead tired, he hugged Phoebe from the left and Hekate from the right, then his eyes closed. He dreamed of a young girl dancing naked on the seashore.

Dion did what he was used to doing during the day. It was easy to lure maids and maidservants into a room and fuck them. The maids and maidservants were not only completely naked, but also excited by the spiced meat and fish. It was not surprising that the king and queen only hired the pretty ones. It took several days before he saw Queen Dina for the first time. He was speechless. She wore a floor-length dress, a cloak that reached from her shoulders to the floor and covered her sandals. In front it consisted of a transparent veil that brazenly exposed her breasts and her private parts. Phoebe at his side whispered that it had taken the king months of persuasion to get her to wear the lewd clothing. Dion could not believe that this young, girlish creature had already given birth to 4 sons. He greeted her with a hug and a kiss on the left and right cheek, as was the custom. Queen Dina trembled slightly, she was not sure why. “Welcome, singer Dionysos,” she said kindly, “unfortunately I can only hear your singing from a distance because I am not taking part in the unchaste banquet. The women there are lewd and shameless, I am neither.” Dion bowed. “It would be an honor for me to sing just for you and your maids in the afternoon!” She just looked at him in silence and let him go.

He sat there for days, a week, as if on hot coals. Then the queen sent a maid. With the harp under his arm, he hurried behind the maid into the wing forbidden to men, the sleeping quarters of the queen and the king’s favorites. He bowed deeply to Queen Dina. She

was wearing only the transparent veil, she had taken off her cloak made of heavy fabric. A mocking smile played around her lips as she felt his eyes on her body. He began to play the harp and his song. The queen's maids were not naked, they wore more or less modest veils like the mistress. He sang the most beautiful ballads that dealt with futile love and the pain of separation. Queen and maids were moved, embraced each other shuddering and dabbed their tears with silk handkerchiefs.

Dion left after two hours and the maid who accompanied him out whispered in his ear that the queen was granting him a night with one of her maids as a thank you. He didn't have to think for a moment and named his choice. In fact, the maid came into his room after dinner. Hecate and Phoebe withdrew. He unbuckled her belt and let the veil slide to the floor. She was a great beauty, a queen, she was so beautiful. She lowered her gaze as she asked how he wanted to fuck her. "First you ride me, then from the front and finally from behind, doggy style." She nodded and mounted him. She was still a very young girl, only 15 years old and very shy. But she rode him as well as she could, she was doing it for the first time, she said. She had only been deflowered six months ago at the queen's request and had only fucked three men, she said, as he laid her on her back and fucked her. She only knew fucking in this position, she breathed, heading towards her orgasm. Dion was delighted by her efforts to give him pleasure while fucking. She got on all fours, fearfully. "But please don't fuck me in the asshole, sir!" she begged with tears in her eyes. He laughed, "No, my child, don't be afraid!" He fucked the girl from behind and enjoyed it. He kissed the girl on the lips and let her go. Hecate and Phoebe lay down next to him, the fucking was far from over.

He now saw the queen playing in the garden every afternoon among the young people. They only played for a short time, then the naked young people rolled around in the grass. The queen was the only one covered with her transparent veil dress. Some lay down in the grass opposite her, looked intently under the queen's veils and masturbated. Queen Dina seemed to like that, as Dion noticed from his observation post. The queen made room when a girl lay down

next to her, laughing, and let herself be fucked by one after the other. The queen also seemed to like that.

In the afternoon, a maid led him into the queen's bedroom. She was again wearing only her transparent undergarment, and he sang a few funny, sometimes raunchy songs. The queen threw her legs up as she laughed, and Dion delighted in the sight of her pussy. It was a beautiful, very inviting pussy. He had been going into her bedroom and singing for four months now. The queen could stand a lot of raunchy verses and threw her legs up. Of course she knew that Dion worshipped her pussy, but she was unapproachable, impregnable.

Dion had finished singing, the maids had already left, and he stood undecided in front of the queen, whose face was still glowing. Following an inspiration, he bowed, kissed her cheeks on both sides, and left quickly. This was repeated day after day. He had to hold back for a week, then he kissed her briefly on the lips, she smiled and let him go. He kissed her on the lips for a month and felt her pressing her body against him. After that month he held her by the hips and gave her a French kiss. She hesitated for a long time before she returned the kiss. She trembled and shook, then he left without saying a word. But from the next day onwards she gave herself to his French kiss, trembling and shaking, they kissed for an eternity. She no longer threw her legs up, she was serious and very thoughtful. Dion knew how much she was struggling with herself, she had reached down to his hard cock during the French kiss. He couldn't rush anything, he gave her one or more French kisses every afternoon and she clung to his cock.

With trembling hands she put the wooden latch in place, her maids had their instructions. She stepped towards him, shaking and trembling, grabbed his cock and gave him a deep French kiss. Tears ran down her cheeks. Dion knew that today was the day. Weeping, she untied the knot in her veil, which fluttered to the floor. The queen had snow-white, silvery shimmering hair from birth, even her armpit hair and her pubic hair, under whose silver sheen the pubic slit was clear visible. She was beautiful and desirable. Weeping, she untied his clothes, and now they stood naked opposite each other and embraced. "Why are you crying, High Lady?" he asked, holding

her gently in his arms. "I have never fucked another man than my lord and master. Never, never!" Her answer was just a soft breath. "He's grown old and weak, I'm only 26 and I want to fuck every night, but the king prefers to squander his manhood on the very young favorites. I've fallen in love, dear Dionysos, I want to feel you between my thighs!"

Dion picked her up and laid her on her sleeping mat. "You are desirable, beautiful woman, your body trembles and shakes with sexual desire!" She nodded and her tears dried up. She thirstily returned his French kisses and opened her thighs so that he could stimulate and excite her clit. After a while she whispered, "I'm ready, Dionysos, come, fuck me like a man!" And so it came to pass that he fucked Queen Dina thoroughly. "Yes, just squirt inside there, make me a child!" she called quietly as he straightened up to squirt. They lay quietly next to each other.

He was amazed, he said, that her pussy was as tight as a virgin's. She smiled, "My lord and master likes it that way! After every birth, I had the Wise Woman rub my pussy with herbs and lime juice. She is the only woman who has ever masturbated me! Even my favorite maids are not allowed to do that. When a maid lies with me because my husband is with his underage favorite, we masturbate together, but each of us separately." Dion could well imagine that. Are the maids guarding us? Dina nodded. "They have their orders to watch over us. Of course, their curious ears are glued to the door, but I don't care." Dion had rubbed her clit until it was stiff again and lay down on the queen without saying a word. As with the first fuck, she didn't orgasm until the end and released him after he squirted.

The queen had cheated on her king, whether only once or daily, it didn't matter. She decided on daily. Dion, who was always fucking maids, servants and dissolute ladies of the court, fucked the queen every afternoon after singing. He was not surprised that the naughty, greedy, horny women spread word about his fucking. There were many of them, but he preferred virginal noble girls or newlyweds. He liked their shyness, their chaste reserve accompanied by tears and their assurances that they were cheating on their husbands for the first time. Queen Dina had of course heard all this, but it slipped past

her. It was quite a while before she felt compelled to seduce the king. The queen was pregnant and gave birth to a daughter, Desdemona. The king was immensely happy, finally a daughter! He threw a big party for the entire population. Dina was unreachable for a whole week, the wise woman was with her.

Hekate and Dion had been at court for over 5 years, they had a quiet, beautiful life. Dion was 35 and Hekate was already 50, she had laboriously climbed the ladder of noble whores and was on the highest rung. But whoever is at the top falls the furthest. It was probably meant to be that way, betrayal, murder and manslaughter were lurking around the corner.

Queen Dina never found out who had betrayed her. She was lying with Dion and they were fucking like every day at the same time when the maids stormed in. Dion immediately slipped off Dina. "The king, the king!" the maids shouted, but it was too late. The king stood in the doorway. His bodyguards followed on his heels. Too many eyes saw the disgrace, the betrayal. The king would have liked to avoid it, he would have liked to sweep it under the carpet. But it was too late. Dion was immediately thrown into the dungeon, the queen was under house arrest. The king locked himself in and brooded. Then he had decided on two things. He wanted a proper trial and he wanted Dion's head. The justice court and the entire court had to meet the next morning.

For the king, the verdict was already clear anyway. He wanted to humiliate the queen in front of the entire court, she should fall to her knees crying and experience her disgrace. The judges played along, the court played along too, the chaste and pure queen was neither chaste nor pure, she was finally an adulteress like any of them. But two did not play along, the queen and Dion, the singer.

Dion was brought in chains. He remained silent, not a sound came from his lips. He listened motionless as truths and lies were recited. None of the naughty ladies of the court rose to give a good testimony to the youth who had fucked them all so wonderfully. He looked from one to the other, but they lowered their eyes in shame, these shameless ones. The judges then let the queen step forward. She was the

first queen to be tried in court. She was told that she had to tell the truth. Only the truth.

How long had she been cheating on the king? asked the chief judge. "For a few weeks," lied the queen. She had to name all her lovers, the judge said sternly. "Only Dionysos, the singer and harp player Dionysos." The judge shifted from one foot to the other. "No one else?" he asked again sternly, but she shook her head firmly. And why did she allow this monstrosity at all!? was the next stern question and King Pantocrates cringed, asking that was a big mistake. He stood up, but the queen was already answering. "The king preferred to lie with his very young whores than in the arms of his wife. That gave me the right to lie in the arms of the court singer. Who can blame me for that!?" The queen looked cheekily into her husband's eyes and then provocatively into those of the judge. The judge made another mistake. She was supposed to describe the adulterous fucking, briefly and succinctly. The queen looked at him with contempt. Briefly and succinctly!? What was he daring to ask!?

Instead, she looked the bound Dion in the eyes with shining eyes. He nodded and smiled. She then described how she seduced the singer, step by step. She showed him her legs and pussy, no more shamelessly than other women, until the poor singer was addicted to her. Day after day she bared her pussy to turn him on. She didn't give up, she had to have him. A murmuring and shuffling of feet went through the ranks of the court. How she gave him the first kiss. How she exposed herself to him and forced him into bed. The murmuring and shuffling started again. The poor guy didn't even know what was happening to him when she pulled the reluctant man between her thighs. Some of the ladies of the court sighed loudly, almost fainting. The queen looked haughtily around. "I pushed his magnificent cock into my small, tight pussy hole with my hand and demanded that the poor guy fuck me properly because my husband, my lord and master, my husband, had neglected to do so for a year." She looked around, haughty and calculating. "The singer fucked me twice more before I let him go. That was exactly three times more than my lord and master has ever done." The king was seething with rage. He shouted at the judge, "I demand his head!" but the damage had already been done. In the eyes of the court, he was a weakling who could neither

control his wife nor match the singer's sexual performance. The judge and court were close to letting the singer go. The king drew himself up to his full height. "I demand a duel, to the death! Tomorrow, at sunrise. With the sword!"

He smiled wildly and was about to leave when Dion spoke for the first time. "If you win, my king, I am dead, as you wish. If I win, your people will tear me to pieces! Tell me, Your Majesty, what I should fight for!?" The king was trapped. "I order that not a hair on the singer's head should be harmed if he wins. If he wins!" A cold shiver ran down his spine. Was the singer perhaps trained, experienced in sword fighting? He visibly shuddered when Dion looked at him cheekily. He shook himself and left.

The next day the sun rose, the king stood in a circle, clutching his sword tightly and shuffling his sandals in the sand. He looked at the queen. For the first time ever, she was wearing the clothes of the women of the court. She had tied up her bare breasts with a gold-woven shawl and exposed them to the eye like never before. Her dress parted above her belly button, revealing her beautiful pussy and her silvery pubic hair. In the future, she would be just as dirty and dissolute as the other ladies of the court. She flirted and chatted with court sycophants, cackling, giggling and acting like a whore, like the naughtiest ladies in the court. The king lowered his head. He had her, he had risked her wonderfully reserved nature with the damned court case and had lost heavily. Where was his opponent? The executioner, who was also the dungeon master, came running. The prisoner was gone. He had escaped. Someone had freed him. He looked at Dina, his wife, whom he had wanted to humiliate and expose yesterday. She saw the dungeon master whispering to the king, she looked him cheekily in the eyes and then grinned. Pantocrates knew instinctively that Dina had freed the prisoner. She clenched her fist and spread her index and little fingers. The sign of the devil. The sign of the cuckolded husband. She turned her back to him brusquely and continued to flirt. The king had lost her, or at least that was how it looked now. He would focus all his attention on winning her heart back. Not her dirty, soiled pussy, but her pure heart. He half-heartedly sent messengers to the border, but they would return empty-handed.

Hekate, Dion and the donkey, laden with 4 wooden boxes full of silver pieces, left the border just before sunrise. Their next destination was three days' journey ahead. The aged King Pausanias married his fifth wife, a virgin from the kingdom of Sparta. She was said to be the most beautiful princess in all of Greece, a 14-year-old virgin, clever and educated, shy and with a fabulous treasure as a dowry, as Hekate had heard. Dion was monosyllabic and plodded along. He had to leave Dina and his little daughter at a time when he was so happy with her. He had fucked hundreds of maids, servants and perverted and shameless noblewomen and deflowered several noble girls, but with no one was the fucking as honest, pure and passionate as with Queen Dina. She had defeated the king in court and in front of the entire court, and that in turn appeased Dion. She was equal to her fate, his queen.

Dion asked Hekate what she had found out about the bride. Not much, said his mother, there were completely contradictory statements. Most people thought she was a clever and educated saint who had not yet experienced real life. A well-traveled whore had a different view, she had fiery red hair and was, in short, a tomboy. During the siesta she lay in the shade of a tent on the flat roof of the Spartan palace and masturbated when she thought she was unobserved. She already had a lover who was allowed to stay with her overnight, but the strict mother examined her every morning to make sure her hymen was not damaged. Dion said, "I'm curious to see what color her pubic hair is?" Hekate, grumpy and tired from walking, said, "Red, of course, but maybe blonde!" Dion smiled. "We'll find out, Mama!" They set off, the walk was still damn long.

"Red or blond, red or blond?" murmured Dion as they continued on.

On the fourth day they reached the royal city of Pausanias. They were immediately admitted to the aged king, who was in a great mood and immediately hired Dion, three pieces of silver per evening when it was his turn. Dion asked irritably, "My turn?" The king laughed as if he had made a good joke. Yes, there were already two singers, he was the third. The king did not even ask what Hekate was doing there, she was probably his wife or lover. The chief steward

gave them a very nice, shady room, with a view of a small forest and the sea.

