

Jack X. Faber

**Inside Mom's blooming Rose
Volume 3**



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Contact the author: JackFaber@gmx.net
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The Robot Child

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John, service number NX73, was sitting in his police car, smoking his umpteenth cigarette and checking for the umpteenth time that he had turned on his blue lights. There were at least 50 police cars around the Hai Phong restaurant, two police vans picked up the arrested people. Chinese, Vietnamese and other sinister tattooed figures. A major raid was carried out and his unit, responsible for robo-recuperation, had been called in because there was suspicion of robo-crime. His thoughts wandered back to this morning.

He had driven to the house of a gangster because he had seen his wife and daughter in court. He had to have her fucked! He rang the bell and waited. She opened the door for him in a hastily thrown-on housedress, her face covered in a fine film of sweat and flushed. Ah, he had interrupted her! She invited him in and made him wait in the living room of the beautifully furnished large apartment, she had to get dressed first. The little girl came in and sat down opposite him. He had brought her a present, a doll. Her eyes opened wide, he was the only man who had visited her mother and brought her a present! She beamed from ear to ear. "I'm John," he said, holding out his hand across the coffee table. "My name is Anna and I'm 5, almost 6. Did you come to hurt Mommy or fuck her?" she asked with unexpected directness. "I didn't come to hurt your Mommy!"

Anna smiled and seemed to be satisfied. "Usually you men only come on Saturdays and Sundays to fuck Mommy because Dad is in prison. That's why she shaves her pubic hair on Saturday mornings before bathing." John asked kindly how she knew all this. Anna answered cheerfully, "Because I'm an excellent spy, John!" He smiled. "Then you spy to see the fucking?" Anna answered quickly. "Yes, of course! But Mom doesn't like it and the man sends me out scolding me. Will you let me watch you fuck her, John?" He was a little perplexed. "Yes, of course, if you don't disturb me." Anna, in excitement, pulled her legs up onto the seat. He could see her reddened pussy and reddened little clit. "Do you do it often?" he asked gently. She

was now realizing that she had exposed herself. She pressed her knees together. "It's a secret, John! But I trust you. I saw it a long time ago at Mom's when I spied into the bedroom. Since then I always do it, I have nothing else to do." Anna cast her eyes down. "But please don't tell Mom, she mustn't know!" John nodded and crossed two fingers. Anna's mother came out of the bedroom and sat down next to them.

She was still crying. She had seen his police badge on his belt when he came in. She had been scared to death when he told her. She shook her head and started to cry, then she went into the bedroom crying to get dressed. The tears were now running down her cheeks. She was a chaste, respectable woman and would never cheat on her husband, she lied. She should keep her mouth shut, John said harshly and stood up. He went to her and pulled her up. She cried out as he began to unpeel her. "Just shut up, I don't want to hear another sound from you, not a single sound! Not another word!" he ordered and unbuttoned her blouse. She sobbed silently. She knew he would undress her piece by piece, strip her naked and fuck her, in front of her daughter, the damn cop!

Anna stood up on her chair and unfastened her mother's bra. Her mother opened her mouth and wanted to say something cursing, but his strong look silenced her. He pulled her bra over her head. She had beautiful, full breasts that were now defeated by gravity. Anna unzipped her skirt. He pulled her skirt down to the floor. She sobbed loudly, because she was completely naked except for her thong. He hesitated for a moment, then led her by the hand into the bedroom. Anna followed. He undressed quickly. Anna stood in front of her mother and begged. "Let me take the thong down, please, please!" She didn't wait for his answer and reached for her thong. Her mother, Louisa, wanted to say something sharply, but John's angry look made her freeze. Anna pulled her thong down to the floor. Anna put her hands on Louisa's labia. "This is the first time I've seen it up close," she said to John, "can I take a closer look?" She didn't wait for an answer and pulled the labia apart. Lou made an unwilling noise. "Oh, there's the clit," Anna murmured and touched it with a finger, "it's really hard, John!" She inserted a finger deep into Louisa's fuck-hole. "Wow, it goes further, it's really deep!" she exclaimed in aston-

ishment. Anna turned around. Her shining eyes looked at John's cock. "Your cock is growing, John, it's growing!" she exclaimed softly. The mother was still crying and sobbing when Anna led her by the hand to the bed. She had her lie on her back, lifted her knees and let them slide apart. John had to smile, the little girl was completely on his side. Anna looked at him expectantly. "Take off your clothes and sit at the foot of the bed, you'll see everything there," he said kindly.

The mother didn't stop crying and sobbing. She had never cheated on her husband, she lied, sobbing quietly. "I swear to the Mother of God!" she lied brazenly and covered her eyes with her hands, but between her fingers she was sizing up John's cock. He knelt between her thighs and grinned. "Don't make it difficult for yourself, Louisa, surrender to the inevitable and let yourself go!" Louisa nodded and stopped crying. She sobbed a little more, but fell silent as he slowly penetrated her. Her pussy wasn't as tight as he expected, but her little clit stood pointed and horny between her inner labia. Now he penetrated as deeply as he could. Louisa sighed deeply as he penetrated her and placed a finger on her clit. He fucked her with increasing speed. She stopped crying and sobbing, she quickly got into the swing of things and masturbated very fast and hard. She reached her orgasm quite quickly and continued masturbating. He held her hips, fucked very fast and very hard and squirted inside her. She pounded hard on his back with her little fists. "No, don't squirt inside, for God's sake, don't squirt inside!" But John kept squirting inside to the last drop, he didn't care. He let go of her and sat down next to her. "I have the dangerous days," Louisa whispered, but he didn't care.

Anna sat at the foot of the bed with her legs spread wide and played thoughtlessly with her labia. She looked him straight in the eyes. "I could see everything very clearly!" she said happily. "Can you fuck me as well as you did Mom now?" John shook his head. "You're much too young for that, Anna!" She nodded disappointedly. "Yes, John!" It was completely silent for minutes. Then Anna sat down next to him and grabbed his cock. "Can I make it hard? I know how to do it!" He nodded resignedly, in God's name! Anna rubbed his foreskin with her lips pressed together and after a few minutes his cock was hard. She should stay lying down and spread her thighs,

John said as he unfolded Louisa's thighs and laid her ready for fucking, he wanted to look into her pussy while he fucked her mother. Anna nodded obediently.

Louisa looked at him angrily. Did he really have to fuck her again, even though she was having a dangerous day!?

John fucked Louisa for the second time, this time she hesitated for a long time before she put her finger on her clit and began to masturbate. He fucked her hard and stared into Anna's little pussy hole. Oh dear, there were only a few scraps of skin left of her hymen. Anna noticed his critical look. "It was Peter who broke it. He's already 12 and he always squirts inside!" said Anna with a guilty look. But John didn't want to question her any further.

Anna stared at the fucking and after a while she also began to masturbate, like her mother. They both had an orgasm long before he was finished. After a short break, Louisa continued masturbating, Anna was still twitching in her long orgasm. He fucked Louisa for a good 20 minutes, she had one small orgasm after another. She clung to him, no longer crying or sobbing, her eyes sparkled with wild, animalistic lust. He grabbed her hips and squirted everything into her, until the last drop. She had put her hands on his buttocks and pressed his cock deep into her pussy, let him squirting deeply inside. Dangerous days? Oh well, screw it!

John NX73 sat in his police car, smoking the umpteenth cigarette and checking for the umpteenth time that he had turned on his blue lights. There were at least 50 police cars around the Hai Phong restaurant, two police vans picked up the arrested people. Chinese, Vietnamese and other tattooed sinister figures. A large raid was carried out and his unit, responsible for robo-recuperation, had been called in because there was suspicion of robo-crime. It was his partner Frank NX481's turn today, he checked all the robots and androids, but there were only two stolen androids, everything else was fine. Frank had locked the two in his police car and came over to John.

“Two, the boss will be happy!” John nodded, he was the senior one and Frank’s superior. Frank looked in the direction John was staring. “A kitchen robot, not registered.” John looked at him sharply. “There’s something fishy, I’ll look at it myself.” He got out and activated the car’s passive protection. “Frank, I’ll look at it myself, it has to stay between us. No mention in the minutes!” Frank nodded and went to his car. Not everything had to see the light of day, they took or let go of what brought in money. You weren’t a corrupt criminal just by supplementing your meager police salary a little. And he, Frank, was no more of a saint than John; saints don’t go into the police force.

What Frank, the rookie, didn’t see right away, John recognized at first glance. The confused robo-girl was not a kitchen robot, just the clothing. John immediately recognized the android under the uniform, perhaps even a new development that everyone was talking about. Her kitchen skirt ended above the knees. The lower body of a kitchen robot was usually more of a box with wheels. But the girl had beautifully shaped legs, which an experienced robo-policeman would notice. Of course, Frank wasn’t ready yet. A cross between a sex bot and an android! He had to get to the bottom of the matter; it could be the most expensive bycatch, or just a simple kitchen robot. He drove up next to the girl, showed his badge and ordered, “Get in, in the back!” The girl obeyed immediately, he locked the door and drove home. His wife Marion was the best for the next step. He got out and the girl followed him without saying a word. Marion opened the door. “What’s so important!?” John gave her a kiss on the cheek as usual. “When exactly was the last upload and when is the next one?” He was very precise, and Marion was already at work. She shook the girl’s hand in greeting and said to John, “last at 8:12 and the next will be at 3:00 p.m.! in 2 hours 17 minutes!” John looked into Marion’s light green eyes. “Can you deactivate it, no upload for now?” Marion nodded and shook the girl’s hand again. “Next upload in four weeks, at 8 a.m.” She let go of the girl’s hand. “What’s your name?” and the girl answered, “Lou, from Louisa.” Marion introduced herself. “I’m Marion and this is my husband, Chief Inspector John Barstow.” The girl shook John’s hand and sat down at the living room table as they both did. Marion took off her kitchen clothes and exposed her naked. She looked stunning.

Nobody could tell that Marion was an android, only her body weight was treacherously high. John had paid a fortune for an out-cast plastic surgeon to make her face human. Robots and androids had to be recognizable by the shiny silver ornaments on their faces. The ornament was individually unique and also served as a machine readable identification. He had made Marion, the most modern android of the time, his wife three years ago. She wasn't just there for fucking, which she undoubtedly mastered like a world champion, she was John's best assistant for all questions. And now there were a whole lot of questions.

"Marion, find out everything about Lou, please." Marion held Lou's hand again. "She is an android from the second to last series, three generations after mine. She was originally an advanced development of my generation, with improved abilities. She was sold directly from the factory in Southgate, cash and without invoice, to the Chinese Tai Peng, picked up and not registered. Tai Peng is a boss of the local triad and his cover is the Hai Phong restaurant. Lou's programming has been largely erased and replaced with ordinary kitchen software. A really sloppy job. She has been in the kitchen for 11 days and her upload goes to the Hai Phong."

John had made quick notes and was thinking out loud. "Could there be important information about Tai Peng in her memory?" Marion shook her head. "Her memory is erased after every upload. We only find garbled remains, if anything." John said, "Would you please save all the remains, as far as possible? And restore her original programming?" Marion nodded. "I'll get my bags." John knew what she meant, three large suitcases containing all her tools.

Marion told Lou she was going to take off her middle finger, that was where her computer connection was. Lou watched in confusion as Marion worked on her middle finger with a special pen and simply pulled the finger off. Marion also removed her own middle finger. Marion took a cable out of a suitcase, in the middle of which was a black box. She plugged the cable into the connection where Lou's middle finger was and into her own connection. "I'm downloading the memory remnants," Marion explained.

John was talking to Lou, what had she been doing after 8:15? “I was in the kitchen cutting salads, like every day at that time. I was only interrupted by two Vietnamese who busted me one after the other, from behind.” John interrupted her, what did she mean by “busting?” Lou didn’t bat an eyelid. “That’s what all the men there do! They open their trousers and take out what looks like a sausage or a radish, but it’s living meat. Like all the employees, they are only allowed to bust me from behind, they turn me with my back to them and fold up my skirt. They put their radish in the hole between my legs and then they bust me fast from behind until their radish squirts. Do you understand, that’s busting!” She looked at him with a look like a kindergarten teacher who had lectured an ignorant child. John smiled. “We call busting fucking, Lou,” he said gently, “and what happened after the two men had fucked you?” Lou answered immediately. “I was immediately called to the boss’s office, where I was supposed to have a bas... with someone, I mean fuck. I thought the boss wanted to bas... fuck me for the second time, because only he was allowed to b... fuck me from the front. And of course his young wife, too, because she’s a shemale, woman on top, and a man below, but that’s a secret, she drilled it into me. Above all, her husband, the boss, must not find out that his wife bu... fucks me almost every day.”

“And what happened next?” John wanted to know. “Everyone had to be quiet because the boss was about to make a phone call.” John learned that Lou had heard both the tone sequence of the call and the entire conversation. John had the tone sequence translated using an app on his handheld and recorded the conversation. He was not surprised that Lou was able to reproduce the tone sequence exactly and imitate the voices exactly. Androids can do that. John was electrified and called Frank immediately.

“Frank, this could help you with your promotion, so be smart and only play the whole thing to our boss in private, because we may have more than just one mole in the headquarters! Tell me, was a certain Tai Peng among those arrested?” Frank said he had the list on his desk and looked it up. “No, he’s not on it. He’s the owner of the restaurant, isn’t he?” John nodded. “Yes, he was warned by our mole and is already underground. Do you know Hui Tran? The boss called

him.” Frank confirmed that Sergeant Hui Tran was part of the SWAT team that carried out the raid. “Arrest him immediately!” exclaimed John, “before you go to the boss with my email! That’ll give you extra points, Frank, go to Captain Dobbs from SWAT and tell him I ordered the arrest! Man, what a stroke of luck! And if anyone asks, I’m already on my way to the headquarters!”

He wrote 3 lines for Marion, who was sitting on the couch like Lou, as if in a trance. Marion’s procedure would probably take around 3 hours, so he set off immediately. He lit a cigarette, he had ordered the police car to ignore the directive regarding smoking. He didn’t care. He was 38 years old, but he had lived for almost 79 years. He was one of the first to take part in an experiment. He would retain the body and health of 38-year-old John until the end of his life at 115 to 125 years old, that was the interesting thing about this experiment. The next generations would live to be 200 years old themselves, it was thought. Of course, strict birth control was necessary, but the economy was jubilant because with paying for a single education you could work for two or three lifetimes. He would not retire until he was 104, but still at 38. And until then he could do what he was good at: finding stolen robots and stolen androids.

Captain Dobbs had arrested the sergeant and Frank had been to see the boss. John, Frank and Dobbs went to the boss and discussed the situation. Hui Tran had been exposed as a mole, perhaps he could name other moles. The boss slammed his palm on the table, for the record of course, and gave Dobbs the order to be interrogated according to the rules! He emphasized this twice for the record because he knew full well that Dobbs would beat everything out of the sergeant.

John came home early, he dozed for three quarters of an hour next to Marion and Lou. Marion woke him gently. She nodded in agreement when he asked her if Lou? Marion whispered, “she still has to install the new software for a quarter of an hour.” Marion smiled. “They installed three firewalls that even I would have needed many hours to get over. But these intelligent monkeys may have put up huge hurdles, but they forgot a few mouse holes underneath. I was in after two minutes and downloaded the right directives and programs

for Lou without being discovered.” John hugged her. “What would I do without my clever wife!” She held out her cheek for him to kiss. Lou woke up.

Marion said to John that the little girl was cleverer than she was, just a tiny bit. And she was also a master at fucking, the little girl, a real goddess! She was actually programmed as a sexbot for the upper class and had to be the perfect lover and companion and assistant for the man with a lot of money. Her focus was more on conversation and being a playmate, unlike herself. And her body was younger than hers, around 16 or 17, and very pretty. “Change of horses!?” Marion asked seriously. “My God, no!” he exclaimed spontaneously and hugged Marion tightly. “You are and will remain my wife, basta! Lou is a stranger, she could be our daughter. Maybe...” John interrupted the thought, but Marion continued his sentence, “... maybe she’s up for a bit of incest, our pretty 16-year-old daughter.” John’s face beamed. “Yes, that’s exactly what I wanted to say!” Marion smiled very indulgently. “It’s a good thing we’re not married, otherwise I’d have to scratch your eyes out now!” They both laughed and he hugged his wife. “Seriously, I don’t know anything about the little girl yet. Who had her reprogrammed? Why? What was the purpose of a triad boss with her? She was far too expensive for personal use and if she was a gift, for whom? It would have to be an important person!” Marion nodded, “We’ll find out all that.” She motioned for Lou to come closer.

“Lou, we still have to find out a lot about you and your purpose, with your help of course. If there’s nothing against it, we can take you in as our daughter for a while at least. OK?” Lou nodded, but she had one objection.

“I can’t stay with you very long because I’ve been earmarked as a gift. Riek, my boss’s personal sex bot, told me in broad terms. Riek is the nicest person in Hai Phong, she was also the one who programmed the kitchen robot for me, she told me a lot. I was a present for Fang Kyi Moon, who is apparently the boss of the boss and is moving here in about 25 days. Mr. Fang Kyi Moon will then be my owner, my new master and husband. He is already very old, but Riek didn’t know how old. But he wanted a new woman to fuck, a very,

very young one. And good food was the most important thing to him, which is why Riek programmed the kitchen thing into me. I think it's important to inform you about it."

Marion had noticed that John was taking notes. "If we subtract the 11 or 12 days that Lou was already here from the 25 days, the arrival of the top boss is expected in 13 or 14 days. Of course he will enter the country under a false name, we just have to keep our eyes open when an old Asian enters the country." John said, "Perfectly analyzed, my dear, we have to ask our colleagues in Asia for informations." Marion looked almost haughty. "The fact that you have at least one mole doesn't give you any cause for concern!?" John returned her gaze. "Of course not, we are all beginners and bunglers." Marion was used to such small verbal sparring. "I will only talk to 4 or 5 people about it, all of whom I know very well. I will be very careful, my darling, if things go off the rails, things can get ugly very quickly. This is not the first time I have crossed paths with the Triads, I know that a human life means nothing to them."

After dinner they went up to the big bedroom. "Are we going to bust now?" asked Lou and took off her bolero. Marion corrected her, "It's called fucking, not busting. You should remember that now." John asked Lou if she wanted to lie with them both, or if she would rather lie in the guest bed. Of course Lou wanted to lie with them and be busted. "I've been looking forward to that since I was commissioned." She paused, irritated. "Can't be, I was already busted in Hai Phong by all the men in the gang, by the boss himself and by his wife, in secret of course. Back then it was still called busting, that's what Riek told me. So all in all 43 men, 44 if I count the boss's wife. By some of them several times, but that's what I was actually designed for." Lou was silent for a moment. "But it's true, I'm already looking forward to being fucked by the master. Marion, you first or me?" Marion remained serious and answered, "Me first." Lou nodded and curled up at the foot of the bed.

John had already laid down in bed and was looking at Lou's beautiful body. She was the most beautiful 16-year-old he had ever seen, and he had fucked quite a few 16-year-olds. Her brown-red hair was shoulder-length and slightly curly. In her even face were two emer-

ald-green, intelligent eyes that mostly remained friendly. Her girlish body was flawless and beautifully shaped. A small, brown bush could be seen above her mons pubis, her hips were still slim and already slightly womanly shaped. She really was a very beautiful, valuable gift for the big boss.

Marion was 31, and she would stay that way for the rest of her life. Instead of intestines, she had a small nuclear reactor that could last for hundreds of years. John knew cognitively, of course, that Marion's body was made of wires and computer chips, but she was sculpted on the outside as a perfect young woman. Her light blue eyes were very striking indeed, but they were not just for seeing. Her black hair hung halfway down her back when she untied them in the evenings. She was as slim as Lou, but her breasts were larger, more womanly, firm and full. This was just what John liked, who had seen hundreds of breasts, but hers were the best. She had removed her pubic hair once and for all when they moved together, at John's request, of course. Like all androids, she — like Lou — had a prominent clit, about a third of the length of a little finger. The designers shaped it to the tastes and fantasies of the average man, although androids did not masturbate. But they were excellent at showing off a masturbation.

John penetrated Marion's pussy hole, which was very tight, as usual. Marion's programming let her fuck and be fucked like a humanoid woman. She knew exactly when John was about to squirt and her body experienced a female orgasm when he squirted inside. His juice would flow out later. John needed a break and smoked a cigarette. Marion's fingers slid over Lou's body. The sense of touch of the fingers was at least 20 times more sensitive than that of a human. "You have an ugly little scar in your belly button," she said to Lou. "Riek put a little capsule in there," Lou replied, but she didn't know why. Marion said she would look at it tomorrow. Lou leaned her head against the sleeping John. "He promised to fuck me!" she said in a plaintive tone. Marion pulled her away from John. "He's dead tired, let him sleep! We'll take turns fucking him, he's an older man, already 38!" The two androids lay down to rest, they didn't sleep. Their computers reorganized during the break.

Marion woke John very quietly and covered his mouth. His second glance was at the clock, it was just before three in the morning. He asked what was going on. Marion whispered that they had to leave immediately. Tai Peng's men had surrounded the house. Emergency backpack! John was ready to leave in two minutes. Marion pressed one of her three suitcases into Lou's hand, then they crept silently to the back entrance. Marion put the suitcases down and took two steps forward. A quiet noise, then two submachine guns clattered to the ground. "They'll wake up in an hour with a horrible headache," she said quietly. They crept to the street. Marion, who had taken the lead quite naturally, immediately recognized the gangsters' car.

The driver didn't know what was happening to him when he felt Marion's fist. She opened the hood and ripped something out. "GPS tracker." She rummaged in the trunk and handed John an aluminum foil that was meant to keep you warm in the event of an accident. "John, wrap Lou and especially her belly button. She has a tracker there, that's how they found us." They drove off and John was about to say something about them going in the wrong direction. Marion stopped in the empty parking lot of a supermarket.

She looked for a few things in her suitcases. With a targeted cut with the scalpel, she opened the scars in Lou's belly button. She found the tracker and pulled it out. She photographed the elongated capsule from three sides, threw it to the ground and crushed it with the heel of her shoe. She covered the deep cut with a Bioskin plaster. "In four days there won't be anything left to see," she explained to Lou, "we're covered in Bioskin too." Marion turned the car around and drove in the right direction. She told John that their trail ended at the supermarket. She had rented several small apartments in the city under false names and could hide there. It was best to switch between the apartments in case they were following John. Because that was the only fixed point where he could be found every day.

John had rung Captain Dobbs out of bed as soon as they had set off. Now, an hour and a half later, Dobbs called back. "18 gangsters arrested, Tai Peng is not one of them. But he had lost almost his entire crew. We'll talk tomorrow!" Dobbs was not a chatterbox, which was reassuring. John wrote a brief overview of things to Frank, or-

dered absolute secrecy, we'll see each other tomorrow at 7 at the headquarters.

Marion and Lou stayed in the apartment, John ran to the taxi stand and drove to the headquarters. The taxi was brand new and modern. It had a hydrogen engine and no human driver, both of which he detested with all his heart. Such small hydrogen engines were not as reliable as the electronic ones that ran on batteries. And the fact that the car had neither a steering wheel nor a humanoid driver was reason enough to feel unsafe. Frank was already waiting impatiently. He asked Dobbs to come to the interrogation of the gangsters and gave the boss's secretary a short statement for the boss. The interrogations brought nothing, as was to be expected. But they found out who was in charge among them, sent the small fish to the cells and hammered on the leader. He didn't last many minutes; Dobbs seemed like a real threat with his massive body, threatening expression on his face and his paw, with which he grabbed the guy's shoulder with an iron grip. He didn't want to be beaten up by this giant with the iron grip, not by God!

The poor guy unlocked his phone and Dobbs gave it to an officer. "Get it to the technical department as quickly as possible, it's urgent!" The guy was bubbling like a waterfall and squinting at Dobbs to keep him from coming any closer. The information was valuable in that it revealed in detail the modus operandi of Tai Peng's gang. They grilled the guy and released him to the cell after two hours. John informed the secretary and now the three of them sat and processed the information. John informed Dobbs and Frank that he had gone into hiding after the attack on his house. The boss had come in quietly and listened in silence. "Good work, men!" he said at the end of the meeting.

John and Frank went about their work as usual in the afternoon. At the end of his shift, John had a patrol car take him near to the apartment and went into the apartment to the women, always making sure that he was not being followed. The two had not been idle. They had found out that the old man, Fang Kyi Moon, was already in town. They had found out where he was hiding. They had also found out where Tai Peng had been, but he had already gone into hiding

again. Marion smiled. "We can both listen in on telephone conversations, of course. We both learned Vietnamese perfectly in two hours. That's how we found out everything." John thanked her and immediately passed on the whereabouts of the boss, Fang Kyi Moon, to Captain Dobbs.

Lou and Marion had prepared an excellent dinner. John drank another cognac and smoked a couple of cigarettes. Dobbs sent a short message. "The old man is sitting in a cell. Good night!" John smiled, he could rely on the man blindly.

Marion and Lou did not eat or drink, except when it was absolutely necessary. Lou sat down next to him. "Today it's my turn, that's what I discussed with Marion. A little incest today, you should bust me today, Marion tomorrow." John smiled, but he did not correct the young girl. He asked how the fucking in Hai Phong was. She readily gave information. The boss, Tai Peng, had only busted her once, but lost interest. The other 44 men in his gang busted her at all times, usually more than two dozen in a row. Unlike the boss, they were only allowed to bust her from behind, but she was completely indifferent. It was completely different with Lin Pi, the boss's wife. She lived as a young woman, but she had a cock like a man. She was very careful not to let Tai Peng know that she was busting Lou every day, sometimes several times a day. Riek was her android, she was always there to keep watch. John wanted to know more about Riek.

Riek belonged to Lin Pi and she was always around her mistress. She was designed as a sex bot and was not very well trained as an android. She slept in the same bed as Lin Pi and Lou knew that they often had sex with each other. Riek lay on her back like a human woman and spread her legs. She grabbed Lin Pi's thick, inflamed cock and inserted it into her pussy. Lin Pi had a very hefty sex with her slave and Lou realized that Riek must feel something sexually, even though she was only putting on an exaggerated show for her mistress. Lou soon found it boring, even though the two of them usually had sex two or three times. Lin Pi kept taking pills that fueled her horniness. Lou knew for sure because she had chemically analyzed one of the pills. Lin Pi loved to have sex, 5 or 6 times a day and then two or three times with Riek at night. Lin was addicted to the

pills that would kill her over the course of years, but she didn't seem to care. She let anyone she wanted to bust with her. It was a currency for her that she could use to bribe anyone.

Riek was an android, but not a good one. She was completely in love with her mistress and did everything for her, she even had murdered for her. Lin Pi had ordered her to reprogram Lou into a kitchen robot and implant the tracker in her. Riek did her best, but she wasn't actually programmed for it. She wasn't jealous either, she lacked that too. She was a generation older than Lou, but she already had receptors and a concept of human sexual sensitivity, which was important when busting with her mistress. Lou said she had many times more receptors in her pussy and clit and a very strong programming of sexual sensation. Lou knew from the time in the laboratory where she was born that the developers were placing more and more emphasis on sexual programming.

Lou pulled John into bed. She really wanted to be fucked. John gave her a friendly hug and said he was looking forward to fucking her. Would she feel anything sexual? Lou nodded. "Yes, definitely," because she had had many sexual sensations when she had been fucked. She said that she was programmed to experience the sexual sensations very positively. John put her in order, she was a little lighter than Marion. The serious Lou from the previous conversation had disappeared, she was now a horny 16-year-old girl. John penetrated her tight, wet pussy. He hadn't fucked a girl that young for months, and Lou let herself be fucked with cheers and shouts of joy. He felt no difference to fucking a human girl. The last one was a young, addicted 16-year-old who wanted to sell him a stolen robot. She let him and Frank take turns fucking her until midnight, then they let her go. Despite her youth, the girl was probably the best 16-year-old John had ever fucked. He knew that she had taken sexually stimulating substances, but he didn't care. He cheered and exulted inwardly, because it was the best fuck in ages. The horny memory of fucking this girl turned him on now. He watched Lou's rising horniness, she was definitely a masterpiece. She came to orgasm quite naturally and relaxed again immediately. John squirted the whole load into her and fell down next to her. "When I orgasm I see little sparks and flashes, a wonderful firework display," Lou answered his ques-

tion. “At the end I am physically relaxed and mentally fit and with heightened senses. I think my developers programmed that into me on purpose.”

Now Marion came and lay down next to John. “Was it good, my darling?” she asked and he nodded. “I didn’t know how great incest is, but I want it every other night!” Marion was not at all surprised. “You are what you are, my dear. Since I’ve known you, I’ve known how much you like to fuck young sluts who are half my age. How often have I noticed that you are much more lenient when a crook offers his young daughter for sex or his young wife when she is still childishly unspoiled. And that there is no age limit for you, because you also like to fuck little minors, my dear piglet!” Marion smiled, kissed and hugged him before they fell asleep. John was the only one sleeping, the androids went into sleep mode. Marion had once explained it to him, her internal system reorganized itself, organized things and stored the essentials, eliminating the superfluous. At the same time, her senses were awake and monitoring the environment.

It was only at breakfast that he looked at his handheld. Frank had written that there was an important development, they were meeting with the boss. John called headquarters and ordered a patrol car to come nearby. He ran up the stairs to the boss. A dozen department heads were sitting with the boss and making long faces. The boss played a phone message for what must have been the hundredth time. It was Tai Peng’s voice. “Barstow, you have something I want to exchange. Come to the supermarket, to the parking lot, at 12 noon. Come alone.”

John looked up. “Exchange? For what!?” The boss banged his fist on the desk. “The bastard kidnapped three detectives from their homes! He’s offering that in exchange!” John glanced briefly at Frank, who shook his head in denial. The boss was the only one to notice and demanded an explanation. John didn’t have to think any further. “Boss, I’ve had his boss, Fang Kyi Moon, in a cell downstairs since late yesterday evening. I actually wanted to interrogate him and grill him now. After all, he arrived 10 days earlier than expected and I need to know why. I’d like to trade him for the 3 police officers, but I need to grill him until then. With Dobbs and Frank, of course. After

the interrogation, he spilled everything and Tai Peng can have him for all I care.” The boss agreed. “Do it like that, I need to call the families!” Everyone knew which families.

The old man also collapsed after a few minutes; he too could not be afraid of Dobbs enough. He only speaks Vietnamese. Then, suddenly, “I want to speak to a lawyer!” shouted the old Vietnamese man, who immediately understood our language very well. John nodded, “You can call a lawyer right after the interrogation, Fang Kyi!” He remained stubbornly silent until Dobbs stepped behind him and put his hands on his shoulders. Now the old man was convinced. He had come here because his clan had decided not to just supply the city with drugs anymore, which Tai Peng did quite well. He was to build a network that would supply the whole country, the whole state, with drugs. John went out into the corridor with Dobbs. He was sure that the exchange would not take place in the parking lot. He wanted to inform Dobbs immediately when he knew the target. Dobbs was to wait at the target and have the snipers ready. Dobbs left, John continued the interrogation with Frank. Tai Peng was furious because he, Inspector Barstow, had stolen his gift. Frank and he knew, of course, that Tai Peng wanted to trade the android Lou and get her back. But that was out of the question for John. He wanted to act stupid and offer the old man for exchange.

They waited 10 minutes because Tai Peng actually wanted to be sure whether he was really alone. Frank was lying on the back seat under a coat, his gun in his hand. Tai Peng arrived with three vans. The gangsters got out, looked around and got back in. Now Tai Peng got out himself. John walked up to him and stopped. Tai came up to him and John lifted his jacket to show Tai the empty gun holster. Tai grinned and lifted his jacket too. A gun and a knife handle. He grinned cheekily.

John asked where the three policemen were. Tai made a hand gesture. Two men were let out. As far as John could tell, they were unharmed, but handcuffed. John turned to his car and pressed the remote control. The trunk opened up and the ass and legs of a robot were visible. Tai wanted to approach, but John let the trunk close. “You saw her, shall we make the swap?” Tai shook his head. “Follow

us, we're going to your third man!" He called something to his men, they got in and John got into his car. Marion's voice came over the police radio. "To the harbor, Pier 11." John asked, "Dobbs, did you hear that?" He replied, "Loud and clear, we're on our way."

John drove like a novice, uncertainly and slowly. He forced the gangsters to drive slowly and sometimes wait for the novice. The gangsters laughed and gesticulated. The feared Inspector Barstow should take a few more driving lessons, instead of signaling, the idiot turns the windshield wipers on and off! They reached Pier 11.

There was no sign of Dobbs and his men, but John knew they were already there. The gangsters all got out. A Vietnamese man came out of a hut, with the third man in tow. He had a black eye and was limping slightly. John got out and walked halfway to the gangsters. Tai walked towards him again. The fat Vietnamese pointed behind him and grinned confidently. "There are your three boys, unhurt, unharmed!" John looked at him angrily. "Now I know why you didn't show the third one straight away. He had obviously been brutally beaten up, I wasn't supposed to see that straight away. I had agreed to the exchange under false pretenses." Tai grinned cheekily and slyly. "That's how things work sometimes. So, now the exchange!" John raised both arms to heaven. "Dear God, now! Go, go, go!"

There was only a quiet pop, then 4 gangsters guarding the kidnapped men fell down, yelling loudly. And then two more. Tai turned around and immediately understood the situation. John, still standing with his arms raised and unarmed, saw the gang boss reach back to where his gun was in his belt. He let his arms fall. He was lost.

He heard Frank's whistle and fell to the ground. A shot rang out behind him, Tai's left eye exploded. The boss fell backwards to the ground. John jumped up, ran to Tai and kicked his gun to the side. Tai Peng was dead, no doubt about it. John kicked him in the side, but the gang boss didn't move. John looked up, Frank was leaning against the car and vomiting on the street. John still couldn't see any of Dobbs' men, but he still waved in the direction where they must be. "Further to the right," Dobbs said and stood up. John waved to

him. Apparently you couldn't always rely on the earpiece, but then he remembered that they had heard his command. He went to Frank.

"The first?" he asked and Frank nodded. "My first, and I only passed the shooting test on the third attempt with a "bare pass". I was clearly aiming at his shoulder where he was holding the gun, I swear to God! I didn't want to kill him, John!" He leaned forward and choked. John's hand touched Frank's back. "You saved my life, that's all that counts! Self-defense, no question! And maybe go to the eye doctor. Half a meter or three-quarters of a meter away. What if you had caught me!?" Frank straightened up and tried to smile. "Then I would apply to be a police officer straight away!" John was glad that Frank was back on board and went to Dobbs and his men, who were handcuffing one gangster after another. The gangsters who had been hit in the shoulder were also handcuffed, and the first ambulances arrived.