Dion heard on the first day that King Pausanias was an uncle of King Pantocrates, from whom they had escaped at the last minute. Dion saw no need to explain this to King Pausanias. He would find out from others, from travellers or traders, that would be soon enough. Perhaps so much time had passed that it was no longer news, no longer a piece of news. He also found out that Pausanias had chased his four wives to hell, because over time they had become the most depraved of the entire court. The customs at Pausanias' court were even more loose and depraved than at Pantocrates' court, it was said. Hecate grinned broadly. That could only be to her advantage. Dion went off to meet the other two singers.

One came from the area that was now Turkey, from a small, dirty port town where Izmir is today. He spoke only a little Greek and swore in his native language. His instrument was a board with strings stretched across it. He sang in his native language and it sounded strange, but not bad. The other was from Thrace, his harp was much larger than Dion's, with a corresponding number of strings. He played excellently, his harp playing was complicated and artistic. But when he started to sing, the listeners wanted to run away. "Only the ravens caw louder and more melodiously than a Thracian singer!" quoted Dion, who understood the meaning of this famous saying for the first time. The three singers agreed on the order in which each of them would sing and collect a silver coin. Dion did not mention that he would collect three silver coins. He gave the Thracian some good advice and avoided his sandal, which the Thracian laughingly wanted to throw at his head.

Dion was walking in the garden, it was a very well-kept garden that provided coolness. The gods guided his steps to a bush. He heard quiet noises. He went behind the bush and there she was, masturbating with her legs spread wide. He sat down on the grass opposite her and remained as quiet as a mouse. She was already in the finale and had a nice, light orgasm. Only now did she see him and adjust her skirt modestly. "How long have you been here?" she asked, shocked, and he smiled. "Long enough to see you in paradise!" He

thought she was a child and spoke to her carelessly. She looked at him. "I've only ever masturbated outdoors and thought I was undisturbed here. I was able to escape my maids and thought I was safe here." Only now did Dion notice her shoulder-length, fiery red hair. "Are you - are you the bride from Sparta who will marry the king?" he asked speechless and introduced himself, Dionysos, a court singer. She nodded, "Yes, I am Princess Lea of Sparta and next week I am supposed to lie with my husband, who is older than my grandfather!" she said bitterly. "I had a good lover in Sparta, but I was not allowed to give him my virginity, my mother was very careful." Dion asked what she was allowed to do with her lover. "We cuddled for hours, he kissed so deeply that my clit burned. We lay on top of each other and played fucking, but he never put his cock inside. He fucked between my inner thighs and squirted, we were not allowed to do more than that, although we masturbated each other very often." Princess Lea burst into tears. "They kept my virginity so that I could give it to an old grandfather!" She cried, sobbing and heartbreaking. He put his arm over her shoulders, caressing first her cheeks and then her thighs. His hand slid higher and she stopped crying and sobbing. "You would do it now, singer Dionysos, you would masturbate me softly and gently?" He nodded, "Soft and gentle, I have some practice in that." She gave him a kiss on the cheek. "No, there is no time for that. I have brought my three maids from Sparta, they know what I am doing here and they are distracting the local maids. I have to go immediately. Will you come tomorrow at the same time, Dionysos?" He nodded in agreement and the princess ran away. He went back to the palace and looked for Hekate, who was surveying the situation. "Blonde," he said with a smile and Hekate pulled him aside. "She is light blonde, her pubic hair is not red like her hair, but she has a light, blonde fluffy down over her pussy." Now he had to tell Mama everything in detail. They went to dinner, it was the Turk's turn. He really had a beautiful voice and his songs were very emotional.

"We don't have a permanent maid here, should I look for one?" He waved her off, saying he wanted to fuck her today because they had landed happily. He fucked Hekate twice, that was enough for both of them. In the morning they ate well, in Hekate's opinion the meat was even more heavily seasoned than at Pantocrates' court. "We'll be

sharper than any knife blade in no time, my poor darling. Hopefully you'll find someone to fuck soon!" He kissed her on the lips. "The same for you, Mom!" He walked around the garden and at the right time behind the hidden bushes.

He only had to wait a moment before Princess Lea arrived. He told her to lay in his arms like a baby. She obeyed without a word. His hand slid from her knee higher and higher until it disappeared under her skirt and reached her pussy. "Can I lift up my skirt, I like it best outdoors?" She closed her eyes and gave herself over to his clitplay. After a short time she reached the level of excitement that led to orgasm. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the cheek, then her orgasm came with all its might and swept her away. He continued to stroke her clit, again she closed her eyes and gave herself over to his clitplay. As before, her orgasm came with all its might and she almost died of sexual desire. She put her hand on his and shook her head, "that's enough, Dionysos!" He was still holding her in his arms, she had put her arms around his neck and he earned a kiss on his lips. "Do you want to be my friend, my dearest and most intimate friend, who takes care of my clit?" she breathed, shocked by her own words. Dion said he wanted to be her friend very much, even after she had married the king. She immediately began to cry and sob. She was heartbroken to marry her grandfather. There was no way out. Was there no way out?

Dion said that first of all, supported by her own maids, she should demand that the king grant her 10 or 14 days after the wedding to get used to the other, which was not unusual when people didn't really know each other yet. Lea stopped her stupid crying and sobbing. "The wedding is in 10 days, so another 10 days, but then!" she said dejectedly. She was very clever and listened to him. After all, he was her friend, her only friend here in a foreign country. "Perhaps you should think about taking one of your trusted maids with you on your wedding night, that was actually a matter of course in our circles. She will support you in cuddling with the king to get him going, believe me, that will be necessary at his age. Maybe he'll fuck your maid too, she'll have to be prepared for that."

Lea nodded, she had understood that. “Does the maid like to fuck?” asked Dion. She said, “Yes, almost every day, she lets me watch them fucking in our bed and I masturbate most of the time.” Dion was satisfied. “Talk to her, she must be prepared for the king to fuck her too. Maybe if he fucks the maid first, he might get tired and fall asleep. But that’s only postponed, you’ll have to fuck the old man, there’s no way around it.” He hugged Lea very gently and caressed her. That was right, she wasn’t crying now. “I will fuck him, I understand that. But I will discuss your thoughts with my maid in private.” She jumped up, her time was up for today. “Tomorrow?” she asked and he said, “Yes, of course, my princess, my friend!”

He fucked some of the naked maids until the evening, the naughty ladies of the court arrived late. It was his evening to entertain the many guests. Many guests had come from far away, even King Pantocrates, who did not look at him. He sang a song that Queen Dina loved very much. He saw her, she had almost completely undressed herself according to local custom, but she wiped the tears from her eyes. There was no way to meet her alone, King Pantocrates was glued to her.

That night he brought a maid to her bed who was bisexual. So Hekate also had a playmate, he knew how much she liked to make lesbian love. He and Hekate alternated between fucking the maid, who cheered and shouted loudly when she climaxed. He fucked her often until he had completely drained his juices. The next day he continued the hunt for pretty maids and maids, whose complete nakedness made the selection easier. At midday he went into the garden, straight to the bushes. He didn’t have to wait long, Princess Lea came and sat on his lap. They exchanged only a glance, she lifted her skirt and closed her eyes, opened her thighs and gave herself over to his clitplay. She enjoyed it very much that he continued to masturbate her without a break. She breathed how finely and well he was doing it to her. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. She returned his French kiss with great practice. They kissed and kissed and his fingertips felt her clit harden again. She shook her head dismissively, “Let’s talk, Dionysos!” He held her gently in his arms. “I spoke to my maid, she understands your thoughts and asked me if I really wanted to give my virginity to the old king? At first I

didn't understand at all. She said that if I wanted to give my virginity to someone else, she knew enough tricks to outwit the old man. I was speechless. Of course I would rather give my virginity to a young man and not to the old king. We discussed it for a long time, she will fuck the king every night for the 14 days after the wedding, which he had agreed to." Princess Lea hugged him tightly. "I should choose a young man, said the maid, one who would appreciate the gift." Tears slowly rolled down her cheeks. He looked into her eyes, she had never been more beautiful than she was now. He knew exactly what she was going to ask.

"I want to be deflowered and fucked by a good friend. You are my only good friend here. What do you think, friend Dionysos?" He acted as if he were surprised. "Oh, princess, I can't accept that! Your virginity! The deflowering, the fucking. Don't you want someone younger, someone your own age, your lover from Sparta?" He was ashamed of putting on such a deceitful act. But she should ask him, beg him and ask him directly.

Princess Lea asked him, begged him and demanded. He was her best friend, he had to do it! He gave in and agreed. "Do we still have time?" he asked and she shook her head. "I'll tell my maid that it will happen tomorrow afternoon and that she will give me a little more time. She will, definitely. Tomorrow, then, my dear Dionysos!" She jumped up and ran away, humming a little song. Hekate was impressed. "We've only been here 5 days and tomorrow you're going to deflower and fuck the king's bride. That's very impressive, my son!" She threw her arms around his neck. He kept her at a distance, they were in public where everyone could see them. He didn't bring a maid with him that night, that night he belonged to Hekate alone.

The next day he slept very late. He didn't hunt for maids and girls, he wanted to have his whole load ready for Princess Lea. He had been in the garden for a long time before the princess came earlier than usual. They hugged behind the bushes, they turned each other on with French kisses and they both undressed. "I'm going to have to hurt you a little, that's the deflowering." She nodded, she was well informed. He lay down between her thighs, she guided his cock to the entrance of her pussy. She whispered, "Do it quickly, Dionysos!"

With a quick jerk he deflowered her and penetrated her. Her pussy hole was small and very tight. She smiled, "fuck me, Dionysos, fuck me properly!" He knew that they had little time. He fucked the 14-year-old hard and fast. Her finger was on her clit, ready to trigger an orgasm at any time. But it was not necessary, she had a very strong orgasm and clung to him. He squirted immediately, he squirted and squirted his entire load endlessly. He was exhausted, but he had to send her back quickly. They kissed each other with deep French kisses, then he gave her a friendly slap on the bottom. "You have to hurry, dear Lea, we're running out of time!" She got dressed in a flash. "I am your wife now, Dionysos, your wife forever!" She ran away quickly. He went back to the palace and into the arms of a messenger. To the king, to the king! He winced. The king couldn't know about his deception yet! He stepped in front of the king and bowed. The king had two goblets of red wine poured and chased everyone out. Dion was extremely tense and thought of a way to escape. The king drank half the goblet in one go. "My nephew, King Pantocrates and his sweet wife have just visited me." The king waited to see how the court singer would react. Dion felt a weight lifted from his heart.

"My nephew confirmed the gossip on the street. He will not harm you, he gave me his word of honor. This is my kingdom and not his, but if I may give you some advice, never go back to his kingdom, not now, not tomorrow, not ever. He will never forgive you! And now, tell me how you fucked his wife!" Dion reported almost word for word what the queen had said in court. But he added a little salt and pepper, knowing that the king had sent three women packing. "The Queen held me back when the maids had left. She said she had been told wonderful things about my cock. She wanted to know for sure. We stood in front of each other, fully clothed, she of course in the lewd clothes of the court. She fished out my cock, spread her pussy lips and put my cock in before I could even say a peep. I was so excited that I shot my whole load inside, Your Majesty! But that was not all. Day after day, she played this frivolous show with my cock, for maybe a week, and it ended with her forcing me to fuck her. I am of course also guilty, because what normal man wouldn't love to fuck her, Your Majesty!? We were betrayed after a few weeks and there was a ridiculous trial, the verdict had already been decided. Your nephew wanted my head, nothing less. He passed the verdict over

the judges' heads. A sword fight, to the death, Your Majesty, the next morning! Consider, Your Majesty, a battle-hardened warrior like your nephew and a harpist who had never wielded a sword!? If he fell, his men had orders to chop me to pieces! I was crying in my cell when the door opened. A woman's hand grabbed me and I followed the anonymous veiled woman. I smelled her perfume and inhaled the scent of my beloved queen, although she shook her head in denial. This is how I found freedom and came straight to you, because they say how kind and just you are, Your Majesty! But I will leave immediately if you push me away!"

The king drank the goblet and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. Dion saw the king's small, clever eyes looking back and forth. What was going on in the king's clever mind? "I have heard this and that about the incident, minstrel," said the king. "Your account seems very credible to me. Tell me, was the queen worth going through heaven and hell for?" Dion lowered his head, "Your Majesty, the queen certainly deserves it! I can't imagine anything more beautiful than lying between her thighs! She deserves something better than the lame loins of your nephew, if you please, Your Majesty!" The king slapped his thighs, laughing. "Well said, brave minstrel! I've heard that from my girls too. But let's please the queen! Come to the great hall at midday, my messenger or a maid will accompany you, I'll keep my nephew busy for an hour! Well, may the good work succeed!" Dion left, his thoughts and assumptions racing.

"Where are you, dear Dionysos?" the princess greeted him from behind the bushes. "I was with the king, your bridegroom. I was afraid he already knew everything, but he just wanted to chat about old times." Lea lay down invitingly on the grass. "Come, make me happy, Dionysos, my husband!" Although he wasn't quite thinking about what was going on, he fucked her properly and her finger on her clit triggered one orgasm after another. They only had 20 minutes and he hurried. "My maid will fuck the king every night for the 14 days until the first consummation. My maid promised to fuck him to pieces before he mounts me." Dion nodded, that was smart, but there was no way around the fact that the king would fuck her at some point. She had to accept it, that was the fate that the gods had

decreed for her. They kissed for a long time, then she ran away in high spirits.

At noon he waited in the great hall. Hekate sat opposite him and rubbed the cock of a youth who was looking into the faces of those rushing past and gawking. The youth must be an exhibitionist, thought Dion. A little girl tugged at his sleeve. "Honorable Dionysos," said the child and took him by the hand. Only now did he see that she was a Lilliputian. He looked at her strangely deformed body and she said, "It's a pity that I have to take you to a rendezvous, I would really like to open my thighs to you myself, honorable Dionysos!" He laughed softly. "Perhaps afterwards!?" She nodded, "Absolutely, you can count on it!" They reached a door, the little woman knocked and went in. Dion couldn't believe it! Queen Dina! She was sitting on the edge of the bed in the local frivolous dress and jumped up in surprise. "Dionysos!" "Dina!" They lay in each other's arms.