John took the cigarette and smoked with Dobbs. "Where did you hide the old man?" Dobbs asked curiously, "I couldn't find him in the scope!" John pressed the remote control and the trunk lid opened. Dobbs took a look inside. "What, half a robot, a robot ass and two robot legs did he want to trade for?" John was sad that he couldn't tell a good friend like Dobbs the truth. "It will remain a dead man's secret, I'm afraid. I preferred to keep the old man. Now the triad is headless, Tai Peng is dead and the old man is in the hole, he won't be getting out any time soon." They lit another cigarette. "Dobbs, you heard my wife on the radio. She speaks fluent Vietnamese. Tai must have thought the half-robot in my trunk was my wife, because of course I knew that he really wanted her, but not what he really wanted from her — apart from fucking her. He cheekily told me to my face that he really wanted to fuck her during a raid months ago. He still had a big mouth then and I honestly didn't take him seriously. I hear that kind of crap almost every day." Dobbs nodded. "Not a word about it in the report." Damn, that was a friend! John was glad that Dobbs didn't ask how Tai Peng could think a robot ass was his wife and how Tai apparently believed it?

John drove home, leaving the report to Dobbs and Frank, the two got on well. Marion made him a coffee and a snack. She had already

packed because they wanted to change apartments today, but that wasn't necessary anymore. He ate and drank and reported on the events. Marion and Lou listened. It was clear that Tai actually wanted to force Lou's release.

Following a sudden inspiration, he told Marion that the beach house that his grandmother had left him was on the way to his house, where they could now return. Marion agreed, they had talked about his youth years ago and he had told her everything. Everything.

He drove the car to the beach garden settlement and they walked along the gravel path. He hadn't been here for 50 years and he had goose bumps. He dug the key out of his emergency backpack and unlocked it. This was part of his youth. He sat down at the table and pondered, his thoughts going back 60 years.

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John was still called Hans at the time, he was in the final year of his high school graduation and had to learn a lot of material. His parents were going to the United States for 3 weeks, his father was an important businessman and the diplomats wanted him to be part of the business delegation. Hans shook his head, he would rather stay here and learn. Only his mother knew the second reason, and she didn't want him there either. She absolutely had to seduce his father on the trip to legitimize the child she was expecting. She hadn't fucked his father for years, all three of them knew that.

Dad intervened. Hans might officially be considered an adult, but staying alone was simply not an option. He was supposed to live with his mother, Hans' grandmother, for the three weeks and study there. Hans didn't know his grandmother very well; she had been invited to her birthday every year, and two years ago to her 70th birthday. A few years ago she had lost all her savings, a really large fortune, to the fraudulent crypto mafia OneCoin. Dad had given her the little beach house that she loved so much and sent her a generous check every month.

Dad was immensely proud of his mother; she had traveled all over the world, she was a famous model and a beautiful woman with a

thousand lovers. His father was an English lord who couldn't marry her because he was already married. He had had to leave her, but he paid generously until his bastard had worked his way up. The boy became a clever entrepreneur and was popular everywhere. He didn't care about sex, he didn't care that his wife had a thousand affairs. He was proud of his son Hans, who was a star pupil. He thought that Hans's enthusiasm for the police was just pubescent infatuation. Of course Hans was supposed to take over his companies when he had finished school and perhaps a degree. So it came to pass that Papa took him to the beach house and flew to the States with Mama. He was alone with Grandma.

Grandma had gotten older and older over the years, she was small, slim to thin and covered in wrinkles and lines. She received a lot of money from her son and was supposed to make sure that Hans didn't forget to eat while studying. She cooked surprisingly well and tasty food. It was impossible for Hans to forget to eat. The house consisted of just one room, a kitchenette and a small toilet. There was no bath or shower. Grandma Letizia asked him whether he wanted to bathe in the morning or in the evening. In the evening, he said and she giggled. "I always go swimming after sunset, we go together then!" Hans agreed, although he didn't yet know what she meant.

He sat at the table studying all afternoon. The goal was to get his high school diploma with distinction. In the afternoon, Grandma Letizia served fruit juice and sandwiches, and he ate and continued studying at the same time. Letizia sat at the other end of the table and leafed through magazines, but she was actually watching her grandson and what he was actually studying. She prepared a great dinner and they had a lively conversation about the topic "Hans and the girls". Grandma was very interested in that. He briefly considered lying to her, but he changed his mind. He opened up honestly and told her everything. Everything.

Grandma Letizia listened to him very attentively. She had no intention of covering her nakedness, which her old house dress revealed. Hans was unable to take his eyes off her nakedness. He told her the truth, that he had been fucking every day for more than a year. But he lied to her, because they were not the cute, sweet girls

from school. After a while, Grandma noticed his looks, but she didn't change anything. If he wanted to look her naked body, then he should.

She looked out the window, "The sun has already set," she interrupted his story, "we're going swimming!" Hans wondered where he had left his swimming trunks, but Grandma dropped her dress and stood completely naked in front of him. "You don't need swimming trunks, Hans," she said, "there's hardly anyone here and I swim naked in the pond every evening!" Hans's mind was at a loss, but gradually he understood what she had just said. He undressed hesitantly until he too was standing naked in front of her. He was a head taller than the slim, thin Letizia.

She looked at his face first and then grabbed his cock, which was slowly getting stiff. She twisted and turned his good piece in her hand until it was completely stiff and pulled the foreskin back completely to look at his glans. She played the cock but not masturbate him. After a while she let go. "A nice cock, a good cock!" she judged. "So, let's go to the pond!" Hans followed her and even in the twilight he couldn't tear his eyes away from her little ass. It was only 25 meters to the pond. She jumped into the water, turned around and said, "Be careful, it's only waist-deep here!" "Thank you," said Hans, who had already prepared to dive headfirst. He jumped feet first like her. The water was cool, but not cold. They swam a little, they splashed each other laughing and then they had enough. He stood in waist-deep water and she jumped towards him. Unexpectedly she hugged the big boy. She pressed her pussy onto his cock.

"I listened to you very carefully. You are used to fucking every day, I think that's good and right. But there is no girl around here that you could try your luck with. I am the only female around. But I am not as beautiful and seductive as I used to be, more of a quirky old woman. Still, if you want to fuck me, I wouldn't mind, because I haven't fucked for ages. But that is up to you, I just told you my opinion." Hans stood rooted to the spot. Damn, he hadn't fucked or ejaculated for two days. Letizia grabbed a tree root and swung herself up. She waited patiently until he came out of his deep astonishment. He took the root and swung himself up.

They walked the few meters to the little house and Letizia gave him a towel. They dried themselves off and he looked at her more closely. Her grey hair only reached her neck, and in her wrinkled face there were two small, intelligent eyes. Her breasts were empty sacks, not very inviting. Her grey pubic hair was already very thin, only partially covering her slit. He caught himself even thinking about it. That was impossible! She was at least 71 or 72, he thought. So what!? said his critical other self, playing devil's advocate. Don't think about incest, you've long since passed that! He shook his head, shaking the thoughts out. Letizia had lain down on the bed and was waiting for him.

He looked at her again. She had put her legs up and her knees folded outwards.

Damn, damn, damn! She had a pussy like any woman, be she 17 or 71! I forget her real age and don't think about it anymore!

Hans lay between her thighs and leaned on his elbows. "Did you mean what you said in the water?" he asked quietly.

Letizia smiled. "Of course, every word. I haven't fucked for years and I'm a little afraid I've forgotten how to do. And I'd really like to fuck again, your cock has whetted my appetite!"

She looked at him calmly and smiled. "You have to be careful, my pussy has shrunk a little over time."

She grabbed him and pulled him higher until his cock was in the right place.

"Come on, Hans, don't be shy!" She hugged him tightly and he said, "I'll do it now!" and slowly penetrated her pussy hole.

"Oh! I can feel you very well!" she whispered. She was warm and wet.

"No foreplay?" he asked, but she shook her head. "I masturbate once a week at most, if I remember, an old woman doesn't need more than that!"

She was actually tighter than any other, he said under his breath.

She smiled. "I already told you that it has shrunk, but now you're already in there!"

"Actually, I'm terribly ashamed to do this to a lovely, nice woman like you!"

She laughed quietly. "Actually, I should be ashamed to offer my ancient pussy to a young man like you. But you know what, neither of us should be ashamed, let's just fuck since your cock fits so well in my pussy!"

He began to thrust slowly and carefully. "Tell me if you feel uncomfortable!" he whispered, because he was afraid of hurting the delicate lady.

"Don't worry, I'm not fragile!" She adapted wonderfully to his pace and even encouraged him a little. He followed her instructions and soon they had found a common pace.

"Do your girls fuck differently?" she asked and he shook his head. "No, most of them fuck just like that. But not many are as tight as your pussy."

They continued to fuck in silence for a while. "You fuck very similarly to your father," she said and his thoughts raced.

"Have you, have you...?" he blurted out. She nodded, she would tell him.

"You are the first woman of that age, normally I only fuck younger people." Her breathing was already labored, but she asked, "Much younger people?"

Hans nodded. "I like to fuck the ones in the first or second grade the most, they are so sweet because they have little or no experience." Letizia laughed quietly. "Just like your father!"

She moaned softly. "I think I'm about to cum!"

Hans felt her finger rub her clit briefly and the orgasm overcame Grandma Letizia.

She clung tightly to him, her skinny body twisted and twitched for a few seconds, then she relaxed again.

The thought that she might have fucked his Daddy made him squirt wildly and violently.

She twitched with each of the hard jets that he squirted into her, her pussy twitched with each one.

He squirted a lot and for a long time because he had to squirt the juice of the last few days into her twitching pussy.

He let go of her immediately, he almost smothered her when he squirted. He sank down next to her.

“And was it bad to fuck my ancient pussy?” she asked.

He immediately said no. “It’s a little different than with the very young girls I’ve fucked so far. But it’s very pleasant and nice, because your tight pussy hole could be that of a 13-year-old virgin, no shit! The only thing that held me back was the fear of breaking or smothering you!” She laughed and ruffled his hair. “I can take a lot more, so don’t be afraid!”

He stroked her lower belly and stopped at her clit. “Grandma, you said Daddy and you...?” he didn’t finish the question.

“Yes, that’s true. He slept with me from a young age, I made no secret of the fact that I masturbated every night and let nice men fuck me. I am and was convinced that this was good for his sexual development.

When he wanted to fuck me, I let him fuck me. I think he was 12 or 13. He fucked me as often as he needed to, and that was usually three or four times, sometimes much more often. I didn’t care how often he fucked me, I knew that you guys have to squirt endless amounts of juice during puberty until you’re empty. When your

mother didn't let him fuck her for a year after you were born, he always came to me to fuck."

Hans had listened carefully and was now nodding. "They haven't fucked for years, Mom told me that herself." The thought made him very sad.

Letizia hugged him and kissed him on the cheek. "I questioned him harshly about it and he admitted that Mama had gotten too old and that he preferred to fuck young, very young girls. Such a stupid guy, I scolded him, but that's just how he is and if I understood you correctly, then you are too."

He nodded in agreement, "I always thought that was right!" he said ruefully. "I don't know everything, of course, but I think your mother is not neglected, she certainly has her little affairs."

Hans agreed. "She is, I know that from my own observation. But she loves Papa more than anything and she doesn't begrudge him his sweet little dancers. She told me that herself too." He bit his lip, keeping the last secret to himself.

Letizia's hand touched his cock as if by chance. "Oh, you need it again!" She hugged him. "Come, fuck me again!" They fucked for the second time, now not as anxious as the first time. Hans squirted his full load into her twitching pussy. She twitched with every jet he shot in, her pussy twitched at the same time.

She didn't do anything with her clit anymore, she was too exhausted for another orgasm. They fell asleep.

When he woke up, her eyes were fixed on his morning erection. "You need it badly, so come!" she said and got into fuck position. He lay between her thighs and fucked her, she didn't seem so squeamish to him anymore. She didn't give herself an orgasm again, she obviously didn't need it. He kept his eyes closed and imagined a young girl who had a pussyhole as tight as Grandma Letizia's. Again, her pussy and her pussyhole twitched with every jet that he squirted into her pussyhole.

After breakfast, he sat down at the table and studied. The sexual pressure was gone and did not prevent him from studying.

During dinner, he asked her about her life. She was happy to answer. She had no sexual experiences as a child. She was always allowed to sleep at her parents' house and watch them fuck. It was interesting, but also boring after a while. Her mother urged him, saying that the little girl was already 13 and that he should finally deflower her. Dad didn't want to and Letizia didn't understand for a long time what her mother meant. Mom kept urging him, saying that the little girl was already 14, why was he acting so stupid?

Letizia sat with Dad on a park bench and they talked seriously about fucking. He didn't want to deflower her, it was a tradition from the Middle Ages, and he didn't want to be so backward. Letizia said that her mother only wanted it to create a balance. Dad didn't understand it right away. But when she said that every afternoon, Mom lets Ben, her brother who is 10 years older, fuck her, he understood. He grinned angrily. "Middle Ages, just like in the Middle Ages!"

Letizia left school at 15 and wanted to do an apprenticeship as a photographer. The photographer made her a sought-after model. She didn't do an apprenticeship, as a model she earned huge sums of money, even though she had to be photographed naked all the time. She earned a lot more and was able to provide for her family. Her mother envied her when Letizia showed her the artistic photos and her father was ashamed because she posed naked in front of the camera. She never told her father that she had to fuck strange men in front of the camera, he would have gotten a heart attack.

Grandma Letizia took one of the three boxes from under the kitchen bench. "These are photos from that time," she explained and showed him each picture. There were many beautiful pictures, probably for advertising purposes. Grandma was a very pretty girl back then, between 15 and 19 years old. That was the first half of the box. The second half contained nude pictures from the same time. Some of these pictures were of artistic quality, but many were only suitable for arousing. Grandma was really a very beautiful girl and had no qualms about being photographed naked in all positions. After an

hour he had looked at the pictures, Grandma watched him and his reactions. Some of the pictures made her smile because they reminded her of what had happened during those sessions. She had really enjoyed being fucked by the photographer and his assistant, but there were hardly any photos of that. She picked up the second box.

“These are pictures from my time as a girl of high society. The richest and most powerful men courted me, took me to balls, clubs and trendy bars and restaurants. I didn’t miss anything, all they wanted in return was sex, which I gave them in abundance. I spent a lot of time in the nightlife with the most famous guys. Only a very few didn’t want to fuck me, not that I didn’t want to, but they had their reasons. You probably don’t know any of them, you’re too young. There were only two, no, three types of men. Nobles by blood, moneyed aristocrats and famous artists. I made each of them feel that they could love me, even if it was just for one night.”

“But I absolutely have to show you two photos, where I was photographed with Lord Frank Butterill. Yes, here! That’s your grandfather! I was about 37 when I fell in love with him. How old do you think he is?” Hans looked at the serious man who was his grandfather. “About forty, I think.” Grandma laughed with relief. “Yes, that’s exactly how it was. He claimed to be only 32 or 33, but I always had the feeling that he was much older. Our affair lasted less than 2 years, then he had to split up because his wife, Cathryn, was causing problems. He told me that he had been teaching Cathryn since she was 13. She had given him her virginity because he promised to marry her. Cathryn was 29 at the time. And that was a problem for me.”

Letizia lit a cigarette like a novice. Hans had not known that Grandma smoked. She didn’t actually smoke, but when she thought about this problem, she had to smoke. “I’m curious to see if you notice the problem, dear Hans.” Hans’ lips twitched. “He must have become her teacher when he was 14 or 15,” he said. “Is that the problem?” Letizia looked at him wide-eyed. “Yes, that’s it. I think it’s unlikely that such a young boy would be employed as a teacher to a princess.”

“But it gets even stranger. He once mentioned in passing that he had written a book about China years ago. I knew that he had been in China and now I hear that he had written a book. All I knew at the time was that he had been teaching Princess Amalia for 2 years, since she was 13. I suspected that he had deflowered the princess and was still fucking her. He didn’t just admit it, but answered very cleverly, because of course it was true, he had deflowered the princess and was fucking her almost every day. It could have been a lie or it could have been the truth. I had just given birth to your father and had other things on my mind. I didn’t really care whether he had deflowered the princess, someone had to be the first for her. And whether the teacher fucked his student didn’t matter to me at the time either.”

“And then I browse in a bookshop in London and find the book. Frank Butterill, without a doubt. China, without a doubt. The year can’t be right, I said to the bookseller. He looked in the catalogue. But it was right. The book was over 125 years old. I had to sit down, the old bookseller brought me a glass of water. The world disappeared before my eyes. I couldn’t ask Frank anymore, we had split up two months earlier, and I couldn’t get past Cathryn. I showed the book to your father, but he thinks it’s a coincidence of names. It couldn’t be anything else.”

“I remember Frank once proudly saying that he had deflowered 13-year-old Amalia the day before and that he would continue to fuck her from now on. She had resisted for a long time, although she had allowed him to masturbate her before class from the beginning. He only taught very young girls, he loved to deflower them and then fuck them. He mentioned so many names of rich girls that I should have been taken aback, but for the first time in my life I was so really in love that I didn’t think about it. Today I believe that he was much older than he claimed.”

“In the meantime I haven’t found the book, misplaced it, lost it or borrowed it, who knows?” Hans had turned serious and pale. “What happened to Frank, is he still alive?” His voice was now just a whisper. “He looked after his son, your father, well financially for 20 years. I wrote to him for the last time about 40 years ago and thanked him for the 20 years of payments, but the letter came back.

‘Recipient at this address unknown’ was written on it. I can’t say whether it was the handwriting of a postal worker or Cathryn. I never heard from Frank again.”

Hans changed the subject. “And what is hidden in the third box?” Letizia didn’t answer right away. “That is my dirty past. My time as a whore. I had already become a whore when I persuaded my father to deflower me and fuck me. We never told my mother. My father fucked me for a long time also when I went to the photographer. At the latest when I entered the photographer’s shop, I had become a whore. I am not proud of that.” Hans pushed the boxes under the bench. “I don’t want to make you sad, Grandma. I’ll watch it when you’re not sitting next to me. That’s fair, I owe it to you!” Letizia smiled gratefully. Hans wanted to know everything about her time as a society lady, but also about her time as a whore.

Letizia clarified. When she fucked in front of the camera, she knew she was a whore. When she fucked the nobility, artists and the powerful in return for a nice evening, she didn’t feel like a whore. That was certainly a very idiosyncratic view, but that’s how Letizia saw it. Hans looked at the photos in the third box. They were really intense pictures. Letizia sat down next to him and answered his questions happily and honestly. The first pictures showed her when she was 15 years old; the photographer had shaved her pussy so that she looked even more childlike and unspoiled. In each picture she was fucked by a different man. The photographer saw himself as an artist, so the pictures were really good and super sharp.

Young Letizia seemed to have had a lot of fun, you could see that. Letizia confirmed that she had had an orgasm when fucking most men, her father had taught her that. But that didn’t work now that she was older, she hadn’t had an orgasm for many years, only when she triggered the orgasm with her finger. She never masturbated while fucking, she only triggered the orgasm when she had reached the threshold. That was a long time ago, grinned Letizia.

Hans could no longer hide his interest in the pornographic photos. He saw Letizia getting older year after year, the pictures of the fucking becoming wilder and wilder. Letizia said that on some days she

was fucked by two handfuls of men. The photographer only had a limited number of strong-loined stallions, sometimes he took amateurs to fuck her. She didn't care at all, fucking is fucking. During the day she was in front of the camera, in the evening she went out with a particularly rich guy and then let him fuck her. There must have been hundreds, said Letizia longingly, many hundreds, but she didn't count them.

Hans had inattentively revealed his secret. Letizia's eyes widened and now he had to confess everything in detail. When he hit puberty, he went into Mom's bedroom with his morning erection because Dad usually slept away. She turned on her side and he looked at her beautiful body, her beautiful back and her wonderful ass. She didn't watch him masturbate, she let him squirt in her asscrease, that was okay with her. She grumbled when he pushed his cock forward along her asscrease and squirted directly onto her pussy from behind. He ignored her growling and penetrated really deep, he cheekily squirted into her pussyhole from behind. She didn't like that at all, but she didn't do anything about it. At some point she had let slip that she didn't care about the incest ban, her father had deflowered her as a young girl and fucked her for many years. That's why no one needed to tell her about incest. Dad had also grown up in an incest family, so she didn't care about incest twice! She wasn't even sure whether Hans had been fathered by Dad or her father, because she had to fuck her father until the birth, as often as he demanded.

Hans begged for weeks, he wanted to fuck properly like with the girls at school. He had always told her when he had fucked a girl, but unfortunately that didn't happen very often. Mom smiled proudly and stroked his hair, that was her son, the girl whisperer! He sometimes lay in bed with a fever, and his mother would do it with her fist, in the morning, at noon and twice in the evening. When he came into her bed in the morning and had ejaculated in the crack of her ass, she turned to him and hugged him lovingly. He loved that because he could press his cock against her pussy and wiggle and rub it a little. It took several weeks before he could persuade her. She felt feverish and was still masturbating when he entered her bedroom in the morning with his morning wood. He lay down next to her without making a sound and waited until she had finished masturbating and

had an orgasm. She opened her eyes. "Since when have you been lying here!? What did you see?" He said that he had only seen her masturbate very rarely. "Oh, no!" she choked out, "that is my most private intimate matter, you are not allowed to watch me!" she said tiredly and grabbed his morning wood. "I'll do it to you!" she sighed, but his hand stopped her. "I want to fuck you, right now!" he said demanding. She was weakened by the fever and still tired from the orgasm. She sighed "Goddamn it!" and sighed deeply several times, then she opened her thighs. "In God's name, Hans!" She swore blasphemously, grabbed his cock and put him in position. "I'm putting it in, I have to help you because my pussy hole is very tight!" He felt her grasp his cock with both hands. She had to use both hands to force his cock into her damn tight pussy hole. Finally she had managed it and slowly pushed the cock deeper and deeper. "Hans, you're in now!" she sighed and turned her head away, so ashamed she was because she wanted the sin just as much as he did. "But hurry up before I regret it!" Hans did it quickly and she didn't have to regret anything. So that was his secret, from now on he fucked her every morning after she masturbated and had her orgasm, because she tolerated him being present.

Letizia grinned. "I noticed your special closeness during the two visits one and two years ago, but I didn't need to interfere." She hugged Hans lovingly. He whispered, "Mum went with Dad to seduce him. She's pregnant and has to legitimize the child. I'm really upset, Grandma!" Letizia paused for a moment. "I'm afraid so, Grandma, it has to be my child! Mum doesn't have as many affairs as she used to, and they have to use a condom without exception, she swore that." Hans could no longer hold back his tears. "An abortion is out of the question for Mom, that would be murder, she said. No, she wanted to pass the child off to Dad, that wasn't so brutal, not so bad." Letizia hugged him again. "We'll get through this together, my darling, if necessary, I'll have a say too!"

The parents came back after three weeks and picked up Hans with the three boxes under their arms; Letizia had given them to him. "I'll bequeath the little house to you too, but I'll stay here until my last breath!" Saying goodbye to Grandma Letizia was hard for him because he knew they wouldn't see each other much anymore.

Mom winked at Hans. So she had done it! Dad was as proud as a peacock that she had become pregnant, over there in the States, where they slept together in a hotel for three weeks and fucked like young lovers.

Hans fucked her more often during the pregnancy than before, she wanted to be fucked as often as possible, by Dad, by previous affairs and by Hans. The pregnancy made her absolutely sex-obsessed.

Mom had the child, Amelia. The baby only looked like its mother, and it grew up beautifully. Hans fucked Mom for another 20 years. Hans shared the bedroom with Amelia, she was very attached to her big brother. He taught her to masturbate and the little girl masturbated every night before she went to sleep, lying naked across his broad chest.

Hans remained stubborn and went to the police academy, despite his father's growling. He switched to criminology and was immediately deployed. He was very good at his job, he had good colleagues who taught him the practical side of things. He was repeatedly praised and promoted, and he earned quite well.

Amelia turned 13 and really wanted to be deflowered. There was only one option. Hans deflowered her very sensitively and they fucked every night except on dangerous days. Hans easily managed to fuck Mom and Amelia every day, although Mom strictly refused to let him fuck Amelia next to her in the marital bed. Amelia graduated from high school at 17, studied economics and took over her father's company after her father's death. She still fucked her brother, although she had several serious relationships at the same time. Amelia got pregnant by John, as Hans now called himself, and married a pretty good guy. Amelia and John both knew that the child was John's. She called the child Johannes.

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John, Marion and Lou moved back into his house. They had long considered whether they should have the silver ornaments on Lou's face removed. But Lou said she would rather keep them. Not because the procedure was extremely expensive, but because she saw herself

as an android. Marion understood her immediately, John needed much longer to accept it. He had it done at Marion's because, as a policeman, he couldn't live with an android.

John fucked Marion and Lou alternately. They were completely different when it came to fucking. Marion fucked like a mature 30-year-old, experienced woman. Her programming made her think that she had already fucked hundreds of people, although from the beginning she had only been fucked by John and no one else. Lou, on the other hand, turned into a 16-year-old with little experience when it came to fucking, although she had been fucked a dozen times a day by the 45 gangsters in Hai Phong. John loved them both, he was very happy with how it had turned out.

The police chief did not hold back. He promoted John to police major, which earned him a higher salary and an entire department. He now commanded 30 men, which he did quite well. But he still went on field missions with Frank, it was in his blood. He concentrated on thoroughly checking all incoming Asians. The triad was broken up and could not be reconstituted in his city. He had trained his men himself to track down the robots. He knew he was more interested in gang crime. Frank had grown from lapdog to police dog and soon became his right-hand man.

When they tracked down and arrested gang members, they took their wives and daughters and fucked them until they were exhausted. That was a no-brainer for both of them. Most of the gangsters' wives and daughters were sworn to discipline and absolute sexual fidelity, so they cried and sobbed that they did not want to be violated. John and Frank stripped the crying woman naked. The crying and howling did not subside when they were exposed completely naked.

The two policemen fucked the mother in front of her daughter and her daughter in front of the mother, over and over again, until John and Frank had had enough. They usually took photos of the naked victims to wear down the father. The gangsters were devastated when they saw that their wives and daughters had been fucked, violated and dishonored by the policemen. Many a tough guy shed tears of

despair, shame and dishonor. John knew that this was one of the best ways to bring the gangster to his knees. Captain Dobbs shook his head disapprovingly; he had no interest in women. He gladly accepted the promotion and the higher salary, but he had no interest in women. He left that to John and Frank.

The Vietnamese triads could never settle in John's town again. There were other gangs and mafia groups that caused more than enough damage. John and Frank had their hands full of work.

John's family life went well and without problems. Marion and Lou stayed downstairs in the living room when John's sister Amelia came to visit and the two of them fucked on the first floor. Amelia was shocked when her husband came out as gay after many happy years of marriage. So she came to John at least once a week and let him fuck her. She was very sorry that she was no longer fertile. He loved his child, his sister with all his heart and so did Johannes, who was a good child and a good student. John and Amelia often sat together and leafed through Letizia's photos.

Amelia, who had become a good businesswoman, once put together a family tree. The two siblings had to laugh when she marked on the family tree who had fucked whom and which children had been fathered by whom. "We are all children of incest," she said with a smile. John nodded and told her everything he knew about his grandfather Frank. She listened in disbelief as he told her about Grandma Letizia's suspicions. He had no other explanation for the discrepancies.

On Amelia's 40th birthday they talked about their age difference. She was now 2 years older than her father, but of course she knew why. Amelia was divorced, but on good terms with her ex-husband. He supported her son Johannes, who was a student. He was well behaved and very hardworking. She had taken him into the marital bed when her husband moved out. A whole year passed in which they each masturbated separately. At first she lay on her belly, lifted her ass high up and he placed his cock on her pussyhole from below, then she started to masturbate. He masturbated very quickly in the same time and squirted from below on her pussy hole. When he continued

to masturbate, she would bend back and put her pussy over his cock as she was overcome with orgasm. She liked that very much, she would bend back and put her pussy over his cock and Johannes would squirt right in the middle of her orgasm. After a few months she changed her position, she masturbated lying on her back with her thighs spread, Johannes knelt between her thighs and masturbated at the same time as her. He leaned forward and squirted from half an inch onto her pussy hole. More and more often, when her orgasm began, he let himself sink forward and penetrated her orgasming pussyhole and had to squirt immediately. She had to grin because fucking was the next natural step.

It was only after a year that she did allow him to fuck her, when he was 14. "Mom, won't you be mad at me if I fuck you?" She smiled and caressed his hair. "Oh, I allow you to, and of course I'm not mad at you!" She guided his cock and let it slide all the way in. "Wait a little, my darling, let your cock grow a little more!" Johannes stayed still and his cock actually grew a little until it completely filled her fucking canal. She felt him squirt and said, "Wait to squirt until you've fucked me!" He pulled a face and narrowed his eyes, but he managed to stop the squirting. She didn't have to explain the fucking to him. She always let him squirt inside, she wasn't afraid of getting pregnant. He was quite shy and timid, so he had no luck with girls. He kept to himself and fucked Amelia every night. Every time after fucking, she checked whether his cock was still hard. She then let him fuck her until he had completely drained his juices. He was already over 20, but only now did he discover the many female students ready to fuck. "He sleeps with the sluts for 4 or 5 nights a week," said Amelia, who disapproved of his sexual development. John smiled, "let him fuck, he obviously needs it!" Amelia looked gloomy for a while, disapproving of his behavior.

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Amelia asked Johannes about his love life. He hesitated a bit, then opened up. After school he often watched the girls masturbating behind the gym, but he never touched them, he was too shy. Some girls pulled his cock out of his pants and grinned because he had already squirted in his underwear while watching her masturbating. She did

it with her fist and he moaned with disgust and immense pleasure when she let him squirt on the grass.

One girl, one of the slutty kind, wanted to let him fuck her. Absolutely, she didn't let him escape. She squeezed his cock very awkwardly into her little pussy hole and let him penetrate. Without fucking, he immediately squirted inside her. She was very disappointed and gave him a hard slap on the face. "Fucking, that's what I asked for, but not just squirt inside, you idiot!" He was deeply offended, it wasn't his fault! He avoided the gym and withdrew completely.

Johannes looked at Amelia inquiringly. Could he tell her his big secret? He pulled himself together, after all she had let him masturbate and fuck her. Three months ago he had met a very nice Indian from Mexico called Xi (his actual name was much too long), he was a few semesters ahead of him, spoke our language fluently and was a very smart guy. After a few days he invited Johannes to his place. They chatted over a cup of tea, then a beautiful girl came into the apartment. "Xenhalotl, my wife, my sister," Xi introduced her. She came in naked after a shower and lay down on the bed, waiting. Johannes couldn't take his eyes off the naked beauty. Xi undressed and lay down next to his wife, his sister. Without paying any attention to him, they cuddled and kissed until they were both hot. Xi fucked her very devoutly and lovingly. Xenha got into it and ran towards her orgasm. Xi smiled as the orgasm overcame Xenha and squirted inside.

Xi motioned to Johannes to lie down with them. Johannes was totally unsettled when Xi said that a friend is a friend and can fuck his wife. Johannes didn't dare at first, but Xenha pulled him between her beautiful thighs. He penetrated and had to squirt immediately, without having fucked her. The two of them accepted it without any comment. This had been going on for three months, three or four times a week.

Amelia caressed his hair. "We'll get to it, you'll quickly learn to get the premature ejaculation under control!" He actually learned it.

Xi had once told him his family history. His great-grandmother, the cacique's 17-year-old daughter Tenzikalotl, had infiltrated the en-

emy clan as a scout around the time of the Second World War. The most important thing she had found out was that a deadly plague was killing the enemy clan, man by man. She flew up and ran for her life down to the coast. The enemies were coming threateningly closer, and she had to jump from a rocky cliff into the ocean. She dived deep and swam underwater to escape her pursuers. She soon ran out of air, but if she surfaced, she would be lost. Then she saw a spot of light under the water. It was a cenote, and with her last strength she reached the hole in the rocky coast. She finally had air, wonderful air! But she was trapped there, the steep walls insurmountable. She sat down on the edge of a rock and cried. Tenzi was trapped, the only way out was to swim back and dive out into the ocean.

She was terribly frightened when a head appeared in the water. The 20-year-old Ranxilotl, one of the pursuers. He was just as trapped as she was. He climbed onto the ledge rock and approached. Tenzi did the only thing that could save her. She got on all fours and pulled up her loincloth. Ran could kill or fuck her, he held her life in his hands. He made the right decision. He fucked Tenzi from behind, over and over again, until he was completely exhausted.

They lay next to each other, gasping for breath. Ran kissed her lips and dozed first, then fell asleep. Now his life was in her hands. She could kill the defenseless man with her knife. She decided against it. She had let one of her younger brothers fuck and sleep with her every night, she had around 100 siblings, since her father, the cacique, had a whole lot of young wives. But this man, this Ran, had fucked her wonderfully, had whipped her from orgasm to orgasm with his excellent fucking. No, she wouldn't kill such a lucky hit so easily, not so easily scrag him down!

They stayed in the cenote for about three weeks. Drinking water ran along the walls, their supplies lasted for 3 weeks. They were from the rival clans, but they hardly mentioned that, or why the two clans were so murderous at each other. They talked about love, the beauty of the world, about a peaceful family life. They confessed each other their sex life before they had met. They fucked almost non-stop, as often as Ran could. That was something that had bonded them to-

gether from the very first moment. They became real lovers in those 3 weeks.

She dived out of the cenote behind Ran, out into the ocean. They swam 3 hours south along the coast until Ran pointed with his chin towards the beach. It was an uninhabited area, beautiful and fertile. They built a hut on a hill to escape the often violent storms and waves. Tenzi had 17 children and Ran now also fucked his daughters when they were sexually mature. They had 43 grandchildren, and Ran and his sons impregnated them all too. The community had grown to over 120, and they lived peacefully on the fruits of the forest and the fish of the sea. Wild pigs and rabbits also ended up over the campfire.

The community arose from incest and lived with it. So it was nothing unusual that Xi and Xenha were siblings and married. Up to now there had been hardly any deformities due to incest, perhaps because the few deformed newborns were killed immediately after birth.

Johannes had learned from Amelia how to get premature ejaculation under control. Now he was able to fuck Xenha properly. This contributed to his becoming a man.

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John had already lived with Marion for 6 years, and they had a sweet 16-year-old daughter, Lou. Marion often sat with Lou in the living room and they browsed for informations on the Internet. It didn't matter to them whether they were on the Internet or the Dark Web. Marion looked after Lou and taught her a lot. Lou's weak points were breaking through firewalls and cryptography. But she was inquisitive and hardworking, she practiced day and night. John sometimes listened to their conversations, but he didn't understand a single word. He knew that he only had a very superficial understanding of computers, but he was happy to get help from Marion when he had complicated questions. He often sat down with his androids and worked on turning his house into a fortress, even having two escape tunnels and a panic room set up.

John and Frank did a good job of cleaning up the gangs, but when they cut off one head from the Hydra, two more grew in their place. Time and again they found pretty, shy and chaste wives during the arrests. They dragged the poor creatures into the bedroom and raped them, as usual. John was always very excited when there was a young daughter. He celebrated this with great pleasure; he loved young girls and virgins, there was no doubt about that. The pictures of the women and daughters that they took during the rape were a tried and tested weapon in interrogations. Not a single gangster could resist the effect. The two were feared in the underworld; pistol bullets could not stop them. They were often injured, but they fired back fearlessly and aimed very accurately. Only the wildest or stupidest gangsters got involved in a shootout.

Once a month John met Johannes at the university and had a coffee with him. Johannes didn't yet know that John was his biological father, Amelia didn't want to tell him yet. The two got on very well and John was very cautious with his advice. Johannes was no longer a baby and wouldn't let anyone tell him what to do. Johannes knew that his Mom sometimes went to John's to let his uncle fuck her. Johannes was quite happy that his Mom fucked his uncle John and not some dubious strangers. He was an adult and knew from an early age that incest was not a talking issue in this family. He spoke proudly about his female students and showed John a few photos. John laughed, "Unfortunately, when I was young there were no cell phones to photograph the girl naked and exposed, that you had just conquered!" John pressed two buttons on his handheld and it secretly copied all the data from Johannes' cell phone.

Back home, he copied everything onto his laptop, throwing away everything except the pictures and videos. He wasn't interested in Johannes's phone numbers and other data. He looked through the nude photos; there were a good 60 girls who exposed themselves in front of the camera and had their most intimate parts photographed. Johannes had only shown him three or four pictures, but there were a good 300 nude photos, some of them close-ups of pussies and clits while masturbating.

John was surprised that there were still around 200 videos. There were many that showed Johannes and a girl having sex. The boy had obviously propped up the cell phone somewhere, so the videos weren't blurry. But even more videos showed the girls masturbating alone. They didn't seem to be shy, but these girls were by no means as pretty as the ones in the nude photos. Many of these videos showed the girls masturbating as close as possible.

John sat in front of the laptop late at night looking at pictures and videos. Johannes had taste, and you could see that in the pictures. But only the ugly, fat and glasses-wearing girls were available for the videos. They gave it their all, really everything. Johannes' amateur recordings were all much more exciting than the professional porn. John wasn't really a voyeur, but these recordings were really exciting. He rejected the idea of showing them to Amelia, it didn't make sense.

They celebrated Amelia's 45th birthday in the garden. Johannes and his girlfriend disappeared into the house briefly and came back 20 minutes later, sweat running down their reddened cheeks. Johannes winked briefly at John, who was smiling broadly back. The mayor, a lady who was good friends with Amelia, came by for a cup of coffee and presented a gift. Then disaster struck quietly.

The assassin suddenly appeared in the garden. He raised the throwing knife and aimed at the mayor. John instinctively threw himself in front of the mayor, the knife penetrating his chest with an ugly noise. Marion was at the assassin in three leaps and knocked him down before he could throw a second knife.

John woke up in the hospital. The doctor explained to him that the knife had hit his heart and that it could no longer be saved. She had transplanted a new heart into him, from a young accident victim. He continued to sleep restlessly, Marion and Lou sat next to his bed, day and night. He called Frank and asked him to find out everything about the heart donor. Marion was of course the first to finish. She was a 23-year-old cyclist who had been run over and killed by a drunk driver two days ago. She was a blank slate, she had been living with her lover for two years because she was a lesbian. The autopsy report said *virgo intacta*, untouched virgin.

John asked Marion to contact the grieving partner, as well as Frank and the mayor. He had a long conversation with the grieving partner and found out everything, including intimate details and secrets of the girl whose heart beat in his chest. After gaining confidence in John, she told him in great detail how they each masturbated on their own, masturbated each other and licked each other's clit. She told it with a bright red face, he let her lay her head on his shoulder and caressed her hair. She was very grateful to be able to talk to him about her great love. He gave her generous money so that she could get by.

The mayor came with flowers and the police chief, who brought him the promotion to major general. He had been given early retirement, which John did not agree with at all. He was ready to take a more relaxed approach to day-to-day work, but he absolutely had to stay on active duty! The police chief agreed half-and-half.

The new heart was amazing. He had asked the doctor if the heart could keep up with his special aging process. The doctor spent two days on the phone, then she confirmed that the heart would adjust over the next few years, so no worries. The second thing he noticed immediately was that he could see deep into the female psyche, which was clearly a big change. He felt a special attraction to the younger nurses. He knew instinctively which one was a lesbian and which one was not. He could browse the girl's sex life in a strange way, like a picture book, he saw her getting fucked by her guy or saw her devotedly masturbating night for night, like in a film. It was irritating at first, but he lost his amazement of it. He found it very exciting to poke around through the love lives of the girls and women and watch them like a film if he wanted to. It was actually very strange to experience being fucked or masturbating from the girl's or woman's perspective. He went into rehabilitation after the hospital and was back on his feet after 3 months.

John drove to the police headquarters and worked with Dobbs and Frank. He knew that he had to take it easy physically. He only drove with Frank to arrests where a pretty young woman or a young daughter was just waiting to be fucked by the two of them. John and Frank knew no limits here, they were the masters and the women and

daughters were their defenseless prey. Frank had finally become a chief detective and headed the department with 12 officers. Of course he had understood that John was only interested in fucking, the younger the better. He served John faithfully on their robberies. Frank himself was of course also interested in fucking, but even more so in valuable loot, money, jewelry, securities. Everything that could be turned into money. John left all of that to Frank, he was rich enough through his father's inheritance and Frank needed it more urgently. It had become second nature for John to scan the love lives of all human women and girls when they met. This was especially enlightening when he scanned the chaste and faithful wives of the gangsters or their daughters and learned many a little sexual secret.

Marion was not very enthusiastic at first about John's transformation after the transplant. His desire for virgins had become extremely strong. Marion knew for sure that it was the lesbian girl's heart that had caused this. But it only took her a few seconds to accept it and now she supported his dark desires as much as she could. It was easy for her to scan the communication and social media of young girls. She always found a girl who really wanted to be fucked. She passed her results on to John, who then approached the girl. On the one hand, he had a lot of time and on the other hand, he had rented a room nearby. He lured the girl there.

He was very careful and devious, he gave the girl time to get into heat. He sat next to the girl on the bed and watched Johannes' fuck videos on the laptop with her. The girl stared at the screen and barely noticed his gently and softly caressing hand on her inner thighs. His hand slid from the girl's knee up her inner thighs until he could feel her pussy under her panties. "It feels great and very hot when your hand caresses my inner thighs, John!"

His new heart rejoiced and exulted because he seduced a very very young girl.

He showed the girl how to kiss with the tongue, and she was already as hot as a hotplate. Kissing and whispering about the fuck video alternated. The girl leaned her head on the man's chest and sighed because she couldn't tear her eyes away from the video.

John's hand caressed her inner thighs high up, just below her pussy. "What are you doing, John!?" the girl whispered. What was he doing? His fingers reached her pussy, which was no different from what she did every night. He could push her panties aside and touch and caress her clit. "What are you doing now, John!?" the girl whispered again and again. What was so great about that? She did feel a bit uneasy because he gently took off her panties. "What are you doing, John!?" the girl whispered again. But what was the big deal? He only took off her panties to get easier access to her clit and masturbate her to orgasm. What was the big deal? Nothing, she did it every night. "Are you doing it now with my clit, John!?" the girl whispered, fearful and horny at the same time. She spread her thighs wide and pushed up her skirt. All these girls were grinning and smiling as they were masturbated by John to orgasm.

Very few girls let themselves be deflowered and fucked on the first date. John pressed his cock into her hand. Most of them knew what they had to do, some whispered that they did it regularly to their father, brother, uncle or classmates. John really liked to cuddle and kiss with the girl endlessly and gradually make her hot. He could feel it when she was ready. Then they hugged each other again and again until he was to lie on top of her. This was the moment, his knees pushed her thighs apart. "Are you going to deflower me, John!?" whispered the girl with moist eyes.

He reached down and positioned his cock, then he deflowered her with a quick jerk. He pushed his cock deep inside and watched her face. She could clearly feel his cock swelling in her fuck canal and filling the canal completely in a few minutes. Most of them smiled and were somehow relieved and proud. Only a very few cried, he hugged them tightly, caressed her hair and said ingratiating, soothing words. Almost all of them nodded resignedly and let themselves be fucked. He took his time, because most of them did not have an orgasm during sex. He whispered that they were allowed to masturbate their clit, but very few did. When he was ready, he grabbed her hips and squirted his full load inside the shrieking girl. He never used a condom, because he didn't care at all whether the little one got pregnant. He didn't care at all whether and how many bastards were conceived along the way. He gave her the phone number of his disposable cell

phone in case she wanted to let him fuck her again. There were quite a few who wanted to let their child molester fuck them for days and weeks.

John, Marion and Lou lived quietly together, both androids accepted that John pursued his dark machinations during the day. Marion had been able to make it clear to Lou that people sometimes had to follow such deviations. Lou finally understood it, although her programming did not provide for it from the start. But she had been programmed to be able to learn and she learned quickly. John fucked Marion or Lou alternately every evening, that was an important pillar in their family life.

Once a year, on his birthday, he went to the cemetery alone and sat for an hour by the graves of his Dad, Mom and Letizia. The memories floated through his mind. He recalled the beautiful, guilty sex with Mom, who never got a grip on her feelings of guilt. In the 30 years she never got rid of the feelings of guilt, sometimes she cried after sex. The beautiful, loving sex with grandma Letizia, who rarely needed an orgasm and who cackled and giggled as she showed and explained some of the obscene photos to him. The Dad, whom Hans loved with all his heart and only secretly watched him with a bad conscience when Dad fucked Mom now and then. His fingertips touched the gravestones to say goodbye, then he went home in silence.

He was 95 years old when he retired from the police force. The ancient police chief insisted on promoting John to general. John's body was still 38, but he had lived for 95 years and wanted to live a good life and seduce and fuck young girls for a few more years.

38-year-old John, 31-year-old Marion and 16-year-old Lou boarded the TRITON to embark on a cruise lasting several weeks in their luxury cabins.

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An adoption

by Jack Faber © 2024

It was the same every time. The headmistress of the orphanage called Jon into her office. Jon knew exactly how it would go, it was like that from the beginning. People looked at him curiously and then disappointedly, he wasn't the right person. He would turn on his heel and leave without saying goodbye. He used to cry every time, but he was no longer a baby. He entered the office and said hello politely. The headmistress smiled at him. He looked at the two guests curiously.

She was a beautiful young woman, only a few years older than him. He was probably her father, Jon guessed he was in his mid-50s. He looked like someone who was used to being bossy. Like him, the man had an Italian hooked nose, a striking feature. Strangely enough, he took his daughter's hand and nodded encouragingly at her. The young woman spoke up. "How old are you, Jonathan, and are you still in school?" Her voice sounded full and very feminine. "I'll be 17 in three months and I'm in high school, my A-levels."

The headmistress interjected, "Jonathan is taking his A-levels in June. He's the best in his class and will probably graduate with honors." You could clearly see the pride in her. "The poor guy has been with me since he was a young boy; he lost his parents early. I promised him I would find adoptive parents, although he could probably stand on his own two feet after he graduated from high school. But I'm pretty stubborn when it comes to keeping my word."

She wisely didn't mention that she owed him, as he had been fucking her every Friday night for six months, as her marriage had broken up. She had called Jon into her office and put on a face for everyone to see that she was going to slaughter Jon. Everyone walked away grinning. So no one saw how she got Jon around, how she managed to get him to fuck her under the promise of secrecy. Or had to. It didn't really matter, he was fucking a real, grown woman, who was also married. She usually looked rather plain, but when she provoca-

tively and frivolously undressed and exposed herself completely naked provocatively willing in front of Jon, his companion stood at attention like a guardsman. She was only just over 40 and a goddess when it came to fucking. Her husband must be a pretty stupid person to choose an 18-year-old over her. But that wasn't his problem. He fucked her every Friday with great pleasure and she came back on her feet. She would take her husband of every cent she could get. And she had known for years that Jon was a very good fucker; he had fucked with every girl in the house without making a big fuss. Jon often thought about how a husband could ignore a woman who was such a great fucker. Not for an 18-year-old who had nothing to offer except youth. Jon liked to fuck the mistress, that was the main thing. He startled up, the conversation continued.

The conversation trickled along, the young woman talked like a waterfall. Her name was Jennifer, and she performed in the evenings under the stage name Michelle as a singer in one of the expensive bars owned by her husband Gino. She squeezed his hand and looked at him lovingly. Aha, not a father, but a husband. Businessman and money to burn, Jenny-Michelle continued. "Unfortunately, I can't have children. Like most other women, I wanted to adopt a baby first, but Gino curbed my enthusiasm. Toddlers meant diaper changes, screaming day and night, teething illnesses and was very tedious. We agreed that adopting an older child would give him a good family and we would still have a child. Well, what do you think, Jonathan?" Jennifer and Gino looked at him expectantly.

Jon had already made his decision long ago. "I'll be ready to travel in 15 to 20 minutes!" He shook hands with Jennifer and Gino and nodded gratefully to the headmistress

He left, packed his suitcase and said goodbye to the few friends he had and to all the girls. He had fucked most of the girls in the last few years, actually all of them except for Jeanette, who hated him for God knows why. He hugged them all and sent a nice farewell message to the few who weren't there. Jeanette cried very loudly and threw herself around his neck. She kissed him a thousand times and ran away sobbing. Jon didn't understand it.

The headmistress had already finished the paper work and was discussing the next steps with his adoptive parents. Jon was sitting in the back seat of the expensive, new and not too flashy Mercedes. They drove into the city center, Gino left the car in the underground car park. He said goodbye, he still had to work and would come for breakfast tomorrow. Jennifer drove with Jon to the second floor, where there was a fancy restaurant. "Good evening, Michelle," the maître de salle greeted them, "your table is reserved as always. I'll have a second place setting laid out right away!" Jennifer pushed Jon forward. "François, may I introduce Jonathan, my adopted son. Jonathan, this is maître François, he runs the place." François shook his hand, "I am Gino and Michelle's slave, but with a princely salary." François grinned winningly. Jon could come to him whenever he wanted, said François.

He and Jennifer got the best table on the podium. They ordered. Jon said, "A lemonade and a small piece of meat with fries and vegetables, please." Jennifer also introduced him to the waiter, whose name was Mario and he was the masters — that's what all the subordinates called Gino and Jennifer — so he was assigned to serve the masters. He, Mario, and no one else. Jon and Jennifer ate well, Jon was extremely hungry and enjoyed it. He let her do the talking, he ate ravenously and didn't say no when Jennifer ordered two espressos and the house cake. He declined the cigarette that was offered to him, he didn't smoke at the time.

Jon asked her if he could hold her hands? Jennifer held her hands across the table. He took them and looked at his cake. After a few seconds he let go of her hands again. Jennifer drank another red wine and he took a fruit juice. They continued their conversation.

Jon had a secret that he had never told anyone. When he took a person's hands in his, he could read their thoughts, recall all their memories. He had looked into Jennifer's soul. He had seen her masturbating since her early youth, in thousands of mind videos. He saw her letting her young friends fuck her between her pressed inner thighs and squirting their juices up her inner thighs into her pussy, but he didn't really deflower her or fuck her. He saw her pompous wedding with Gino, who deflowered her on their honeymoon in

Venice and fucked her every day. He saw her love for him, who reciprocated. She sometimes fucked the waiter Mario, but no one else. She knew that Gino fucked one very young girl after another every few days, but she ignored that. She was happy for him, it was never anything serious, just sexual desire.

Jennifer told him that she was clearing out the children's room again and that he had to choose the furniture himself. Somehow she got to the topic that interested her most. His love life. Jon held nothing back, he just lowered his voice. If he didn't have a girl at hand, he masturbated with his fist. But most of the time he had one of the girls from school or the orphanage to fuck. Except Jeanette, who was very pretty and fucked the boys a lot, but not him, she had a strange aversion to him. He had already fucked all the other girls in the orphanage, several times of course. He didn't touch the staff in the orphanage, he had witnessed the dramas of the other boys too often. He didn't go outside the orphanage and school very often, he wasn't the type to go after girls. "That's all, Mom," he said. She had listened carefully. "No, say Jennifer or Jenny, but not Mom, okay?" Jon nodded, "Okay, Jenny."

He would stay in the guest bed, Jennifer said, until his own room was ready. "Okay," he said, "and I thank you and Gino for taking me in. I promise to be a good son!" They took the elevator up to the penthouse. Jon was overwhelmed by the panoramic view and went from window to window. She showed him the guest room, which was right next to her bedroom, and the bathroom. He could shower every evening if he wanted. He unpacked his things, got a towel from the bathroom and went to shower. He was almost finished when the door opened.

Jennifer came in completely naked. "Can I shower with you?" she asked in a friendly, clear tone that could only be answered with yes. He looked at her. She was young, slim and beautiful to look at, her shoulder-length reddish hair fell down in slight waves. Her breasts were full and very beautiful to look at. She had epilated her pubic hair, she turned around in circles several times and let him look at her proudly.

She handed him a bath sponge and shower gel. "Will you wash my back, please?" Jon soaped her back and her ass cheeks too. She spread her ass cheeks with both hands. He then washed her ass crack and she stretched her ass even further towards him. "Yes, here too, please," when he accidentally touched her pussy crack. He washed her pussy and penetrated her pussy hole with his fingers, searching for her clit. She sighed and moaned, her whole body began to tremble and she curled up, her body shivering in orgasm. After a few minutes she straightened up, turned around and took the bath sponge. She grabbed his cock, twisting and turning it in her hand for several minutes until it was stiff to the point of bursting. "A nice and good cock," she said without further examination.

They dried themselves off next to each other and Jon asked how old she was. "24," she said and smiled. "We got married 5 years ago, I was only 19. Sexually very inexperienced." Jon said he had started having sex a good two years ago, when he was 15. She turned to leave. "If you want, you can sleep at my side," she murmured as she left. Jon's mind was racing. He went into his room first, then he went naked through the connecting door. Jennifer was lying naked on the bed and he lay down next to her. She caressed his hard cock gently and softly.

"No, you don't need to think about Gino, now a little dancer or a very young hooker is lying next to him. We love each other very much, but sexually we don't strangle each other. We have sex sometimes, but not all the time. We agreed on that when we found out that I couldn't have children." Jon nodded, he had heard of an open marriage. Jennifer kissed him on the lips, then with a French kiss. "Can I fuck you, Jennifer?" he asked to be sure. She nodded, "But I like it slow and sensual, not hard and brutal."

Jon and Jennifer kissed and cuddled until they were both hot. Jon's fingers found her clit and he got her going in no time. Her clit was rather small and well hidden. That didn't stop him from masturbating her until she was just about to climax. He penetrated her very carefully and considerately. She had a pussy that wasn't too tight, just right. He started to fuck her slowly, paying attention to Jennifer's signals to synchronize his pace with hers. This was very im-

portant, he knew it very well. He held back the squirt and watched her carefully. She smiled as the orgasm approached on silent soles. "I'm about to cum," she breathed. He increased his pace and squirted in the middle of her orgasm. They lay next to each other, panting and gasping for air.

"I'm really surprised at how well you can fuck!" whispered Jenny. He returned her compliment. "You've adapted very well to our fucking together and made it possible for me to have orgasms together and at the same time!"

From then on they fucked every evening and Jon could concentrate on school and his A-levels. He was, admittedly, very ambitious.

Sometimes, when he was suffering from a mighty morning wood, he would fuck the Italian chambermaid Laura in the morning, who was wearing only a short house dress, with nothing underneath. When she was kneeling and scrubbing the floor, the dress would slide up and expose her pussy crease. The first time he stood facing the girl of his age with lustful eyes, he opened the top buttons and she opened the other buttons, grinning exposing her body. The girl had huge breasts and a huge ass. She grinned mischievously as Jon caressed her enormous breasts. She grinned conspiratorially and approvingly, she turned around and bent to the floor, stretching her enormous ass towards him. With both hands she spread her ass cheeks and with her fingers her pussy hole, which glistened wetly between the black pubic hair. He penetrated her, her pussy was tight, soft and hot. He only fucked her for a good five minutes and felt her finger on her clit. "You may squirt inside without worrying, Master Jon," she gasped, "I won't get pregnant!" Her pussy twitched with every powerful jet he shot inside her and her finger raced to trigger her orgasm as he squirted.

Jenny and Gino usually went away together at the weekend, Jon stayed at home to study. Maître François served him himself, Gino had transferred Mario to the other side of town. Fucking the boss's wife would have cost Mario his head in the old days. To his surprise, Jon discovered that all of Gino's employees were former criminals, literally all of them. They were thieves, burglars, traffickers or prosti-

tutes. François was of course informed that he was alone, perhaps Jenny had given him clear instructions. In any case, he asked Jon in a quiet voice which of the waitresses he liked to fuck. François shook his head, “No, not this one, she’s an ironclad lesbian.” He pointed with his chin to the coffee machine. “Perhaps Lin, the little Chinese girl?” Jon looked her over and said he liked her too. Lin took off her apron when Jon got up after dinner. She walked behind him to the elevator and they went up without saying a word. She seemed to know the penthouse and headed for the bathroom. “We have to shower first, Master Jon!” she said firmly. They showered together, he had time to look at the little Chinese girl.

Her long black hair fell over her shoulders, her even face was flawless, but he could only guess how old she was. “I’m 17, almost 18, Master Jon, old enough!” Her breasts were tiny and round, a small, narrow black bush above her slit. She was slim, almost skinny, and her body was clearly that of a child. She got on her knees and took his cock in her mouth. No one had ever done that before. She licked and sucked it and when he tensed up before he squirted, she pressed his cock deep into her throat with both hands on his buttocks. She smiled, she had been doing that since she was a child, it was the custom in her family. She kept the cock in her mouth, she continued licking and sucking until the cock was standing upright again.

He led her into his room, where he rarely slept. Lin’s pussy hole was no tighter than Jenny’s and, it must be said, she was completely passive when he fucked her, it was literally being fucked. She shook her head, she never had an orgasm when he fucked her and she didn’t masturbate while he was doing it. The first time, she was full of disgust at letting Jon masturbate her after fucking her, but he prevailed. Only after a few times did she say that she secretly masturbated every night before going to sleep. Her mother had forbidden her to do it as a child, only old women who were no longer fit for fucking did that. Her mother hit her fingers with a small bamboo stick. Her resistance arose immediately and she continued to masturbate despite the blows until she was violently shaken by orgasm. She got used to the bamboo stick blows and continued to masturbate cheekily. The mother continued to beat her, but she stared fascinated at her masturbating daughter.

At 13, the family thought she was old enough to fuck. Now, like the other three wives, she was fucked by everyone. The three brothers, her father and the two uncles came with her father's sons from Hebei in China 20 years ago, Lin herself was born here. The extended family still lived according to the customs of their homeland. Wives were taboo until they were pregnant for the first time, perhaps to ensure the husband's paternity. After that, she was fucked by everyone she wanted, her husband, his brothers and all the sons. She was very unsure as to which of all of these was actually her biological father.

Maître François was the first man outside her family to fuck her extensively before she was hired, Jon was the second. She went to him to fuck every time his adoptive parents were away.

Jon passed his high school exams with distinction and sent a copy in his thank you email to the director of the orphanage. He thanked her for the good times at the orphanage. Jennifer had ordered a good three-course meal in the restaurant, and this time Gino came too. The praise from his mouth was not light-hearted, he was always sparing with praise. But he could recognize that Jon had achieved the best with hard work and sweat. Gino wanted to know what he was planning. Jon had butterflies in his stomach, he knew it, but he was still hesitant to tell Gino. Instead, he asked if he could give him money so that he could go on the graduation trip. "Yeah, sure, and where are we going?" asked Gino. "To the island of Mallorca," said Jon and thanked him for financing the graduation trip. "I hear from Jenny that you two get on well. It's a shame you can't take her on the trip!" Jon shook his head, only the high school graduates were going.

The graduation trip was a success. There was a good hotel, beach, sand and sun. There was quite a lot of drinking and Jon stayed out of it, he didn't want to start drinking alcohol at 18, fruit juice was good enough. He wasn't surprised that the now adults were fucking like crazy. Everyone fucked everyone, he fucked all the girls in his class and many from the parallel class. It started after breakfast and didn't stop until dawn. He didn't even count how many girls he fucked. He fucked some girls with sadness, because it was a farewell fuck. But he also fucked some of them curiously, because they hadn't fucked each other before. Only a few of these girls had enough experience, the

girls in the orphanage and Jenny really fucked much better. The girls who had been fucked in incest for many years fucked the best. On the 9th day they flew back.

He came back as a mature man, he had fucked 35 to 40 girls on this trip, he estimated the number on the return flight. About the same number as he had fucked in the many years in the orphanage, but there all multiple times, many times. The girls in the orphanage were all much younger than the high school graduates, most of them were underage. But now he was looking forward to Jenny and Gino. Fucking Jenny would be great, he was sure of that, absolutely sure of it. She picked him up at the airport and they were already making out in the back seat of the taxi. He was home again!

Gino called him days later. Could he come to his office tomorrow morning, say at 10? Jon went to see Gino the next day. It was his first time there, even though he had been living with his parents for more than half a year. He went into the office, Gino pointed to an arm-chair, saying he would be finished soon. He typed for another minute and put the tablet aside. He looked at Jon in a friendly and serious way. "What do you want to be called, Jon, Nathan, Nate or Jonathan?" he asked to start the conversation. "Jon, everyone calls me that, Dad!" he replied. Gino jumped. "Please call me Gino, just Gino. This whole adoption and playing parent thing is Jenny's idea, although of course I was and am OK with it. You passed your high school exams with flying colors, I was very happy about that. It showed me that you can pursue a goal, no matter how much you have to sweat. That really impressed me, you could just as easily have played the spoiled rich mama's boy, Jenny would have accepted it. I was less so. But it was a good, enriching time." Gino lit a fat cigar and pressed a button on the telephone system. He didn't want to be disturbed.

"You see, I don't have a secretary, I do everything myself, I run things from here. It works really well. Yes, of course I used to have secretaries, but it never went well, work and fucking are two different things. I learned that from that. But now let's move on. What do you think my business is?" Gino looked at him, somewhat amused. While he was still thinking, Gino said, "No, let's start at the other end."

“Tell me, how do you like fucking Jenny?” Jon was completely surprised by the question. He looked Gino straight in the eyes. Gino laughed loudly and said, “I thought so. No, that’s fine, that’s no problem. You don’t have to answer, your look says it all. No problem, Jon!” He puffed on his cigar and scratched his chin. “I want to ask you what you want to do now. Look for work, study, go on a journey?” Jon could see from Gino’s face that they had now reached the crucial point.

“I want to go to the police academy and then join the police force. The academy is free if you commit to 3 years of service.” Jon looked straight into Gino’s eyes. Gino smiled and nodded. “Don’t be mad at me, Jon, but I already know that. I asked one of my specialists to search your laptop while you were lying in the sun in Mallorca. Don’t be mad at me for that, because you will know my motives.”

Jon nodded. “It is your right to look into who you have brought into your family and into your dear wife’s bed!” Gino nodded. “It is important to me to know everything about you. Little Lin, the chambermaid Laura. I would be a fool not to get to the bottom of the secrets!”

Gino puffed on his cigar. “I’ve been watching you for over 8 months now. I married Jenny because we love each other very much, but I wanted to have a family so that I could hand over my business one day. Things didn’t go quite as planned, you know that. In the first few minutes when we met at the orphanage, I had the feeling that you could be the one. That’s the purpose of this conversation.” Gino’s face disappeared behind a thick cloud of smoke. Gino poured himself a drink. He offered Jon a glass of sparkling mineral water.

“You won’t be surprised what I’m going to tell you. In short, I’m a crime boss.” Jon leaned forward, he really had no idea.

Gino continued. “I worked my way up the ladder in a questionable way. Now I own over 56 rental houses in the city, three dozen upscale bars and restaurants. And two brothels, of course. No, wait, let me finish.

I've focused on quality, wanting to stand out from the dingy bars and cheap inns. The rental houses and apartments are run by reputable companies, as are the bars, coffee houses and restaurants. I do everything I can to clean up my businesses and keep them clean. I don't want to die as a crime boss, but as a respected entrepreneur. That's my ultimate goal.

I started ages ago with a gang of 60 cutthroats. Now none of them are in my employ. I still have a gang of 30 guys to protect my companies and to protect me. There is no more murder and manslaughter, no drug dealing, no arms dealing. I swear to that. Well, extortion, protection money, trafficking girls for my brothels, yes. I still do that. But that is to be phased out in the long term. I have almost reached the threshold of legality, that is the end goal. And I need a successor, I have to train him in the business. That would be you, I could retire with Jenny without having to constantly look back over my shoulder. What do you think?"

Jon's mind raced as Gino explained all this to him. Gino's reasoning was understandable and logical. "There is just one small obstacle. I want to be a police officer." Jon's voice sounded rough and hoarse. No further words were needed, the dilemma was clear enough to grasp.

Gino lit the cigar again. "I'm not surprised how clearly you see it. I've thought about it a lot, now you have to choose between two options. First, you choose the police academy, then you have to leave my family, Jenny and me. Or, you work for me for a whole year, get to know the business from the bottom up. One year, then you have to decide." Jon nodded thoughtfully. "A fair offer, although I would choose the police academy at the moment. But I'm happy to be your son, Jenny's son. A brusque rejection of your offer, Gino, I don't want that. Let's postpone the decision for a year. I'll work for you for a year." There was a long silence. Gino came around the desk and shook Jon's hand. "We have a deal, Jon." Jon returned the handshake and read Gino's soul.

The next morning Enrico came. Gino had assigned Jon to him as a newbie. He wanted to be called Enrico, no shortcut, no matter how well-intentioned. He took Jon to a clothing store. He needed suitable clothing. Jeans, leather jacket. Payment would be made later, Enrico told the owner. He took Jon to the "boarding school", which was the headquarters of the 25 or so men. He introduced Jon to everyone in-

dividually. Jon was Gino's son, he was to be introduced to the business.

Luigi, the gunsmith, picked out a small pistol and a pistol holster for him. "If you want another one later, come to me." Luigi led him and Enrico into the basement, where there was, among other things, a small shooting range, 10 meters. Luigi shot first, followed by Enrico and lastly he. Enrico had the best result, Luigi and Jon were tied. Jon had never held a gun before and he was amazed at how well he could shoot. Enrico showed him how to disassemble and clean the gun. "We only shoot to defend ourselves. That was very rare, but now it happens more often. New gangsters and gangs are moving into the city, so bullets are flying. But no one has been killed recently. We shoot to incapacitate them, not to kill them. Orders from the boss." Jon was relieved, he could accept that.

The daily routine was simple. They met in the morning at the boarding school, then they went on the road in small groups. Enrico went with Jon alone, they went from bar to bar, from restaurant to restaurant, from shop to shop, from apartment building to apartment building. Jon was a little surprised, all the Chinese, Vietnamese and other Asian shops in the city paid protection money to Gino. The gang members paid the protection money into Gino's bank account the next day. Gino was ruthless if even a cent was missing. Enrico said that Gino's men had driven the triads out of the city once and for all. They were never able to gain a foothold again.

Things got serious. An old Asian man refused to pay the protection money, the Pizzo. Several groups met and took the man with them. Enrico whispered in Jon's ear that the old man would be beaten up a bit and sent home that evening. Jon waited until his comrades had left and told Enrico that he wanted to stay because the old man had a daughter. Enrico nodded and sat down on an armchair in the bedroom.

Jon grabbed the old woman by the wrist and threw her onto the bed. "The daughter! I want your daughter!" She didn't move a finger. Jon grabbed her by the neck. "Daughter! Daughter!" he yelled at the old woman. She felt his fingers on her neck and called out loudly in

her language. A moment later the daughter came in; Jon had seen her before. The old woman mumbled something and the daughter nodded. She undressed herself infinitely slowly until she stood naked and exposed in front of Jon. She wasn't particularly pretty. Skinny, her breasts not worth mentioning, a small bush of black pubic hair. Her clit peeked out a few centimeters from the pubic crack. It was immediately apparent that the clit was well trained and already stiff in anticipation. Her face was flat and impenetrably serious. Her lips pressed tightly together. They didn't say a word. Jon grabbed her hand and pulled her onto the bed, onto her mother, and read her soul.

The three of them slept together, the parents had long since stopped fucking. The daughter waited patiently until they fell asleep and masturbated every night. At 32, she still didn't have a steady boyfriend, she let anyone and everyone fuck her in a warehouse or in a back room, quickly and hastily. Often by several men or boys in a row over the course of a day. But she kept her parents in the dark about her daily fucking.

He lay down between her thighs. She looked at him completely indifferently as he penetrated her. She let herself be fucked completely passively, like Lin. A knothole in a board that he fucked. He stared at the old woman's pussy, but she didn't care at all. On the contrary, the old woman deliberately let her thighs slide apart to let him see her old, wrinkled pussy a few inches away. He stared into the old fuck-hole of the old unfaithful woman and squirted his full load into her daughter, then he stood up. They hadn't spoken a word yet, and now the daughter said, "No kill father!" Jon shook his head, "He'll get a beating, and he'll be free in the evening. We don't kill old people." She wiped a fake tear from her eye. "Only fucked to free father!" Jon nodded encouragingly at her. Then he went with Enrico. He shook his head, he didn't want to fuck the daughter too. "Asian women are too passive for me when they fuck," said Enrico. Jon nodded, but he fucked every Asian woman anyway.

Enrico went down to the shooting range with Jon at least once a week and taught him how to shoot better. They went from bar to bar, drank fruit juice and talked to the manager. Enrico wrote everything

down, as did Jon. The same thing happened in the restaurants and in the apartment buildings. They wrote their notes together every evening and sent them to Gino. They also visited the two brothels in pairs and wrote down when the madam had something on her mind. Enrico knew all the girls and was very selective about who he fucked. He was already over 50 and didn't have the same sexual pressure as his protégé. Jon took anyone who responded to his wink. Most of the girls were forced laborers from Eastern Europe. They fucked much better and more passionately than the Asian girls once they realized that Jon wasn't an enemy or a wife beater. Jon got himself tested for sexually transmitted diseases every week; he owed that to Jenny and Lin. He came home every evening and fucked Jenny and Lin alternately. Of course, both women knew that the other was fucking Jon too.

Of course, Enrico knew since the incident with the old Chinese that Jon wanted to fuck every woman and every daughter of maturity. Enrico was completely indifferent, and showing the boss's successor a good time couldn't be wrong. He headed for the houses where there was a young, pretty woman or daughter. They were usually not women whose husbands had been picked up to be beaten, but simply women that Enrico knew and who he assumed were willing to be fucked. If he liked the woman or girl, he fucked her alternately with Jon.