"So that's the surprise that King Pausanias promised me!" exclaimed Dion. In an instant they were rolling around naked on the bed, the Lilliputian woman sat on a chair next to the door, guarding the latch and watched them both. Dion fucked the queen twice without a break, then they lay next to each other, exhausted. He thanked her for rescuing him from the dungeon, she put a finger on his lips. "There are things a queen must not do." She reported how the children were doing and how hard Pantocrates was trying to win her heart back. Since the famous trial, he had lain with her every night and did his best. "I have to do my little affairs in the afternoon," she giggled, "I won't let him take that away from me, even if he's turning yellow with jealousy!" They had to part, the hour was up. "See you tomorrow, my darling," said the queen.

The midget woman led him out and walked beside him. "You seem to be good at fucking, honorable Dionysos," she said, "Your lover had an orgasm both times, my full respect!" She opened a door and went in. "Now it's my turn to have an orgasm!" He resigned himself to his fate. First the princess, then the queen and now the empress of the dwarfs. She smiled, "Go ahead, he's not too big by any means, just dare!" He fucked a midget woman for the first time, it was a strange feeling to fuck someone as small as a child. She too triggered her or-

gasm with her finger at the end. Dion was definitely exhausted and lay down on his sleeping mat.

He had no difficulty fucking Lea and Queen Dina, both of them under time pressure. The wedding feast was splendid and King Pausanias had invited the entire population. However, the fucking in the bushes was now over. The Lilliputian woman came every day at noon and led Dion to Queen Dina, and was then richly rewarded by Dion. The three-day wedding came to a splendid end, and Dion now had to forego fucking Dina. He now diligently fucked the maids and maid-servants again, there were still so many beauties he hadn't fucked yet.

While Dion was sitting in the hall, Lea came by completely unexpectedly and sat down next to him. They had to keep their distance, but they were able to exchange a hug and two kisses on both cheeks according to custom. Lea reported in telegram style how it went. She pointed with her chin at the younger of her two friendly maids. "She drains the king every night, she fucks like no other! I sit at the foot of the bed and am as quiet as a mouse. It's good like that, we will consummate the marriage tomorrow night. But for me you will remain my husband, Dionysos!" He whispered that if not so many were watching, he would kiss her. So all she could do was survive safely and without harm, that was her fate. He quickly went down the stairs to the courtyard.

At the foot of the stairs, Pantocrates was waiting for him with his sword drawn. His bloodshot eyes stared at him in anger. "Wretch! Even here, in my uncle's house, you are stalking my wife!" Dion stood next to one of the two guards and grabbed his arm. He hid behind the soldier, who immediately lowered his spear and touched Pantocrates' chest. King or pawn, he would not allow a cold-blooded murder! Queen Dina and her three maids came out of the door of the hall. She took in the situation with one look. With flaming anger in her eyes, she roared at the king. "Stop! Your Majesty, how dare you break the wedding peace in King Pausanias' house? I must have been mistaken when I thought you were an honorable man with a strong character! Shame on you, my lord and master, you will not regain my

respect if you do!" She walked past him brusquely. King Pantocrates sheathed his sword and followed her. His gaze pierced Dion.

King Pantocrates and Queen Dina had left. Dion thought of Princess Lea, who had had to let the king fuck her the night before last. He met the princess's maid on the stairs. He asked how the wedding night had gone. She giggled, "I pulled the king between my thighs so that my mistress came second. She let out a little scream when he deflowered her and I poured a few drops of pig's blood onto the sheet. Our play went wonderfully, the king had the sheet removed in the morning and proudly presented it to the courtiers. My mistress loves only you, noble Dionysus, she is pining after you. We will first explore the terrain and figure out how you can see and meet each other!"

Dion's hands slid over the maid's veil. "The gods have given you a beautiful body that even an old king cannot overlook, and neither can I. I will reward you, beautiful maid! Turn to the marble railing and receive my cock from behind!" She protested that they could be seen, but he turned her firmly around. She leaned on the marble railing and he pushed her thin veil aside. She sighed as he penetrated and let herself be fucked from behind with her head bowed. Some people passed by, some gawked for a moment. After a quarter of an hour he squirted inside, he was satisfied with her. He turned her around and kissed her on the lips. "Make it possible and I will show you the paradise!" She smiled and lowered her gaze. "Just as you wish, noble Dionysos!" She looked him in the eyes. "Dionysos, she is still a child! Please do not impregnate her, she is far too young to have a child!" He returned her firm gaze. "That is up to the gods alone, who have already decided her fate!" Dion thanked her and sent loving greetings to the young queen.

He was really and seriously determined to impregnate Queen Lea.

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The Son of the Dragon Woman

by Jack Faber © 2024

At the time of the first emperor of China, almost two and a half thousand years ago, there were a whole host of witches, warlocks and real dragons in his empire, and these two groups had lived side by side in harmony for a very long time. Not only because they could talk to each other, but because they were both hunted mercilessly by the third species, the humans.

The dragon hunters and witch hunters were highly respected in the kingdom. They never grew old, they were usually turned by the witches into palm-sized stones that lay on all the paths and trails. Or they were burned to ashes by the fire-breathing dragons. Nevertheless, thousands of people decided to take up this profession, because all you had to do was be a skilled storyteller to achieve fame and fortune. Witches and warlocks disguised as humans listened to the Munchausen tales and laughed their heads off. The dragons were at a disadvantage because they could not take on human form, they listened as little lapdogs or kittens and only laughed later, because dogs and cats simply don't laugh.

The witch Wiga had a real sexual weakness for dragons. She transformed herself into a dragon woman to pursue her crush. For a long time she thought that dragons were the best fuckers in the kingdom. As it happens, she became pregnant by the last dragon she let fuck her. She turned back into a witch straight away, but the damage was done. Since humans and witches looked the same except for the smallest details, she gave birth to a little boy. He had a dragon face and dangerous claws on his hands, and when human babies cried out hungry, her little son Zick spat out little clouds of fire. Together with her three best girlfriends, she performed a rather complicated ritual to turn her little Zick into a normal baby.

Zick grew up like a completely ordinary boy, or maybe not quite ordinary. Firstly, he was trained in witchcraft alongside human knowledge, since he would live as a sorcerer.

And secondly, he accompanied Wiga, his mother, to the annual meeting of all witches and dragons on the untraceable mountain Quie Lung, which took place every year at the summer solstice. They ate and drank for three days and fucked for three nights, everyone with everyone. At first, Zick was very curious about how witches and warlocks fucked each other. In later years, he watched dragons and dragon women fuck. Just as he had been interested in the fucking of witches before, he watched the fucking of dragons with bated breath. He couldn't shake the feeling that he somehow belonged to witches and dragons alike.

Unfortunately, only very few dragons survived the millennia, so our scientifically oriented society could not find out any verifiable facts about the brutal, provocative and fire-breathing fucking of dragons. We don't want to repeat the reports of our popular science quacks here, they are not facts, but pure fantasy that could be sold to caretakers and hairdressers as a book. But back to Zick.

Zick slept at Wiga's. Every year he had watched her get fucked by a lot of sorcerers for three nights. He had never seen her so unleashed. Now he was sitting next to her, as always, but for the first time he was watching her masturbate with knowing eyes. He had seen it a thousand times before, but he hadn't thought anything of it. Wiga, still a very pretty young woman of 22, masturbated every morning before getting up and every night before going to sleep.

Once a week a sorcerer or warlock stayed at her house, he had to sleep in the storage room, which was formerly intended as a children's room. Zick was a very skilled tinkerer, he had built a well-hidden system of a dozen cameras. Now he could watch Wiga fucking the witcher. He could zoom in with the cameras so that he could see every pubic hair of the witcher. Interesting, because neither he nor Wiga had pubic hair.

He couldn't get enough of watching the fucking and the next morning he snuggled up to Wiga's young, flawless body. While she was masturbating him, she let him penetrate her pussy hole and squirt when he started to ejaculate. She held him by his buttocks so that he couldn't fuck her. He grew bigger and masturbated himself,

kneeling in front of her open pussy hole. He could feel exactly when he was about to squirt and stuck his cock in, he squirted his full load in and she held him by his buttocks so that he didn't get the idea of actually fucking her, which went very well the whole time.

His stiff cock was still very small and when he begged and pleaded with Wiga that he wanted to fuck her too, she hugged him very lovingly and said that his cock was still much too small to fuck. It was just big enough to fuck her in her small, tight asshole. He was quite angry, but smart enough to take the bird in the hand instead of the pigeon on the roof. Wiga lay on her belly and showed him how to fuck an asshole. He learned quickly and was allowed to fuck her in the asshole every time after her orgasm. Once in the morning, a second time at night. It was better than nothing.

But the goddesses loved our Zick very much and ensured his luck, his incredible luck. For example, at the annual summer solstice festival they guided his steps to an old, wise dragon, with whom he quickly became friends. The old man sniffed him at the first meeting. "You have dragon blood, little Zick!" he exclaimed and took the little witch boy under his wings.

The dragon Lung Mai was a very educated dragon. He did not come to mate with as many dragon women as possible; one or two in one night was enough for him. He had come to the festival because he was working on a 12-volume work. It had the long title "About the fucking of our dragons with dragon women and dragon girls who have never been fucked, in contrast to other dragon women who have already been fucked for decades, even centuries, and the secret, shamefully hidden sex life of old dragon women who were considered by the general public to be too old to be fucked." Lung Mai was already incredibly proud of his work, because he was just about to finish the first volume.

Zick had the presence of mind to immediately write the title in his notepad. However, Master Lung Mai agreed to accept "About Fucking" as an abbreviation in their conversation. He read the whole volume to Zick and went with him from fucking dragon couple to fucking dragon couple, showing the boy what to look out for. He even

grabbed a dragon woman and showed Zick exactly what he meant when he read it out.

Zick had to bend down under the dragon woman's pussy more than once to get a close look at the special process that the master was performing especially for him. Master Lung Mai only fucked these dragon women briefly to show the boy, the dragon woman herself was of very little interest to him. Zick took the eccentric old man seriously, because that way he really learned a lot about dragon fucking.

Lung Mai repeatedly took Zick to see dragon couples fucking, so the boy could follow the exciting dragon fucking from start to finish. The couple was no longer distracted by anything. Even when Zick touched and felt the enormous cock and pussy on his master's orders.

The dragon woman put her crocodile tail to the side and bared her pussy, which was trembling with excitement, to the dragon. He climbed onto her back with his front paws, and only now did his cock become erect to its full size. It was at least a meter long and almost as thick as Zick's thighs. He held the lady down with his clawed front paws. The pussy had a main clit and four secondary clits that wrapped around the cock like tentacles, held on and masturbated it like her main clit without ceasing. He wasn't fucking in the true sense of the word, masturbating his cock and her main clit was the real fucking and a purely female thing.

The main clit only pressed itself onto the cock before her orgasm or his squirting. You could tell exactly when the female had an orgasm by the trembling and twitching of the main clit. During her orgasm, the female let out a good two-meter-long burst of fire, the dragon man only let out a much shorter one so as not to burn his lady. Zick had to touch the cock with his fingers at the bottom to feel the dragon's strange squirting. He squirted his juice into her for 10 to 15 minutes, in thin, firm jets, which were only triggered by her tentacles with energetic tearing, so that her pussy twitched with each jet.

At 982 years old, Lung Mai was already an old man; the millennium would officially mark his old age, and he still had a good 200 years to complete his work. The second volume was also almost finished. It dealt with the fantasies of dragons of both sexes before, during and shortly after sex or masturbating. Lung Mai did not yet reveal how the dragons actually masturbate; he only read Zick some really absurd masturbation fantasies of some young dragon girls who had never been fucked before. They both doubled over with laughter.

Zick found out for himself how the dragon women masturbated when he knelt in front of the ancient dragon women who no one wanted to fuck anymore. They lay on their sides and excited their main clit with their tentacles. They pulled the main clit out with their tentacles and rubbed it with the tentacles, like human boys masturbating their cocks with their fists. That was the immense pleasure that the old ladies unashamedly gave themselves in public. Usually very young dragon girls lay down next to them and pressed their pussy holes against the old ones. The old ladies in turn grabbed the girls' main clit with their tentacles, pulled it out and masturbated it until the girl spat little clouds of fire, and then carried on without any hesitation. Zick enlarged his boy's cock into a stallion's cock and deflowered the girls, cheering and jubilant. He fucked the girls, who were still being masturbated by the old woman, with his stallion's cock and squirted happily into their pussies. He tried to fuck each one with his heavy dragon body in the witch's style, shaking and rattling his sex partner wildly. It didn't always work. The old ladies laughed and grinned, because the little human child really made it very funny.

Lung Mai was very surprised that Zick couldn't fly. That couldn't be true! He rummaged around in his huge wooden box, but he found what he was looking for. Old magic spells that were no longer in use. Zick had to learn two of them. How a witch or wizard could turn into a dragon and then back again if at least a little dragon blood flowed in his veins. Zick wrote down the spells and then they practiced whenever they had a little time. They flew together to the top of the mountain Quie Lung, which means "dragon's hideout". From the top you could see hundreds of miles around into the Chinese kingdoms.

For some reason Zick didn't tell his mother about it for the time being.

Back home he picked up his notes and wrote down everything that Master Lung Mai had taught him and what he himself had experienced. His mother Wiga read them through, of course; he was very diligent. She asked why? Zick snorted through his nose as if he could breathe fire. "My master Lung Mai teaches me everything about fucking dragons, Mom! You've only shown me ass fucking so far, that's fine. But the fucking of the witch people is very mysterious to me, you never talk about it, never let me watch and I'm not allowed to fuck you! That's how it is, I'm not complaining, I'm just answering your question." Wiga remained silent, but she read his reports again and again with great interest.

The goddesses gave his luck another push in the intended direction. Wiga invited her three best friends to a small party. All four of them were already quite tipsy, after all they had drunk four barrels of liquor and opened the fifth. Zick only joined them now, he had just finished writing his daily assignment. The 4 ladies were all completely naked, so he also undressed before sitting down with them. He looked at the ladies curiously, it was the first time he had seen them naked up close, otherwise he had only seen them from a distance during the general fucking on the Dragon Mountain. They were all very young like his mother, 150 or 200 years old at the most, which for witches meant 21 or 22 years, and they all had very beautiful bodies and looked like 21 or 22 year old human girls. All 4 of them were beautiful to look at, Zick thought. Drops of liquor ran down their chins, directly onto their beautiful, full breasts. He almost missed the question that one of the liquor thrushes had asked him directly. "No, my cock is still much too small for fucking, says Mama." He was surprised that the 3 guests laughed loudly. Zick didn't understand it, he just noticed that Wiga wasn't laughing too.