Jon took the beautiful woman's hand and read her soul. She couldn't hide anything from him or deceive him. He knew exactly how faithful she was to her husband and how she lived her sex life. He took her by the hand and led her into the bedroom. Most of them undressed themselves, crying, sobbing and complaining. Some of them he undressed himself, bit by bit, until they were completely naked. He was grateful to Enrico when he warned him that there was only one ugly woman or pointed out that she had a pretty daughter.

He laid out the wife or daughter. He knew how important foreplay was. He fucked those women who did not allow foreplay despite their resistance. These were usually rapes, which he did not particularly enjoy. But most of them got really hot like a stovetop during foreplay. These were wonderful fucks that he enjoyed with both hands.

The best fucks were those where he fucked mother and daughter one after the other. Many saw the mother fuck a strange man for the first time. Most mothers also saw the daughter being fucked for the first time. Only a very few daughters were still virgins, whom Jon gently and considerately deflowered and then fucked. Most of the women and daughters kept it a secret from their husbands and fathers. Admittedly, it was exhausting, but it did him good.

The year went by very quickly. Jon had put every cent in the bank because he would need it when he went to the police academy. He didn't let anyone dissuade him from doing that. He entered Gino's office on time. He shook Gino's hand in greeting and read his soul. Gino already knew that Jon was going to the police academy. They sat down, Jon fiddled with his belt and unhooked his pistol holster. He put the pistol and the holster on Gino's desk. "Gino, the year is over. I've decided, I'm going to the police academy." Gino left the pistol lying there. "You've not changed your mind. That's good, I'm kind of proud of you. You're unwaveringly following your calling, your destiny, your heart. Making a lot of money isn't bad, but it couldn't change your mind. I'll arrange the succession differently. But I'm reassured that Jenny will be in good hands when I go to heaven." Jon was happy with how Gino reacted. "I promise you, Gino, that nothing I have seen in the last year will influence my work as a police officer. I impose this restriction on myself. I know how hard and how seriously you fight for legality. This will certainly influence my work as a police officer. I promise!" They shook hands and Jon stepped forward to hug Gino. Gino was surprised, but he returned his adopted son's first hug in two years. "Enough, enough!" he said, touched, "I'm not made for hugs and cuddles!"

Jon stayed with his parents, he didn't have to move out. Gino continued to pay him and grinned, "It's your increased pocket money, my son!" Jon declared this income as "father's pocket money" on the forms, so that no one could blame him later. He said goodbye to the gang and threw a hearty party for his former colleagues. A week later he asked Gino what it was with leaving the family? Gino acted as if he couldn't remember. "What? Leave the family? Why, don't you like it here?" Jon played along with the comedy. "Oh no, I must have made a mistake."

Jon went to the police academy and had his family with Gino and Jenny in the evenings, and sometimes Lin too. Laura, the Italian chambermaid, let herself be fucked from behind almost every morning with his morning wood. So every day started off very relaxed.

Jon was looking forward to police duty. He was determined to support Gino on his way to legality wherever he could.

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The Nun and the Assassin

by Jack Faber © 2024

Carmen Maria had been sold to the convent by her desperately poor parents. She was already 10 and had been raised by her parents, especially her mother, as a strict believer. Over a thousand years after the birth of our Savior, the Moors were in retreat and it was foreseeable that the Moors would have to leave the royal city of Toledo in the near future. Maria del Carmen, as the young novice was called, was really deeply religious and in love with her bridegroom Jesus Christ with all her heart. She was completely inexperienced sexually and only learned to masturbate from her cellmate, the shameless Katharina. She soon knew exactly how to fuck because she witnessed almost every day when one of the holy sisters earned a few pieces of silver for her pocket money and let a pilgrim fuck her. She watched very carefully because she wanted to learn how to do it so that she could then fuck her heavenly bridegroom.

She confessed every other day to Don Bartolomeo, who was also the confessor of the queen. The queen was not nearly as shy and chaste as the people were led to believe, and Don Bartolomeo was not so strict about the seal of confession. He let slip more than once to the young girl, who only understood most of the noble woman's sexual misdeeds when she asked the confessor for an explanation. He described everything so simply that she understood it, even though she was still a virgin.

“Are you really still a real virgin? You’ve never fucked, never let yourself be fucked?” he asked, licking his lips.

Maria del Carmen knew what fucking was, of course. “No, Padre, never! I swear it on the Heart of Mary!”

Don Bartolomeo heard her confession every other day; she was dreamily lost in fucking the heavenly Savior, while at the same time, like Katharina, she uncovered herself and masturbated to orgasm. She often had to strip down to her navel in the confessional box and

show the Padre how she masturbated. That felt somehow wrong, but it contributed to her remorse, he said. The shameless Katharina laughed at her. “He makes all the girls who confess to him masturbate in the confessional box. He likes it and he’s after that like the devil behind the soul.”

Don Bartolomeo was very careful and very cautious. The 13-year-old Maria del Carmen had to pray the rosary on her knees until the last penitent had left. The saintly man locked the chapel from the inside, cleared everything away from the altar and had Maria del Carmen lie down on the altar.

“We will offer your virginity as a sacrifice to our Lord and Bridegroom, we will fuck like you should fuck your heavenly Bridegroom.” It was very convincing, she wanted nothing more than to give her virginity and her fucking to the heavenly Bridegroom.

Don Bartolomeo pushed her habit up to her belly button, lifted her knees and let them fold to the side. “There it is, the paradise,” he said devoutly and murmured a quick Latin prayer. “I will now push open the gate to paradise! Don’t be alarmed, it will sting a little the first time.” Maria del Carmen nodded with a big lump in her throat, she had never seen a cock so near before and now his cock came closer and closer until it touched the gate. “I can feel it, Padre, how your cock is knocking on my gate!” The Padre nodded contentedly, he had not expected such blatant simplicity, by God!

“Well then, in God’s name, Amen!” exclaimed the holy man and deflowered Maria del Carmen with a quick thrust. “Amen! Amen!” exclaimed Maria del Carmen, the prick wasn’t so bad.

“Think of your heavenly Bridegroom and give yourself to him with all your lust, my child, while I take the sin all on my soul and fuck you!” Of course she knew that fucking was a mortal sin, but fucking the vicar of Christ was by no means a mortal sin. She nodded in agreement and suffering because the good priest took all the sin on his shoulders. She let herself be fucked quite a bit, she only thought about her Bridegroom and gave herself to him. She had a wonderful orgasm, much more intense than when she masturbated. Don Bar-

tolomeo squirted his juice into her until the last drop. “Amen!” he gasped and she gasped too, “Amen!”

So it came about that Maria del Carmen masturbated even more intensely than before at night and after confessing to Don Bartolomeo, she let herself be fucked on the altar on behalf of the Heavenly Bridegroom, three times a week.

After almost two years, she announced with joy to the confessor that her prayers had been heard and that she was carrying her Holy Bridegroom’s child. The confessor didn’t care at all, he continued to fuck her until the Mother Superior fired the heavily pregnant girl. She consoled the pregnant novice with a malicious grin, “Even our Holy Mother Mary had to leave her house heavily pregnant and go in search of shelter!” Maria del Carmen really wasn’t the brightest intellectually, she didn’t doubt the holy men and holy women in the slightest. Not in the slightest.

Maria del Carmen really gave birth to her child in a poor hut and had him baptized with the name Ricardo de Santis. She had trained as a healer and herbalist in the monastery and also as a midwife during her pregnancy. With her knowledge, she had no trouble supporting herself and Ricardo. It was unavoidable that hunting parties stopped by her little house on the outskirts of town and brutally fucked her from behind while she lay on her stomach, one after the other. A herbal tea prevented her from getting pregnant, because that would be the work of the devil.

Ric slept in the same bed with her from an early age. They both loved to cuddle naked together, she masturbated once a month at most and the little one watched until he got bored. He hid in a corner when the drunken hunting party came in with a rumble and fucked his mother one after the other. When they were gone again, she masturbated naked on the bed for a while and prayed out loud. Ric gradually understood that her prayers were for her heavenly bridegroom, because she had had one orgasm after another while being fucked, and that was really the dark work of the devil. Also that she continued to masturbate every time after the hunting party, praying the rosary. She thanked her Lord Jesus that none of the nobles turned

her onto her back, but only fucked her from behind. She knew from Don Bartolomeo that subordinates were only allowed to be fucked from behind, which is why the representative of her heavenly bridegroom had only fucked her from the front.

Ric never understood in his life that she prayed her rosary quietly while being fucked by the devilish hunting party and also when she masturbated. She had to do that to keep the devil away from her. Ric was always disappointed, because he would have loved to see the prince of darkness! But he quickly forgot it, because she was dead tired the day after the hunting party and slept herself healthy.

She couldn't afford a teacher for Ric, of course. She taught him reading, writing and arithmetic as best she could. At the age of 5 she taught him to go to the city library and read books. She herself had only read church books, but the friendly librarian gave the little boy one good book after another so that he was educated in a meaningful way. Apart from him, there was no one under 20 who wandered into the library. Education was only available for the children of the wealthy, but Ric was poor and curious, eager to learn and hardworking because he firmly believed that it would give him an advantage.

Ric reached puberty, the street boys had taught him to masturbate. Maria del Carmen almost had a heart attack when he knelt in front of her in bed at night and masturbated. She stared at the tip of his cock, which was dancing in his fist and aimed directly at her face. It was the first time that a boy or a man had masturbated right in front of her face, just inches away. His first spurt hit her right in the face, she flinched and pushed his cock deeper. In God's name, she let him squirt on her beautiful breasts in long, white stripes, and turned away so that he didn't squirt on her face. She said that it was the devil's work and that she would pray the rosary next to him when he masturbated.

They continued to cuddle and smooch, but now he became wilder and wilder and happily squirted on her while they kissed passionately. Ric grinned mischievously every time he managed to squirt on her face or into her mouth. She preferred that to getting squirted on her face. He kept her mouth violently open, he put his cock in her

mouth, squirted his full load inside and she swallowed the juice without batting an eyelid.

As they cuddled and snuggled, her lips followed the tip of his cock, her lips chased after it and tried to catch the tip of the cock. He laughed happily and generously allowed her to grab the tip of the cock with her lips. "Open your mouth now, I'm going to squirt!" She obediently opened her mouth and he held her mouth open with his two index fingers. He pushed his cock as deep into her mouth as he could, held her mouth open forcibly and shot his full load inside. Now she swallowed the juice without batting an eyelid. It went well for weeks, he forced her mouth open always violently, then he squirted two or three times in her mouth. But one day she stopped in the middle of the game.

She wanted to know why he wanted to squirt in her face so badly. Ric hesitated for a long time, but then admitted that he had been spying on her neighbor, Donna Elvira, for a long time. She let a noble gentleman squirt deeply in her mouth twice a week. Ric couldn't get that out of his head.

Maria del Carmen asked Elvira confidentially, who blushed but confirmed it. Maria del Carmen had Elvira explain to her exactly how it worked and what to look out for. She said to Ric, "Okay, let's try it out!" She paused briefly. "Elvira also told me that you come to squirt in her mouth once a week when I'm in town." Ric was speechless. "Oh, that was only once..." he lied cheekily, and she knew he was lying.

"Come on, let's get started!" she said with slight disappointment. She let him masturbate right in front of her mouth, just inches away, staring like a hypnotized rabbit at the dancing glans in his fist and the hole from which his juice would spurt. She stared into the hole for about 10 minutes. Ric was the first person she had ever seen masturbating so closely. His fist pulled the foreskin back and forth quickly, which she watched with great interest. The hole in the tip of the glans widened and began to squirt with a full jet. But at the last moment she pressed her lips together and closed her eyes. Ric

squirted happily all over her face. “You have to keep your mouth open!” he pressed out when he had finished squirting.

She tried again and again, but she closed her lips and closed her eyes — Ric squirted cheekily and happily all over her face. She shook her head in reluctance. “I want to keep it open, but I just can’t do it!”

He told her to hold the tip of his cock with her fingers and imagine that she wanted to drink from it. She did it, of course it went wrong for days, but one day she finally managed to keep her mouth open. It was only after a few days that she dared to swallow the juice. They practiced as often as he wanted to squirt. Keeping her mouth open and swallowing the juice now worked nearly perfectly.

Now came the next step. Towards the end she had to take over masturbating the cock and push the cock deeper and deeper into her mouth. She tried, but it took several days before she managed it. She pushed the cock deeper into her throat each time, until after several days she could not push it any deeper. She had pushed the cock in so deep that she almost had to throw up. She grinned mischievously, “I think I’ve got the hang of it now!” That went well for months, but now he ejaculated again and again in her face, grinning and cheekily.

“You can’t squirt on my face anymore, you piglet!” she cried, “I’ll turn around and you can squirt on my ass for all I care!” And so it happened, she turned onto her belly and he masturbated, the tip of his cock pressed hard between her ass cheeks. He stared at her finger rotating rapidly in her pussy crack as she reeled off the rosary faster and faster as she raced to orgasm. She paused only briefly in orgasm, then masturbated quickly again, praying the rosary out loud. She had her orgasms long before he had to squirt. When he squirted, he pulled his cock all the way out and squirted his juice in long, white streaks across her ass cheeks and her back. She knew he had to squirt at least twice, sometimes three times.

“Mom, I have to do it again,” he said miserably and masturbated again. She turned onto her belly, and while he masturbated he stuck his cock between her ass cheeks and then lower down to squirt until he reached her pussy. She grumbled at first, but then limited herself

to praying loudly and fervently. For weeks he masturbated several times a night in a row, and Mom prayed louder and louder because now he penetrated her pussy hole to squirt. “Mom, it’s so nice and warm and moist, it feels wonderful!” She stopped the rosary and grumbled, “but no fucking, definitely no fucking!” He waited until she continued to reel off the rosary. He went further and further from night to night until he was really fucking her from behind like the devils from the hunting party. “No, no fucking, definitely no fucking!” she repeated over and over, full of fervent disgust. She giggled and choked because she was having an orgasm regularly when been fucked. She didn’t find an opportunity to scold him or reprimand him, why would she!?

He always told her proudly when he and the street boys surrounded a girl and fucked her one after the other. Most of the girls grinned because it was just a modified game of tag. The few crybabies were ignored from then on. Maria del Carmen tried to make him understand that it was rape if the girl did not agree. That was difficult to understand because Ric always thought it was a game of tag.

Ric was very happy with how things were going. Mama lay on her belly and let herself be fucked from behind two or three times every night. She smiled shyly because her orgasms were ambivalent to her feelings. The representative of Christ always made her masturbate on the altar after fucking her, and watched her enthusiastically, which she thought was fine at the time. Ric hugged and kissed her when he was finished and comforted her very sweetly because she sometimes cried in conflict. Rosary, fucking and orgasming, that was the conflict.

At least two days a week he had to go with Mom to collect herbs. He quickly learned what was good for what and what against what. He liked that, although he couldn’t imagine a future as a herbalist. A librarian, that was more likely. But fate doesn’t make straight paths.

They had just returned from collecting herbs when they saw a knight fighting against three Moors on horseback. Ric was already 17 or 18 and immediately recognised the danger to the Spaniard’s life. Ric dropped the basket of herbs and ran towards the fray. The knight

had fallen from his horse and had not got up. The three Moors dismounted to finish him off. Ric was already next to the knight and picked up his sword. He danced in circles like a whirlwind, killed one and drove the other two wounded away. The knight told Ric they should ride away with the dead man. He shouted a few Arabic words. The Moors approached cautiously, hastily put the dead man on a horse and rode away without saying a word. Now Maria del Carmen came to them and brought Ric's basket of herbs.

The knight had a deep cut on his thigh. Maria del Carmen tore a strip of linen from the knight's shirt and put a pressure bandage on him. "We have to sew him up quickly and put herbs on him, otherwise he'll bleed to death!" They helped the knight onto the horse and ran next to the horse to their house. Mama called to Ric to quickly make a fire and put hot water on. She took her tools and began to sew up the wound. She had to be careful to press and sew the two sides together in the same way that they naturally belonged together. She heated the knight's dagger over the fire and burned the flesh around the wound. The knight fainted for a few minutes. She poured hot water on the area, then Ric sat down with the injured man and Mama looked for various herbs. She made a decoction and made a thick ointment from the decoction and the chopped, crushed herbs. She applied the ointment thickly and tore another strip from the knight's shirt to apply a bandage.

They let the knight sleep in their bed for three days, they slept on the floor. He had a fever at night and she gave him an herbal tea to reduce the fever. On the third day the knight was able to get up and walk with a limp using a stick. He said his name, Don Miguel de Carvillas, and he would thank her sufficiently later. "Maria del Carmen, you did it much better than any surgeon I have ever known. If you want, I can speak to the generals; good surgeons are rare." Maria del Carmen shook her head. "Thank you very much, Marquis, but I prefer to stay here." Ric had fetched the horse from the neighbor, who had taken good care of the animal. "And you, Ricardo, don't you want to become a fighter? I saw you fight, it was very impressive!" Ric lowered his head. "Your Grace, I held a sword in my hand for the first time in my life and knew that I had to be faster than the tired Moors. I was just lucky; it was the first time I had killed a man and

wounded the others. I just thought that they would kill you first and then Mama and me; that alone unleashed my strength.”

Ric helped Don Miguel onto his horse and ran beside him to the royal castle. The knight told him that he had the potential to be an excellent fighter. The conversation was friendly, but Ric said he had to think about it first.

Exactly one week later, Don Miguel came back and gave Maria del Carmen a purse full of gold ducats. Then Ric ran to the neighbor and fetched him. Don Miguel pressed three gold ducats into the neighbors hand. “Thank you very much, you looked after my horse well!” Of course they both knew that it was far too much, but it was important to Don Miguel to reward good people and make friends. Ric shook his head when Don Miguel asked him again that he would report to him at the castle in a week.

Maria del Carmen was completely against him becoming a soldier. Anything but a soldier! He couldn’t change her mind and went up to the castle. Don Miguel came over immediately; he could walk without a stick. His captain accompanied him. They sat down and iced tea was immediately served. Ric took a long sip, his mouth completely dry with excitement. He began. “Your Grace, my mother insisted that I should not become a soldier. She is my mother, I am her obedient and devoted son.” Don Miguel nodded and smiled. “I saw you and her during my treatment, and I noticed back then that you are both very good surgeons and know about herbs. So, no soldier, then a field surgeon. We have a hospital here in the castle and only one old field surgeon who can no longer ride. Then a field surgeon, my friend! The king pays very well and everything is possible. You can get a place to sleep here, and if your mother wants to come with you, she can sleep and work here like you. You can also ride to her place to stay the night if you prefer.” The captain had nodded every time at the gentleman’s words. “I have seen my master’s wound and I don’t think our old surgeon would have managed it so well.” Don Miguel stood up and squeezed Ric’s hand. “See you tomorrow morning, we are expecting you!”

Ric went home, it was no more than 10 minutes to go. Maria del Carmen was waiting for him impatiently. “No, Mama, I’m not going to be a soldier! The Marquis is employing us both as field surgeons in the castle’s hospital! The old surgeon can’t manage on his own anymore.” He didn’t say anything about the fact that there were different models to choose from. Mama smiled and nodded in agreement. “I need another day to pack all my things and then you have to come with two pack mules!” Ric jumped for joy and when she asked, he answered, “We’ll stay together and I can still learn so much from you!” The next morning he reported for duty. He asked Don Miguel to assign them a bedroom with a separate area or room where his mother could keep her herbs, jars and pots. She asked if individual patients could come to her in the castle, as she was the only healer for miles around. The Marquis nodded and thought it was good to bring such a clever woman to the castle.

When Ric went home in the evening with two mules, Mama had already packed everything in four boxes. She wrote a sign saying that she was now working in the castle and that they could come to the castle in difficult cases. They went to all the neighbors and informed them. After dinner they went to bed early. So much had happened, there was so much to talk about. Ric snuggled up to Mama’s warm body and whispered how nice it was that they could stay together. He was already 18, when others were already starting families, but he never dreamed of it. He could fuck Mama every night until he had completely drained his juices. She still prayed her rosary out loud, but her voice would break for a moment each time she climaxed. This was much, much better than masturbating. She could hardly remember the last time she had masturbated. She always had an orgasm when she was fucked, and after two or three orgasms she was so exhausted and tired that she fell asleep immediately.

The old surgeon was delighted to have a young woman and a young man to help out. Within the first week, the backlog had been made up. Mama was only called in once for a birth, where the women who usually attended the births saw a problem. It was actually the right thing to call the experienced Maria del Carmen. She had the problem under control, no question about it!

Ric learned a lot from her. She could patch up any soldier or officer if they brought him in in time, before the gangrene set in. The sad truth was that there was only a 50 percent chance of surviving gangrene.

Maria del Carmen smiled indulgently when Ric flirted with the girls and women at court. He soon realised that anyone could be fucked, even the queen. There were only two things to consider. First, discretion. There was no mercy with cheated Spanish noblemen, only a duel to the death. Second, was the reluctant woman even worth the effort?

He was quite lucky, it took a year and a half before an angry husband challenged him to a duel. He managed to get a 10-day deadline, during which he took lessons from the fencing master. He studied and practiced day and night, but when he faced his opponent, his knees were shaking. The opponent had already cooled down a bit in the 10 days after the cheating wife, the false snake, snuggled up to him. So it was that the man with the soft heart had to swear not to kill Ric. That was not unusual, because many women were clever and devious. And with one hand symbolically tied behind their backs, many good men lost their lives, the heartbreaker and the false snake triumphed.

This is how Ric's duel ended, his lover would rather see her husband lying in the dust than the fiery lover. Ric had learned a lot in 10 days, but his opponent had trained for half a lifetime. That was his downfall. He fought only half-heartedly, full of arrogance and conceit, he saw the mistakes that Ric naturally made. And so it happened, he slid towards Ric, who knocked the sword out of his hand. He fell backwards and Ric pressed the tip of the sword onto the lying man's chest. "I don't have to kill you, Your Grace, if you acknowledge my victory and declare yourself defeated." The nobleman raised his head and shouted loudly, "The surgeon has defeated me, he has won!" Ric withdrew and went his way. He didn't even look at the pale wife who was the subject of the duel. He knew how much she wanted to see her husband dead.

He went straight to Mama. He didn't think he could stop flirting and fucking. So he had to learn fencing seriously. Maria del Carmen sighed deeply, that was really stupid. How disappointing that the hot blood of his father, the accursed Don Bartolomeo, had turned him into such a cock-driven idiot. At least he was smart enough to immediately consult with the fencing master.

Ric was brilliant at flirting, he got straight to the point and the thighs opened willingly to the fiery seducer. The difference in class meant nothing to him. He fucked servants and noblewomen alike. Servants were just as good at being fucked as married noblewomen, that much was certain. It was a special thrill for Ric when the girl had to be deflowered first. The married women claimed that they had never, ever cheated on their husbands. But. They whimpered with crocodile tears because they were so loyal, so shy and so honorable as the Easter lamb.

Of course he also fucked Gianna, the queen's favorite maid. She was like the queen from Italy, but she was much better at fucking and much prettier than the queen. She enjoyed fucking Ric for weeks. One day she let slip that the queen was not as unapproachable as her surroundings and people were to believe. On the contrary, she was a pretty cheap whore who cheated on the poor king every day. Ric had seen the queen several times from a distance, wearing a wig, thickly powdered make-up and a pompous dress. From then on he worked on Gianna to bring him to the queen. It took some time until Gianna furtively and secretly took him to the queen's siesta one afternoon.

Ric's heart was pounding in his throat when Gianna opened the door and stood guard. The naked queen lay dozing on her bed, one hand on her pussy. He assumed she was recovering from an orgasm. She opened her small black piggy eyes as his hand rested on her hand and pussy. "Oh, Signore, I've been waiting for you for ages," she murmured in her squeaky voice. She said he had to keep his clothes on in case he had to escape through the back door. He lay down next to her. She was indeed as disappointing as Gianna had described her.

She was short, fat and not half as pretty as her maid Gianna. Rolls of fat everywhere, even her full breasts seemed fat. She had given

birth to an Infante and Infanta for the King and thus fulfilled her duty. The King dropped her, getting rid of the Moors and fucking captured Moorish girls was far more exciting. He listened to the news about the queen's affairs, but he actually didn't care at all.

The queen was fragrant and very clean, Ric lay between her thighs and penetrated her. Her pussy was soft, but not tight enough. She really wanted to fuck well and be fucked well, but she lacked talent. Of course she didn't have an orgasm and had to trigger it with her finger. She wanted to be fucked a second time, but he had no desire at all and his cock went soft after this disappointment. He stood up, thanked her in a courtly manner and let Gianna lead him out. He answered her question about how disappointing it was to fuck the queen. "You insisted, Your Grace! And I know that she will fuck you again tomorrow during the siesta! So pull yourself together and make this self-inflicted sacrifice!" He deserved Gianna's malicious grin. He had to fuck the queen for 10 days until she lost interest.

Ric learned to fence really well. The fencing master whispered to him that he also trained the king's assassins and that Ric had what it takes to become a good assassin. Ric thought about it for several days, then he agreed to the fencing master. "But not a word to my mother!"

How small the world was. Don Miguel de Carvillas was the secret boss of the king's assassins. The same Don Miguel who had his eye on his mother. She was a beautiful girl in her mid-30s, she let the widowed, childless Marquis fuck her every afternoon. She lay on her belly and only let herself be fucked from behind, she held back her rosary and breathed "Amen!" after every orgasm. She did not let herself be fucked from the front, "Only when you have made me your honorable wife, Your Grace!" She stuck to it, either — or. For the first time in her life, she was truly in love, as much as she had been in love with the Heavenly Bridegroom as a child.

Of course Ric had known about their relationship, and now he heard that his future stepfather was his new boss! The Marquis had caught himself in his own trap and married Maria del Carmen six months later. She had only one, no, two conditions. First, she wanted

to remain a surgeon as long as she could. Second, she did not want to live apart from her son.

The stepfather was very pleased with Ric's success as an assassin. He was an excellent surgeon and a reliable assassin. He told Ric that it would not be a mistake to learn Arabic. Yes, the Moors were in retreat, that was true. But it would certainly take another generation or two. The Marquis never sent him on a suicide mission, that was true. But he gave him orders that were politically or militarily important. After every assassination, Ric had to go to the king with Don Miguel and report to him in detail. The fight against the Moors was the king's most important concern.

Maria del Carmen was married for the first time and she was a good wife. Now that she had become a Marquise, she let herself be fucked from the front and breathed "Amen!" after each of her orgasms. She kept her firm faith, but she gradually shook off the monastery. Ric now brought his conquests into his room, since his mother was staying the night with the Marquis. Of course, Ric fucked Maria del Carmen as often as he could. He put many, many women and girls in his bed and was very proud that he had brought many dozens of bastards into the world. It was on a windy, rainy March night that his life took a new turn.

He had completed his task, the Moor lay dead as a rock in his bed. Ric sneaked into the women's bedroom next door. He woke the pretty wife quietly and held his dagger to her throat. He asked in broken Arabic whether she would scream. She shook her head, but she looked at him fearfully like a sheep. Ric fucked the adorable sheep-faced girl hard and covered her mouth in orgasm, she would have screamed in ecstasy. He knew that, he had already fucked many, many Moorish women. Just in time he realized that her little daughter was waking up.

Like lightning he was over the child, covered her mouth and the dagger to her throat. He looked at the mother and asked her to explain. She did so in a quick whisper, but the daughter contradicted her. "I'm much too young!" the little girl whispered indignantly, "much too young!" Ric pulled her blanket away and exposed the girl.

In the dim light he realized that she had no pubic hair yet. He wanted to release her, but she felt the dagger at her throat and opened her thighs for the fuck, just as she had seen. She grabbed his cock and guided it to her pussy hole. He thrust quickly, deflowering her with a quick jerk. She wasn't allowed to scream, but Ric could feel that it had hurt her. His cock filled her little pussy completely, now he was fucking the little girl. He had to fuck her for a long time because he had already squirted inside her mother. He waited to squirt until the child had laboriously masturbated to orgasm, then he squirted inside her.

He disappeared as silently as he had come. If at all possible, after every murder he fucked the adult daughter or the wife, if she was not too old. Only very rarely did he have to kill a woman if she did not keep her promise and raised the alarm. Then he only escaped with difficulty. But now it was good, the woman only cared about her violated daughter and did not raise the alarm. He hurried anyway, the pursuers would not hesitate for a moment. He rode along the road by the river, that was the right way back. He heard the rapid clatter of hooves behind him, but only one horse. He let his horse lie down in the grass, the horse was trained to command.

He jumped up from behind the tree at the right moment and pulled the rider roughly to the ground. As he fell he realized that it must be a boy. He grabbed him by the throat with iron force and ripped off his headgear. It was a girl. She called out something like, "Har, Har!" and her horse obediently came closer and began to graze. He held her by her hair and spoke to her, but she spoke a completely different Arabic to him. "la 'urid mumarasat aljins" he halfway understood, she doesn't want sex. Aha, a clever girl, she knew right away what the hour has come. He held her by her black waist-length hair and ripped off her piece of clothing after piece of clothing until she stood completely naked in front of him. Like most Moorish women, she had only a cute little breast and a small, prominent black bush towered over her pubic slit, from which a well-trained clit peeked out cheekily by an inch. She was very slim and girlish, probably not yet 20. He dragged her behind him to the river bank and submerged her completely under water, several times. He washed her ass and pussy in particular. He took his cock out completely and

washed it too, he had been brought up to always wash himself. She had cried out briefly when he submerged her. She calmed down when he washed her ass and pussy, but she winced when she saw his cock. She understood everything when he cleaned his cock.

She let herself be led to her clothes and smiled a little as he stripped naked. He hugged her and caressed her back and his caressing hand slid down to her ass cheeks. Now she returned his embrace and whispered “Habibti”, my darling. He kissed her on the lips and then with a French kiss, which she returned. He laid her on the grass and laid himself next to her. “Habibti,” she repeated as his fingers searched for her clit. She opened her thighs and let her clit masturbate willingly. She was soon as hot as an oven, kissing him with slightly biting French kisses as he lay on top of her. She hugged him and whispered something, but he didn’t understand a word.

He began to penetrate and felt her hymen. He was not prepared for this. He looked into her eyes, but she nodded in agreement and pressed her pussy towards him. “Habibti!” With a quick jerk he deflowered her. She smiled and closed her eyes, smiling. She had a fine, rather tight pussy and must have seen a lot of fucking, because she was very active in fucking from the beginning. Not many young girls had discovered the shared pace as easy as this wild girl. He fucked her for a very long time, because his juice had not yet regenerated. The girl put a finger on her clit and triggered her own orgasm just as he squirted. It didn’t squirt very much. She put her hand on her belly and said with a smile, repeatedly, “Tifl!” Ric searched his memory. He only knew it as a term for a child, but what did she mean by that? He lay next to her in the grass, panting, they both gasped for air.

He asked her what her name was. “Fara bin Altani,” she said quietly. He tapped his chest. “Ricardo de Santis,” he said. He was very tired, but he must not fall asleep. Fara bent over his cock and took it in her mouth. She smiled cheekily and osculated, licked and sucked his cock until the guy was hard again. She opened her thighs wide and pulled him to her. Smiling, she let herself be fucked again and triggered her orgasm with her finger as he squirted inside. He fell next to her, breathing heavily, gasping for air. He mustn’t fall asleep, he whispered until he fell asleep.

Fara was awake before him, she dressed quietly and hesitated. Fara bin Altani was of course a false name, she was the youngest daughter of the vizier Al-Fadl of Agadir, whose army was camped outside the city. And she had visited her new boyfriend incognito in the city, they had smooched, kissed and wrestled naked on his bed, but she hadn't let him fuck her, not yet. She licked his cock with pleasure and let him squirt his juice down her throat, she was very good at this. Her new lover had accepted that he was not allowed to fuck her yet. More and more often she allowed her cavalier to stick his cock between her tightly pressed inner thighs and fuck and squirt there. They would soon fuck properly, she whispered, although she herself did not believe it. He licked her clit from orgasm to orgasm, sometimes better than any black slave. Now she rode home with her clit burning and cursed the fortune teller, who was saying she would meet the right man today and conceive his child. The stupidest fortune telling of all time! And then Ricardo pulled her off her horse and fucked her twice. He had to be the right man, because she was now, strangely enough, pregnant with Ric's child, she knew that immediately.

She took her small dagger in her hand, hesitated for a moment and slit Ric's throat from ear to ear. Without turning around, she got on the horse and rode away. Ric jumped up as she slit his throat. He saw her galloping away, he felt for his scarf and wrapped it tightly around his neck, then everything went black.

He must have been unconscious for an hour when he woke up. He touched his sore neck, only dried blood. He just put on his trousers and got on the horse. He urged the animal on, it raced off. It was more than an hour later that he arrived at the castle. A squire got him off the horse and three squires dragged him to the hospital. One ran and fetched Maria del Carmen. She turned pale and grabbed hold immediately. The dagger had not cut through the windpipe or the esophagus, nor the arteries. His mother patched him up carefully, applied the ointment thickly and put a bandage on him.

The Marquis, his stepfather, sat down next to his bed, as did his mother. Had he killed the Moor? Ric could no longer speak. He nodded in agreement, yes! The Marquis wanted to know who had slit his

throat? Ric indicated a breast with his hands. A woman? asked the Marquis and Ric nodded, yes! He couldn't say her name. The Marquis asked if she was dangerous, if she was a threat to the Kingdom of Toledo? Ric indicated with his hands, no! Mama asked, a woman or a girl? Ric indicated, a girl. He had fucked her twice, Mama understood that immediately. He had fallen asleep and she had slit his throat. Why? Ric himself didn't know. Did she want to kill you or just hurt you? Ric couldn't answer that either. But Mama said she had only wanted to hurt him, she hadn't wielded the knife decisively enough.

Maria del Carmen looked after him, all that remained was an ugly scar. The Marquis had his spies ask around if anyone knew a Fara bin Altani, but no one knew her.

Ric recovered well and worked as a surgeon and assassin for many years.

As an old man Ric lived to see the liberation of Toledo in the year of our Lord 1085, where his son served as a general under the Caliph Al-Qadir.

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The Lost Son

by Jack Faber © 2024

12 years ago, the Wudan Shan robber gangs attacked and plundered the village. Mrs. Wen's husband, the blacksmith, was murdered in cold blood and her son, her only child, was kidnapped. She never got over the kidnapping of 13-year-old Jin-Jin. He had always slept with her, she watched him masturbate with a proud smile and sometimes let him squirt inside her if he wanted to. He never made any attempt to fuck her properly. Since then, Wen lived alone and very secluded. Every few months her cousin Ling came through the village with his trading caravan. He stayed overnight with her and was the only one who she would let fuck her, or so she thought.

She was in her late 30s, but she ultimately turned down all those who wanted to marry her. They were allowed to stay with her for a few days and fuck her as often as they wanted, but then they had to leave. Wen really loved fucking, these orgasms were much more intense than the orgasms from masturbating. So she spent most days fucking, fucking and fucking again. She often looked up at the horizon, where the peaks of Wudan Shan Mountains could be seen in the distance. Jin-Jin had to be there, somewhere.

She woke up with a start; she had heard a noise. The admirer, who had been fucking Wen wonderfully for days, was sleeping on the sleeping mat, panting loudly. Wen threw a coat over her shoulders and went to the entrance of the house. She picked up a thick wooden stick, perhaps it was a raccoon or a fox looking for food. She would drive it away with determination. She opened the door carefully.

A dirty man, bearded and dirty, was kneeling in front of her door, his hand raised to scratch and knock again. She gripped the stick tighter. "Mama," the guy called softly, "Mama! It's me!" Wen's heart skipped a beat. "Jin-Jin, is that you?" she breathed and he nodded silently. She picked him up by his shoulder. Yes, it could be him. Jin! She dragged him into the house and lit the wick. Yes, it was him, she recognized him with her heart, despite the dirt, despite the wild

beard. She pressed him to her, kissed and hugged him for minutes. It was him, it was him!

She made tea and washed his face with lukewarm water. Now that his face was no longer dirty, she recognized her son's features, no doubt about it. He had managed to escape during a battle with the imperial troops eight days ago and then wandered around until he recognized the village. Wen warmed up rice and meat; the poor guy had only been living on berries and unripe fruit for a week. He ate and drank ravenously.

She had sent the Prince of the Night home, she had to take care of Jin. Jin had a fever and a sloppily wrapped, injured hand. The Prince was supposed to send the Wise Woman. She laid Jin on the sleeping mat and covered him up. He fell asleep immediately.

The Wise Woman shook her head. The deep cut on his hand had cost him three fingers and had become infected, gangrene! She had to chop off his hand, otherwise the gangrene would spread and probably even kill him! Wen let Jin sleep for a very long time. He sometimes screamed in his feverish sleep, she stroked his hair to calm him down. He woke up, shaking with fever. Wen explained the situation to him. His eyes cleared up for a few minutes, he didn't want to lose his whole arm and of course he didn't want to die either.

The Wise Woman came to amputate his hand. She checked again how much she had to amputate. He bit down on the rag very hard to keep from screaming. It was a terrible pain, but he didn't make a sound. The wise woman had to amputate the hand above the wrist. She smeared the wound with ointment and bandaged it carefully. She gave Wen a fever-reducing herbal tea and said that she had to keep him warm; he would probably have a fever for another three days, then it would be over.

The admirer helped her shave Jin's beard and noted that she had to look after her sick son and no longer had time for him. She covered Jin up warmly, gave him fever tea regularly and lay naked next to him to warm him. After three days it was over; he was fever-free.

Without the unkempt beard, Jin-Jin looked like his older self. He told how he had fared. He was the slave of a robber, served him front and back, accompanied him on raids and to girls and women that the scoundrel fucked at random. If he had a good day, Jin-Jin was also allowed to fuck the girl or woman. That was one of the good things that Jin-Jin experienced with the robber. He was allowed to fuck the girl or woman as often as he wanted. He no longer felt pity when she cried and sobbed, he just wanted to squirt inside until he was completely empty. Most of the women crying and sobbing were honest when they said they were shy, reserved and chaste and that they had never cheated on their husbands. Jin looked straight into Wen's eyes. "We raided many villages and farms and fucked every respectable woman who was not too young and not too old." Wen nodded, she had also been raped and fucked by the whole horde back then.

Back then Jin pushed aside the thought of being a slave, he had become a robber in chains. They had been fighting against Emperor Teng's soldiers for the past few weeks, his master had fallen and he had run away. He did not feel called to be a robber, he wanted with all his might to see his father and mother again. Wen hugged him gently and told him how his father had fought as a hero and been killed. They cried together, they had both loved their father very much. She swore that she would never have cheated on him with anyone else as long as he lived. Since then, well.

Wen looked shyly at Jin from the side. "I was not a chaste widow, Jin! I was far too young to live a chaste life!" Since then she had let dozens of people fuck her, her body demanded it. Jin nodded understandingly, that was fine. "I had to encourage my lazy master often and often when I was feeling the urge to come. We often raided poor farms where there was nothing to steal, just because I was horny as a monkey and wanted to fuck. Of course, we first looked around to see if there was a daughter, because I liked them better for fucking. But we were happy with the farmer's wife if we had to." Wen nodded in understanding and stroked Jin's hair. "It's the cock and the pussy that steer our paths!"

He hadn't ejaculated in weeks, he said that evening, as they both lay naked and embraced under the covers. He caressed her pussy and

her clit, she held his cock tightly in her hand. Wen asked if she should do it with her fist? He hesitated. "I understand," said Wen, "you're used to fucking. It's OK, Jin!" she said and turned onto her belly. All her life she had only let herself be fucked from behind, never from the front, she somehow found that repulsive. Her husband, the blacksmith, also liked to fuck her from behind. Jin knelt between her thighs and pushed them completely apart with his knees. He spread her ass cheeks with both hands so that he could clearly see her wet, shiny pussy from behind. "I love you very much, Mom!" he whispered and kissed her neck. He penetrated her very quickly from behind. "Not so fast, not so brutally," she sighed. "Please be gentle with me," she breathed. He was very surprised at how tight her pussy was, he had only seen such firm and tight pussies from very young girls. He fucked her gently and for a long time and waited to squirt until she had masturbated to orgasm. Only then did he squirt inside. His cock had remained stiff, he continued to fuck her without a break. Only now could he shoot his full load inside. He lay down next to her, panting from the effort. She smiled and let him fuck her once or twice a night, and she orgasmed because she masturbated always while being fucked.

Jin recovered quickly. He rummaged around in his father's forge until he found what he was looking for. It was an iron hook, that he attached to his severed hand with leather straps. This meant he could work with both hands. He discussed it with Wen. The village had not had a blacksmith for 12 years, since the attack. His father's forge was complete, he remembered his father's blacksmithing work quite well. He practiced for a few days and began to bring the forge to life. Wen had tears in his eyes, what twisted paths his life was following!

And the good spirits meant well for Jin-Jin, they rummaged through their fog boxes for his past. One day Jin asked his mother what had become of little Lin, with whom he had been in love with every fiber of his heart before the attack? Wen rummaged through her memory. "She had hidden herself well during the attack so that the robbers did not take her into slavery. She had married the old merchant at the other end of the village and had two or three children." She didn't know anything more.

Jin strolled past the merchant's house one of the next days. He recognized Lin immediately; she was sitting on a bench in her garden, sewing and kept looking at the dozen children playing. She jumped up when she recognized Jin at the fence. She ran to him. "Jin!? — Jin-Jin!?" she exclaimed. He confirmed and she invited him in to sit next to her; she had to look after the small children. "All your children?" asked Jin, who felt a pang in his heart at first. Lin, who looked beautiful, laughed sweetly. "But no, just the boy there and the girl next to him, the others are the neighbors' children. We take turns, the neighbors and I! But now tell me, I lost sight of you 12 years ago!"

Jin told her everything he had experienced. He kept nothing secret, not even the many girls and women who had been violated, raped and dishonored. Lin was horrified, but she understood his story. She snuggled up to him. "Do you remember us, we were inseparable back then and loved to play 'Daddy fucks Mommy'?" Jin nodded, "How could I have forgotten, we were far too young back then, but we did it!" Lin laughed too. "You were my first one and we fucked like crazy!" She squeezed his hand when he said that she was also his first one and that he thought about her every day.

She had become very quiet. "You never forget your first boy, no matter how young you were. I was determined back then to marry you, Jin-Jin, when we were a few years older. But you remained missing; they said you had been killed or taken into slavery. I thought about you every night in my fantasies, I only thought about sex with you when I masturbated. I lived the life of a pretty girl, I had 10 lovers on every finger. My parents were old and desperately poor. I married the rich old merchant so that my parents could have a carefree retirement. My husband is not a bad person, but he is already completely dried up and does not allow me to have affairs. I still cheat on him, even the children are not his, but from a long-time friend." Lin paused and looked down. "I am not proud of it, not at all. But I am a young woman, not yet 24 years old, and my body needs what the old man cannot give me and begrudges me."

They chatted in a bond they hadn't had for years. Despite the iron hand, Jin had taken over his father's forge, but the hook hand

worked just fine. An old man looked through the door at them. Jin said goodbye to Lin quickly, nodded to the old man and went home in high spirits. He was head over heels in love and drank tea with Wen. She remembered Lin well.

“I always watched you through the back window when you fucked in the grass behind the house. You were in puberty and fucked dozens of times in the afternoon. I had a good feeling that you would probably get married in a few years. I once asked you not to squirt inside, but you just laughed, “Lin doesn’t have her period yet and can’t get pregnant!” I never interfered again, both of you were old enough.”

Jin forged, whistling a sweet tune. Being in love was doing him damn good and the good spirits nodded very contentedly, now they just had to lead the beautiful Lin to the forge, which wasn’t difficult at all. Lin couldn’t get Jin-Jin out of her head. One day she pulled herself together and went to the forge in the morning. They just looked at each other, they didn’t need to talk about it. They went out the back door and fucked in the soft grass. They whispered for a quarter of an hour and fucked again. They whispered for a quarter of an hour and fucked for a third time. She now came in the morning as often as she could.

It took until autumn for her husband to become suspicious. Now he sat on the stone steps in front of the house day after day and spied. She ignored him completely, it was none of his damn business. He spoke to her about it. She replied snippily that he should mind the business and not think about what she was doing. Every day she let him insult her without admitting anything. He was almost dying of jealousy. But what could he do? His cock was failing him and wouldn’t cooperate anymore. It was enough to drive him crazy.

He lost his mind with jealousy. He sat on the stone steps in front of the house in all weathers and cursed her, coughing and wheezing, because she had been with her lover again. She didn’t admit anything, no matter how much he cursed her. It happened as the spirits had decreed, he got pneumonia. At that time there was no cure for it, it was usually a death sentence. And so it was in this case.

Lin asked Jin-Jin to be patient, she had to look after her sick husband. She had thought it through carefully. She could leave him at any time, but she would be penniless with two children. She had to wait for his death, then she would inherit a large sum from him, and the business was going well and steadily, even though he was lying in bed with a fever and was not in the shop. Lin looked after him, even though he called her all sorts of things in his feverish delirium. ‘Whore’ was the most harmless thing.

Damn it, why couldn’t he just keep his mouth shut and die quietly, like any decent person with pneumonia!? Cough a few times and then be silent forever!?

Lin eventually got fed up with his insults. She had cared for him with real devotion, like any good wife would have done. But she didn’t deserve his mean, dirty tirades! He should just keep his dirty mouth shut! Be quiet! Be still and die! She covered her ears so she couldn’t hear his meanness anymore. She pressed the pillow over his mouth so he would stop insulting her. He stopped cursing. He stopped breathing. He didn’t need air anymore, he was dead. Lin was very exhausted. Finally, peace. Finally, no more insults and suspicions. Finally, silence. She lifted the pillow and felt his neck. Thank God, he wasn’t breathing anymore. Her suffering was over.

She had to cry because the others were crying. He was such a good man, they said. Lin nodded, that was true since he no longer breathed air. He had always been such an ambitious, hardworking man, they said. Lin nodded tearfully, he left her a lot of savings and a thriving business. And the poor children, they lost their loving father, they said. Lin cried aloud because it simply wasn’t true. He had always expressed the suspicion that they weren’t his own children at all and so he never looked at them, never played with them and ignored them completely. Lin hugged her children and said that the evil grandfather was dead and they could forget him for sure.

Jin knew that Lin had enough on her plate with the funeral and stayed in the background. It was only after two weeks that everything was done. They met and fucked happily like before. Winter was approaching, he could sleep every night on Lin’s double mat. Lin sighed

contentedly. Finally her husband was quiet, would remain silent forever. Finally no more suspicions, no more insults and no more jealousy, he had become mute and silent, with the pillow on his mouth. She had shut his slanderous, evil mouth once and for all with the pillow. Jin nodded knowingly, he too had killed many people during his time as a robber. They were enemies, able-bodied men and soldiers. And a whole lot of stubborn women who would rather have their throats slit than be fucked by robbers. In anger, he slit her throat and fucked the dying woman anyway, over and over, until she was dead. The others weren't keen on being fucked by robbers either, but having their throats slit for that, no!

Jin always comforted Lin when evil spirits plagued her because of the pillow. "He had pneumonia, so the end was crystal clear. You wouldn't even let a dog suffer to the end, would you?" Lin dried her tears. "He stood in our way, he didn't grant me or you our little happiness. So I had to decide and I did the right thing." She snuggled into Jin's warm armpit. "We can't get married during the year of mourning, which thankfully only lasts three months. And it will be a difficult decision, I won't sell my business and you won't sell your forge. And besides, Mother Wen needs you to fuck, my darling!" Lin continued to run the business and Jin went to the forge during the day.

A good arrangement was made with Mother Wen. Jin slept with Lin every night, and he went to the forge the next morning. If Wen had already gotten up and made tea, then she had had a prince for the night. But if she was still lying on the sleeping mat, then Jin would light the fire and lie down next to her to fuck her softly from behind.

It was a very good arrangement.

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The Forest Keeper

by Jack Faber © 2024

Feng Choo walked silently through the imperial forest, despite his sturdy boots he made no sound. He had his crossbow slung over his shoulder, his hunting knife on his belt and was watching life in the forest carefully. He remembered how he had come here.

His mother used to be in Emperor Teng's women's house, but when she became pregnant she had to leave the harem. She had been a very respected concubine and no one stopped her when she entered the harem accompanied by her son. He had just overcome puberty and was now the pike in the carp pond. Of course no man was allowed to enter the emperor's harem, but he was the son of a famous mother.

The boy let the ladies in the harem spoil him, so he returned the favor by fucking as many harem ladies as he could. They opened their thighs willingly and receptively, because they missed fucking so much, masturbation or clitlicking were only a poor substitute. They let him squirt his full load inside, nobody thought about contraception in China 2,000 years ago. And you had to admit that Feng was very skillful and experienced at fucking.

Feng and his mother only disappeared at sunset, when Emperor Teng walked through the harem and chose the flower for that night. The emperor did not marry; he had his hands full ruling the country justly and with a firm hand for 55 years. He had fathered over 100 sons as bastards and appointed one of them as heir to the throne every year. This caused some unrest among the sons. The emperor kept his sons close and watched them closely. He did not listen to his advisors and sycophants for a moment on this point, he relied entirely on his gut feeling and his own judgment.

The young Feng Choo fucked all day in the emperor's harem, he fucked well and they opened their thighs willingly and eagerly. He only rarely fucked the older ladies, but most of them were young and

crispy, none over 30. He had been accompanying his mother to the harem for 3 years when a nasty tongue betrayed the 24-year-old Feng. He had been invited to the emperor's private chambers at 8 o'clock the next day. He arrived on time with shaking knees and threw himself on the floor in front of the emperor, greeting the Ruler of Heavens with respect. Emperor Teng chased everyone out of his office, sat down behind the desk and asked Feng Choo to sit opposite him.

"Honorable Feng Choo!" began the Emperor, "Son of the honorable Lady Choo! Did I just say 'honorable'? No, your mother was not quite as honorable as she should have been, I mostly preferred her until she became pregnant by one of my officers, with you, my friend! I had to disown her because you were not my child. That is written in our law, which even the Emperor must obey. Can you follow me, young Choo?" asked the Emperor. "I would have gladly adopted you as a bastard, but a malicious tongue has betrayed your mother's secret. I had the tongue impaled on the city wall right next to the head, because I will not tolerate treason or a traitor, even if I benefit from the treason."

The emperor sipped his tea. "Now I'm told that you break into my women's house every day and fuck the flowers in my garden, which is notoriously forbidden under penalty of death. Although the law says so, your life belongs to me as my subject. I'm still undecided. Tell me, young Choo, how did you get into my harem and how many of my girls have you fucked? Answer!" The emperor still looked stern, the frown between his eyebrows deep and threatening.

Feng lowered his head and looked at the ground. "Honorable emperor, Lord of Heaven! I would really like to answer, but I fear the worst for my parents. I am their obedient and loyal son and will therefore remain silent. I'll lose my head, but don't punish my dear parents!" Emperor Teng's eyebrows danced in displeasure. "I give you my word that not a hair on your parents' head will be harmed, except for murder and manslaughter." The furrow between his eyebrows deepened. "So, how could you sneak into the harem!?"

Feng looked up, straight into the emperor's eyes. "I accompanied my mother, Lady Choo, to the women's house every day, she was greeted kindly by everyone and let through." The emperor asked curiously, "How long?" and Feng answered, "A little over three years, Your Majesty!" The furrow between the emperor's eyebrows disappeared and he suddenly smiled. "And have you picked more than just one of my flowers, my dear gardener? Which one has heated your temper?" The emperor leaned forward. "All of them, Your Majesty, all of them!" Feng waited for the threatening thunder from the sky. The emperor's mouth fell open. "Did you say 'all'?" Feng wanted to hide somewhere. "Yes, Your Majesty, I picked all of the flowers, all of them without exception!" Feng felt the cold steel of the executioner on his neck. The emperor began to laugh loudly, quite un-imperially, he slapped his thighs and laughed until the tears flowed.

"You're one of a boy, young Choo. A real stud! — you fucked all 300 of them!?" Feng nodded, "Yes, Your Majesty, all of them! They are all very young and beautiful, none older than 30 and each one more beautiful than the next! I couldn't help but take them all, Your Majesty! They are all honorable, chaste women, not a single one lacked respect or veneration for you! I was just a distraction for the ladies, nothing serious." He was silent, as was the emperor. He thought for a long time.

"I have to admire your skill, Mr. Choo! You're really getting me into trouble. Firstly, I can have you beheaded, but at the same time I have to punish my dear, beautiful women, or at least put them in a monastery. That would be a very expensive solution, I realize that. Or secondly, I can let you live, we keep quiet and it costs me nothing. Of course you would have to give me your word to keep quiet about the matter! What do you think about that!?"

Feng breathed a sigh of relief. "No heads rolling, no monastery for the most beautiful women in your empire, no enormous expenses to fill the empty women's house!" Feng knelt down before the emperor. "I would very much like to keep my head and spare you all the inconvenience, Your Majesty! I swear by all the gods that I will never mention it again because you are so kind, Your Majesty! My word, Your Majesty!" The emperor had long been thinking about the next steps.

“Feng Choo, I appoint you forest ranger in the imperial forest in the kingdom of Qin! That is 45 days’ march or 10 days on horseback from here and I forbid you to enter my imperial city without my express permission. Become a good forest ranger, find yourself a good wife in Qin and live in peace! Nothing will happen to your parents, nor to my wives. We will take this secret to the grave, it can’t harm anyone. Now, get up, I will arrange all the formalities. You set off tomorrow at sunrise, take a horse. Farewell, have a good journey!”

Feng discovered a strange trail in the forest. It couldn’t be an animal, and people were supposed to stay away from the imperial forest. He followed the trail with quick steps, he had to drive the guy away with kind words or a good shot from his crossbow. He had never had to kill anyone before, the herbalists or the poachers listened to his words. He ran now, the guy must be very close by. He reached the small lake, the trail led straight to it. He stopped on the bank. He was captivated by the sight.

A little girl, maybe 10 years old, was sitting on the rock in the middle of the water. She looked at him and he at her. He could see her pussy between the child’s thighs under her dirty skirt. A small, black fluffy down on her pubic mound told him that she must be older than 10 years. She was silent, so he told her his name and that he was the forest ranger for this section. It was expressly forbidden to enter the imperial forest. She had to tell him who she was, where her parents were and what she was doing here? She thought for a minute, then she spoke in the local dialect.

“My name is Hua-Lin, I’ve been crawling and roaming through the forest for three days. The Mongols attacked our little town Din-ang, murdered my parents and let me go, probably because they thought I was too young to be raped. I immediately ran into the forest while they were still discussing whether they could sell me as a slave. I managed to escape unseen. I have no one now, my parents were murdered, my grandparents died a long time ago. I’ve been living on berries and fruit, but I’m still hungry.” He sat down next to the rock, grabbed the food from his backpack and made a sandwich. He took a hearty bite and chewed it, obviously in a happy mood.

Hua-Lin asked if she could have a bite, maybe? Feng nodded, "Of course, you just have to come down." She came down as quick as a weasel and sat down next to him. He gave her the bread and made a new one. He wasn't hungry, but she ate four sandwiches with ravenous appetite. "Ugh, now I'm finally full again!" she exclaimed. He asked how old she was. She gave him a suspicious glance from the side. "13," she said, "turned 13 six or seven weeks ago." She began to cry quietly at the memory. He put his arm around her shoulder and waited patiently until she sniffled and stopped crying.

"I could show you the path that leads directly to the city of Dinang," he said. Hua-Lin shuddered. "That's where I come from, the Mongols are probably still there, they plunder and murder. No, not there, please don't!" He shook his head. "What are we going to do!?" She began to cry again. "I'm an orphan, a complete orphan, all alone in the world!" Feng didn't have to think long. "Come to me first, I have a small hut that is actually only intended for one person. But you can sleep on a fur and would be much safer there than here in the forest. Actually, one of my tasks is to banish strangers from the forest, but you are a special case. Come, let's go!" After half an hour they had arrived at the hut.

Feng rummaged through his chest. He found a clean cloth to cover the wild boar fur and a long shirt that she could put on instead of the dirty dress. He pressed the soap into her hand so that she could wash herself and her dress in the clear little stream behind the house. She nodded and left the door open because she was still very afraid. She stepped naked into the stream and washed herself. He looked out the window. Hua-Lin was a very pretty, but very young girl and he looked at her body with pleasure. He hadn't fucked a woman for three years and was accordingly in a sexual mood. But he pulled himself together. She was a very young girl, only 13 years old and perhaps still inexperienced, perhaps even a virgin. He knew he would not touch her. She washed her dress with the soap and he stared at her little buttocks jiggling as she worked. She put on the long shirt and came in.

After sunset he put the second wild boar skin on the ground so that she could cover herself with the other one. They went to sleep

because they were both very tired. The next morning he woke up at sunrise as usual and made tea. He would go on patrol during the day and would be back in the evening. Hua-Lin shook her head; she did not want to be alone. She was coming with him. He gave her the smallest boots and a few rags with which she could stuff the boots. He put a strong cloth around her shoulders as it could get quite cold in the afternoon. She also got a backpack in which she could carry the cloth and her food. Then they set off. He walked part of his territory; he had divided it up to visit one after the other. In the evening they came home and he cooked a good vegetable soup with rabbit meat. They both ate well and he said, after looking at the clouds, that the rain was coming tonight. They went to sleep like yesterday.

She woke him up in the middle of the night. The rain lashed against the windows, lightning and thunders made a real noise. "Master Feng, Master Feng! I'm so scared, can I come into your bed?" she complained. He grumbled sullenly that there was nothing to be afraid of, but she had already slipped under the covers with him. He was suddenly wide awake. She was completely naked like him, she had to press herself against him because the bed was quite narrow. He put an arm around her and she laid her head on his armpit. He held her with one hand on her buttocks so that she didn't fall out. Despite his reservations, it aroused him that she pressed her pussy and her fluffy down against his body. She stroked his chest with one hand and flinched at every clap of thunder. Her hand slid lower and lower, she clutched his cock. It became completely stiff in her warm hand. "Shall I do it to you?" she whispered. He shook his head. "Only Tuesday and Saturday," he joked. "Damn it, damn it!" she whispered, "it's only Sunday today!" He grinned like a rascal. "Come on, let's sleep without any poppycock now, we have to check tomorrow morning what damage the storm has caused!" They slept, he held her buttocks in his paw, she clutched his cock until morning.

The storm had not abated. "Shall we drink tea, then go back to the warm bed?" she asked and he agreed. They drank tea and snuggled up together in the warm bed. "Are you still a virgin or are you already fucking?" he asked quite directly. She shook her head. "No, I'm not a virgin anymore, I've only fucked... one man so far, and not very often." He suspected that there was more to tell. He asked her to tell

everything, they had plenty of time, the storm would not pass so quickly. She snuggled up to him and held his cock while she talked.

“I always slept at my parents’ bed. The father wasn’t really happy about the child being there while they were fucking, but the mother insisted. Those were the only things the parents disagreed on. My mother urged my father to take my virginity, after all I was already 12! He resisted, she was too attached to old customs that no longer fit in with modern times. He remained stubborn, the decision was mine, not hers. At least he gave a bit in and let me lie next to him, Mother learned me to rub his cock and let the juice squirt into my mouth to swallow it. I agreed to that, I said to my father.”

Mother did not give up. “Look, I’m already a really old woman, wouldn’t it be better for you to fuck the young girl?” she asked him again and again, but he shook his head. “Hua-Lin will decide when it feels good for her!” It was difficult for me to remain neutral because I loved both of them equally. I spoke to them separately and tried to form an opinion. Shortly before my 13th birthday, I had told father that I was ready now. He nodded silently and deflowered me that evening. I was very proud to be a real woman now and that mother no longer had to nagging. He also fucked mother now much more often than before, the argument was over and she loved him again without restrictions. He fucked me every few days, I liked that very much, although I didn’t have an orgasm when we fucked and masturbated to orgasm at night when they were both asleep.”

“Then the Mongols attacked us. They robbed, murdered and raped because they are wild animals. They stabbed father and left him there. Fed-up tigers also leave their prey there, and so do the Mongols. They grabbed mother, ripped off her dress and raped her, one after the other. Mother screamed and fought back at first, but she had very strong orgasms. She no longer screamed, she no longer fought back. They raped mother as long as one of the horde could still fuck her. Mother was dead tired from all the orgasms and almost fell over. The last one grabbed her by the hair and slit her throat. Thank God she died instantly. They thought I was a child and discussed whether it would be worth selling me into slavery. But by then I had long since run off into the woods. And so you found me and

took me in.” Hua-Lin was silent, tears rolled down her cheeks, but she held Feng’s cock tightly in her fist. Now it was Feng’s turn to tell about his life.

He cleared his throat. “To make it clear, I have to tell you about my mother. She lived in Emperor Teng’s women’s house as one of over 350 concubines. She was beautiful and very popular with everyone. Like all these girls and young women, she had secretly many lovers, which was of course strictly forbidden. But the sex drive cannot be locked up, as you probably already know. She was head over heels in love with a young, handsome officer, his name was Fei Meng. He was my biological father and Mama had to leave the women’s house and the Emperor married her to a veteran general, General Choo, who was a very, very decent man. He became my father, and my mother and I lived a very good life. She and father slept in separate rooms, and I slept with mother from an early age. She prepared me from an early age to live like a man. We loved to cuddle naked together, I watched her masturbate and she rubbed my little cock, even though I couldn’t ejaculate yet. I had very good private tutors and was trained in all areas so that I could later get a good job at the imperial court.”

“I could squirt at some point, so she showed me how to fuck and everything I had to be able to do. If you wanted to get ahead at the imperial court, you had to be able to fuck well. The first time I was really scared. She hugged me tenderly and said I had to learn the fucking now, that was the way it should be done. I was still scared when she put my cock into her dark hole. “Well, don’t you notice how good it feels?” she whispered. She was right, of course, she was always right. “And now you have to thrust, you’ve probably seen it already!” That was true, I had always spied on the maids when they sneaked into the stables to get a hard thrust from the stable hands. So I imitated them, I pushed as hard as I could into Mom’s hole.”

“She smiled and whispered that I was doing it right. I froze and said tearfully, “Mom, I think it’s coming!” She nodded and said I had to keep pushing and squirting inside and only stop when the squirting was finished. I kept pushing and squirting until it stopped squirting. “It’s finished, Mom,” I said, close to tears. She hugged me,

pressed me to her and kissed me on the mouth. “Now you know how it’s done!” She was really nice to me, carefully pulled my cock out and put it in her mouth to lick it clean. I really liked it, she sucked and licked my cock for minutes. I almost burst with pride, I could do it like the stable boys!

I fucked her every day until I was 20, I had to fuck each of our maids as often as I could. I soon had an iron cock and could fuck very often in a row. Of course I also fucked all of her noble girlfriends, that was mandatory. When I was 20, she decided that I had to fuck the women in the emperor’s harem. I fucked them all, really all of them, because none of them were ugly, none of them older than 30, all of them gladly willing. I had nothing else to do all day but fuck the beautiful women. I fathered many bastards, the pregnant women were sent away with rich gifts and replaced by new ones. It was a wonderful, carefree life!”

During the whole story, Hua-Lin had warmed his cock in her hands and moved his foreskin back and forth. Before he squirted, she took his cock in her mouth, caressed it with her tongue, licked and sucked out the juice until the last drop, swallowing it. “My mother taught me that, and she was a good teacher!”

“The kind emperor sent me here, into exile. My father died and I could not go to his Funeral. Mother writes to me every month and keeps me up to date, I write to her every month too.” Feng had finished his story. Hua-Lin had sucked and swallowed his juice several times, she hugged him for the first time and kissed him on the lips. She kissed him with French kisses, which he returned ardently. She paused. “I think you are the nicest, the sweetest man I have ever met!” She kissed him on and on. “Please, dear Master Feng, please let’s fuck! I’m hot as an oven and your cock is dripping with desire!” He nodded, she was absolutely right.

He turned her and spread her thighs. He greedily looked at her pussy and the small, stiff clit. He penetrated slowly and stopped. He waited a minute or two until his cock completely filled her pussy. Hua-Lin sighed deeply as he began to fuck at a slow pace. He hadn’t squirted in a long time and had to make an effort to hold back.

“Don’t you like to masturbate while we fuck?” he asked, panting, but she shook her head. “I’m about to cum, Feng, my love,” she panted, and shortly afterwards the orgasm overcame her. She clung to him and he was finally able to squirt inside. They held each other tight and let the orgasm fade away.

Outside, the storm raged as if it begrudged their beautiful fucking. They fucked every hour into the night, until sleep overwhelmingly claimed its right. They slept tightly embraced until morning. The sun smiled into their room. Hua-Lin got up before him and prepared tea and breakfast. He woke up well rested and smiling. After breakfast, they bathed together in the stream. Then they set off on the patrol.

They had been living together for a year already, he went with her once a month to the regional forestry headquarters, delivered his reports and got his food. He still had a lot of silverlings to pay for Hua-Lin’s food. As long as he could, he didn’t want alms. He celebrated Hua-Lin’s 15th birthday and his 27th birthday together. In the latter, people gave each other something practical for their birthdays. He bought her two pairs of sturdy boots that fit, and she borrowed money from him and bought him two pairs of leather gloves. They ate an excellent dinner and drank a glass or two of wheat liquor. The new year started well.

They did not hear the four Mongolians approaching the hut silently. Chinese, riding large horses, would never have managed the arduous path to the hut, and certainly not so silently. They came before sunrise, silently, and threw open the door of the hut. Feng and Hua-Lin were still asleep and woke up with a start. Feng jumped out of bed to get to his hunting knife. But three Mongolians pulled him to the ground and held him firmly. The fourth one clicked his tongue as he pulled Hua-Lin out of bed. She was shaking, but she knew that she had a better chance of survival if she didn’t fight back.

The guys had tied Feng up with leather straps. Hua-Lin lay down on the floor next to Feng and held his hand while she was raped. The others rummaged through everything and immediately found the four barrels of wheat liquor. That caused a loud hurrah! Hua-Lin looked into Feng’s eyes as the orgasm overcame her. He could only

blink his eyes, they had put a stinking gag on him. The next one mounted Hua-Lin and fucked her right after the previous guy. She had a wonderful orgasm, she smiled in Feng's eyes, because maybe these were their last moments. The guys were thirsty and the wheat liquor tasted excellent! The next one mounted Hua-Lin, who was still shaking in orgasm. "That guy isn't a bad fucker," she breathed to Feng. She wanted to cheer him up and keep him resilient. They were both still alive.

The guys fucked Hua-Lin in quick succession, so that she staggered from orgasm to orgasm. The guys staggered too, but that was because of the wheat liquor. The good liquor increasingly replaced the fucking. Gradually they let go of Hua-Lin, one set off unsteadily, a small barrel under his arm. The others followed him with their barrels and they mounted their little horses. They rode away. Hua-Lin smiled as she looked after them out of the window. "They're gone for good," she said to Feng as she cut his bonds. He rubbed his aching joints for a few minutes until his circulation returned. Hua-Lin asked what he was planning as he got dressed and armed himself with his hunting knife and the crossbow. "I'm following them, I'm not letting them get away! They attacked us, they raped you nonstop! That's demanding for a strong punishment!" She got dressed in a flash, she would have liked to bathe in the stream. He waited impatiently and put the beam in front of the door so that animals couldn't get in. Then he set off, followed by the completely exhausted Hua-Lin. He stopped every few hundred meters to read the tracks and give her a short break. He followed the trail relentlessly, he soon guessed which way they were taking. He took shortcuts that the guys didn't know. The tracks told him that they were drunk and tired.

They camped in a clearing. The Mongolian horses were grazing nearby, they were not staked. The Mongols had gathered stones for a campfire, but had not lit the wood. All four of them lay in the grass, snoring and puffing. Feng considered slitting their throats with his hunting knife, but he decided to use the crossbow. He crept behind a tree about 100 meters away. He laid out 10 bolts in the grass and instructed Hua-Lin to hand him one bolt after each shot while he drew the bow.

The first bolt hit the leader under the chin, went through the head from below and protruded a few centimeters from the top of the skull. The second bolt hit the next one in the intestines, he roared loudly and doubled over. The third bolt hit him in the eye and destroyed his brain. The third Mongol stood up, the bolt ripped through his neck. The fourth jumped up and ran away. The bolt hit him between the shoulder blades.

Feng ran from one to the other with the hunting knife in his hand, but all four of them were dead, stone dead. He brought wood, laid the Mongols on top and poured the rest of the wheat liquor over them. He burned the corpses, the fire blazed all night, he and Hua-Lin warmed themselves by the fire all night. He let the fire go out in the morning and smashed bones and skulls with a wooden club.

Life went on as usual. Hua-Lin developed physically into a beautiful young woman over the next 4 years. Then Feng learned that Emperor Teng had died. There was still time to pack their things and they rode to the capital on two horses and a packhorse. His mother welcomed them with open arms and had the southern wing of her palace prepared for the couple.

Emperor Teng felt his end approaching. He was 81 years old and had ruled the empire with a firm hand for 55 years. He called the court into the great hall. "Scribe, write everything down word for word, it is my last will. General Yüe-jie, sit here next to me, beloved son! I hereby appoint you as my successor in front of the assembled court. You have served me faithfully, and when you decimated the bands of robbers in Wudan Shan with a big blow, I appointed you field marshal."

Feng, who was kneeling at the very back of the hall, remembered. His biological father had been appointed cavalry captain. His cavalry fell upon the bands of robbers, thundering like a stampede of wild bulls, who did not understand how hell had broken out over them. Feng was 15 when his father fell in the fighting.