"Now, young man, stand on the stool, we want to see your little cock!" Zick had no problem with that. Three pairs of eyes focused on his little cock, which was erect. The witches laughed and groped the boy's cock. One of the elated witches said a magic spell, his cock reared up and was suddenly longer, bigger. The witches grinned and

repeated the magic spell. The cock was now as long as that of a stallion. Zick became very dizzy, his mother intervened energetically. "Just stop, his head is not getting enough blood and his heart is pumping everything into his ridiculous stallion's cock!" The witches said another spell and the cock was the boy's cock again.

The witches played a game with their fingers that was like our rock, paper and scissors. The oldest won and lay on her back on the table. "Come on, little Zick, now it's time to fuck!" and she repeated the magic spell. His cock grew quite large, but not stallion-like. "He's still much too young!" Mother Wiga protested, but Zick was already mounting the girl. He fucked properly for the first time, he fucked her for almost half an hour and came inside with a pleasurable moan. The witch stood up and said the other magic spell so that his cock became a boy's cock again. Wiga looked at Zick reproachfully. "Don't even think about it," she hissed angrily. He was still only allowed to fuck her asshole, but he wrote down the two magic spells and learned them by heart.

Zick couldn't persuade Wiga to fuck and was seething with anger. He went out into the night and turned into the dragon he was deep down in his heart. He spread his wings and flew around aimlessly. Only after a while did he spot a farm. He flew there. With his dragon eyes he could see through the walls. The farmer was lying on his side and sleeping soundly. A 7 or 8 year old girl was masturbating in the children's room, the mother was masturbating in the marital bed. He turned into Zick and entered the children's room silently. A magic spell made the girl fall into a deep sleep. He touched her pussy, which was still wet with sweat from masturbation, as was her face. He touched her pussy and the naughty little clit very extensively until the sleeping child came to a hard orgasm. But she was still a child, and children did not excite him.

Zick went into the bedroom and remained calm until the woman reached her climax, then he lay down next to her. She stared at him in orgasm and hid her face. Zick made his cock bigger and mounted her. She looked at her husband, but he was fast asleep. They fucked without words and after 10 or 15 minutes he squirted inside. Then they talked in quiet whispers. She wanted a second child so much.

She lowered her eyes, filled with shame. “My husband is actually my half-brother, we only found out years after the wedding. My father was my first, he still comes at least once a month and lies with me. I think my daughter is his child too. When my father fucks me all night, my husband sits in the chair over there and broods. He rarely fucks me anymore, the hard work makes him tired and so I have to masturbate, Zick. And I want another child.” He promised to fuck her every night until she was pregnant.

He didn’t come home until after midnight and fucked Wiga in the asshole like he always did. She wanted to know where he was and he said he flew to the hated humans at night and fucked a human woman who desperately wanted a child. Wiga laughed as if he had made a good joke. “But you do know that your child will inherit inexplicable powers from you!?” He nodded because it was no joke. He flew to Hue Jin, the young woman, every night and they fucked until he had completely drained all his juice. For two months, every night.

At the end of the second month, after fucking, he looked at Hue Jin very seriously. “You are pregnant, Hue Jin. He is a boy and he will be very harassed and pestered because he can see one day into the future.” Hue Jin looked at him in disbelief. Zick continued. “I know that because I’m half dragon and half wizard.” Hue Jin couldn’t believe it. Too many new things were coming at her.

Zick said she should let her son sleep naked with her from the beginning, masturbate the little one every night and when he could ejaculate, introduce him to sex as soon as possible. Hue Jin laughed honestly and disgustedly. “I should let my own son fuck me? You can’t be serious, dragon man!?” Zick nodded in confirmation. “It’s very common in other regions of the kingdoms, believe me! It will not only do his masculinity good, but also strengthen his ability to see one day into the future!” Hue nodded, she would ask around and then decide. Zick said goodbye, he wouldn’t be coming back. Hue Jin burst into tears, and when she looked up again, Zick was gone. She would masturbate her baby from the first month on and let him fuck her when he could squirt.

Wiga questioned him again when he came home late at night. He told her only the truth, as always. That Hue Jin was pregnant with his son. A shiver ran down Wiga's spine. For the first time she took his lies seriously. She asked where he had learned to fly. He said that Master Lung Mai had taught him to turn into a dragon so he could fly. Wiga nodded, that was plausible. He said that at first he had only looked through the walls and watched people having sex. He was very surprised at how perverted and dissolute people were. All women cheated on their husbands, men went to fuck anyone they liked. Incest as far as the eye could see. He was disgusted, but then he met Hue Jin. She was not perverted like the others, she simply longed for a child. She had come to detest her father, who visited her at least once a month, but usually much more often, and fucked her all night long. She liked that very much sexually, but morally he was a naughty man, not a hero. She was almost certain that he was her daughter's biological father, because at the time in question the father was the only one who fucked her every night.

Wiga had listened in silence. "You memorized the magic spells on how to enlarge your cock to get Hue Jin around!" He shook his head. "No, she loved the cock, I made it so big that she could only insert it with pain. I didn't need to get her around, she longed for the fucking and a child. She always asked me to squirt inside hard and deep and make her a child. And that's what happened." Wiga nodded to herself, her son wasn't lying to her. "And you enjoyed fucking the human woman, didn't you?" Zick nodded, yes.

As he had done at the last two summer solstice festivals, Zick transformed himself into a dragon and fucked several dragon women every night. He had studied dragon fucking very closely with Master Lung Mai, and now he fucked real dragon women, both younger and older, in his form as a dragon. He had a wonderful, large dragon cock and fucked the dragon women, especially the very young ones who had never fucked before. The dragon girls also had a hymen, which he tore with particular pleasure. It was simply wonderful, he felt the sexual sensations as a dragon and as a sorcerer at the same time.

Wiga woke him gently with a kiss. Zick opened his eyes and Wiga congratulated him on his birthday. "You turned 18 today, my son.

That means a big change for us. The ass-fucking ended yesterday. If you like, we can fuck each other, my dear son!” So it happened that Zick fucked Wiga for the first time, was allowed to fuck. Wiga thought that he had learned to fuck excellently in the meantime. He had spent every night in the human villages and looked for virgins whom he deflowered with particular pleasure and then fucked all night long. Now he fucked Wiga every night. And it was easy for both of them to get sexual fulfillment.

But Zick did not give up his trips to the human women. He was very cautious and chose the girls and women very carefully. He had to be sure that she would not raise the alarm. He used good magic spells to approach the woman invisibly, to embrace her like a lover and to make her hot. As soon as he appeared to her, she was convinced that he was a jinn, a spirit. He only had to convince her that he was a good spirit. Spirits were everywhere and nothing new. Many womanizers took advantage of this, thereby weakening the resistance of the woman, who, full of holy dread, opened their thighs wide willingly and allowed herself to be fucked to the core by the supposed ghost next to her sleeping husband.

It was easy to convince the women that she was a chosen one, he didn't mean any harm, he just wanted to fuck her. Just fuck, nothing bad. And the fact that she was a chosen one made her proud and willing. He had won, she let herself be fucked like a lustful saint, even if she was in her fertile period and didn't want to be fucked. Zick didn't care at all that he was impregnating these girls and women. He never looked back, only forward.

His flights went further and further into the kingdoms. So he came to the royal city of Guang'an of King Hua Din, who later defeated and united the 7 kingdoms. He became the first Chinese emperor as Qin Shihuangdi. He cast out his unfaithful, perverted wife for exactly this reason when his eldest daughter Wu Zhou Jin reached the age of deflowering. He ceremoniously deflowered his daughter Wu Zhou Jin in front of the assembled court and took her as his wife after he had cast out his unfaithful, perverted wife. She remained his main wife for his entire life. At 21, she had already given birth to 5 children for her father and emperor when Zick saw her for the first time. He was

instantly smitten with her, body and soul. It was completely unthinkable that an ordinary mortal could get close to her. But Zick was no ordinary mortal. He could approach the empress invisibly, a very easy exercise for the trained sorcerer, who had always approached girls and women invisibly.

Empress Wu had her 5 small children put to bed. Next to each child, whether boy or girl, lay the naked nanny, in order to awaken the children's sexuality early. The empress rewarded the nanny richly if she let her son fuck her long before he could ejaculate. The empress had herself undressed and lay naked in bed, the maids left the empress alone. She took a jar of cream and gently applied it to her skin. This would sometimes awaken the fire in her clit, and there was only one remedy: masturbation. Her father and husband left her alone that night too; he slept with a different very young concubine every night. He fathered a whole lot of bastards, but only Wu Zhou Jin's children were legitimate. Zick had sneaked in invisibly to the empress and saw that her clit was on fire.

He approached, whispering quietly that she should not be afraid, that he was a kind, well-meaning spirit who loved and respected her very much. The empress was still frightened and pulled the blanket up to her neck. The invisible man slowly pulled the blanket down again and exposed her. "I am a kind, well-meaning spirit," the invisible ghost whispered quietly in her ear. "Remember, beautiful girl, how easy the 5 births were. It was your clit, your orgasms, that made the births easier. You were surprised because none of the midwives touched your clit. That was me, dear girl, that was me." Wu Zhou gradually calmed down, because that was true, she had never mentioned it to anyone.

She asked quietly what he wanted. "I want to fuck you, beautiful girl, because your husband is lying with an imperial whore and your clit has caught fire. Let me put out this fire, not your finger. Let me fuck you, Your Majesty!" Wu Zhou thought for a few minutes. Then she opened her thighs a little. "Come and put out the fire!" Zick had thought about it well before. He had to remain invisible at least at first, but he let his cock grow properly. He caressed her inner thighs until she opened completely. He caressed her clit for a few minutes

until she almost exploded with lust. He penetrated her very deeply with his cock.

She sighed with lust and sexual desire. Zick fucked her for half an hour and gasped that he had to squirt now. She nodded half-heartedly because she was very tired from her many orgasms. "Don't squirt all in, dear ghost, not all of it, because I don't want to get pregnant again." "Yes," breathed Zick, who had never paid any attention to that before, and squirted the invisible juice first inside in strong jets, then over her beautiful breasts. She flinched because she could feel the juice squirting onto her breasts. She started to cry because he had squirted it all inside and then smiled because the fucking was really excellent. He knelt down next to her. "And, have I disappointed you, beautiful child?" No one had called Wu Zhou a child. She ignored the impropriety and replied, "No, dear ghost, I haven't been fucked this well and so persistently since I lost my virginity!" Zick left it at that. Wu Zhou pulled her blanket up a little, up to her belly button. She asked what his name was. Zick thought for a moment. "Zick," he said quietly, "I am the ghost Zick!" She asked if he knew that she was the empress? Zick nodded and immediately noticed that she couldn't see him nod. He confirmed it out loud, "but your body is that of a beautiful young woman!" She nodded, "I'm only 21, ghost Zick, and I've already given birth to 5 children." She thought for a moment. "Can I see your true appearance for once, ghost?" Zick was prepared for this question. He would show himself in human form, he would borrow a suitable body. He had to leave for today, should he come back the next day? Wu Zhou nodded, yes!

Zick came every evening for a week to fuck Wu Zhou, and she enjoyed it very much. She told him about the past. How she sat naked in her father's lap and they both looked into the room next door. Next door, her mother let herself be fucked by 5 men one after the other, without a break. She only had an orgasm with the fourth one and let herself continue to be fucked, then she got up and sat down besides them. Her father was in tears when she orgasmed, he stopped playing with Wu's clit, little Wu Zhou had to wait a few moments until her dad started playing with her clit again. Her father had explained to her that the fucking of her mother was a real disgrace and that one day he would cut off her head for it. Wu Zhou had

already seen the beheading a few times and cried until her father said that one day he would just send her away and not behead her. She hugged him gratefully and promised to become his wife. Before her orgasm, the child opened her thighs wide and let her father trigger the orgasm. She will be his faithful wife, the child whispered in orgasm. And so it happened.

After a week Zick had decided to show himself to the Empress in his form. He was already 26. So 5 years older than Wu Zhou. He told her to cover her eyes with her hands. He appeared before her and let his clothes flutter to the floor. He took her hands away. She looked at him from head to toe, she was instantly taken by the spirit. "You have an extraordinarily large cock, Zick!" she exclaimed. He nodded and feigned embarrassment. She took him by the hand and pulled him onto the bed, between her thighs. From then on they fucked every evening until midnight, then he disappeared from her eyes. She asked him again and again not to squirt inside and he never followed her wishes. Nevertheless she became pregnant and gave birth to 6 children, one after the other. When the Emperor lay with Wu Zhou every few weeks, Zick flew home to his mother. He didn't have to tell her anything, she followed his steps from afar. She laughed loudly, her little son was fucking the empress of the entire great Chinese empire. Every night! She laughed and cried at the same time, because he only fucked her during these rare visits.

The emperor had 11 children, and now he was gradually losing his mind. Quacks told him that with a few drops of mercury he could prolong his life, maybe even live forever. He now only slept with girls under 15, and he no longer visited Wu Zhou at all. Wu Zhou painfully remembered her mother's happy fucking, which had brought her father to tears. Now that she was almost 40 years old, she rejected him, banished him from her heart. Her eldest son, Huayin, was educated, clever and prepared to become emperor himself. He had grown up next to his nurse, and on Wu Zhou's instructions the nurse had taught him to fuck from early childhood on. Wu Zhou could no longer bear the rage of her crazy father and husband. He had become a danger to himself and those around him. She asked Zick, who was her most trusted friend after almost twenty years, whether he could help her as a good spirit. He thought about it for days. He had never

killed before, and now he was to murder the Lord of the Empire under Heaven. Murder or free the Empire from a ruler who had gone mad? The successor had already been chosen. He had made up his mind.

He followed the Emperor invisibly at every step. He provoked the Emperor and often got him to draw his sword and fight against invisible enemies who laughed at him. Zick knew very soon that he could not let the Emperor be killed like that, because the Emperor was untouchable, however mad he could be. The bodyguard simply avoided his waving sword. But what he achieved was increasing paranoia, which drove the Emperor further into madness. He lured the Emperor to a peak, which he climbed by fencing. The emperor lost his balance and fell to his death.

Zick had not seen Wu Zhou for days, so he entered her bedroom invisibly. Wu Zhou and her eldest son, the heir to the throne Huayin, were fucking like crazy. He waited patiently until they were finished and Huayin left. Now he made himself visible. Wu Zhou was shocked, what had the good spirit seen? He said short and simply "Everything." Wu Zhou wanted to explain it to him, but he waved her off. "I'm not squeamish, dear Wu, it's common in many regions for mothers to let their sons fuck them until they get married. Now that your father and husband is dead, he will be the new emperor, even though he is only 16 or 17. So everything's fine, don't get worked up. I'm very tolerant." Wu Zhou sat up and jumped naked out of bed. "He's dead, my father, the emperor, is dead!? Are you sure!?" He nodded. "I was there when he jumped over the cliffs to his death."