Emperor Teng continued. "Then you drove the Mongols in the north of the empire back across the border, so that they only dare to

attack the Kingdom of Qin sporadically. At that time I appointed you First General and rewarded you with 12 golden willow leaves on your uniform.”

“I have watched you closely and think you are the most suitable of my sons. Be wise and let your 103 brothers rule the provinces, regions and cities, thus avoiding bad blood. I have made provisions for my concubines, the treasurer manages the boxes full of gifts for each of them. I think I did the right thing not to marry an empress. Apart from the friction, I was able to support and observe the sons that my concubines bore. I hope you learn from my behavior, beloved Yüejie!”

“In the last few years and months I have replaced all ministers and mandarins wherever it seemed sensible. I wanted to give you a government with councillors I trust. So you can rule with a good team from day one. Yüejie, my dear son, rule wisely, justly and gently despite a firm hand! I am going to my ancestors in 5 days, give me all the honours and make sure that my subjects remember me in a good way. My son, I left you a lot of letters because I wanted to pay off a lot of old debts.”

Emperor Teng got up with difficulty, his assistant jumped up and supported him. “Farewell, my beloved people!” The assistant led the emperor out slowly. It was as he had said. The emperor held his son’s hand for the last few minutes. “Farewell and be good, Emperor Yüejie,” were his last words.

Lady Choo, Feng and Hua-Lin sat drinking tea and eating sweets and discussing the details of the wedding they were about to hold. Hua-Lin was now 19, Feng 30, and they finally wanted to get married, start a family and live in the palace. General Choo had left them a considerable fortune so that he and his mother could live without worries. Hua-Lin asked Feng what would happen to Emperor Teng’s more than 350 concubines? His mother knew exactly what was going to happen. The emperor had the duty to send off the concubines with honor and rich gifts. He had to keep some of them for one night, mount them, mate with them and fuck them. If he liked one, he could keep her, but that was very rare. An emissary from the emperor en-

tered. He asked if he was Feng Choo. He was to appear before Emperor Yüe-jie at seven o'clock in the morning, alone. Feng nodded that he would be on time. The messenger was not finished yet. The chief steward, Mandarin Weng, requested that Feng dress nicely and if he did not have a worthy dress, he could come to him. The messenger bowed; he had delivered the message. Feng went to the chief steward Weng in the late afternoon, who, smiling kindly, provided him with nice new clothes and slippers to borrow.

Feng entered the next morning and waited patiently outside the new emperor's office. He was led in, the assistant announced him, "The Imperial Forestry Officer Feng Choo, son of General Choo and Lady Choo, former concubine of Emperor Teng!" Feng threw himself on the ground, his forehead touching the floor. The emperor said, "Stand up, Master Choo, sit down!" This was not a request, it was a general's order. Feng obeyed and looked at the emperor. He had clearly sprung from the loins of the old emperor. A tall, broad-shouldered soldier, from head to toe. He wore a beard like his father, and his eyes were intelligent and researching.

"My father, Emperor Teng, has left me a letter about you. First, he is releasing you from his service, leaving you a box of gold and releasing you from the vow of silence. He is also leaving a box of gold for your mother, Lady Choo, and asking her forgiveness and understanding that he had to release her and marry her to an impeccable man." The emperor looked up from the bamboo sticks. "What is the vow of silence all about?" Feng lowered his gaze to the 12 golden willow leaves that adorned the emperor's left breast.

He told him about the transgression he had committed. About the conversation with the emperor and the decision. He had kept the vow of silence for 7 years and had served the emperor day after day as a forest ranger, hunter and forest supervisor. He had finished and was looking the emperor straight in the eyes. "What weapons do you use?" was the emperor's surprising question. "Hunting knives and crossbows, Your Majesty!" he answered. "And, have you ever served in the military?" was the next question. Feng shook his head, no! The emperor stood up, the conversation was over. "May I ask you something personal?" asked the ruler. Feng bowed his head. The emperor

asked, "You've fucked all of the emperor's concubines, young man. You know them all well." Feng looked up, was the punch coming now? "Only those who were in the harem 7 years ago, Your Majesty!" The emperor nodded, "No new ones have been added in recent years. Tell me the best of them!" He sat down at the desk and picked up the brush. Feng thought for a moment and listed them one after the other. The emperor interrupted him with a smile. "And which ones would you warn me about as a friend?" Feng didn't have to think long. "There are actually only 5, no, 6, that I would warn a friend about. They are trying to become empress with intrigue and underhandedness. They are poisoners of the worst kind, Your Majesty! Even if they are extremely pretty to look at and can fuck like world champions!" Feng lowered his head, had he said too much? The emperor demanded their names, they would be the first to sort them out.

When he was finished, he asked Feng if an emperor really had to have 300 or more concubines? Feng searched for an answer. Still not sure where the trap was that he was about to stumble upon, he answered as cautiously as he could. "It probably only depends on how many nobles, councillors or powerful people in general wanted to bring their daughters into the harem. That meant influence for them, right in the emperor's ear, it was never about the emperor's happiness in love, not even about their daughters happiness. Even Emperor Teng only had a handful of women he could confide in. No, a good empress or a handful of trusted concubines is enough for the emperor, Your Majesty!"

The emperor smiled. "Like my father, I will not have an empress. I will probably follow your idea of a handful of concubines. They can give me dozens of heirs to the throne, so that I can choose one of them as heir to the throne. You give me good advice, which I really appreciate."

"Would you be willing to help me choose the concubines? I only know women among the sutlers or among the wives and daughters of the defeated. I have grabbed them with both hands, I am not a picky eater. But I have nothing to show for myself in terms of honorable women or even noblewomen. You would be a great help to me!"

Feng knew that it was an order and not a request. "As your majesty commands!" he said with full conviction. Being able to see the harem women again after 7 years was very tempting. Feng asked the emperor that he had a request. The emperor nodded. "Forestry is the only thing I have learned and am good at. It is my calling and destiny. I plan to start a family in my father's palace soon. There is a forest ranger in the north of the capital who is already very old. Emperor Teng has dismissed me from service, but I would very much like to help the old forester and take over the position one day. The forester's house is only 30 minutes on horseback away. The forester could spend his retirement in the forester's house, as I would live in my father's palace. What I ask, Your Majesty, is to be employed there."

Emperor Yüe-jie did not need to think about it, he was happy for Feng to have the job, which he could start as soon as he had fulfilled his duties. Feng looked questioningly at the emperor. He listed, "Help me choose the concubines and your wedding!" Feng nodded gratefully, that was more than he had expected.

The mother and Hua-Lin listened to the news with excitement. The mother gave him a friendly nudge in the ribs. "You will enter the harem with the highest permission, you damned clever guy!" Hua-Lin laughed loudly as he explained the details to her. "Afterwards you must tell me about fucking in the harem! — My husband will fuck in the harem!" She laughed and laughed, not at all jealous. They turned to serious matters, the wedding and the furnishing of the palace needed to be well prepared.

Feng had already visited the old forest official twice. He was very happy to have a successor, that would speed up his retirement. He was even happier that he and his family could live in the forester's house. He had a very young wife and three young children. Feng looked at the wife with a knowing eye. She was not a beauty, more of a harsh rural beauty. But she went on all the inspection rounds while her husband stayed with the children. Of course, Feng did not miss the fact that she was looking at him curiously. He was in no hurry to seduce her, but it was inevitable, that was clear to both of them. She was deeply grateful to him for allowing her to stay in the forester's

lodge forever and ever. But the new man was a rich man and could afford the generosity.

Emperor Yüe-jie had sent most of the concubines home, and in the name of the old emperor rewarded each of them generously. There were about 20 concubines left in the shortlist. The emperor did not let the councilors deter him, the councilors wanted the emperor to hire completely new concubines, their own daughters of course. He shook his head firmly. The old emperor had chosen the concubines very carefully and he himself was not beholden to anyone. He was as stubborn as an ox, his arguments were short and harsh. Not a single councilor managed to put his daughter or favorite into the stubborn emperor's bed. He had Feng come to dinner. To the women's house.

The emperor, Feng and the girl Li-ling ate excellently. When Li-ling entered the room, she immediately wanted to hug Feng out of joy at seeing him again. But he took a step back and introduced her to the emperor. The 14-year-old girl had become a 21-year-old beauty, she had learned courtly customs and behavior and had been well trained by private tutors. The emperor was captivated by her intelligence and agility, he had only known women and girls for consensual or forced sex, but had never had a serious conversation with one. He kept looking at Feng, who looked back at him encouragingly. The emperor complimented the girl. "If I have several girls as clever as you, dear Li-ling, why do I need the councilors?" Li-ling thanked him for the compliment by bowing her head, Feng by exclaiming, "Your Majesty, that's how I feel about my bride, my lovely Hua-Lin!" They had eaten, now they got straight to the point. Li-ling laughed as loud as a bell when the emperor said it. "Your Majesty, I can assure you, I fuck like a goddess and better than any of your selection!" Feng was a little surprised, wondering if she had said too much. But the emperor asked Li-ling to undress. She undressed frivolously and exposed her flawless body. The emperor undressed as well, and Feng followed him. Li-ling asked the emperor how it was going to work. He answered without hesitation, "Master Feng Choo and I will fuck you in turns, as I have to decide who will be in my harem!" Li-ling smiled and winked briefly at Feng. Then she hugged the emperor and let him experience the joys of paradise. He fucked the beautiful girl

alternately with Feng until he was exhausted. Feng could have continued fucking for hours, but he had to adapt to the emperor. The emperor waited patiently and drank a goblet of wine until Feng had finished with fucking Li-ling. He poured Feng a goblet of wine and told him to sit next to him on the cushions. "I don't have to think about it, my friend, I'll take her!" Feng bowed his head and said to Li-ling, "You are accepted into the harem, dearest Li-ling!"

It continued the same way the next evening. Mei-lan was Li-ling's equal, Feng knew why he had dictated her name to the emperor. Mei-lan masturbated discreetly while fucking and had a lot of nice orgasms. Again the two men fucked the girl Mei-lan alternately until the emperor was completely exhausted, but Mei-lan was also exhausted from the many orgasms. Again the two naked men drank the wine while she turned away and got dressed. She gave the emperor a French kiss and assured him how much she had enjoyed been fucked by him. She kissed Feng on the lips. "Thank you, Master Feng, for recommending me to His Highness!" She left and again the emperor spoke. "Mei-lan is Li-ling's equal, I'll take them both!" Feng agreed, he had thought his list through carefully.

Ling-ling was next night, and now Feng realized that his list was a little lopsided. He hadn't put the girls together based on the criteria 'How beautiful is she?' and 'How good was she to fuck?', but he had included the criteria 'How pleasant was she to talk to?' and 'How educated is she?', in third and fourth place. But since they were all as pretty as goddesses and fucked like world champions, their intellectual potential was more apparent.

The emperor kept all 20. But there was one more to be shagged. The emperor had deliberately chosen one that Feng had warned him about. Feng noticed it immediately and looked at the emperor, who was joking and flirting heavily with the girl. During the meal it was soon apparent that the emperor and the girl Zhuo had completely different opinions. Feng ate with pleasure and drank just as much. He was already a little tipsy when the girl Zhuo went straight to fucking. "No, Your Majesty, I don't really have to fuck Lord Feng, I know him inside and out!" Zhuo fucked the emperor very cleverly and passionately, or at least she pretended to. Feng didn't let her dissuade

him from his line and fucked the reluctant girl hard and brutally, so that she almost lost consciousness. The emperor fucked the girl again, but Feng shook his head, he didn't want to fuck her anymore. The emperor sent her away. "You don't seem to be satisfied, my friend!" said the emperor and raised his goblet. Feng also raised his goblet and shook his head. "No, Your Majesty, this girl is no good, although she fucks divinely just like the others. It is your decision, Your Majesty, not mine!" Emperor Yüe-jie laughed sweetly and slapped Feng's shoulders. "I just wanted to see who you warned me about. It is as you said. She fucks divinely, but she doesn't agree with me on anything. She is possessed by the spirit of contradiction, I couldn't keep someone like that for long. So se get rid of her!" The emperor had the last accepted girl come over, and all three of them happily fucked until they were exhausted. Emperor Yüe-jie thanked Feng, rewarded him generously with gold boats, the currency of that time, and told him not to go far away, he liked to have good people around him and Feng was definitely a good man.

Feng, of course, told his mother and Hua-Lin everything in detail and they laughed with him. All three of them were already quite excited because the wedding was approaching. It was really very beautiful, the guests were very enthusiastic and Hua-Lin had to kiss hundreds of men on the lips, that was the custom here. Feng was in turn kissed on the lips by all the guest women. The festivities lasted two days, then peace returned. The mother and Hua-Lin got well along from the start. Hua-Lin had made it clear to her that she did not like it when Feng visited her at night and she let him fuck her. The mother gave him up immediately when Hua-Lin told her. She sometimes still had a lover, but more and more often she had to sleep alone, her finger being the faithful lover.

Feng rode to the old forester every morning and made the rounds with the young wife, Mei-chan. Of course they got closer and fucked in God's beautiful nature. Feng drank tea with the old man and they chatted in a friendly manner. The old forester was not blind, of course he could see how happy Mei-chan was to fuck a young man. He understood that completely, he was old and Feng was young.

Mei-chan was not a beauty. But she had something that Hua-Lin had too. A childish, naive love of fucking. They both loved to start slowly and then build up to their orgasm. Mei-chan usually had to trigger the orgasm with her finger towards the end, Hua-Lin did not. But Feng thought it had something to do with the fact that Mei-chan was used to masturbating every night before going to sleep, Hua-Lin only masturbated very rarely.

Feng turned 32, the emperor invited him three or four times a year to fuck a nice and lovely concubine in turns. He reported that some of the concubines only had an orgasm when they were fucked alternately by him and Feng in quick succession. Feng was always happy to have divine sex with these goddesses. Hua-Lin had no objections to this, refusing an emperor's invitation was impossible. Hua-Lin had 3 children in quick succession, a boy and two girls. She and Feng loved their children very much, they made sure that they appreciated hard work and did not become effeminate, spoiled brats. Hua-Lin was a good role model for her daughters, Feng was a good father who was strict and demanding, but always loving and tender.

The assassination of Emperor Yüe-jie was a terrible blow for the empire. He had only ruled for 9 years and was only 52 years old. The three highest officials, who had previously been respected judges, commissioned the three best detectives in the empire and three close friends of the emperor to investigate. Feng, an officer named Lung and a bodyguard named Ming were these three friends. Feng was deeply shocked; he had not known how close the emperor had let him into his life.

The detectives did a good job, the person who commissioned the murder was tracked down before the first week was over. The factual murderer was a minor assassin who confessed immediately. He had only done it for the blood money. The detectives had just one serious problem. A Big one. The real murderer was none other than one of the highest mandarins who had commissioned them. The guy was also the chancellor and thus the most powerful man in the empire. The detectives and the friends met secretly in a wine cellar. The detectives had not yet informed the three mandarins, it was crystal

clear that Chancellor Li could simply have them beheaded and the matter would fizzle out.

The three friends, Feng, Lung and Ming, did not know each other well, but they did not need a debate. Lung and Ming brought 12 of their most reliable soldiers and now they marched to the murderer's house. They got the murderous chancellor out of bed, tied him up and gagged him and threw him into the dungeon. Their own soldiers kept watch.

Feng informed the detectives. They were shocked, but they laughed, because the matter was decided. Now it was time to assemble the court. There were enough upright judges who were not yet under the influence of the chancellor. The detectives found out very quickly that the murderous chancellor Li had already cast his nets wide in order to have himself proclaimed emperor.

The court met in public. Feng, Lung and Ming were only assessors, 10 judges conducted the proceedings. Chancellor Li was under strict surveillance and had no contact with the outside world and was shocked that he was accused of high treason and murder. He had been given three defense lawyers to represent his case neutrally, but he talked incessantly himself. His main argument, that he would soon be the next emperor and therefore did not accept the legality of the court, fell apart in a matter of moments.

"We are the only court that will judge you, Chancellor!" thundered the chairman. Now the prosecution had its say, the detectives explained the plot in detail and the murderer himself was also heard. He confessed to the crime in every detail, and the murderer's wages had been found in his house. The evidence spoke clearly. The defense lawyers consulted for an hour, but they could not weaken the prosecution. Chancellor Li, of course, did not accept this; his desperate calls and shrieks to the public to dissolve the court and proclaim him emperor were met with embarrassing silence. The Chancellor's network no longer existed.

Chancellor Li was sentenced to be beheaded without honor. Without honor? Yes, the 10 judges confirmed unanimously. The people

immediately ran to the town square and surrounded the execution block. The executioner tore the condemned man's clothes off his body. He stood naked exposed before the people. The people cheered. Now came the dishonorable part of the sentence. An old, fat prostitute approached the bound condemned man, grabbed his flaccid cock and masturbated him with a toothless grin. The condemned man tried to resist the dishonorable part, but the old woman knew her trade well. She made him squirt in the sand. The people cheered. Another old prostitute took over. The same spectacle, she masturbated him energetically and very skillfully. He had to squirt in the sand again. The people cheered again. The third was even more clever, she bared her old melon-sized breasts and let him squirt into the sand, but he only managed a few drops squirting. The people cheered and grumbled at the same time. The fourth prostitute had no luck, he couldn't even squirt a single drop. The people grumbled. The executioner stepped forward, he raised the axe high and turned in a circle. The people were silent as he led the dishonorable Li to the execution block. Only minutes later, Chancellor Li was beheaded in the town square.

Feng kept in touch with Lung and Ming. The two men were very close to the center of power and followed the events closely. The empire was ruled by the Imperial Council for 8 weeks until a successor was found. The councilors decided that the emperor's 19-year-old nephew would be the heir to the throne. He was currently fighting for the King of Qin against the Mongols. He would not be in the capital for at least 10 days. Lung and Ming knew the youth; he was an impeccable officer, always fighting on the frontmost lines. His mother, a sister of the emperor, had given him a strict upbringing; she hit the private tutors with the palm of her hand when they didn't do as she has told. The widow let her son sleep in her bed and taught him seriously and patiently to learn to fuck.

Lung, the officer, and Ming, the emperor's bodyguard, found the young man capable of ruling as emperor. The funeral for Emperor Yüe-jie was to take place before the coronation of the new emperor. A messenger from the mother of the designated emperor arrived. Would Master Feng Choo have time to visit her tomorrow at around 9 o'clock? The messenger didn't know any more, so Feng agreed. He

arrived on time for the High Lady. They drank tea; she had seen him for the first time at the trial of Chancellor Li and then at the council meeting that appointed her son. She had often spoken with her brother, Emperor Yüe-jie, about Feng's help and support in the selection for the harem. Feng felt that the small talk was over and she was gradually getting to the point.

And so it was. Her son, Teng-jie, was only 19 and still completely inexperienced in sexual matters. She had gone through it herself, in her youth. Feng interjected here. He needed to know more about it in order to understand it better. Chan-shi, the mother of the next emperor, turned to stone. Feng looked closely at the woman, who was about 40 or 45 years old, and waited for her answer. He made it clear that he himself would wait for the answer until the first snow fell. She sipped her tea and pulled herself together.

"My father, Emperor Teng, was very attached to the old customs. So he deflowered me when I turned 12, on my birthday, as had been the custom for thousands of years. I had grown up without a mother, my maids took care of many things, but not my sexuality. I was completely innocent mentally when my father deflowered me and fucked me for the first time. It was an exciting, beautiful experience to be lovingly fucked by my father." Chan-shi paused briefly and sipped her tea, which seemed to give her strength.

"My father fucked me at irregular intervals, but always gently and lovingly. My brother Yüe-jie noticed it, of course, and wanted to fuck me too. I wasn't a beauty back then and I never became one, so no man took it upon himself to seduce me or to fuck me. Only my little brother Yüe-jie and my father thought it was right to fuck me regularly, and so I became pregnant at the age of 22. Little Yüe-jie fucked me every night, except when my father came. So to this day I don't know whether my father or Yüe-jie was Teng-jie's biological father."

"It didn't matter, I was married to General Khun-tsi, an impeccable, highly decorated and honorable soldier. He took the time to fuck me every evening, sometimes twice in a row after he had had a drink. He was the one who made me orgasm almost every night, like only my little brother Yüe-jie could. Unfortunately, after 7 happy years of

marriage, Khun-tsi lost his life fighting against the Mongols. Since then, I let Teng-jie sleep in my bed, he was 6 years old then. I had no idea about a boys' sexuality at the time, how could I!? I held his cock in one hand and gently stroked his foreskin with the other until the juice slowly oozed out into my hands. It wasn't until he hit puberty at 12 that he wanted to fuck and squirt inside. So I let him fuck and squirt, but it was clear to me that I was a terrible teacher for it. He fucked me practically every night, he squirted once or twice. It stayed like that for about 4 or 5 years, until he went into military service." She paused and sipped her tea again.

"My brother Yüe-jie sometimes came to visit me for fucking me and that's how I learned about your help in choosing the concubines, Master Feng. That's why I wanted to see you, to do my son the same service and help him choose the concubines. You shall be richly rewarded, Master Choo." Chan-shi leaned back; she had told him everything. Feng already knew that he had to follow the emperor's call. But there was something about Chan-shi that captivated him, but he didn't know what it was. She wasn't particularly beautiful, but she was definitely not ugly. There was something about her that appealed to him immensely.

Feng said he first had to know exactly how she had taught her son. Chan-shi's eyelids began to flutter like little birds when she understood what that meant. She froze like a pillar of salt, folded her hands and avoided his gaze. Feng stuck to his guns and did not give in. It took quite a while before she gave in. She stood up. "Come on, Sir, let's go!" Feng followed her, astonished, because she had been very quick with her decision.

They were lying naked on her bed in the bedroom. Feng caressed her pussy and clit, which was thickly smeared with ointment. She answered his questioning look with a heavy blush, "I masturbate too hard, too often, too much," she explained with a downcast look. She grabbed his cock, held it in one hand and caressed it with the other. "I caressed him just like that for months and let his juice run down my hand. He liked that very much." Feng nodded, that was fine. "And you let him fuck you?" She answered, "He must have seen it somewhere, because he had a fixed idea of it. I had to turn onto my belly

and he always fucked me from behind, never from the front like my father or Yüe-jie.”

Feng had her turn onto her belly. “Tell me how to penetrate you!” he demanded. “Slide your cock in very slowly, that’s how he always started.” Feng slowly penetrated her pussy, it was very soft and not tight at all, he didn’t like that at all. He fucked her quite hard, she had an orgasm quite quickly and then again and again, probably half a dozen or more. When he squirted inside, she had another orgasm. She was dead tired. Feng asked if Teng-jie had fucked her like that, but she shook her head. “He usually squirted when I had my first orgasm, mostly earlier. I’ve never had so many orgasms in a row. Sometimes with Yüe-jie, but not very often.” Feng promised to help the young emperor if he asked him.

After the coronation celebrations, the young emperor Teng-jie called Feng. They talked for a long time about the harem. The young man understood very quickly. 4 concubines were already 30, they had to go. He would take over the other 16 without a trial fucking, he trusted the judgment of the previous emperor. Feng was disappointed but still satisfied. He would have loved to fuck the concubines again, but he was satisfied that the emperor didn’t want to waste time at trial fucking. His head was still with the Mongols.

Feng went riding with his son Cheng for the first time outside. The 11-year-old boy had only ridden in the courtyard and learned there to ride. Feng was very happy with his life. Feng had allowed Cheng to lie in Hua-Lin’s bed. She told him how skilled the boy was already at fucking. She let him fuck her every evening before her husband lay down with her. The three children were developing splendidly, Hua-Lin was a wonderful mother and a great lover, the wife of his life. Twice a week Feng rode to the forester’s house and fucked the young forester lady who took over the inspection patrols for her husband and him. Fucking the girl from the countryside was always fun, she fucked childishly naive like Hua-Lin used to and gave him great sexual joys.

He stayed away from the imperial court, he simply hated a life surrounded by intrigue, jealousy and poisoning. He couldn’t stand it

anymore.

He loved this life because it was good to him.

...

The Little Poisoner

by Jack Faber © 2024

Mei-Ling committed her first murder before she was 14.

She had always suspected that she was adopted. Her mother was a beautiful, very conservative Han woman from the Kingdom of Qin in the north of the empire. Her father, however, was a cross between a Han mother from Quin and an African. He was slightly black and Mei could never find out if he could be her father because there was nothing African about her, she was a Han girl from Qin through and through.

She could interview the parents as long as she wanted, they never revealed this secret. The mother had fucked hundreds of men as a young girl, she often told this when she was drunk, and she was drunk every night, as was her Dad. He was her last lover in a long line of lovers, and they married when Mom got pregnant.

Mei always waited in the evening until Mom was really drunk. Then Mom had to describe the fucking with one of her lovers in minute detail. Mei watched like a hawk to make sure that Mom told her about a lover she hadn't told her about yet. The mother didn't particularly like Mei going into the bedroom with the drunken parents and watching them fuck in the evening. But Mei was very curious and always wanted to be there. It was a kind of control that she absolutely had to have.

Daddy also had to keep telling stories about fucking. Much to Mom's dismay, he lifted little Mei onto his lap and told a purr. Mom was annoyed for the first few minutes when his hand slipped under the little girl's skirt and his fingers played with her pussy and clit. The little girl opened her thighs involuntarily because it was so pleasant what Dad's fingers were doing under her skirt while he told his story in very direct, filthy words. Dad's fingers knew exactly how to get the little girl going. Mei opened her thighs wide and gave herself completely to Daddy's fingers. Mom looked very angry because she

hated that Daddy was shamelessly masturbating the little girl openly. The orgasm came, Mei's childlike body trembled and twitched and convulsed. She clung to Daddy's strong arms as she twitched and shook for a moment. The little girl flinched during orgasms and bit lightly into Dad's upper arm. Mom scolded him every time. "You're spoiling our little girl, you're messing her up and it won't be long before she does it herself!" But he laughed at Mom and masturbated the little girl again and again, until he had finished telling his story and the little girl was dead tired. It wasn't until Mei grew up that she understood what Mom feared. She tried masturbating and has done it secretly every night since then.

Daddy took her swaying to bed on his strong arms, and she was allowed to play with his black cock. Dad argued fiercely with Mom until she reluctantly taught the girl to lick a cock and swallow the juice. Little by little, the mother showed her daughter with practical demonstrations how she licked the cock, sucked it and sucked the juice out at the end and then swallowed it with a smile. Mom showed Mei everything and every movement in detail, because otherwise Dad would beat her up in a frenzy. She still thought that he was perverting and spoiling her little daughter. But she couldn't really assert herself. Mei only needed a few days to learn the cocksucking.

Mei sucked Dad's cock every evening before her parents fucked. She swallowed the whole load, because Dad squirted out a lot of juice the first time he squirted. After her parents had fucked, Mei lay on top of Dad, full of desire, and rubbed her childish pussy and clit on the soft cock until it got hard again. "I want you to fuck me so much, Daddy!" Mom always jumped. "No, Mei, you can fuck anyone when you're older! But leave Daddy alone!"

This remained the ever-growing bone of contention between mother and daughter. Mei turned 12, turned 13, and in principle she was right. Most of her peers had already lost their virginity, mostly by their father, because it was a very, very old custom. But her mother simply wouldn't allow it, although both Mei and her father were willing. The quarrel escalated daily, and Mei often had to sleep in the storeroom without dinner. Hunger and being locked out could not be banished despite her intense masturbation. As senseless as it

was, Mei was angry with her mother, she despised her, and eventually it turned into a deep hatred. Mei swallowed the rejection because she absolutely wanted to lie with Daddy, to suck out and swallow his juices and, after her parents had fucked, to make his cock completely stiff by rubbing her pussy and clit. She found this incredibly pleasant, her thighs trembled involuntarily when she rubbed her pussy and clit on Daddy's cock until she twitched and trembled orgasming. He let her often continue so she made him squirt with a content smile. But the hatred in her heart remained and grew.

One afternoon, Mama fell off the stone bench where she was sitting in the mild sunshine, mending clothes. Mei and the neighbors ran to her, but she was dead, stone dead. Only Mei knew that she had died from the 8 drops of monkshood poison that Mei had mixed into her sweetened tea the day before. Hatred had guided her hand, now she was simply the grieving daughter that she had loved dearly before hatred came.

She had conquered her place in Daddy's bed. Dad was in deep mourning for days, he didn't want sex at all. Mei pressed her naked body against his, put an arm around his shoulder and comforted him with a thousand kisses. She rubbed her pussy and clit on his cock until she orgasmed. She would keep going to make him squirt, as she did before, but he waved her off sadly. It took a good two weeks for him to get over his grief. She rode his cock back and forth until she climaxed. He let her continue and squirted his juices freed of grief. This went on for maybe a few weeks, and she even let him squirt twice in a row. She kept whispering that she was ready to be fucked. He finally nodded. She got ready and spread her thighs as wide as she could.

"I can feel your cock, Daddy!" she whispered. He waited a moment or two, then thrust quickly. "It didn't hurt at all, Daddy!" she whispered. He fucked her for quite a long time, then shot his full load inside. He sank to the side and gasped for air. "You can masturbate now," he said, "that's what Mom always did after fucking. She couldn't have an orgasm while fucking, just like you can't either!" That was pretty disappointing for Mei. The disappointment that she

had snuffed out her beloved mother's life because of it. Disappointment!

Mei had turned 16, she let Daddy fuck her every night. She also sometimes fucked other schoolmates, but she didn't tell Daddy that. She had become a beautiful young woman, her body was getting more feminine every day, even though she hadn't had a monthly bleeding yet. The school had been opened 25 years ago, modeled on the schools in the neighboring imperial city. She paid close attention when the teacher spoke about the female cycle and marriage, sex and contraception. Emperor Yüe-jie did have an aversion to contraception because sex was designed for making children. But he wisely did not interfere in the decisions of his subjects. Mei had many admirers and let everyone fuck her. Like her mother, she would fuck anyone without shame or timidity until she was pregnant, and only then would she marry.

Dad fucked anyone who lay down with him during the day. He had overcome his grief, he fucked anyone day in, day out, regardless of whether she was a beauty or not. He rejected the old women and preferred to chase after the youngest skirts. He did not care at all whether she was still underage. The main thing was that he could fuck an untouched or almost untouched girl. He did not shy away from using a lot of pressure to get his way, but he never used violence. It was quite natural that he also fucked the mother in the presence of her daughter, usually before he fucked the inexperienced girl.

At night he fucked Mei, with whom he had a good relationship. Of course her enthusiasm for him had faded, but that seemed only natural to him. He had once asked her if she also let younger men fuck her. After a brief hesitation she had said yes, but she did not want to give up any details.

One day he pulled himself together to tell Mei that he was going to marry again. The bride was quite young, not much older than Mei, but an extremely beautiful woman and would bring a lot of money into the marriage. Mei sat there petrified. A girl of the same age as her stepmother? Give up regular sex with her Dad? Dad, for whom she had fought, for whose sake she had even committed murder? Her

Dad, who belonged to her, body and soul, actually!? No, she would never allow that!

Mei nodded mechanically when Papa announced that he was bringing his future wife to dinner. She came every evening, a charming, friendly beauty. Like Mei, she slept in Papa's bed, and he fucked them both in turn. During his breaks, the young girl seduced Mei into lesbian clit licking, which quickly made Daddy's cock stiff. For a while it went very well, but Mei slept with them less and less. She simply couldn't stand how beautifully and passionately the New one fucked Papa and let herself be fucked by him. Mei lay in the storage room more and more often, covering her ears so that she couldn't hear the cheering and rejoicing.

One night the new girl came into the storage room completely distraught. Mei was in the middle of masturbating and didn't hear her. The new girl waited under the door until Mei had masturbated to orgasm. "What's wrong?" Mei exclaimed quietly. "I think he's dead!" exclaimed the unfortunate girl. Mei immediately jumped out of bed and ran with her into the bedroom. Papa was dead, stone dead. The two naked girls hugged each other, crying loudly.

After the sad funeral, the new girl did not come again. Mei now owned the big house and the fortune that Papa had acquired over many years as a successful horse dealer. She sold the house after a few months and bought a smaller one in the imperial city. She was 19, still beautiful and found every day at least one man to fuck. Without her period, she did not need to think about contraception. She accepted small gifts from her lovers, but mostly just money. She did not want to rely on her father's fortune, she wanted to earn her own money. She did not see herself as a prostitute, she was more of a courtesan who met men by chance or on purpose. So it happened that a rich widower fell in love with her. He absolutely wanted to marry her and after much hesitation she agreed. He did not demand that she change her lifestyle. He claimed that he was not jealous. The marriage worked for almost a whole year, then he started acting like a jealous idiot.

Mei, who quite liked the quiet married life, was inconsolable. She did not understand the complicated marriage contract. All she knew was that if she left on her own initiative, she would not get a single silver coin. She sought advice from a devoted legal expert who visited her very often for sex. She had understood correctly, not a single silver coin. Only after his death would she be entitled to 80% of his assets, the 20% being shared between the two divorced wives. She thanked the legal expert and, as an exception, let him fuck her a second and third time. She knew what to do.

Half a month later, her husband, the largest bamboo wood trader in the imperial city, slipped off his chair at a banquet with other traders. Heart failure, the doctor who was called in diagnosed. Mei was deeply saddened, she arranged a lavish funeral for him and licked her lips. She was very generous towards his two former wives and gave each of them 20%, the 60% was enough for her. She kept the merchant's big house, sold her smaller one and took on a handful of servants. She was 23, quite rich and still very pretty. And so, while happily fucking and earning money, she met someone who almost ruined her. He was the Mongolian ambassador to the imperial court.

She fell head over heels in love with the handsome diplomat. He was one of the few who came to her every day to fuck and paid her well. Of course, he didn't miss the fact that she was in love with him. It took months before he made his next move. She was supposed to give him her fortune and move to Mongolia with him as his wife. She was blind, blind with love. She was blind, but not stupid. She entrusted her fortune to a friend, the legal scholar. She let the Mongolian know this and that she was ready to marry him with a large bridal gift. The Mongolian didn't bat an eyelid, married her and moved with her to the Mongolian capital of the Xiongnu.

Mei didn't feel at home in Mongolia. The marriage didn't even last three years. Mei soon realized that her husband was actually her pimp. He sold her to anyone by the hour for cash. He needed every cent because he wanted to become a Chanyi, that is, a tribal leader or king. Her infatuation kept her in his bed for over two years because he fucked wildly, brutally and divinely. In this respect, she could not complain. The fact that she had to fuck a whole bunch of Mongolians

during the day did not bother her, as it was for his sake. The Mongolians fucked wildly and brutally, completely different to the gentle, pleasure-seeking Chinese. She got used to being fucked quickly, hastily and roughly. It was much more difficult for her to reach an orgasm during sex. After more than two years, she found out that he had married an 18-year-old Mongolian behind her back, who had already given birth to two children. She considered giving him a child for just a fleeting moment, but that was out of the question. She decided to become a widow.

It was cold, calculating hatred. She demanded that everyone pay her the same as to her husband, since they could demand the money back from him. Of course he asked why? She answered coldly and dismissively that the men in her homeland paid the prostitute directly, and that she was now doing the same. There were frictions and arguments, but she remained stubborn. Even when he locked her up, she did not give in and let her guards fuck her for free. The ambassador was fuming with rage. His plan did not work. Mei fucked for her freedom, for her release she fucked everyone who was involved in her plan to escape. She escaped from the dungeon after weeks, took a fast horse and rode south day and night. She had long since crossed the border when the ambassador did not wake up one morning. Mei rode for 16 days until she reached Guangzhou, the imperial city. She moved back into her dead husband's palace, got her fortune back from the loyal legal scholar, whom she rewarded with two handfuls of free fucks. It was only months later that the new ambassador informed her that her husband had died of heart failure. She would receive her inheritance at the end of the year.

Mei finally left the Mongols alone, even though she had gotten used to their way of fucking. She had been introduced to court by the new ambassador, as the rich widow of the former ambassador. Men's hearts flew to her at court; at 26, she was a very young widow, beautiful and a good catch. But if she had learned anything, it was that she was not allowed to fall in love with any more lovers.

Mei was very clever, and with generous bribes she managed to get a room in the imperial palace. She made it a friendly and inviting place to work. There she could receive her guests and get fucked for

money. She had different rates for simple servants, noblemen and councilors. But she gave everyone an excellent fuck, she did everything to reach orgasm herself.

She still believed that she was not a prostitute. She was very friendly and cordial with the official prostitutes of the imperial palace, because even though they were competitors, she wanted to avoid any bad blood.

• • •

The Old Stripper

by Jack Faber © 2024

Iirmi, who worked as an operating room nurse in the nearby hospital, came home late at night. Her son Peter was already asleep in the marital bed. Despite the sweltering heat, where the thermometer rarely fell below 30°C. Despite his intense puberty, he was a very good and social boy, he had left a large sandwich in the fridge for her. Iirmi ate standing up and took off her sweaty clothes at the same time. She was slim and athletic, not an ounce of fat too much. Her breasts had remained large and full after the birth of Peter. Iirmi spent another minute on the phone with her current flame, Kirsten. She lived 20 minutes by train outside of the city, too far away. They only met on weekends, Peter was independent enough to be mothered on weekends. Everyone knew that Iirmi had been a complete lesbian from birth. Society was gradually accepting that there were lesbian women and gay men. Iirmi turned off the lights and lay down in the marital bed, dead tired.

Peter woke up, hugged Iirmi and kissed her on the lips. “You’re dead tired, aren’t you, Mom?” he whispered and she nodded. “I’ve been waiting for you for a long time, Mom.” Iirmi could easily decipher Peter’s code. She smiled at him briefly and felt his erect cock with her fingers. She turned onto her belly and let her thighs slide apart. “Come on, it’s okay!” she said, “it’s damn hot tonight!”

Peter glanced at the electronic display next to the window. “32°C,” he said, “global warming is not letting up.”

He stuck strictly to their agreement. He was allowed to use his knees to help spread her thighs wide so that he could see her wet, shiny pussy from behind, and when she masturbated, he could see her finger, her clit and her half-open pussyhole very clearly. He did that now, because Iirmi had a beautiful ass, you just had to acknowledge that. He was also allowed to touch and caress her pussy slit deeper, but he had to avoid her clit and her pussy hole. That was okay too.

For three years now he had been allowed to kneel between her thighs and masturbate on his knees. It was so hot and nice to caress her ass, her ass crack and her pussy with his fingers while masturbating, it made him squirt faster. She twitched a little when he squirted into her ass crack or over her pussy from behind. That was what they had agreed, but he always had to keep a distance of about 25 centimeters. At first he had pressed his glans onto her ass crack or her pussy, but she didn't want that. Only when she masturbated lying on her belly did she tolerate him to press his glans onto her orgasming pussy, so he squirted inside. Irmi masturbated twice or three times a week at most, when she wasn't dead tired.

Peter now spread Irmi's pussyhole open with one hand and squirted directly into her pussyhole from a distance of a centimeter. Irmi twitched every time he let a jet splash into her pussy. "I have to do it again, Mom," he groaned quietly and continued masturbating. Irmi nodded, she knew that. She was so tired that she simply dozed off and only woke up when her own twitching woke her up. She smiled sourly, the little rascal had once again pushed the tip of his cock into her pussy hole and squirted inside! He was doing this regularly now, but she ignored the violation of the rules. She continued to sleep smiling, it was their normal nightly procedure.

Irmi had already driven to Kirsten on Friday evening and came back Sunday evening. She cooked a good dinner and they ate in silence. Peter could see that there was something to discuss. He got the booze bottle and a booze glass from the shelf. She only drank on Sunday evenings. He waited expectantly, but she drank two glasses and poured the third before looking directly at him. "Something is worrying me, Peter. There is so much gossip in this house that it could make you dizzy. They say you regularly go to Betty on the third floor to have sex. Is there anything to that?!"

Peter sighed slightly. "That's all water under the bridge, Mom!" She looked directly at him, remained silent and waited for more. "That's long gone, Mom. It worked well for a while, but Betty dumped me. Several months ago." Peter never lied to Mom and neither did she lie to him.

“So, you fucked Betty?” For Irmi it was as if an era was coming to an end. Peter’s childhood was over. Peter shifted back and forth on the kitchen bench. “She didn’t want to believe that I could already fuck. I had to prove it to her, she wouldn’t let up. I fucked her every midday two times, she always let me first squirt in her mouth, as she hoped that I wouldn’t squirt too much juice inside. Her idea for contraception. But it didn’t take three weeks before she suddenly remembered that I was underage. That was it. I never believed that she had suddenly seen Jesus or that she ever cared whether I was underage or not. She was just fed up with me, that’s the best way to describe it.” Irmi wanted to hear everything in detail. Peter didn’t really care, so he told Irmi everything. Irmi listened silently and drank booze. When he had finished, she said, “I’m just a little surprised, I didn’t know that you could already fuck!”

Peter grinned crookedly and looked down at her thin house dress, which gaped open at the front and exposed both her beautiful breasts and her carefully epilated pussy. Irmi grabbed the house dress and gathered it together at the front. She smiled, angrily. “Don’t even think about it, you little rascal! I never let men fuck me, you know that, only girls. We have an agreement and we stick to it, don’t we?”

Peter nodded contritely. “I know, Mom, I know. And of course I stick to it, word of honor!” He lowered his gaze. “Thoughts are free, you’re allowed to have thoughts. How often have I thought about fucking you! But I won’t break my word, Mom!” She let out a satisfied sigh and loosened her grip on the house dress. He stared at her magnificent breasts and her exposed pussy slit again. Only now did he realize that he had never seen Mom’s pussyhole and her clit in daylight or under the light of a lamp. Only in the dim light of the bedroom, where you could guess more than actually see.

“If I didn’t hate it so much, I’d do it with my fist, but I hate it, I really do!” She paused thoughtfully. “I don’t remember if I’ve already told you. But my mother was also a lesbian and hated having my father fuck her night after night. I saw them fuck very often, as I always slept in their marital bed. I remember how reluctant my mother was to let my father fuck her, but he forced her to do it at least three times a week. I found it incredibly exciting when they wrestled with

each other and he always beat her. He forced her thighs apart with his knees and rammed his cock into her pussy far too quickly. He fucked her, grunting like a pig, and then raised himself up to squirt inside her. Now came the interesting part, you could see exactly how his cock rhythmically squirted the juice into her. She scolded him every time, but he just grinned stupidly.

So it came about that she taught me to masturbate with my father's cock in my mouth, to let him squirt in my mouth and to swallow his semen. She had to show me how to do it a hundred times, we masturbated and licked poor daddy until he was exhausted. I really liked doing that at first because I loved them both very much. All the while he played with my clit and brought me to orgasm over and over again. I think he masturbated me to orgasm for the first time when I was 4.

They argued and fought for years because she wouldn't let him deflower me and fuck me, even though I wanted to at first. I grew older and I became a really bad finger. Your father had me in his hands and blackmailed me, he was an even worse finger. He was the one who deflowered me and fucked me every day until I was pregnant with you, my darling! Your father slid downwards, he was found guilty as Bank robber and was killed after a few months in prison. But I've already told you that several times." Peter nodded, he had known the story since early childhood. "He was the first and only man who ever fucked me. I stayed true to my soul and live exclusively as a lesbian." He returned her proud look. "You promised me back then that you would show me lesbian lovemaking one day." She looked away briefly. "Yes, I did. But Kirsten isn't capable of it, I asked her."

The next Sunday evening was just like the week before. After the third glass, Irmi cleared her throat. "The rumors say that you are with little Anna every afternoon and that you fuck her. What is the truth in that?" Irmi looked stern, Peter had to confess it to her. "It's true, Anna is my best friend, we are together every afternoon. That's true. And we only fuck because she urges me to, because she really wants to. But nobody has ever caught us, I can swear that! People who have dirty imaginations themselves make that up!" Irmi put

both hands over her mouth, her house dress opened further and revealed her beautiful breasts and her pussy slit. Peter couldn't tear his greedy gaze away.

"My God, Peter, Anna is still a child, underage and 5 at the most!" Peter interrupted her immediately. "She's almost 8, so not a baby like you're pretending to be!" he said sharply. "And I didn't force her to do anything, never used violence. I only did what my girlfriend wanted, what she wanted herself." Irmi looked at him penetratingly. "In a few years you'll be of legal age, and you'll be put in prison as a child molester!" Peter said he knew that, but it wasn't time yet.

That night things got out of hand. Before he squirted, he stuck his cock deep into her pussy hole because she was still masturbating. He thought her pussy hole was wonderful, it was soft and warm and wet and almost as tight as Anna's. Irmi just kept masturbating and twitched with every jet he shot into her hole. After he squirted, it stayed in her hole until she twitched and thrashed violently in orgasm. He pulled his cock out, then she turned around and hugged him. She kissed him on the lips. "I saw that coming, Peter. That's why I've already had the 6-month injection. I'm not even 32 and I have to use contraception. So don't worry!" She thought for a moment. "But I can't fuck you face to face like with your father. We'll do it as we agreed, I'll lie on my belly to masturbate like I always do when I want to masturbate, and you can penetrate me from behind when you need to squirt inside. Okay?" Peter nodded in agreement, "Yes, Mom!"

Irmi pulled him onto her thighs and kissed him repeatedly on the lips. She was very excited and reached for his cock, pulling the foreskin back and forth very reverently. "And one more thing. Kirsten agrees that you can accompany me next weekend, we'll show you how to make lesbian love. Okay?" She mindlessly pulled and tugged at his foreskin, something she hadn't done in years. Peter kissed her on the lips. "Oh, I'm looking forward to it!" At that exact moment he squirted into her hand and she laughed unhappily. "Silly me, how could I have done that!" Smiling, she vigorously wiped the semen out of his urethra with her fingers to the last drop, at least that was what she remembered well.

Irmi masturbated every night this week, lying on her belly as usual. She smiled when Peter masturbated until he squirted and pushed his cock into her pussy hole and let it squirt inside jet after jet. She twitched with each jet, not for physical reasons, but for psychological reasons. Then, on Friday evening, they drove to Kirsten's together.

Kirsten was much younger than his mother. She was very fat for her size, but she was a thoroughly cheerful and friendly woman. First they had coffee and cake, and Kirsten asked him about his sexual habits. He kept a lot from her, he didn't know her yet. But she was happy with what little she had. Then they went into the bedroom with the huge double bed.

Kirsten undressed at the same time as Irmi. Peter stood rooted to the spot. Kirsten knew how to undress and he was electrified. She was just as epilated as Mom, her breasts were surprisingly firm despite their size, and now she didn't seem so fat to him. Chubby, that was a better description. Smiling, she went over to him and undressed him down to his boxer shorts. She knelt in front of him and took off his boxer shorts in slow motion. Her eyes shone when she saw his stiff cock. She grabbed his cock and asked, "Breasts or mouth?" He had no idea what to say. "So in the mouth," she stated and took his cock in her mouth. He saw out of the corner of his eye that Mom was watching them from the bed.

Kirsten was actually very practiced at this. She definitely did it better than Betty, the only one so far who let him squirt in her mouth and spit out the semen. Kirsten's fist, on the other hand, knew exactly how to do it. He held her head gently and stared between the kneeling girl's thighs, whose labia had opened slightly, revealing her pussy hole. Man, that was exciting!

When she noticed that Peter was stiffening before he squirted, she let his cock slide deeper inside until it was completely and deeply in her throat. She quickly triggered the squirt with her fingers and he squirted deep in her throat. She held her breath until he had finished squirting and swallowed the semen with a smile. Peter, who had involuntarily held her head at the side, let go of her. Kirsten lay down

in bed with his mom. Kirsten grinned mischievously, “I really like doing this because it gives me power over the man!”

Peter watched attentively as the two young women licked each other to orgasm, something he had never seen before. He crawled very close, he had never seen Mom’s pussy hole and her clit so close and in the light of the lamps burning. How beautiful her pussy and pussy hole were! From a few centimeters away he saw Kirsten’s tongue sliding up the pussy crack and licking Mom’s clit. “Can you teach me that too?” he asked a bit timidly and Kirsten nodded. He knelt in front of Mom’s pussy and learned to slide his tongue firmly up the pussy crack and lick the clit. It was very exciting to lick Mom, he could hear from her breathing how Mom was getting going.

Kirsten knelt next to him and gave him instructions. “Now you can take as much pussy into your mouth as you can and hug it tightly with your lips. Now your tongue does the finale, you lick the clit as fast as you can, then she’ll have an orgasm straight away!” Peter did the same and Mom’s orgasm broke out. It was somehow completely different from the orgasms that come from her masturbation. Kirsten whispered, “don’t stop, lick gently and tenderly until the orgasm is over!” Peter did that right too. He only let go of Mom’s pussy when she sighed that she was finished.

Now Irmi licked Kirsten’s pussy and clit and quickly brought the girl to orgasm. They drank a glass of wine and smoked a cigarette. Peter didn’t smoke very often, but he wanted to be there. Mom hugged him and kissed him on the lips. “You really did that very nicely for me, Peter!” She was really happy, you could tell. Kirsten laid Mom on her back, now it was her turn to lick. “You can squirt inside without worrying, I’m on the pill!” she said casually. Peter pricked up his ears. Kirsten had previously said she was primarily a lesbian, but she was actually bisexual. She fucked with men and women.

What did that mean, that I could squirt inside without worrying!? he thought. Should I fuck her!? When, right now!? Was that what she meant? He remained undecided for a moment. Kirsten licked Mom’s clit and stretched her ass out towards Peter. He put his hands on her

big ass cheeks. No resistance, no rejection. He reached down, his fingers felt Kirsten's pussy, Kirsten's clit. No resistance, no rejection. He could clearly feel Kirsten relaxing her vaginal muscles. Hopefully that means an invitation, he thought. Carefully and full of suspicion, his cock sought the entrance to her pussy. No resistance, no rejection. He stuck his cock deep inside. Kirsten breathed, "Good, now do it to me!"

Peter started to fuck Kirsten. She made pleasant noises and continued to lick his Mom's clit eagerly. He fucked Kirsten, holding her by her hips at the right height, and held back the squirt. He waited until Kirsten reached her finale and he squirted violently inside at the same time as Kirsten's orgasm started. Kirsten twitched and trembled in orgasm and Mom in hers too.

All three of them lay next to each other, exhausted. Kirsten beamed from ear to ear. "That worked out great!" she exclaimed again and again. Mom looked at him with big eyes. "You fuck really well, big boy!" Her praise impressed him more than Kirsten's. After a glass of wine and several cigarettes, they went back to work. Mom licked Kirsten's clitoris and he fucked Mom from behind. He now had a direct comparison: Mom's pussy was much tighter than Kirsten's and in general, he felt much better in Mom's pussy. "I have to squirt now, Mom!" he whispered and she nodded in agreement, her mouth full of Kirsten's pussy.

They fucked for two days, with only short breaks for sleep. Kirsten let him fuck her from the front, she was amazingly easy-going and had always orgasms while fucking without masturbating. Mom only let him fuck her from behind, and when Kirsten dozed off, Mom got on all fours and let herself be fucked doggy style. She absolutely did not want to be fucked face to face, Peter had to deal with that.

Peter waited until Kirsten brought Irmi's clit to orgasm, then he pushed Kirsten aside and rammed his cock into Mom's orgasming pussy. He fucked her, he finally fucked her from the front! He looked into her eyes and saw how she had one small orgasm after another. He squirted the full load into her, with each jet she twitched and

squeezed her eyes shut. So it happened that he still fucked Irmi from the front now and then. She was silent and said nothing.

Mom relaxed the agreement. She now let him fuck her from behind night after night, still lying on her belly, which was fine with him and with her too. Peter accompanied Mom to Kirsten several more times and on these weekends he fucked her until she was completely exhausted. Gradually Mom separated from Kirsten, very slowly and insidiously. This relationship ended without any fuss.

Irmi remembered how she started in the operating room after she had passed her diploma exam with distinction. They took into account that she had a little boy at home. The professor, the star among surgeons, clicked his tongue. It was a really hot day, well over 45°C outside, and still over 30°C in the air-conditioned operating room. You wore nothing under your surgical gown, hence the boss's tongue clicking. Graduate nurse Irmi did an excellent job from the start, and the professor was enthusiastic about the new girl. In the changing room, he stood behind Irmi, lifted her gown and pushed the completely surprised girl's head forward, so that she involuntarily stuck her ass out towards him.

Before she could even say a word, he rammed his cock into her pussy hole from behind. She wanted to turn around, but he had already squirted inside without having fucked her. She was completely annoyed, but she waited a moment until he had finished squirting. Then she turned around and gave him a resounding slap in the face. At the same time, she remembered that he was God in the hospital. She knew immediately that her first day was also her last. This fueled her anger.

She didn't want this, she screamed in a muted voice to minimize the damage. She doesn't let men fuck her anymore, she's a lesbian. The professor stammered, "All of us here... It's quite normal... You do it without any fuss..."

Irmi gradually calmed down. "I'm a lesbian, Professor, I don't fuck men. I had my son against my will, the fucking was forced, and an

abortion was out of the question for me. That's how things are. I apologize for the slap in the face, Sir, it was a reflex!"

The professor had pulled himself together. "Dear Nurse Irmgard, I should apologize. But after a successful, difficult operation, I just have to squirt! That won't happen again, Nurse Irmgard!"

Nonsense! Irmi immediately had the 6-month injection because the professor had no control over himself. After every operation he fucked the operating room nurse, he stuck his cock deep into her pussy hole and squirted immediately. Irmi had watched a hundred times how he rammed his thick cock into a nurses pussy hole and the cock began immediately to pump. He mindlessly squirted again and again into Irmi's pussy hole, but she let him do it without saying anything, she was on contraception.

Peter never told Irmi what he was doing, because she never asked. He fucked Betty twice in a row, every early afternoon. He could feel her enthusiasm quickly waning and was not surprised that she gave him the boot after three weeks. Before fucking her, Betty had always masturbated his cock in her mouth and let him squirt in her mouth, she spat out the semen. He was still quite young at the time and felt it was rejection. But she was his first and he concentrated on the new thing, the fucking.

Irmi and Louisa had come to an understanding. Irmi knew, of course, that Louisa was a gangster's devious wife and that her husband was in prison, but she was open to occasional lesbian lovemaking. Their children, Anna and Peter, were to go shopping for their ancient neighbor, Mrs. Tumblethwaite. Anna on Mondays, Peter on Fridays. The children were not overly enthusiastic, but they followed the order.

Peter had got the old woman a new television and was setting it up. She bought a subscription to a porn channel; she only needed two channels, the porn channel and the culture channel. "I've been an expressive dancer all my life," said the old woman, and when he asked, she explained, "basically dancing solos and stripteases scant-

ily to the last piece, then rip off the panties of the costume and ended up completely naked when the lights went out. I never got on well with the lighting technician because I never let him fuck me, otherwise of course anyone could fuck me who wanted to pay. So the bastard didn't turn the lights off immediately when the last piece of my costume fell off, as the director wanted. I sat spread-eagled, naked and exposed in front of the audience, who hooted and applauded thunderously and stared at my pussy! Showing bare breasts was the latest craze, but showing yourself completely naked was strictly forbidden back then! It wasn't until I was in my mid-50s that I stopped showing myself naked. My labia parted in this pose and let them glance at my pussyhole. I always enjoyed this moment, it was my triumph. I let hundreds of men fuck me and saved the money for my old age." Peter was very excited and questioned the old woman. She was glad to be able to talk to someone and he wanted to know everything in great detail. Mrs. Tumblethwaite said that she was never able to use proper contraception because there was no pill yet. So it was that she didn't allow anyone to squirt inside her, she giggled. "It was only much later that I read that I was just lucky that I never got pregnant. It wouldn't have helped if I hadn't let the guys squirt inside."

They talked like that every Friday after shopping. She showed Peter her photo album, hundreds of photos of her as a scantily clad dancer. In costume and bare to the little glittering panties. She really was a very beautiful woman, Peter thought and said so. What was in the other photo album? he asked. She smiled and shook her head. They are indecent photos, she admitted. He leafed through it. There she was, photographed at fucking with hundreds of different men. She only glanced at it briefly. "You know, it didn't mean anything to me then and it doesn't mean anything to me now. I don't know why I kept that dirty mess in the first place." (After her death, Peter sneaked into her apartment and stole both foto albums.)

He asked her if she had ever been married, but she said no. That wouldn't have been compatible with her job. "And, besides, I loved letting so many different men fuck me. Oh, it's been a long time! I probably haven't fucked for 30 or 40 years! My pussy hole has completely closed up over time, I probably couldn't fuck anymore!" Peter

interrupted her before her tears could well up and asked in a trembling voice if he could see her pussy hole? To his utter amazement, she nodded and threw back the thick blankets she had wrapped herself in despite the sweltering heat. Under the blankets she was completely naked.

Her body was thin and emaciated. Her breasts were empty sacks, her body wrinkled, all over. He leaned forward and parted her labia. Her red rubbed clitoris was prominent. "I masturbate a lot," she replied miserably, "especially to porn films." Peter looked at the tiny pussy hole. "It's definitely not closed at all! I'll put a finger in," he said. His index finger went in relatively easily. Peter felt his cock almost burst. "I have to fuck now, I have to squirt immediately, Mrs. Tumblethwaite!" he croaked miserably. She stared at him. "But you won't hurt me, will you!?"

Peter let his gym shorts slide to the floor. He laid her skinny thighs to the left and right. "It's much too big," Mrs. Tumblethwaite said timidly, when she saw his cock, "it won't go in!" Peter remained silent and gently pushed his cock into the wrinkled pussy hole. It went in, of course. She smiled because it didn't hurt her. He fucked her for a long time, he had moistened his cock with a lot of saliva, so it went in easily. He hadn't fucked for weeks, Betty was just a far blur in his mind. He squirted everything in, the full load. Then he got up and she wrapped herself in the blankets again. They didn't talk about it and he fucked Mrs. Tumblethwaite every Friday afternoon.

Out of pure curiosity he followed Anna shopping, he didn't know her. It was only after a few days that he spoke to her. She was about 9 or 10 and the one thing they had in common was Mrs. Tumblethwaite. They became friends, even though she was much younger than him. There was something about her that captivated him. Was he in love with her? It took him some time before he confessed to her that he fucked Tumblethwaite every Friday afternoon. Anna's eyes widened. "What!? She's already 100 years old!" He corrected her, Tumblethwaite was only 96, so not 100 yet!

Now he had to tell Anna everything. It wasn't difficult because he was head over heels in love with the little girl. She had confessed to

him that she had spied on her mother masturbating and fucking and that she herself masturbated every night before she went to sleep. She would show him how she masturbates later. Later.

He confessed that he masturbated every night kneeling between his mother's thighs. She always lay on her belly and he could see her finger rotating on her clit as she masturbated. He usually squirted over her ass cheeks, but when she was still masturbating, he brought the tip of his cock to within an inch of her pussy hole and squirted over it and a little bit inside too. They talked about masturbating and fucking most of the time. She said she was almost 9 and wanted to fuck him someday. She would even sacrifice her precious hymen for that.

It was only natural that they went shopping together. Mrs. Tumblethwaite didn't care that the two of them sat next to her and watched the porn. "Look, the old woman is masturbating under the covers," whispered Anna. He nodded, the shaking under the covers was clearly visible.

"The little one is watching us," said Mrs. Tumblethwaite in a croaking voice as Peter peeled her out of the covers to fuck Tumblethwaite. "That's fine," he said, "Anna is my best friend and she can watch." Mrs. Tumblethwaite sank back in the armchair and let herself be fucked indifferently. They sat back on the sofa next to the armchair after he had covered Tumblethwaite again. "She lets herself be fucked completely indifferently, the old sow!" whispered Anna. He almost snapped at her. "She's not a sow, Anna, and she's the only one who lets me fuck at the moment!" Anna looked contrite. "That's not what I meant." They continued watching the porn, Tumblethwaite was slowly masturbating under the covers and Anna had pulled up her legs, her soles on the seat. "Are you masturbating right now?" asked Peter, who was watching her finger on her clit closely. Anna folded her legs together. "No, I'm not, it's just so hot to watch porn!" It went on like that for the next few weeks.

Anna and Peter came ever closer to fucking. They kissed on the sofa for ages, Anna was a coward and didn't dare for a long time. Peter was allowed to rub and squirt on her pressed together inner

thighs. Then the time had come. Anna let him deflower her, she hardly felt the little prick when he tore her hymen. Now they came to old Tumblethwaite every afternoon and fucked on the sofa. The old woman didn't care at all that Peter wasn't fucking her anymore. Sometimes she would glance briefly at the fucking teenagers and nod slowly. Yes, they were doing it right, she murmured to herself. "But you can't squirt inside that deep, my boy," she murmured, "the poor brat will end up pregnant!" Peter nodded kindly and didn't bother to explain to Tumblethwaite that Anna hadn't had her period yet and therefore couldn't get pregnant.

Anna felt for the first time in her life what it meant to be in love. She clung to Peter while they fucked, even though she didn't orgasm during the fuck. After he squirted, she masturbated to orgasm and let Peter and Tumblethwaite watch her. She smiled sweetly when Peter told her that he now dared to put the tip of his cock into Mom's pussy hole and squirted inside without Mom noticing because she was racing to her orgasm.

Anna was a little jealous when he told her that he had accompanied Mom to a lesbian sex play. She had to be jealous because he spoke so enthusiastically about it. He had been allowed to fuck the small, chubby Kirsten a dozen times; she was excellent at it. In return, Kirsten had taught him how to lick Mom's clit and he was really excited about it. He had also managed to fuck Mom from the front for the first time, in the middle of her orgasm, so that she continued to orgasm. No, Anna shook her head, she didn't want to try licking her clit yet.

They were together for years.

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The End of a Fashion Model

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ray knew his mother, Jenny or Jennifer, mainly from posters. When he was 5, his parents divorced. Dad left them; he couldn't cope with Jenny's adamant pursuit of her international career as a fashion model. She was at home less and less and left his upbringing to her younger sister Elli, who now lived in her apartment and was able to combine it with her job as an assistant professor at the university. Elli was never married, although she was a really sexy girl, a hottie who couldn't have children. Little Ray missed his mother very much, but Elli was an excellent mother who stood by him and helped him forget his sorrow. He was very lucky to have Elli as a mother.

At first he slept with Elli in the big double bed, where they hugged and she hugged him and loved him so that he was soon able to forget his sorrow. Elli went to give lectures three mornings a week, otherwise she always had time for her son. The unstoppable global warming brought high temperatures, there hadn't been snow for many years, only in old photographs and old sports videos. Most people dressed as lightly as possible, hardly anyone wore underwear. Antiperspirant sprays and antiperspirant powders were no longer luxury items. Little Ray no longer noticed that you could see the girls and women under their airy skirts all the way up to paradise, when the skirts flew up for whatever reason, accidentally or purposefully too.

In the bedroom, which was around 30°C despite the air conditioning, they slept naked, of course. During the day they also walked around in the apartment naked. It was only when he grew up that Elli wore very light, airy panties during the day, because of him, because of the development of his sexuality before puberty. The sophisticated panties that Jenny sent and gave her were so delicate and thin that they revealed rather than concealed Elli's epilated pussy crack. At night he hugged Elli so as not to lose her as well, like his Dad and Mom. He didn't care that both their bodies were covered in a thin film of sweat.

Elli was probably just as pretty as his mother, her older sister. But she had no interest in becoming a model; she was more interested in science. But she was no saint, she was a woman through and through. Whenever necessary, she organized a babysitter because she went out twice a week in the evening. She only needed a little make-up to turn all the men's heads. She chose the nicest one and went with him and let him fuck her happily.

Ray understood this even as a small child and asked her a thousand questions. She and he hardly had any secrets from each other and she had raised him well so that they never lied to each other. Elli was in her late 20s and had a very strong sex drive. She masturbated every night before going to sleep and made no secret of it. As a child, Ray often turned on the small light so that he could see her masturbating. Over time, he no longer had to turn on the light; he snuggled up to Elli when she masturbated. She had explained to him that one day he would masturbate too, when he was older and reached puberty. But it was not that time yet.

Elli and Jenny usually spoke on the phone once a month. Elli gave him the phone and told him to say something. Most of the time he couldn't say a word other than "Hello, Mom, how are you?" The sisters chatted for 10 to 15 minutes, mostly talking about him, Ray. They used codes that he didn't understand. "No, no whipped cream, yet." He didn't understand that, but he listened carefully, Elli had the speaker on. He followed Jenny-Mama's travels, from Rome, Paris, New York or Madrid. He looked on the atlas to see where she was at the time.

Jenny-Mama advertised various items, from champagne to lipstick to outrageously expensive underwear. It was very clear on the posters what her breasts and her teats looked like under the super-light bras. Ray could clearly see that Jenny had been epilated, her pussy slit was clearly visible in the pictures where she was advertising super-light panties. Jenny sent a package to Elli every few months, she sent ultra-thin, expensive bras and panties and make-up items that she had received as gifts. And in each package there was a bag of sweets for him.

Ray had gotten into the habit of laying with his head on Elli's lap after dinner. That was their intimate moment, when he always asked her about the last time she had fucked. He was very interested in that, he caressed Elli's beautiful breasts while she told him the fucking from the feminine view. When he caressed her breasts very gently, her teats became hard and stiff. She loved it when he bit the nipple a little in his mouth and sucked on it a little. She caressed his cock and foreskin cautiously, which always got really stiff, but she didn't masturbate him. When she had finished telling her spicy experiences at being fucked this week, they went to sleep.

"Oh, he really needs it!" she exclaimed more and more often when she caressed his cock. Of course, she soon noticed that his cock was dripping slightly when she moved his foreskin lightly. "Well then, it must be!" she murmured one evening. She rubbed his foreskin back and forth for a long time until he squirted in her hand. He was sad and confused, but she explained it to him in a way that was easy to understand. She did it from now on every evening after dinner, and he really enjoyed being masturbated. Elli always bent down and licked his cock clean.

Sometimes he told what he had seen after school. He walked past the gym towards the cemetery; behind the gym there were lots of bushes. The students went there. Most of the time he saw boys being masturbated by a girl. Girls cuddling and kissing and rubbing or licking each other's clits. If you went further, you could see couples of kids really fucking. Mostly older schoolmates, but sometimes also girls from the first grade who were not much older than 11. The older girls didn't want to be fucked in the bushes anymore, because there were beds at home. Only the very young had to be satisfied with a fuck in the bushes. Ray often stayed until they had cuddled long enough and moved on to fucking. Some girls were deflowered there, which made a big impression on Ray. The fucking was usually quite short, 5 minutes or less. Ray paid close attention to when the boy had squirted inside and Ray swallowed excitedly when the semen oozed out of the reddened pussyhole of the maid. Elli listened to him carefully and sometimes asked questions.

He loved Elli with all his heart. She was so close to him that he dared to ask. He wanted to fuck her. She smiled kindly, quite the opposite of what he had expected. “You have to wait a little longer, Ray. It’s still too early for you. Look, it’s like driving a car, you have to wait until you’re old enough!” That was easy to understand. “And how old do I have to be to fuck you?” Ray looked at her expectantly. Elli thought about it. “Well, 14 at least, I think. Until then we can masturbate together before we go to sleep, what do you think?” He nodded, he agreed.

Now he left the small light on and knelt between Elli’s thighs. He looked at her pussy and at the finger that was dancing diligently on her clit. He masturbated on his knees, right in front of Elli’s face. Of course he had understood from the beginning that he was not allowed to squirt on her face. When the squirting came, he squirted on her inner thighs and on her pussy. He usually squirted two or rarely three times until Elli reached her finale. She pressed her thighs tightly together and panted until the orgasm subsided. The orgasm made her head jerk back and forth so that her lips touched his cum-soaked cock. Mostly she took his cock in her mouth and licked it clean, which was a very nice feeling. They did this until the end of the year.

They talked about how Jenny’s nipples and her slit could be seen on the posters. Elli said that’s just the way it is, our society is hungry for sex. Jenny had to do it, nobody asked her opinion. Jenny probably had to let a lot of men fuck her so that her career continued to improve. In return, she earned a lot of money. Elli could have had a career with Jenny, but she wanted to go into science, so she had to let a lot fewer men fuck her to get ahead. Ray grinned. “So you won’t get anywhere without fucking!” Elli seemed surprised. “Yes, there’s something to that!”

Ray asked her how many men she had let fuck her? She asked back, “You mean this week? — 3.” He grinned cheekily. “No, since kindergarten.” Elli had to smile, but she nodded and counted for minutes. “Aha, so since kindergarten, you child-head! — It’s not an exact number, but it must have been about 250, of course many of them fucked me several times, so counting is difficult.” Ray lowered

his gaze. "That's a lot, don't you think?" Elli asked why that interested him. Ray scratched his head. "I just want to get a kind of feeling for how often people fuck, that's all."

Another phone call with Jenny from New York. "Yeah, sure, we'll make whipped cream." Ray suspected that this was referring to his masturbation. "Yes, of course he can look at the flowers and watch me take care of them. No, he's not allowed to garden yet." For Ray, it was about being able to watch Elli masturbate, but he wasn't allowed to fuck her yet. So the code made sense. He didn't ask Elli until a while later.

Ray wanted to bring a girl to study with him. Elli looked at him for a long time. "I'm going to the coffee house, call me when you're done!" Elli looked at the girl Janine, who was the same age as Ray. A moderately pretty child, tiny breasts under her blouse, her eyes glowing with anticipation. Elli stood in the doorway for a moment and peeked through the bedroom door. The two of them took off their clothes and lay down naked on the bed. She took one more look at Janine's childlike body, then went into the coffee house smiling.