Just moments later, a maid burst in and Zick disappeared. The maid shouted that the emperor was dead and that his bodyguards would soon bring his body into the city and into the palace. Wu Zhou froze and began to cry. She would continue to do so for days, because she had loved her father and husband very sincerely before he lost his mind. Zick consoled her because he knew that she had not ordered his death lightly or carelessly. They only spoke briefly about how he had carried it out. He was a good spirit, he could not murder directly, she understood that immediately.

They had agreed that he would fuck her in the early evening and that her son Huayin would lie down and sleep with her at night. She knew nothing about governing, she only had a clever common sense and Zick's advice. Huayin was well educated, clever and fair in character. He became a very good ruler and was popular. He lay with Wu Zhou every night and she told Zick how well her son could fuck. The nurse had fucked him until her death and trained him very well. Wu Zhou ordered a dignified funeral and took Huayin to her bed that same day. Zick was very happy with the arrangement.

Zick now approached the maids he liked and fucked them as an invisible man. He hugged the beautiful one from behind and fucked her from behind. The story spread and then no one was afraid of being fucked from behind by the invisible friendly ghost. Zick fucked the most beautiful girls in every situation, often in public. This sometimes led to funny or embarrassing situations for the girl, not for him.

He often chose one girl in particular. She was actually employed as a rider in the stables and rode the emperor's magnificent horses. Zick, as the invisible ghost, jumped onto the horse behind her, which she rode bareback. She felt his hands lifting her short skirt slightly and spreading her buttocks. She leaned forward, over the horse's neck and clung to the mane. The invisible ghost fucked her from behind in synchronous mode with the horse's run. She laughed after the fucking and asked him to climb back onto the horse behind her after the horse change. This happened for many months.

What Zick also liked to do was to surprise a pretty or beautiful maid in the middle of her colleagues. They only noticed that the girl was being pushed forward onto a table by an invisible hand and that her skirt was also being lifted up by the invisible hand. They stared at the girl's ass cheeks, which were pulled wide apart and revealed her pussy, framed by pubic hair. You could tell that she was being fucked by the way her pussy hole widened and almost closed again. The girl let her head sink onto the table when her pussy hole trembled and shook in orgasm. The squirting could not be seen from the outside. The invisible man left her lying where she was and walked away silently.

Or he took another beauty by the hand and led her to the table and laid her next to the first one to fuck her in the same way. He flew to his mother under cover of night to accompany her to the hidden mountain for the summer solstice. Of course, he had already fucked all of her girlfriends and, as a dragon, had fucked some young dragon women because he really liked it. The mother had not aged a day during his lifetime, although she was already over 400 years old. With a little luck, she could live to be a thousand years old and keep her beautiful body of a 24-year-old young woman until her last day. By then he would have long since died, he would hardly live to be 90 years old, maybe even a little older, but not much more.

After three years in Wu Zhou's bed, Emperor Huayin married and left her bed full of gratitude. His wife was a very lively maiden and both Zick and Wu Zhou agreed that her lively temperament and love of affairs would lead her to the scaffold or into exile. Zick, the invisible one, often watched her in her rampant fucking with her lovers and affairs, but he had solemnly promised Wu Zhou not to fuck the emperor's horny but beautiful wife.

He remained the lover of Empress Wu Zhou Jin until the end of her short life.

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Anne and her children

by Jack Faber © 2024

Anne lived in great poverty. Her husband had left her over 10 years ago for a younger woman, who was not even 16 and already pregnant. The court awarded him her children, Robert and Victoria, because Anne was unemployed and he had an intact family and a job. Anne saw her children at most twice a year; she could no longer afford the travel costs. The new wife had left her husband and her children, and he had been sentenced to prison. He was now a convicted sex offender and had to go to prison for many years. This court now gave Bob and Vic back to Anne, who now received so much state support that she no longer had to sell herself.

Yes, she had to sell her body for 10 years to make ends meet. Every evening she went to one of the local bars and clubs to find a paying customer to fuck. She was clean and tidy, but she was far too fat to work as a street whore. She wasn't pretty enough for a pimp to take her under his wing. The only one who didn't have to pay was her ex-husband. He usually came here to the capital from his small town. He benefited from getting a safe overnight stay for free, along with a fuck-ready ex-wife. He was a depraved individual, Anne had no doubt about that. But she was happy to let him fuck her, because he was better at it than her casual acquaintances. A few months ago he had hidden at Anne's for days until he was arrested in her apartment. That was how things stood when Anne got her children back.

Actually, she needed a bigger apartment, but that was financially not feasible, especially since she could no longer have male visitors to fuck. To be honest, that was a good thing. Bob and Vic exchanged a long look. Vic said, "Mom, I'll take the children's room." Bob added that he would sleep in her double bed. Anne would have preferred him in the children's room and Vic in the marital bed, but the children had already made their decision. So the matter was settled.

Bob was a year older than Vic. He was in the middle of puberty and ejaculated every night. He ejaculated over Anne's buttocks, who

had her back to him. She breathed a sigh of relief, now she didn't have to give up masturbating before falling asleep, even though she wasn't used to masturbating on her side. Bob spread her ass cheeks to see her masturbating finger on her clit, and Anne didn't stop him and just let it happen. He knelt right behind her, pressed the tip of his cock against her pussy hole and masturbated on and on, squirting twice from behind directly onto her pussy hole. She flinched briefly both times, but she continued masturbating uninterrupted nonstop. When she sighed and gasped and whispered that she was about to cum, he pressed the tip of his cock to her pussy hole and let it slide all the way in as she trembled, shuddered and twitched in orgasm. He let the full load squirt inside. She immediately pulled his cock out, sighing and moaning. Bob waited until her orgasm subsided and turned her over. He kissed her on the lips. "You don't have to make a secret of it, Mom, Vic and I are already big enough to understand!" She kissed him again. "That's fine, dear Bob! But please don't squirt inside!" Bob nodded, unconvincingly.

Vic complained at breakfast about how badly she had slept on the broken makeshift bed and that the children's room, which had become a storage room, smelled pretty bad. She exchanged a look with Bob. He immediately said, "You can sleep with us, there's enough space!" Anne was amazed and impressed by how well her children got along. She nodded in agreement, that was the end of it. The children went to school together, they were good students and studied all afternoon.

When they had gone to bed, it was Vic who started masturbating. Bob knelt between her thighs, both masturbating at the same time. He squirted on her inner thighs and on her pussy. He squatted on his heels and watched her until she was finished. He hugged her and they kissed with a long French kiss. The mother had lightly stroked her clit, now she was lying on her back and masturbating too. Bob lay across her pussy and inserted the tip of his cock into her pussy hole. He masturbated very quickly and squirted inside. Anne reached her climax while Bob continued to masturbate fast. She gasped, "It's coming, oh my God, it's coming!" and her orgasm washed over her. Bob shot his full load into her orgasm, but Anne immediately pulled his cock out, moaning and sighing. The children watched and when

she was finished, they both hugged her one after the other. Anne had still been a little unsure at first, but now she was relieved, this was a very loving situation. All three of them went into the bathroom and showered, happily splashing each other. Vic said, "Mom, you have to shave your bush, it's very unhygienic!" She got her shaving kit and Bob went into the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

In the evening Vic told her that her father had deflowered and fucked her against her will. They discovered that Dad kept bringing home very young girls after the terrible stepmother, who cheated on him with other men every day, had left him with her two babies. He had a penchant for deflowering and fucking young girls, very young girls, which eventually brought him before the judge. The deflowered girls slept with them afterwards and if they weren't scared or too upset, Bob was allowed to fuck them until midnight. Anne looked up. "Bob was allowed to fuck her thoroughly?" Vic nodded, "Yes, and since Dad deflowered me, he's fucked me too." Anne was quite surprised. "Brother fucks sister?" Vic and Bob smiled. "Of course not when one day she's fertile, then I fuck her in the asshole," added Bob.

In the evening, Bob pressed his cock lustfully against Anne. She grabbed his cock and did it him with her fist. But while she was masturbating herself, he would stick the tip of his cock in and squirt inside. When she came to the finale, he would push his cock deep inside and squirted deep inside. She would always pull the nasty, nasty cock out after she had her orgasm, but she didn't complain anymore. This went on for many weeks until the assfucking began.

She had bought two laptops on installments with Bob that afternoon and took her dusty one out of the cupboard. Bob was very clever and installed the three laptops. Anne had continued her education in recent years; she actually wanted to study history and had written a thesis on the French Revolution. She had been quite clever with her computer; she had worked with various translation programs since she could neither speak French nor Swedish. She had read the two pamphlets by Countess de La Motte, which the thief lady had published in London, as well as the diary of Marie Antoinette's only lover, Axel Hans von Fersen, a Swedish diplomat and spy. Anne read through what she had written a good 10 years ago.

Marie Antoinette

Marie Antoinette married the French king as a virgin. He suffered from phimosis, a degenerated foreskin, and was unable to deflower or fuck her for 7 years. She naturally had plenty of experience in rubbing cocks and rubbed the king's cock, patiently squeezing the semen out of the little hole in the side of the foreskin. Maria Theresa, her mother and the empress in Vienna, wrote her many letters about the problem. In the 7th year, the empress sent her son Joseph II to deflower, fuck and impregnate his sister. The sister became pregnant because of the intense, night-long fucking with Joseph; it was no coincidence that these ten nights were her most fertile days. Marie Antoinette screamed with joy when her brother deflowered her and she screamed half the night when he fucked her to orgasms. Her favorite maid reported this in her memoirs 40 years later. Joseph drank the French king Louis under the table, and his personal physician Dr. Eisenberg circumcised the drunken king's foreskin. The king was angry at first, but now he was finally able to deflower (!) Marie Antoinette, fuck her and impregnate her. She had 4 children, Marie Charlotte and Louis, the other two died too young. Marie Charlotte was probably the child that Marie Antoinette conceived during her very first 10-day fucking with her brother Joseph.

Marie Antoinette and Axel von Fersen made love for over 10 years. The last time they did so was on a spiral staircase in the Tuilleries, where the royal couple and their 2 children were imprisoned by the revolutionaries. That was the only time that Axel von Fersen's diary mentioned physical love with Marie Antoinette, but it was clear that they had been fucking each other for many years. The defamatory writings of the Countess de La Motte, written in English exile in London by the thief of the expensive necklace, listed dozens of the queen's other lovers, but probably none other than Axel von Fersen had actually fucked the queen. In the Bastille, the dethroned queen was regularly raped and fucked by the guards, as her daughter Marie Charlotte later wrote as an eyewitness.

Her son Louis was entrusted to a couple loyal to the king, who shamelessly abused their devotion. The 10-year-old was the rightful successor of the king, who died on the guillotine as citizen Louis Capet. The heir of the throne forced the poor shoemaker's wife to let the naughty crown prince fuck her in front of her husband. She cried and sobbed in vain, but the boy fucked her several times a day and night heartless. The naughty crown prince didn't care at all that the couple only fucked very rarely, as a form of contraception. The bad boy didn't care at all that the poor shoemaker's wife became pregnant very quickly. He fucked the poor pregnant woman probably a dozen times a day until the couple was arrested. The couple also went to the guillotine and the prince was sent back to the Bastille, where he died of pneumonia just weeks later. Only Marie Charlotte survived, she grew up in the shelter of the king's half-sister. Her teacher was the peculiar Lord of Butterill, who had deflowered her and fucked her every day for two years, but he gave her excellent lessons. She was married to the Count d'Angoulême, supposedly because she was pregnant by her teacher, according to rumors.

This was how far Anne had got with her thesis. She did the housework with ease and went back to work on her thesis. She continued researching and writing about Robespierre's and Danton's terror regime and their execution. Marat's murder by the Mademoiselle Corday, who first had him fuck her and then stabbed him to death. General Bonaparte, who took Paris from five sides and put an end to the nightmare.

Anne had masturbated Bob night after night with her fist, and now Vic asked her why she didn't let Bob fuck her? Anne threw her hands up in the air. "Mother and son! That's incest! That's forbidden, frowned upon and a grave sin!" she exclaimed, although she wasn't a believer. Vic smiled indefinitely. "Letting him squirting inside while you masturbate, isn't that a bit of incest, Mom?" Anne tried to escape. "I'm lost and defenseless when I masturbate, he takes advantage of it, the little rascal!" Vic didn't give up. "But fucking in the asshole isn't forbidden!" she said and tormented Anne with it every night until Anne agreed, tortured. She had been fucked in the ass many times during her time as a whore, it was nothing new for her.

She lay on her belly and spread her ass cheeks with both hands. Bob fucked her in the ass night after night. When he strayed into her pussy hole, she grunted and moaned disapprovingly, sometimes she could reprimand him, sometimes not. She scolded him, saying it was a disgrace!

Vic knew what to do. If she didn't lie on her belly but on her back and raised her legs above her head, she could see her own pussy and prevent it. "Legs above my head?" Anne asked incredulously. Vic nodded. Bob said, "When Vic was little, she could put her legs so far behind her head that she could lick her clit to orgasm herself!" Vic confirmed, "But I'm not as flexible anymore, I can't reach my clit with my tongue anymore. Ever since Dad saw me lick my clit and make myself an orgasm, he tried every day to deflower and to fuck me." Bob grinned cheekily. "You did it him instead with your fist every time and he didn't stand a chance, the child molester!"

Vic said with a sad expression on her face that after she had lost her virginity, he came to the nursery once or twice a week to fuck her in front of Bob. She hadn't had her period yet and wasn't afraid of getting pregnant. Since then she fucked Bob every day, because Bob fucked her very lovingly and not as brutally as Dad.

They had avoided talking about Dad's crimes until now. Anne said that when he came to town, once or twice a month, "he always stayed here overnight and actually fucked me really well, your father was really good at that, better than the others!" Bob and Vic were silent, they couldn't say anything against that. They wondered who the others were, because Anne hadn't told them that she had worked as a whore for the last 10 years.

Vic lifted Anne's legs up, she was too fat and too immobile to put them behind her head. Anne stared down her body. "I've never seen my clit so clearly." Vic bent Anne's legs as far apart as she could. Bob moistened his cock and penetrated her asshole and fucked her. Anne laughed, "my clit nods and nods with every thrust!" But she didn't have an orgasm from the ass fucking, Vic had to grab her clit and release her orgasm. They did the ass fucking every night now, for almost half a year. Bob, the cheeky Bob, sometimes penetrated her

pussy hole and fucked her. Vic held her legs tight and they didn't listen to her protests. He fucked her very well and brought her to orgasm more and more often.

She pulled him by the ears when he had finished fucking her. "Mother and son! What did I say!?" Bob was stubborn and kept quiet. He fucked her as often as he wanted and didn't care about her scolding. Instead of fucking her in the ass, he preferred to crawl over to Vic and she let him fuck her. He said he was too old to masturbate and fuck her in the ass. He was a young man now and wanted to fuck in the right way.

What gradually changed was the ass fucking. Vic held Anne's legs up so that her pussyhole and asshole were prominently protruding. Apparently there was a secret agreement between Bob and Vic, who held Anne down quite forcefully while Bob penetrated her pussy hole. They no longer made a secret of the fact that Bob really wanted to fuck Anne in her pussy hole in this position. At first Anne had protested loudly, but no one listened to her. It was now the order of the day that Bob would literally fuck her while Vic had an iron grip on her. If Anne had not had an orgasm, Vic would grab her clit and trigger her orgasm, only then would she release her grip and release Anne.

For another six months he lay on top of Anne and penetrated her. She shook her head decisively, so he pulled out his cock and fucked Vic. Around this time Vic got her period and that changed everything. Anne hadn't had a period since her last birth, which was advantageous for her work as a prostitute. Now Anne took on her responsibilities. When Vic was on her fertile days, Anne let Bob put his cock in her and hugged him. "Come on, Bob, you can fuck me, it would be too risky for Vic!" And so a new chapter began for the three of them.

Bob and Vic were preparing for their high school exams, so Vic invited fellow girl students to study together every afternoon. Anne looked in briefly and closed the door again straight away. She brought it up at dinner. "You bring the girls here to fuck them?" Bob nodded, "Yes, all of them!" Anne shook her head disapprovingly.

“And do you study too?” Vic nodded, “Before and after the fucking.” Anne was somewhat reassured. “The high school exams have the priority, right?” The two nodded, “Yes, Mom, we want to go to university!” Anne nodded. “That’s fine, my dears, you must have a better life than me.” She didn’t elaborate, she would sell her body again so they could study. She returned to the topic.

“The girls are all younger than you. Do you deflower them, Bob?” He nodded proudly. “Most of them, yes.” Vic intervened. “But many have already been deflowered, Mom. Fathers, brothers and uncles are just as rotten as Dad!” They had reached a delicate point again. “Is there a fixed sentence yet, Mom?” Anne thought for a moment. “I last spoke to his lawyer the day before yesterday. He doesn’t want to scare me, but he thinks that if no more girls incriminate him, Dad will probably get less than 10 years. The judge is undoubtedly neutral, but she recently said that she would give him the maximum sentence. That is 10 years. It depends on whether more victims are found.” Anne was silent.

Vic asked quietly, “You still love him?” Anne nodded. “We met and fell in love shortly after my cousin had deflowered and fucked me while we were bathing in shallow water, over the course of three days he fucked me more than 20 times, the rascal. Dad wasn’t sure whether he had deflowered me, that was more important to him than anything else at the time. I lied to him and said yes, he had deflowered me. So our relationship began with a lie on my part.” Anne lowered her gaze. “Maybe that’s why I didn’t slap him on the wrist and let him get away with everything.”

Vic and Bob exchanged a long look, but neither made a comment. Bob sighed. “Dad will miss our high school graduation, maybe even our university graduation.” Vic looked piercingly at Bob. “No, I won’t visit him in prison, forget it! My final word!” The air was so thick it could cut my throat. “I will visit him every few months, alone if necessary! My final word!” Bob said. Anne was surprised that the two reacted differently, otherwise they were of the same opinion like identical twins.

Anne straightened her shoulders. "I'm going to visit him, I'll bring him a food package, cigarettes and a little change. But I won't let him fuck me anymore, I'm his divorcee and technically not entitled to it. No, no fucking, my dear ex-husband!" Her look was wild and sexually desirous at the same time. "His wife hasn't been in the courtroom once, I'm curious to see if she'll visit him in prison and fuck him, she'd be the only one entitled to it. But I think she'll get a divorce the moment he goes to prison, that's a legitimate reason for divorce."

Anne was now 36 and just as pretty as before, except for a dozen kilos less. She only cooked healthy food for the children and lost over 12 kilos that year. She went to every court session. Dad got 10 years as feared, and he couldn't apply for release for at least 8 years. She hugged him, crying, and kissed him on the lips as he was led away. Vic and Bob passed their high school exams and they didn't want to celebrate without their Dad. Anne had taken out a loan and they both enrolled at university, they wanted to study law. She would pay off the loan in no time.

Vic had thought about it, because she didn't think about herself as much as Bob did. At dinner she asked how Anne would manage it all financially. "I took out a loan, Vic!" she replied, "at my bank, not privately with a loan shark, so don't worry!" She wanted to drop the subject, but Vic was relentless and kept asking, again and again. Anne was surrounded, saw no way to escape.

Anne had to tell the children. Bob had become aware when Vic really interrogated the mother. There was something going on, he sensed it, as did Vic. "In order to get by in the last 10 years, because Dad didn't pay any support, I had to sell my body and I have to do it now again." It sounded so simple and had been easier than she had feared for the past year. Vic and Bob exchanged a long look. Vic now wanted to know exactly.

Anne had to tell everything, how she fished for men in bars and clubs. That was relatively easy, even though she was quite overweight back then, but not anymore. No, she didn't have and didn't need a pimp. Yes, she had brought the customers here to the apartment,

now she had rented a room from an acquaintance, it was not expensive. And the two of them could heat up their dinner, cook for themselves or eat cold. Vic did not want to study like that. She could go and waitress and Bob could too. But Anne would not hear of it. She would do it, she said with determination. If they wanted to waitress, then so be it. But she would not be persuaded to change her mind.

The mood was at rock bottom the next day. Anne packed a food parcel and visited Dad in prison. She came home late in the evening, but cooked a hot meal. The mood was still unbearable. She brought greetings from Dad and started laughing. Vic and Bob just exchanged a look, then Bob asked what was so funny. "That the guards left me alone with Dad for almost three hours! Of course we fucked as if we were saying goodbye forever!"

Bob was taken aback. "So much for 'but I won't let myself be fucked!' Have you lost all your pride!?" Anne became serious. "I'm a whore, I've always been a whore!" She added, "maybe the only whore in the whole damn city who studies history!" Vic and Bob said nothing more. But when they went to bed that evening, Vic hugged her mother and kissed her on the lips. "Despite everything, I'm proud of my whore mother!" Anne cried a little, but with happiness. Bob couldn't help but joke. "Mom, I have to put it on credit because I'm totally broke!" Anne laughed again and gave him a light slap. The bad mood had vanished, Bob was fucking Anne on credit. All three of them were grinning.

The very next day, Anne was on the phone with her former customers and went to earn money. Vic looked dissatisfied, but she said nothing. The two of them studied very hard and made good progress. When they took a break, they watched TV. Bob, the skilled tinkerer, had manipulated and hacked their TV receiver so that they could watch several porn channels for free. Vic snuggled up to him and dozed because she didn't think much of porn. He called the station because he had discovered a major mistake in a popular show. The contacts went so far that he was invited to appear in a popular show. It was one of the few days he skipped college.

He was overwhelmed by the many impressions; he had never seen a television production being filmed before. He had learned his lines by heart, and they were shown on the teleprompter for safety's sake. It was exciting to sit naked in the studio. The diva was also naked except for a so-called cache-sexe that was stuck to her pussy. For whatever reason, the cache-sexe came off when the diva sat on his thighs. Someone placed a cloth so that their genitals were covered. No one had told him that the actors were not allowed to penetrate. The diva twitched her eyebrows briefly as Bob penetrated her pussy. "Fine by me," said the diva, shrugging her shoulders, "but don't squirt inside, you understand, don't squirt inside!" Bob nodded, then the camera rolled. It took almost three hours to film the five-minute clip. The diva rolled her eyes as he squirted inside. But she was not innocent, she fidgeted back and forth when the director stopped the recording and gave his instructions. They had to repeat French kissing a thousand times for the cameras, Bob had to caress the diva's beautiful silicone breasts and lick her nipples, over and over again. He had to squirt four times in total, the diva rolled her eyes briefly and had to put on a brave face. He had to acknowledge that the conceited, haughty diva neither greeted him nor had a conversation with him.

Three other channels jumped on the train after the first broadcast. They wanted to repeat the show with humor, a popular comedian and two sexy presenters hosted the short clip. The same diva and Bob were engaged to perform the next three film sessions. These channels were intended for an adult audience, so they left out the cloth and the cache-sexe. They shot close-ups as Bob penetrated the diva's pussy, each shot was repeated three or four times, the diva had to present her best smile as Bob penetrated slowly three or four times her pussy. The diva had to move a little more and Bob squirted three or four times inside. The comedian and presenters were only edited in later. Bob found out that the diva usually only filmed with professional studs and was not very happy about posing in front of the camera with an inexperienced guy like him, where he couldn't control himself and cheekily squirted into her pussy without actually fucking her.

Later, after the first film session, he asked her if he could fuck her in the right way now in the dressing room. She looked around, but

there were only a few girls there. She nodded half-heartedly and let him fuck her without saying a single word, twice in a row, with a cigarette break. She allowed him to do this after the first film session; she didn't care at all that he shot his full load inside her and she triggered her orgasm always only with her finger. He pocketed the high fee and was sure that this was not a career for him.

Bob was annoyed that the diva was so aloof. Immediately after their first fuck in the dressing room, he asked if he could accompany her home. To his great surprise, she said yes. He watched her get dressed. She put a shiny silver ass-plug in her ass and a small pink vibrator in her pussy, then her panties. "It gives me a nice, swinging gait," she smiled. Smiling, she hung onto his arm and let him accompany her to her luxury apartment in the city center. She asked him to come in, this was her workplace. "Michelle," she introduced herself and shook his hand. "Robert," he said, "Bob!" She smiled. "Michelle is a stage name," she smiled back, "It says Theresia on my birth certificate." She poured two whiskeys, he just sipped and said he didn't drink alcohol. She smiled friendly, that's smart. He added that he was 22 years old and studying law. "I'm 31, a very expensive high-class whore, a model and sometimes I do porn films. But you don't have to pay anything, or let's say a fiver, because I never do it for free. You fuck pretty well, I saw that today. Better than some stallions with a large cock. Size alone isn't enough." He put a fiver on the table and went to bed with Michelle. They fucked again, full of passion. She said she never had an orgasm when she was fucked. If the fucking was good and it excited her, she triggered the orgasm with her finger. He was allowed to fuck her every day for six weeks at the same time for a fiver. When the film sessions were over, she went away for two months. But after that he sometimes came to Michelle. Vic laughed. "Ultimately, you pay the whore with whore money that Mom earns!"

Vic also had her experience with the porn industry. A female scout recruited her, the curiosity about the experience and the high fee were tempting. She consulted with Bob for quite a long time, then she agreed. Like Bob, she was very impressed by the studio. She found it difficult to fuck according to the director's instructions. She had only agreed to be fucked from the front or in the doggy position,

nothing else. She didn't want to be fucked in the ass, masturbate or fuck two men at the same time. She remained stubborn. That day she was fucked first by two white men and then by four black men, all 6 of them individually, one after the other. She didn't have an orgasm with the white men, but she did with every black men. When she came home that evening, exhausted and dead tired from so many orgasms, she was very sure that she would never repeat the experiment again. Anne, who only found out about it that evening, took her gently in her arms. "You have to be born a whore, my poor child! I was already a whore long before I met Daddy!" she said cryptically.

Anne prostituted from noon to night and was debt-free after just a few weeks. She saved every penny and lived very modestly because she knew she would never be a luxury prostitute. She had a fairly large customer base and was happy with that. Then Dirk entered her one-room brothel.

Dirk, a 22-year-old boy, paid her, but at first he didn't dare to fuck. Anne knew from the first second that he was special. He was the only son of a businessman and would take over the business from his father in a year at the latest, who was already looking forward to retirement. His mother was only 10 years younger than his father, but she was already over 60 too. They talked for an hour without fucking and as he left he asked if he could come the same time tomorrow.

Anne knew from the first second that he was the right one for her, her man for life.

It took Dirk a long time to admit that he had only fucked one older woman so far. It took him even longer to confess to Anne that it was his mother he had had to fuck every day for the last 10 years. It wasn't his idea, she wanted to fuck him whether he wanted to or not. She had let him fuck her when he was 12 and had taught him how to fuck from day one. Of course he got immense sexual pleasure from fucking and squirting inside, he freely admitted that. Anne nodded, what young boy would refuse to fuck every day? When his mother's girlfriends came sometimes to make lesbian love with his mother, he refused to fuck the girlfriends. Just from watching and touching her

pussy and her clit, his cock got rock hard and dripping, they agreed to him spreading her ass cheeks and pussy hole and squirting up close or penetrating her to squirt inside.

She gave him a long time before they fucked. He was a completely normal, good fucker, his cock was normal and nothing out of the ordinary. But she didn't want anything more, their relationship came from the heart, from mutual appreciation and respect for each other. Dirk didn't take offense at the fact that she was a whore. He paid every time, even though he was the only one who visited her every day, fucked her and talked to her at length about everything. He had taken over the business in the meantime, but he came to Anne every day, regardless of whether his business ran well without those two hours or not. Dirk let Anne accompany him and advise him when he bought a four-room apartment in the city center. "There are four of us, us and your two children," he said lightly, not wanting to discuss it. He came to eat every Sunday lunchtime and got on well with Bob and Vic, he was only a few years older than them.

After two years, Dirk proposed to her. Anne slowly phased out her one-room brothel business. They moved into the large apartment in the city center that Anne and Vic had furnished together. Anne no longer visited her ex in prison, she sent him a food package and a carton of cigarettes every two months with a courier service. That was the end of her life up to that point. She never fucked her ex again, she gave up her prostitution business completely.

Then Dirk and Anne, who was a good 15 years older than him, got married.

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Adeline, the Black Singer

by Jack Faber © 2024

No, Rob didn't want to go to America. His father was a diplomat and had to go. Mom also wanted a change of scenery for two weeks, Rob preferred to stay here. His mother insisted that he spend the two weeks with Adeline, who was a friend of hers from the opera choir. Rob, who thought he was in the clutches of an ancient, prudish woman, was already regretting his stubborn refusal. He was clearly very wrong. Mama drove him to a quarry lake hidden in the forest, to a small, well-kept house.

Mama laughed out loud when Rob saw Adeline for the first time. She was young, enormously tall and pitch black. An African. Mama had never told him anything about it. Adeline was born and raised here, in our town. He approached timidly and gave her his hand. "Robert," he said, "but everyone calls me Rob." Adeline pulled him to her mountain of flesh and hugged him invitingly. "Everyone calls me Adi, but not from Adolf, but from Adeline. I'm an opera singer and in the choir like your mother." She loosened her grip, he pulled himself free and the two women talked for a few minutes about marriage and pregnancy. Only gradually did it dawn on Rob that Adi was pregnant and would soon be getting married.

Rob looked around. The small lake, surrounded by forest and clearings, four or five other houses that currently seemed deserted in the sweltering August heat. At the last house, a man was diving head-first into the lake, perhaps one of the residents of the last house. In front of Adi's house, which was the most well-kept of all, there was a small wooden bathing platform with a ladder. An oversized satellite dish was discreetly installed. Adi seemed to have television, perhaps internet too. He breathed a sigh of relief. Not an old natterjack, thank God! And she didn't seem prudish either, she was wearing a pareo and nothing underneath, Rob judged. Mom walked towards her car and he ran to her. "Thank you for not bringing me to an old prudish natterjack, Mom!" he called after her as she turned and waved. He was alone with Adi.

“Where do you see an old, prudish natterjack here, Rob?” she exclaimed happily. “I’m here all summer and I walk around naked all day. And I’m very afraid of old, prudish women!” At this, the serious Rob had to laugh heartily for the first time. “Mom didn’t say anything about you, Adi,” he said, “the old natterjack was just a figment of my imagination. When I hear the name of Adeline, I don’t think of a young, pretty woman.” Adi smiled. “I don’t know what my parents were thinking when they gave me that name. But come in, let’s unpack your things!”

His things were stowed away in no time, and he put his swimming trunks on top. “You won’t need them here,” giggled Adi, “we’re alone at the lake and I always swim naked!” She smiled at him kindly. “You won’t find an old, prudish natterjack here, at least I’m not one!” Rob smiled back. He was silent, but his smile said it all. “I want to read a little in the shade, there at the foot of the old willow tree.” Rob, as a city child, had no idea what a willow tree was, whether young or old. He picked up his toy and waited. Adi dropped her pareo under a tree trunk and sat down naked on it. She began to read. Do we want to see Rob as a dark, devious Loki or a clever, cunning and skillful Odysseus? He sat down in the grass facing Adi and began to play with his handheld. When he looked up, and he did that every time he won a point, he could see everything, really everything. Adi was a tall young woman, she was graceful on the one hand and at the same time enormously tall. She had a powerful chest and very large breasts, her waist was slim, but her buttocks were enormous and large. Her hair was straight and black like her skin. Only her pubic cleft and her nipples were pink. Rob had never seen a naked black woman before and was fascinated. Adi noticed his gaze and let her thighs fall apart a little so that he could see her pink pussy hole and her small, pink clit. She was a little amused. “You can sit next to me in the shade, out of the blazing sun!” He stood up and sat down next to her. “In this heat you should take off your clothes too, I already know what a naked man looks like.” She shook with laughter, then he stood up, laid his clothes neatly folded on a chair and sat down next to Adi. He was a little embarrassed because his cock was hard and firm and Adi had already taken a long look at it. She put her book aside and put an arm around his shoulders. She wanted to talk to him, that was fine with him and he turned off the toy.

It was a nice, good conversation. She talked about her work at the opera, he about school and that there was no school now. She said that she was getting married in two months, so her belly wouldn't be visible, or not that much. Rob asked if that meant she "had to" get married. Adi laughed and pulled him towards her, hugging him. "No, it's the other way around! Jerome, my future husband, proposed to me first and then after we made our child, that's what we agreed. That's how it was!" Adi's hand slipped to his inner thigh and stroked it. "I see what a magnificent, stiff cock you have, Rob! How about you, have you had lots of girls?" Rob shrugged his shoulders. "At my age, everyone has one girlfriend and then another. We're all too young to really fuck, we cuddle, kiss and snuggle, but not much more." Adi's forearm touched his cock, over and over, as she gently stroked his inner thighs. "And, don't you touch each other?" she asked. Rob nodded. "Some yes, others not. A few have already rubbed my cock and let me squirt and I was allowed to do it to her clit too. But almost all the girls are still real virgins, that's what society dictates. My classmates and I look down on those who already let themselves be fucked. I think that's unfair, because they're not whores yet. I went out with one for a while and she was deflowered by her father years ago and the old man fucks his own daughter every day. But that wasn't the reason we broke up, we had a completely different world view, that was it." Adi had meanwhile gently grasped his cock and was sliding his foreskin up and down. "You can touch my pussy or my clit if you like, I don't bite."

Rob hesitated. What about her future husband? Adi smiled. "He knows my life story, he knows that I have already fucked hundreds of people and will continue to do so. I am at least sexually very active, if not a little whore in character. That's what comes with looks and career. So, don't worry!" Rob, still hesitant, reached out his hand and curiously felt her pussy. How far could he go, how far would she go? At least one question was soon answered.

"I have to squirt right now, Adi," he said in a plaintive tone. She smiled, "Null problemo, there's a lot of grass around you, you can squirt anywhere, my dear." How easily she said it! Without any emotion, without any fuss! He laid his head on one breast and touched the pink nipple. It became very firm and pointed at his touch. "Don't

press too hard, it hurts.” she said calmly. He couldn’t answer because now his cock was starting to squirt. Adi immediately rubbed his cock vigorously and let it squirt in a high arc into the grass. It was over in seconds, she wiped her hand on the grass. He still had one hand on her pussy and bent over it. She let him rub her clit for a few minutes, but then her own finger intervened. He immediately let go of her clit and bent even further forward. He used his fingers to pull her labia apart and then the pussy hole itself as far as he could. You could now see very deep inside, it was a very deep hole. The vaginal muscles worked in sync with her finger. He saw immediately what he had done wrong. She masturbated the clit quickly and firmly. He had done it very gently and lightly, like with the only woman who let him masturbate her regularly, but he wasn’t ready to tell Adi yet. Adi’s orgasm came quickly and was over again in a moment. Her thighs twitched briefly and violently, that was it.

Adi laughed and closed her thighs. “Sorry for pushing your finger aside, but I needed something a little different.” Rob nodded and put his arm around her shoulders. They were both wet with sweat and Rob could feel that his cock was still half erect and far from ready. Adi stood up suddenly. “I need a bath, a full bath,” she said, “but jump in carefully, the water is only waist deep!” she said and jumped into the water legs first. He jumped in too, and it was true. The bottom was not muddy like he had experienced in other lakes, but just gravel. They swam a few lengths side by side, then climbed up the ladder. They sat down under the tree again and talked. Adi talked about her youth, the exciting doctor games, the first time she masturbated with a cousin and the first time she had sex. Rob listened attentively and he couldn’t keep his hands off her. A messenger stopped his moped outside on the street, took the package with the used dishes and put down a new package. Adi let him drive away and then fetched the package. “A warm lunch and dinner, a little luxury like that is allowed. I only buy breakfast once a week.”

Adi spread a cloth on the grass and brought two wooden boards. They ate in peace and quiet, they talked about Rob’s sexual experiences at school. He held back most of it, he had only known Adi for a day. The sun had long since set, they watched the news on different channels for another hour. It was bedtime, Adi asked half-heartedly

if he would sleep on an air mattress on the floor or in her double bed. Rob immediately said, “or!” She looked at him, he repeated, “or in the double bed. We’re not as strangers to each other as we were at the beginning.” It was a hot tropical night, the temperature was close to 30° and there was hardly a breeze. Adi left the door open and put down a board about 60cm high in the entrance to keep out frogs and snakes. A small window on the opposite wall was also wide open, so that a light breeze passed over the double bed. They lay next to each other in the darkness for a long time without saying a word. Adi’s hand felt for him, found his stiff cock and simply held it. After a while she said, “You have to squirt again, don’t you?” After a while he answered. “Yes!” She pulled him onto her, between her thighs.

Rob still didn’t dare to penetrate and fuck her, even though he had fucked already a thousand times. “I have to think about your friend, who you are marrying.” It was good that he voiced his oppressive thought. Adi hugged him and stroked his back soothingly down to his buttocks. “I already told you that he knows all about all the fucking I’ve done since I was young. And that I won’t give it up for him or because of him. Because of my career, I have to fuck good and bad people, and neither marriage nor the baby will stop me from pursuing my career. It’s your decision whether you want to fuck me. Jerome and I can handle it.” Rob felt that she was physically pulling and pushing him towards the fucking. Yes, he wanted to fuck her, goddamn it!

He breathed, “Yes, I want to fuck you!” and his cock was already close. Adi sighed deeply, perhaps in anticipation, and she reached for his cock in the dark. She pushed it into her pussy hole forcefully and whispered, “I like it strong and not too gentle. I’m not a sugar doll!” Rob pressed his face into her breasts and held onto her broad shoulders, then he began to fuck Adi. He was by no means gentle, rather firm and strong. After a short time, Adi’s breathing changed, she got going, really going. Rob didn’t know if she was rubbing her clit or not. But he was on the right track, regardless of whether her finger was rubbing her clit or not. He recognized the signs that she was in the finale and picked up the pace, fucking her even harder and harder. Her huge body trembled more and more until she clung to him in orgasm so as not to drown in the flood. He continued to fuck

her really hard, although her orgasm ended very quickly. He heard her quiet, contented laughter. He couldn't stop it any longer, he straightened up a little, held on to her narrow hips and squirted inside. He noticed immediately that it wasn't the full load. He sank down gasping for breath at Adi's side. She hugged him and kissed him on the lips. "I have to correct myself, Rob. I mistakenly thought you were a clumsy young student, but I was wrong. You fuck very well, like a real man!" Rob kept his mouth shut, he almost gave away his big secret out of sheer pride. It took him a long time to breathe normally again. "Can I always ask you when I want to fuck, Adi?" She answered immediately, "of course, I'm always ready!" They talked for a while about the details of the fuck, then they were both tired and fell asleep.

Rob was the first to wake up and looked at the sleeping woman. She looks damn good, damn good! he thought and looked at her until she woke up. She jumped up and first into the pond. She bathed for just a minute, then put a towel around her shoulders and made breakfast. Rob also went into the pond, for a minute. He realized too late that he hadn't had any coffee yet. He drank it with lots of milk and sugar. Even at breakfast, Adi talked about fucking. She looked at his cock, which had already been erect during the conversation at breakfast. She smiled and pulled him into bed by the hand. This went on for the next few days. As soon as she saw his erection, she took him by the hand, probably 10 times a day and then again at night. Rob was very happy and agreed with this. Although he had long since left puberty behind him, his desire for the beautiful, horny woman flared up.

After just a few days he had to tell Adi the whole truth after he had let it slip. They sat under the old willow tree and he had to confess everything. His parents had somehow fallen out. Mom demanded that he swap places with Dad. Dad slept in the children's room and he slept with Mom in the big double bed. At first, Dad came naked into the bedroom every evening and fucked Mom, then he left again. "His right, my duty!" mumbled Mom, who was still really hot after being fucked. Dad started off by coming naked into the bedroom every night and fucking Mom, then he left. "His right, my duty!" mumbled Mom, who was still really hot after being fucked. It was the first

time he saw both parents completely naked. Rob was irritated because Dad's cock looked rather small and insignificant. Mom pulled the cock to her pussy and stuck it in. Dad fucked very wildly and not for very long. He stopped and squirted inside. Mom tried to look indifferent, but Rob realized how hot she really was. Dad left sad and angry at the same time, not caring at all that Rob had watched them fuck.

The first few nights, Rob masturbated in secret, just like Mom, who immediately lay on her side and turned her back to him. She was still hot and horny from the fucking and didn't care that Rob was touching her ass cheeks. She just had to masturbate right now and immediately, regardless of whether Rob noticed. Rob carefully spread her ass cheeks, because that way he could see her pussy from behind and the red-painted finger that was rubbing her clit in a rotating motion. He knelt behind her, stared at her pussy and masturbated. She smiled without turning around and spread her pussy with her fingers frivolously and with a filthy grin, because she was already finished and he wanted to squirt for a third time.

It was only after a few days that he dared to caress her skin and explore her naked body with his fingers. She hugged him and whispered in his ear that if he wanted to masturbate or squirt on her ass cheeks, that was fine with her. She turned onto her belly and he knelt between her thighs and masturbated. "You can start squirting now," she whispered, "just squirt, my little one!" she said every evening when she noticed that he was getting faster. She masturbated very slowly because he kept masturbating and squirting again, two or three times. For a few days, after staring at her labia and pussy hole while masturbating, he squirted between her ass cheeks, two or three times a night while she was also masturbating. Mommy nodded, "but don't squirt inside!" she admonished him. He now squirted every night into her pussy crack and if her hole opened slightly while she was masturbating, inside too. "That's perfect," she said, "just squirt on the outside, but not inside. Do I have to keep telling you, you little rascal?" Later he continued masturbating because she had fallen asleep after her orgasm. Later he remained squatting and sat up to carefully slide his cock into her pussy hole from behind to squirt inside. "Can I please please penetrate you while I squirt, Mommy?"

asked the good boy. She pulled a face, “Does that have to be?” He nodded obediently, Yes, it had to be! “It’s so nice to squirt inside when I orgasm!” She didn’t ask him how he knew. “Well, if you have to! But don’t fuck me, you devious, underhanded boy, promise me that!” With a pained expression on her face, she said, “Okay, than do it!” Now for weeks he penetrated deep into her pussy hole while squirting and she moaned with disgust and sexual desire as well. Several weeks passed, then the boy asked obediently, “Mom, can I penetrate earlier and fuck you a little?” Mom continued the theatrical act. “What are you thinking!? No one else has fucked me before, except Dad! — Yes, and of course my father, your grandfather!” His interest was aroused. “Grandfather!?” She nodded rather dejectedly, a masterpiece of acting. “Yes, he took my virginity and fucked me for years, even when I got married and gave birth to you! I visit him every Sunday morning and have to let the old man fuck me, do you understand?” She shed a few more tears and then nodded timidly. “Fine by me, and what a shame! First the grandfather, then the father and now my horny son! I’m just fair game for you men anyway!” It was only days later that he fucked her from behind for the first time. She woke up half-drowsy, but she smiled and let him fuck her from behind, and usually masturbated for the second or third time, when he fucked her. Mom just sighed deeply when he squirted inside, but she seemed to accept it. She sighed and moaned contentedly when he fucked her, two or three times in a row. “You fuck me just like your grandfather, my daddy!” She usually cried after he had squirted inside, but she insisted it was only from happiness. So it came to be that he fucked Mom regularly, sometimes from behind, but mostly from the front. “It’s been like this for almost three years,” Rob said.

Every few months one of her girlfriends came and stayed overnight with them. Mom had neither a lover nor was she a lesbian. But she mostly passively participated in her friend’s lesbian lovemaking. Rob watched the women from start to finish and his cock almost burst. He touched the unknown woman’s pussy and clit and when she didn’t protest, he fucked her from behind while she kneeled and licked his Mom’s clit. Only a few didn’t allow it, then he masturbated and squirted on her ass cheeks and into her pussy crack. “That’s it,” said Rob, “but that’s all a secret! Mom would certainly be very em-

barrassed if she knew I told you!” Adi nodded, she would keep quiet as a grave.

Mom called him every day at 6 o’clock sharp in the evening. She reported how hard Dad worked every day in the conferences to prevent the spread of the war. Putin, the Russian dictator, had openly attacked NATO, his murder machine had rolled over the Baltic states and eastern Poland. The madman used nuclear-armed artillery ammunition, NATO had nothing comparable. The Russians crossed Hungary unhindered and were staying on Austria’s borders. Mama said he should stay with Adi until she and Dad picked him up. Adi agreed, of course.

He had been here for five days when Jerome came to visit. He was driving a yellow American convertible. Rob liked the African from the very first moment. As far as Rob could find out, he was a cameraman for a film company. Adi asked him if he could sit under the willow tree; she wanted to be alone with Jerome for a while. Rob nodded understandingly and sat down under the willow tree. He could see through the open door what the two of them were doing.

Jerome had a long cock, Rob had never seen anything like it before. But it wasn’t really hard. He heard Adi’s quiet moan as she inserted the thick, semi-soft tube into her pussy with her hand. But Jerome’s cock got hard during the fucking and Adi rejoiced every now and then when she had a small orgasm during the fucking. They fucked for over an hour, then they came out holding hands and jumped into the pond. Jerome climbed out over the ladder, Adi held on to a rung and masturbated under the water.

Jerome sat down next to him and they both watched Adi until she had her intense orgasm. Jerome mumbled that she only had small orgasms during the fucking and always masturbated afterwards to the intense, final orgasm. Rob nodded silently. He was glad that Jerome didn’t mention it, even though he knew for sure that Rob and Adi were fucking. Jerome was very worried about the war, just like Mom. He would definitely drive west with Adi to Switzerland, leaving everything behind if necessary. Rob watched the news every evening, but the danger was played down there.

Jerome and Adi fucked again that night. Rob didn't masturbate that night, he lay silently next to the two fucking. Adi had spread her thighs wide and one was lying on Rob's hip. He stroked Adi's inner thigh very tenderly and lovingly, his hand slid higher and touched her pussy. That was so hot that his cock squirted on its own. They slept restlessly until morning, Jerome had to leave before sunrise. Rob stayed in bed until the two had breakfast and shook Jerome's hand, then he sped off in the bright yellow Plymouth.

Adi smiled as she prepared his breakfast. "You could see for yourself how well Jerome and I get along. The wedding is in two months, nothing big, we've only invited 150 people." Rob nodded. "Just something small, only 150 guests!" he giggled. "I don't even want to know what a big one would look like!" Adi didn't notice his joke at first. "Well, Schönbrunn Park, opera choir, television there, a good 1,500 guests..." Adi fell silent. "And I, the stupid goose, am going along with your nonsense!" They both laughed. "And I'm excited to see what you look like in the white tutu, because you'll be carrying my meter-long train of my bridal dress with the bridesmaids!" They laughed loudly and carried on the nonsense. After bathing, they sat under the willow tree. "It was very nice how you caressed my inner thighs last night, it was a nice complement to Jerome's fucking. And you kept squirting on my knee, so you liked it too!" Rob nodded. "Touching your pussy while fucking almost drove me crazy!"

The war was lurking on the Hungarian border. They were safe, the news anchors repeated emphatically, contradicted only by a few confused experts. Mama said on the phone that he should stay with Adi, even if they might have to flee. He promised. Adi had spoken to Jerome on the phone, saying he might come to visit in the next few days. Then, in the middle of the August heat, the bombardment began. Television, radio and the telephone network went silent simultaneously. Jerome's last message was, "we're coming right away, in an hour." Rob sat in the grass as if nailed to the spot and listened. The capital Vienna was about 25km away, the bombing continued relentlessly and here and there you could see fighter planes turning. Adi sat next to him, she was pressed against him and here and there her tears dripped on his arm. Finally, finally the unmistakable sound of the engine. The yellow American car stopped on the street. Adi

jumped up and ran to the convertible. Rob recognized a middle-aged man in the passenger seat and a young girl in the back seat. Adi leaned over and kissed Jerome, who turned off the engine and pulled out the ignition key. That was the last thing Rob saw. At that moment the car bomb exploded under the driver's seat.

Rob's ears were ringing, but he immediately jumped up and ran. He stood rooted to the spot in front of the car. Adi looked the worst. The remains of her torso and head lay in the dust of the road. Jerome and the blond-gray man in the passenger seat were sitting twisted on the seat. They were still whole, but undoubtedly dead. The front part of the convertible was gone, the rest crumpled like paper.

A quiet whimper woke him from his paralysis. He had to look very closely, a large dog was stretching in the back seat and shaking its head to get rid of the buzzing in its ears. Rob had heard that Jerome was coming with his landlord Franz and his daughter Claudia. He went up to the car. Claudia was probably dead too. He felt for her neck. Pulse! Pulse!!! He lifted the unconscious child out, she was slim and as light as a feather. The dog trotted silently into the house behind him and when he laid Claudia on the bed, the big dog lay down in front of the bed to guard his mistress. Rob fetched a bucket of water from the pond to wash Claudia; her face was black with dirt or the bomb. Her dress, which he only now discovered, was torn into small pieces. He undressed her; she was not wearing a bra, but was wearing dirty panties, which he also took off. She had only a delicate, blonde fluffy down over her pubic cleft. He washed her with the bath sponge and liquid soap from top to bottom, front and back. She had small, round breasts and shoulder-length blonde hair. She was in a deep swoon; she did not open her lips even a millimeter when he put a glass of water to her lips. He sat next to the naked girl for a good half hour and actually saw right through her. He pulled himself together and reached for the telephone. There was no signal. He still wrote Mama a message, which would be sent as soon as there was a network, a connection, again. In the first line he wrote the date and time, heaven only knows when the message arrived. He was alive, unharmed and alone in Adi's bathing hut. Adi, Jerome and his landlord were dead, car bomb. The landlord's daughter, Claudia, had survived but was in a deep faint. Her dog had survived too.

Rob didn't know why he buried the three deads. He broke into a neighbor's tool shed and stole the shovel. He spent a good hour digging up three graves on Adi's property. He searched the deads clothes and took everything. ID cards, wallets and rings. He looked for Adi's remains in the bushes next to the road and found both arms and the missing leg. He laid the dead in the graves and shoveled them in. Rob was not a religious person, but he stopped by the graves as if he could speak to Adi again. Farewell, dear friend, dear Adi! I would have wished you a long, beautiful life with Jerome and your baby! Tears ran down his cheeks. How nice it was to fuck with you, to bathe and to talk! Even more tears ran down his cheeks. Farewell, Rob said half-quietly and thought briefly of Jerome and the other man, farewell everyone! He went back into the house and sat down on the bed next to the naked Claudia. He had to smile. He alone was destined to live, not Adi, Jerome and the stranger. There was something deceitful about saying farewell.

He washed Claudia again and again. The dog whined and Rob scratched the animal's head. "She'll wake up again, dog!" he said. He heard correctly again, the roaring in his ears stopped and didn't stop. He understood that the roar was coming from the direction of the capital. When he stared over the forest, he thought he could see the flashes of the explosions. It was getting dark and now the sky above the city of Vienna was glowing orange red. Rob could only see the glow in the air, it was 20km away as the crow flies. He ate a sandwich and went to sleep. The dog jumped onto the bed and curled up at Claudia's feet.

He was immediately wide awake when he woke up. The dog was lying between Claudia's thighs and had his snout on her pussy. She was also wide awake and staring intently at Rob's morning wood. She looked him in the eyes, she was obviously completely confused. Was it the unfamiliar surroundings, was it the explosion or the fact that they were both naked? "I am Countess Wolkoff, and who are you, sir?" Claudia had a beautiful, feminine voice. "No, you are Claudia," said Rob soberly, "Countess Wolkoff appears in a Russian play, Turgenev or Pushkin, I don't know." Claudia shuddered briefly. "That's right, it was a play we rehearsed at school. But who are you, how did I get here and, above all, why are we both naked!? Have you fucked

me?” Rob shook his head. “I am Robert, Rob and that is little Robert you are staring at as if you knew what you could do with him!” He grinned cheekily and she blushed deeply. “Of course I know, Rob!” she said tightly. He became serious again. “Do you remember the explosion?” he asked, but she shook her head. He told her and tears shot out of her eyes. He hugged her and let her cry for half an hour. “What’s your dog’s name?” he tried to distract her. “Bembo,” she said and the dog raised its head. “Major Bembo,” she added, pronouncing the major in English like Metschor, “he once saved me from drowning as a child and Papa promoted him from captain to major. He is my faithful companion!”

“Aha,” said Rob, who did not want to talk about the explosion and death, “and what do you think you would do with my little Robert!?” He grinned cheekily and she looked up from his morning wood and smiled a little. “Well, I haven’t fucked yet, at least not properly, not that much. But I know how to make him squirt, I do it every day at Daddy’s since Mommy ran off with her stupid Spanish guy over a year ago. I saw it at school, how the girls do it to their boyfriends, and that’s how I do it at Daddy’s, every day. And of course, I spy as often as I can when Jerome goes into the bathroom and masturbates. I’ve never seen such a huge cock, I watch him until he squirts in the sink.” Rob continued to distract her. “You said you haven’t fucked properly yet, Claudia?” She looked at him openly. He was a brazen guy, but not unpleasant. “My Daddy came home a few weeks ago pretty drunk and tried to rape me. He’d never done that before. He only tore my hymen a little, but he did thrust into it a few times and then squirted inside. He apologized the next day and I told him my hymen was still intact, just torn on the side. I checked it with the pocket mirror. Would you like to take a look?” Rob was surprised by her question, but he nodded. How childishly naive she was! He bent down and she spread her thighs. He parted her labia with his fingers and yes, indeed, the hymen was still there, torn at the side. She grasped his cock with her whole hand, with a knowing grip. He let go of her pussy. “Are you old enough to fuck yet?” he asked with a serious face. She nodded, to his astonishment. “Daddy promised to de-flower me in the fall when school opens again and then fuck me, his little wife. I don’t have my period yet and don’t have to think about

contraception yet. We talked about fucking a lot when I rubbed him until he squirted.”

Rob nodded friendly. “You had a good relationship with your father, didn’t you?” At the same time he recognized his mistake, but she ignored his comment. “Should I do it with my hand or would you rather fuck me, since my Dad is no more?” asked Claudia. He didn’t answer immediately and she said sadly and with resignation, “I understand, you want to fuck me. It’s okay on my part, I would have fucked my Dad soon anyway.” Rob was speechless at how clear and predetermined she saw it! His morning wood twitched suspiciously and also agreed.

He laid her on her back and she put her legs up. He lay between her thighs. “I don’t want to lie and say I loved you. We don’t know each other well enough for that yet.” She nodded seriously. “That’s true, Rob. But I know you well enough to know that you are a nice person and not a monster. That’s enough for me.” He penetrated very slowly, he felt the final tearing of her hymen. She smiled. “It didn’t hurt at all.” He fucked her slowly at first, then faster and faster and noticed from her breathing how her excitement was increasing. He gritted his teeth and held back the squirt. She stared into his with disbelieving eyes and clung to him. The orgasm gripped her with all its might and she gripped him. He let go and squirted into her fading orgasm. It shot through his head that she hadn’t had her period yet. He sank down next to her. Major Bembo fucked her lower leg. “He always does that when he sees me masturbating,” she laughed embarrassedly. “Do you masturbate often?” asked Rob and she shook her head. “I used to, but Dad didn’t like it. He said that only old women who were too old to fuck did that. Since then I’ve only done it in secret because I was very ashamed, maybe once or twice a month.” Rob nodded and shook his head. “Nowadays psychologists and doctors say it’s actually healthy and important for your sexual development. Your dad should research it better!” She looked at him sideways, “so you’re not against it?” Rob confirmed that he believed psychologists and doctors more than yesterday’s fairy tales. Claudia smiled and wiped the juice from her lower leg that Major Bembo had left behind. She asked him a thousand things about fucking, masturbating and sexuality. He told her everything he knew and he didn’t

avoid any questions. Not even when it came to fucking his mother and her girlfriends. Although she had already kissed and cuddled with a number of girlfriends and had let some of them masturbate her, she listened with open mouth when he talked about the lesbianism that he had observed first hand.

They probably fucked a dozen times a day, not counting the night. Claudia loved fucking as much as she loved masturbating. They had no television, radio or internet. The few books Adi had written were soon read, so they occupied themselves with their bodies and each other's.

Rob wrote two messages to his mother every day and kept checking to see if there was a network. In the evenings they sat in the grass and looked at the reddish glow of the destroyed city. It took days before the fires seemed to have been put out. Their food, which he inspected every day, was running out. He had to make a decision, even though they hadn't seen anything from the outside world for almost three weeks. Going north to the destroyed city seemed pointless. Going west seemed the right thing to do. They had to cross the Vienna Forest, but there were settlements and isolated houses everywhere. They had waited three weeks now, they had to go. Claudia was a little disappointed because the hut and the pond seemed safe enough to her and she loved to fuck or masturbate day and night. Now they were heading back to civilization; you couldn't run around naked or just jump into the pond if the hellish heat got too much. Rob let her try on some of Adi's clothes and thank God Adi had a sturdy coat ready. The clothes were too big for Claudia, but she was able to conceal that somewhat with the belts. Claudia placed some flowers on the three graves and stood silently for a few minutes. They packed all the groceries and set off, first to the east, where the inn that had been feeding them until a few weeks ago must be. It was closed, of course, and there was no one there.

Now they turned around and followed Major Bembo to the west.

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