Janine was Ray's first. He had never fucked before. But Janine really wanted to be deflowered and fucked. Ray lay down between Janine's thighs. "Maybe it'll sting," he murmured and the little girl nodded. "Yes, I know. But I really want it now. And I'm glad it's you and not a stranger." Ray pressed his cock into her pussy and penetrated. Janine squealed as her hymen broke. She smiled proudly as they began to fuck. He fucked her for a very long time, maybe a quarter of an hour, then he straightened up. "I have to squirt, Janine!" he croaked and squirted inside. They lay hugging each other for a long time, then he called Elli. She came after a few minutes. She looked at Janine's face, who was blushing and a light film of sweat covered her face. "Is everything OK?" she asked Janine, who nodded proudly, then she walked home like a little queen.

Elli put the coffee on; she had brought cake from the coffee house. Ray had to tell her all about studying. He laughed quietly. "Of course we didn't study for a moment, we fucked. Didn't you suspect it?" Elli smiled back. "I've known it since the first moment I looked into Ja-

nine's eyes. That was obvious." Now Ray had to tell her. Janine was already 13 and she really wanted to be deflowered by a friend, not just anyone.

He snuggled up to Elli after they masturbated together. "I want to fuck you, Elli! I really want to, I always wanted you to be my first!" She hugged him and kissed him on the lips. "Come on!" Ray hadn't expected it to be so easy. He lay down between her thighs. "I'm going to guide your cock into my pussy hole and insert it deep. Then you have to thrust hard until you can squirt inside. I can't have children, you can squirt inside. Make sure I can trigger my orgasm before you squirt, all right?" Ray nodded, all right.

She guided his cock into her pussy hole with her hand until he penetrated deeply. She was just as tight as Janine, warm, wet and divine. And so they fucked for the first time. Before he squirted inside, Elli triggered her orgasm with her finger. She always had to trigger it herself because she only got very excited when she was fucked, but never had an orgasm. From then on they fucked every night, he usually still had a stiff cock and had to fuck her a second time. It was good that way.

During the next phone call with Jenny, Elli told her everything. The gardener had picked a flower from outside her garden and has been picking one every day since then. Ray grinned, the code was easy to crack. Jenny interjected that he was only 13, almost 14. Elli laughed into the receiver. "Cupid doesn't look at age." They both laughed. Jenny laughed, "so be it!"

Three years had passed, Ray was top of the class again and went on summer vacation with pride in his chest. Elli went with him to the Italian Riviera for two weeks, she was very proud of his success. He was now in his final year and wanted to study law after that. That was no problem, said Elli, "Your father left you and his fourth wife a really large fortune, so your studies are secured."

But it wasn't time yet. The sisters now spoke on the phone every week, Elli turned off the speaker and whispered to her sister. Ray sensed that something important had happened, but Elli didn't say

anything. Weeks passed in great tension and one day Elli said, “Jenny is coming here next Friday, can you skip school so we can pick her up from the airport together?” Ray nodded, he had a lot of practice at skipping school.

It was his first time at the airport, it was very exciting and thrilling. Then they had to wait a long time until Jenny came out with the suitcases. He hadn’t seen her in person for years, but he recognized her immediately, her face was on every poster! Elli hugged Jenny as if they hadn’t seen each other for a thousand years. “Did you tell him?” Jenny asked with a worried look on her face, but Elli shook her head. He gave Jenny his hand. “Hello Jenny, Mom, nice to see you again!” Jenny gave him her hand, then hugged him, kissed him on the lips and on the top of his head. “Ray, my darling!” she said and could no longer hold back her tears. He stood stock still and didn’t know what to do with his hands. She was a head taller than him, so his hands landed on her buttocks. She’s not wearing any panties, he thought, that was all he could think about.

They carried Jenny’s suitcases into the bedroom, Elli took off her sweaty clothes and put on fresh panties. Then she made coffee and prepared dinner. Jenny looked out of the bedroom briefly and then came out in fresh panties too. Ray noticed that the two looked like twins. Elli woke him from his reverie. “We’re home, Ray! Go and take off those sweaty clothes!” He mechanically went into the bathroom and undressed, then came out with his cock dangling and sat down at the table.

Elli told Jenny that she had been cleaning her parents’ house for the past few days, which had been empty since her parents died. She would sleep there today. Jenny said that after she quit her job, she had thrown a lively farewell party and said goodbye to everyone. Only now did Ray notice that Jenny was smoking, one after the other. He fetched two ashtrays. The sisters chatted animatedly at dinner, Ray listened silently and looked curiously at the sisters’ beautiful bodies. Elli got dressed and hugged him. “Now you have your Mommy back, my darling. I’ll come tomorrow at noon after the lecture. Good night, you two!” She left quietly.

Ray had put the dishes in the dishwasher. They were sitting at the kitchen table again, Jenny was smoking. Ray shook his head, “No, thank you, I don’t smoke.” Jenny took his hands in hers. “I have to discuss something important with you, but let’s postpone it until tomorrow. I’ve had a really long drive, I’m dead tired.” Ray nodded understandingly. “Sure, Jenny, no problem!” She asked if they slept in pajamas, but Ray said no, “No, Elli and I always slept naked. It’s still quite hot, even in the air-conditioned bedroom it’s still 30°C.” Jenny nodded and they went to bed.

Ray looked at his naked mother. She was just as pretty as Elli, whose body he knew millimeter by millimeter. Jenny smiled proudly as he looked at her body curiously. She looked at his stiff cock. “You obviously need it, my darling. I have no problem if you want to masturbate and squirt now.” Ray was actually very horny, he had to squirt. “I’m too tired to fuck, Ray, darling!” Jenny said. He knelt in front of her and parted her thighs. She just looked curious, no sign of rejection.

He parted her labia and widened her pussy hole with his fingers. She stared at his cock the whole time while he masturbated on his knees right in front of her face. “But please don’t squirt on my face,” she breathed and he nodded in agreement. “Would you like to squirt in my mouth? I don’t mind,” Jenny breathed, but he shook his head and said no. “I’ve never squirted in anyone’s mouth, Jenny. Do you want me to squirt in it?” Jenny shook her head. “Many men love to squirt in a woman’s mouth, and I’ve done it hundreds of times.” Ray told her that after he had squirted, Elli always put his cock in her mouth and licked it clean. Jenny said lightly that she would do the same as Elli.

He leaned forward, spread her pussy hole wide with his fingers and squirted into her pussy hole from half a centimeter away. “I’m not finished yet, Jenny, Mom, I have to do it again!” She nodded and he continued masturbating right in front of her face.

“Don’t you masturbate?” he asked in surprise and she said, “Only in the morning, before I get up, then the day starts off really relaxed!” She spread her labia and pussy hole wide apart with her fingers so

that he could penetrate her pussy to squirt, and he squirted really deep inside. He felt her pussy with his cock. She was quite tight, like Elli and Janine, she was warm, wet and divine, just like Elli felt. He lay down next to her.

Jenny bent over his cock, took it in her mouth and licked it clean. She licked it for a good 10 minutes until it became completely stiff. She continued licking until he squirted in her mouth. She swallowed the semen with a smile and released his cock again.

She must be a stranger to him, but he felt that she was not a stranger and that they were somehow firmly connected.

Ray woke up early in the morning from Jenny's violent orgasm. She coughed terribly and he kissed her on the lips before making breakfast. After breakfast she lit a cigarette and smoked it with relish. "The first one in the morning tastes best," she said, watching the smoke flying. They talked all morning about school and his plan to become a lawyer. She said yes, it was a good plan. "You don't have to pay for university here, like in the USA." She knew it. She also explained to him why she hadn't come to her parents' funeral. Her parents had disapproved of her profession, even calling her a whore on camera. She had never posed as a whore on camera, not once. She only let nice, good lovers film and photograph her naked, so only in private. No, she would not show him this as long as she lived. "I would be so ashamed," she whispered. There was a long, painful silence. Ray sensed that they had reached an important point. He still thought it was something dark and gloomy that had to do with the nude photos.

Elli came for lunch; Ray and Jenny had cooked together. He liked to cook and was quite good at it. After dinner, the sisters went into town and he threw himself into his studies. After dinner, Elli drove home again. He asked Jenny if he could lay his head in her lap on the kitchen bench. He stroked her breasts and her teats, which she also liked. She asked him about his love affairs. He was just as open and honest with her as he was with Elli. He thought for a moment.

“So far I’ve only fucked 8 girls from school, and I deflowered two of them here, in our bed. The affairs usually only lasted a few weeks. But we always broke up without a fuss, there were usually only tears and sobs.” Jenny listened carefully. He played with her teats and asked how many men she had fucked, since kindergarten? Jenny laughed heartily. “Since kindergarten? How cute! Seriously, it was exactly 816, I’ve kept a precise record since I lost my virginity.” Ray paused, let go of the nipple. “816? That’s quite a lot! And do you remember who your first man was, who deflowered you?” Jenny looked at him perplexed. “Didn’t Elli tell you!?” He said No. She paused, how was she supposed to explain it to him?

“It was Dad, your grandfather. He playfully masturbated me and Elli in the marital bed, long before we baby girls even knew what masturbation was. He turned us children into little whores with a grin, that’s how I see it today. When I turned 13, he suddenly took my virginity and fucked me. At the time, I didn’t think much of it, he also took Elli’s virginity when she was 13 and fucked us both or alternately. These experiences bonded Elli and me together. My mother was a cowardly and devious person, she had no objection when my father masturbated us little children or later deflowered us and then fucked us both or in turns for many years. I always felt a pang in my heart when he fucked Elli, my little Elli, with a lustful grin and squirted all inside her. As I got older, I resented him and her too very, very much. It was only when Elli and I started our own lives that we never let him fuck us again. Only now Mama protested; they died the same day from poisoned rice pudding. Maybe now you understand why I didn’t come to the funeral.” Ray pulled his head between his shoulders. Now he understood why Elli had always balked at this topic. Ray had made something up when the two of them committed suicide. They must have been afraid of getting old, he fantasized. But now that fantasy was no longer valid. The truth hurt much more.

Jenny had played with his foreskin, really just played thoughtlessly. The image of his grandfather fucking one little girl after the other in front of the other girl and the mother, grinning lustfully, flashed like lightning from his brain straight into his cock. He squirted into the hand of the completely surprised Jenny. She let go

of his cock immediately, so that he had to squeeze the last drops out of his urethra himself. She licked the semen from her fingers and then from his cock.

They both had to laugh. Her story was so precise that he could imagine it vividly. Jenny coughed miserably and lit a cigarette. It was pure coincidence that he asked Jenny where she was with Elli that afternoon. He noticed immediately that she was petrified. "Does it have something to do with you giving up your job?" he tried to defuse the situation. She grabbed him and hugged him more tightly than ever before. Tears ran down her cheeks and dripped onto him. He pressed his lips together, what on earth was going on!?

She pulled herself together. She loosened her grip and stroked his cheek. "I have lung cancer, last stage, inoperable. Of course I have seen several specialists, including today with Elli, the best in the city and the whole country." Ray sat up abruptly. "Is that a death sentence?" he asked in pain. Jenny nodded silently.

Ray couldn't move a finger, the blow from the club paralyzed him. He had gotten his mother back, and now she had to die?

After an eternity, Jenny lit the next cigarette. "It's final. There's no point in quitting smoking now." She laughed bitterly. "I smoke with a doctor's permission, so to speak. Oh, Ray, I didn't want to tell you on the phone, I didn't want Elli to tell you, and now we're sitting in the hot kitchen, naked and bare, and I had to tell you so unspectacularly. What irony!" Ray didn't immediately understand what was ironic here, but it didn't matter. He broke out of his paralysis, there were so many questions.

"How long, did they say?" was his first question. "Three months, of which half a month has already passed." This blow also hit him right in the heart. He had hoped it would be years, at least a year, at least. "Are you in pain?" he asked. "No, I have good tablets and if it gets bad I'll get morphine injections. I, who have never had anything to do with drugs before, am now going to have morphine! Isn't that ironic!?" But Ray didn't find it funny.

Ray calmed down. She had thought everything through and taken every precaution she could. She gave Ray an envelope with a piece of paper inside. It said ALDEBARAN, nothing else. "This is the password for my laptop and for the encrypted data. I told Elli that you would get my laptop. Please don't put the videos on the Internet, save me a bit of dignity!" Ray nodded, that was okay. He thanked her and put the envelope away. "Come," said Jenny, "come and grant me a wish of my heart. You should be the 817th and the last!" A hot wave flowed through his heart. They lay down in the marital bed.

Again he experienced the tightness, warmth and moisture in her pussy hole. He hugged her tightly, also to hide his tears. He had whispered that she should put a finger on her clit. He fucked her for a very long time, she took his pace and smiled radiantly at him. "Since I got my sentence, I have thought of nothing more than this moment!" she whispered quietly. He held back the squirt until she really got going. After 30 minutes she was ready. "Trigger it," he gasped, "trigger it!" She held onto him tightly as her orgasm broke out. He let go, he squirted his full load into her pussy hole. He sank exhausted next to her and gasped for air. "I don't need a second round today," he gasped, "I usually have to fuck twice!" She smiled, "you don't have to prove anything to anyone here, I know how much you love me anyway!" She took his cock in her mouth and licked and sucked it until he squirted in her mouth. She swallowed his semen with a broad smile. From now on, after fucking, she will lick his cock in her mouth, suck it, make it squirt and swallow his semen with a smile. In her opinion, that was part of fucking.

The next morning he went straight to the office of the class teacher, Mrs. Abramovich. She was middle-aged, about Ellis' age, but she was holding up to the old customs. She was clearly wearing real underwear, which was rather rare these days. She was very proud of her firm breasts and didn't wear a bra under her semi-transparent blouse. She liked to show off what great teats she had. But today Ray had no eyes for her teats nor her panties. Mrs. Abramovich was immediately annoyed because she expected every male student to stare upwards her inner thighs at her panties. Not that she was a pig, but she deserved a little recognition! She resorted to the last resort, she pushed her panties aside and spread her legs a little so the damn guy

could get a damn look at her goddamn pussy! Of course Ray's gaze was drawn to her clearly visible pussy hole, but he pulled himself together.

"My mother is dying, I have to be with her. I will come every Monday to copy the materials. I don't forget that I have to prepare for the final exams." She asked and he answered: "Lung cancer, terminal stage. Maybe another month or two." A pubic louse, thought Ray as Abramovich scratched her labia. But he didn't care at the moment, although he had often been able to take a long look at Abramovich's pussyhole in the past. She made an entry in a thick book. She looked up briefly. "It's OK, Ray. If necessary, I can arrange a later exam date for you." Ray shook his head: "No, thank you for that, but I will prepare myself seriously!"

Abramovich leaned forward so that her legs opened even wider. Ray had never seen such a large pussyhole. I could stick my fist in there, he thought, unable to tear his eyes away. She smiled triumphantly; she needed that greedy male look so badly. "You are a good son, Raymond! I wish you a lot of strength, caring for someone at the end of their life is very difficult and exhausting." Ray ran home. Jenny's eyes got moist and she murmured: "That wasn't necessary, I can't stop you from studying, especially in this important year!" Ray didn't reply; it was his decision.

He fucked Jenny right after her morning masturbating, he penetrated her as the orgasm was coming. She loved it, she had an orgasm first and then another, smaller, gentler one. They fucked after lunch and once or twice at night. She got used to having to make herself climax so Ray would squirt inside her. She smiled, she didn't masturbate that often in the life before. But she licked Ray's cock every time they finished fucking, made him squirt in her mouth and swallowed his sperm with a smile.

On Mondays he took Jenny to the lung specialist's office and ran to school to pick up the study material. Abramovich might be a little stupid, but she had everything under control. He admired her naked pussy hole in awe and she smiled triumphantly, good boy!

On Wednesdays Jenny went to the coffee house to meet old friends. During this time, Elli visited him and they fucked until Jenny came back. They both don't want to fuck in Jenny's presence. Jenny's look said it all, of course the two had fucked. She smiled silently, she loved both of them equally and was happy for them.

Ray couldn't stop his former girlfriends from coming to visit, to "study". Jenny sat in the kitchen and left the doors open. She found it very exciting to watch the two of them fucking. Most of the girls were not only underage, but very, very young. She watched closely as his cock pounded like a steam engine in the tiny pussyhole and after 15 or 20 minutes he straightened up to squirt inside. None of these girls had an orgasm, they had to learn that later. What surprised her was that the girls managed to share him. Only one came every weekday, just one.

Ray was happy because Jenny enjoyed the watching so much. He noticed that it was just the right medicine for her wounded soul. They discussed the fucking for a long time after the girl had left. He asked each one if his mother could sit on a chair in the bedroom, she wanted to be sure that he wasn't doing anything undecent to the girl. Most of them refused, only 2 who fearfully allowed it. Jenny's eyes shone with joy and sexual excitement.

Jenny's condition worsened almost imperceptibly. He noticed it. More than two months had passed, he realized with his hair standing on end. They didn't have much time left. He only allowed the two timid schoolmates, who had gotten used to Jenny's presence, to come in the afternoon to "study". Jenny kept coughing, but she wanted to watch the children fucking, absolutely. She leaned forward in her chair to admire the tiny pussies and tiny pussyholes. Yes, Jenny really enjoyed watching the fucking. She had persuaded Ray to get the young girls to masturbate with their legs spread wide during his break. It was only difficult at first, but the girls found it easier and easier.

Jenny no longer met her friends in the coffee house, she invited them to her place. "It's sweltering out there," one exclaimed, "it's about 43°C! Thank God it's a bit cooler in your apartment!" Jenny,

who was only wearing panties, asked the three friends to take off their sweaty clothes, “we’re just ourselves here!” Ray had taken over the serving. The three friends had stripped completely naked and he let his eyes wander.

They were all colleagues, photo models, beautiful young women between 25 and 35. They were chattering excitedly, it was about the fourth friend who had strayed into the porn industry and was now no longer receiving any orders. Ray let his semi-erect cock dangle frivolously and looked at the pussies of the chaste photo models. They were all beautiful, all epilated and their skin flawless. It was clear to him that they were exceptional women who did not represent everyone. He felt immediately attracted to one of them, Claire. Was she just mindlessly playing with her labia and her clit, or was she putting on a show for him, the only man in the room? He was unsure for a long time. Only when the group began to break up did she give him an unmistakable wink, clearly. Two had already left, Claire was still chatting with Jenny. Jenny waved him over. “What do you think, do we want to fuck Claire?” Ray stood still. “Yes, if you want it!” he murmured quietly. Jenny went ahead with Claire to the marital bed, he quickly put the dishes away, then followed them both.

He asked Jenny again, but she agreed that he should fuck Claire. It was the first time she had been lying next to Claire nakedly and she didn’t want to be fucked herself. She was overcome by a coughing fit, which exhausted her greatly. She hadn’t told her friends about her illness. He hugged Jenny and then Claire. They got each other hot with French kisses until Claire sighed at his clit play, “Come on, big boy!” He lay down between the thighs of the beautiful model and she guided his cock into her pussy hole with her hand. She was warm and wet inside, but nowhere near as tight as Elli, Jenny or his schoolgirls. That was amazing. Claire started to fuck him and he adapted to her pace. She masturbated while they fucked and had a violent orgasm pretty quickly. He squirted inside rather cautiously in the middle of her orgasm, but his cock stayed hard. He just kept fucking her, she masturbated after a moment, baffled. Jenny caressed Claire’s body, especially her inner thighs and her pussy. “You’re beautiful, Claire,” Jenny breathed. Neither she nor Claire were lesbians, Jenny just loved to caress her flawless skin. He fucked Claire for at least 15 or

20 minutes, whispering to her to orgasm now! He straightened himself up as her orgasm began and shot his full load inside. They pulled away as their orgasms subsided. He fell into Jenny's arms.

Claire came back the next week, letting Ray fuck her twice again, and Jenny just watched and caressed Claire's skin and pussy. Ray was the only one who noticed her exhaustion. Life went on for everyone else, but not for Jenny. She passed out during the nightly fuck, in the middle of her orgasm. Ray was alarmed. But Jenny pulled herself together. "Ray, my darling, today the 3 months are over! And I'm still here!" Ray nodded, but no longer beaming. Jenny was deteriorating rapidly, there was no doubt about it. Her normally full, firm breasts were deteriorating quickly. Her own body was eating her up.

Elli brought the prescription. Ray went to the pharmacy, the pharmacist gave him instructions. One injection when she was in pain, maximum 2 per day. No more than that. Ray nodded, sure.

Jenny was not feeling well. An injection got her back on her feet. He held back. She only wanted to fuck rarely anymore, and she said so when she wanted to. Ray sat next to her on the bed 24 hours a day and held her hand. She talked about her lovers, some of them had stuck in her mind and she wanted to talk about them. Ray liked listening to her, because she had fucked a huge number of men, powerful, famous or strong studs, who she liked to talk about. He listened to her for hours every day; she had experienced a lot while fucking and wanted to tell him everything.

She had arranged everything, she told Ray. Her will was with the old notary who they all knew. She had inherited everything to him, she had discussed it with Elli. Elli had inherited her parents' big, gloomy house with a large plot of land in the middle of town, as well as her father's big cash savings. Jenny didn't want any of it at the time, not from those parents. Ray listened in silence. Jenny had saved her money, she didn't live lavishly. It was quite a large chunk, she told him how much it was. It was five times more than he had inherited from his father. It was so much that he never had to work. He was then a multimillionaire. He couldn't really be happy about it yet.

Elli sat with him at Jenny's bedside day and night. They slept alternately so that someone was always watching over Jenny. Jenny didn't want to or couldn't eat anything. Elli made beef bouillon and chicken broth and patiently fed it to Jenny. Jenny was always dead tired, the morphine injections worked well and took away her pain. Day after day she deteriorated more and more, her face became strangely wrinkled and colorless. She weighed far too little, said Elli. All three of them slept next to each other on the big bed, Ray woke up at every noise, every movement. It went on like that for three weeks.

Ray gave her three injections, then four a day. But now Jenny was in more pain than she could bear. Elli nodded encouragingly as he gave Jenny the fifth injection. He cried all night because he felt Jenny's pain. Elli got another prescription, another and another. He gave Jenny 5 injections a day, but she was still in pain. Ray looked at Elli, crying, then he gave Jenny the 6th and 7th injections. It didn't seem to help her much. Jenny smiled. "Ray, would you like to fuck me one more time, for goodbye?" Ray looked at Elli. She just nodded and sat down in the kitchen, where she let her tears flow freely. She sobbed, God have mercy!

Ray penetrated Jenny with infinite caution. He fucked her very gently. He gave her time to warm up and get going. She returned his loving French kisses tenderly and gently. She said goodbye to his body, which had sprung from her body. After a long time he called Elli to come to sleep. He looked at Elli through the veil of tears, she nodded. He gave Jenny injection after injection until there were none left. 14 injections. They lay to the left and right of Jenny and held her hand. Jenny kissed Elli and Ray. "Thank you for being with me!" Those were her last words.

Elli woke Ray in the middle of the night, it was three o'clock. "Her hands are ice cold, Ray. — I think, she's dead!"

Elli helped him organize the funeral. He asked her to stay with him overnight. He didn't fuck her for two weeks, the grief was still too great.

The wild, intense grief had given way to a dull feeling. He was alone, his grandparents were dead, as were his father and Jenny, the mother who had spent her last four months with him. He was glad that she had come to fuck him in her final days. Neither now nor before did he think that it was incest. That was really unimportant.

Elli was with him every day and every night. She had had four months to say goodbye to her beloved sister. She was much more composed than Ray, who had hoped for a miracle for four months. That Jenny would jump up from her bed like Lazarus, perhaps. But she had faded in his arms, extinguished like a candle, gradually. She only lived to be 39 years old.

He sat with Elli at the kitchen table every evening and they talked about Jenny and her beautiful, successful life. They ignored death as often as they could. They went to the notary together, who read out the will in a very elaborate manner. He asked Elli twice whether she agreed with Jenny's decision not to inherit her anything except her valuable jewelry. He read the main passage to Ray, he inherited the apartment, her bank accounts and her movable property. Ray nodded anxiously, he had understood everything and accepted the inheritance. Despite his prior knowledge, he was amazed at how much money Jenny had saved. He was now really and truly a multimillionaire, that became clear to him once and for all when he heard the notary's words.

He had spoken to Elli for a long time. He asked her to move in with him, he didn't want to live alone. She smiled and agreed, she didn't like being alone either and would be his foster mother again. Ray had asked her if she could sell her house with the huge plot of land for at least 10 million. That would have set her up for life too. The old notary, a clever fox, got 14 million for the plot and the house.

Ray immediately went to the class teacher, Mrs. Abramovich. Had she given up her principles or was she just doing it for him? In any case, he was sitting opposite her, she had no underwear on at all and was feasting on his staring, greedy gaze that had become glued to her pussy hole. She smiled triumphantly, she was now getting the recognition she longed for.

He would come back to class immediately, said Ray, he had learned the materials he had missed and was determined to take the final exams like the others. Mrs. Abramovich nodded and smiled, she expected nothing less from a star student like Ray. She scratched her large, epilated labia again. Pubic lice, thought Ray.

Ray did not pass the final exams as the best, but he did very well. The class had decided not to go on a graduation trip, but to hold a banquet with all the teachers and parents in the best restaurant in town. Ray took Elli with him, who was sweating like a blast furnace worker in her new evening gown. The evening gown was quickly completely soaked, it stuck to her body and revealed every detail of her body. But she basked in the knowledge that she was the prettiest mother in the room.

It was only months later that Ray opened Jenny's laptop with ALDEBARAN. He found a good 650 videos and around 150 nude photos. Curiosity was finally stronger than his tears. Jenny always propped the phone camera up somewhere so that the recordings were steady and not blurry. He saw her fuck hundreds of different men, sometimes she masturbated alone in front of the camera. He spent nights looking at the videos and photos. Many videos showed her at a photo shoot, where she let the photographer and his assistants fuck her during a break. He could read in her facial expression that it was never out of love or infatuation. During these hours he felt as close to Jenny as in real life.

Elli and Ray remained a couple and fucked almost every day. Ray had registered at the university and was studying law diligently. It wasn't a difficult course of study if you had a good memory like Ray. He had a lot of time to get to know and seduce girls at the university. Elli sat in the kitchen and watched from a distance as he fucked the girls in the marital bed. Somehow she had this voyeuristic streak just like Jenny. Elli loved two moments in particular. When his cock penetrated the girl's pussy through her labia and into her pussy hole and when he straightened up and his cock pumped the sperm jets into her pussy hole. Elli said she was glad that he fucked people his own age, as she herself was already 37 years old. As before, she went out several evenings a week, picked out the friendliest guy and let him

fuck her. Ray fucked the girls for a few weeks, then the next one came. Some he only fucked once, others only for a few days. He only fucked a few for several weeks, with whom he had a tender, very fragile relationship.

He held Elli's hand when they sat next to each other in the large auditorium and the results of the diploma exams were announced.

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In The Air Raid Shelters

by Jack Faber © 2024

Dad slept in the small room, baby Irina cried too much for him. He had to get up very early and had to sleep. He was indispensable because he was part of the squad that provided the city with water. At 64, he was already too old to be drafted. He was in the middle of the war like everyone else. He had had the baby, little Irina was his everything. His second wife Babinka was generations younger than him, she was only 23. He loved her just as much as his first wife, Jan's mother. She had been dead for years, but he still thought about her every day, she had been the woman of his life.

Babinka loved her husband with all her heart, but she needed much more sex than he did during her pregnancy, much much more. Jan, her stepson, had caught her fucking. Of course, she had noticed long ago that Jan looked at her and her body with sexual desire. When he hugged her to feel the child in her belly, he put his hand as if by chance on the fabric, exactly where the dress was stretched over her pussy. Babinka smiled, he was still much too young and just didn't know it.

After Jan caught Babinka fucking, he lost all distance. He didn't blackmail her directly, he just crawled under her covers at night to caress her baby bump. His cock got rock hard every time he felt her masturbate and then when his fingers reached her curly pubic hair and her hot, steaming pussy. When she had finished masturbating, she would sigh softly and grab his stiff cock and start to gently stroke the foreskin back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. She would whisper in his ear that he could play with her pussy, that was very fine for her, she lied. She masturbated him very carefully and quietly so as not to wake up Dad. When he was ready, she held out her cupped hand and caught his sperm. That Masturbating was only enough for a few days, he wanted more. Sighing, Babinka lay on her side and turned her sweet ass towards him. Jan put one hand on her baby bump, with the other he reached over at Babinka's pussy and pushed his cock forward. Sighing, she reached back over her ass and

rubbed his foreskin. Back and forth, back and forth. She was very practiced at rubbing cocks and knew exactly, when she had to stop. She guided his cock forward, she stuffed it deep into her pussy hole, sighing. She was his first. She sighed deeply as he timidly penetrated her. The first time he squirted immediately inside and Babinka smiled in surprise.

Jan always came at the exact moment when Babinka started to masturbate. She looked up briefly and turned to the side, she turned her round, white ass to him and continued masturbating on her side. He lay down next to her silently and grabbed her beautiful ass cheeks. Her dark, hairy pussy hole was so clearly visible. He penetrated her gently from behind and began to fuck her. She actually quite liked it, it gave masturbation a great kick. After a while she knew him very well, he squirted passionately into her and carried on straight away. She had taught him to wait until her orgasm had started before he squirted a second time. He held back until she started to orgasm and was now allowed to squirt inside. Like her, he found it very nice when they had an orgasm at the same time. He crept out silently.

So he came every night and fucked the pregnant stepmother. Baby Irina lay silently on Babinka's chest and listened, this kind of masturbating and fucking was simply exciting for the baby. Jan fucked Babinka twice in a row every night, and during the break he asked her a lot about what it was like fucking with the others. She had already been caught red-handed by him and therefore had no inhibitions about describing everything to him in particularly dirty words. He was no longer so sure that Dad was Irina's father. But he was proud to fuck a grown woman, one who was almost 10 years older than him. None of his peers had such a record. Babinka didn't care at all that the little one continued to fuck her immediately after birth. Irina's father was a failure who didn't achieve anything, but he could fuck much, much better than her husband. He was a promising husband, he was hardworking, earned well and would soon be promoted. She reached back and held Jan's cock with her hand while he fucked her and then when he squirted. Jan fucked her twice every night and continued to fuck obediently, which gave her enough time

to masturbate secretly. Baby Irina fell asleep immediately after Babinka's orgasm, as did Jan.

Jan had found his dad's hiding place, where he kept the nude photos of Babinka. Jan looked at the photos very closely. The oldest photos showed Babinka as a little girl, who was obviously enjoying being photographed while masturbating. There were pictures from her school days, where she fucked lots of boys and laughed while doing it. She was getting older, and the men were too. The photos turned him on immensely. This was the woman he fucked every night. He was very proud of it.

Papa, Babinka and baby Irina never came back. An air-to-ground missile hit their convoy and now they were dead. Jan cried for Papa, a little for baby Irina and then a little for Babinka too. He didn't really know Babinka at all, they had just fucked, night after night. He stayed in the empty apartment for two weeks until the supplies ran out. He found a little money in the kitchen cupboard and went shopping. On the way back the siren sounded, air raid alarm! He ran to the nearest air raid shelter, to safety. That's how he met Anuschka.

Jan was head over heels for her from the first second. She smiled at first, she was an orphan herself and had to make ends meet. She went with him, he had two plastic bags full of groceries. A great catch. Of course he gave her some to eat, when the sun went down. They lay down next to each other on the couch. Jan was a gentleman and soon fell asleep. She sat up. Anuschka quietly crept into the kitchen and grabbed the two plastic bags. She turned to the door with a triumphant smile. Jan was standing there, looking at her seriously. "Can I help you carry them?" he asked kindly. Anuschka wanted to sink into the floor.

They stayed in the apartment for several days. Jan poured out his heart to her, she poured out hers to him. Anuschka was impressed that he had fucked his stepmother night after night for a year and a half, next to his sleeping father. She was still a virgin, she had never fucked before. But she felt how much Jan loved her and she knew that he had set her heart on fire too. They cuddled up together in the air raid shelter and waited for the next impact. Anuschka whispered

in his ear. "I don't want to die. But I definitely don't want to die a virgin." Jan looked at her wide-eyed. Then he nodded.

Anuschka spread two blankets on the floor. "We want to make ourselves comfortable, it's my First Time." Jan scratched the back of his head. "It's my first time too, I've never deflowered a girl before." Anuschka smiled, but then she realized that it wasn't a joke. She took his hands in hers and explained to him how to deflower a girl. Jan nodded, he could certainly do that. He had only fucked Babinka from the side during her pregnancy and from behind after the birth, she preferred to masturbate that way. "You didn't say that Babinka masturbated while fucking." Jan explained that he couldn't see it directly, she had always just turned her ass towards him. But when he had finished squirting inside, he had held her ass cheeks apart quite firmly and looked down at the finger dancing on her clit. That was all you could see. Anuschka smiled faintly. "If you stay my husband, you can always watch me from the front, I promise!"

They heard the air raid alarm. But this time they didn't run to the air raid shelter. They turned off the lights in the whole apartment. Candles were much more romantic. Anuschka lay naked on the blankets and guided Jan's cock into her pussy hole. She held his cock as he penetrated quickly and tore her hymen completely painlessly. She held his cock during the whole fucking and while he squirted inside. They embraced in a long French kiss. "I am your wife now!" Anuschka breathed and he whispered, "I am your husband forever and ever!"

They stayed in his apartment for four months, they fucked day and night until they were exhausted. She masturbated to orgasm every time after fucking because she couldn't get one during sex. He stroked her inner thighs and watched her. He loved it when her face relaxed after an orgasm, she was as beautiful as an angel. They had a very lively conversation about things they had done before the war. That gave them ten thousand hours of material. Jan was very happy with Anuschka.

One morning she didn't come back from shopping. He ran to the shop, but it had disappeared. Only rubble and a crater in the ground.

There had been four dead people. He asked everyone, they said the dead were in the university morgue. He ran there, blinded by tears. There she lay on an aluminum stretcher. Her face was peaceful and beautiful, like it was made of white marble. The assistant said she had not suffered, the bomb had torn her neck and she would have died instantly.

The apartment was empty without her. Now he was alone and could cry. He hated this war. It had taken away his father, his Daddy, whom he had loved more than anything. And Anuschka, his wife, his sweetheart. Babinka and baby Irina too. What a shitty war. Really.

He sat on the couch for three days. He didn't drink, he didn't eat and he ignored the air raid sirens. On the third day he got up, he had to pee. He drank a liter of mineral water from the bottle and ate the loaf of bread while standing.

All he thought about was Anuschka. She was in the prime of her life, only 14, and that little life she had was already over. A shitty war, he shouted loudly, three times in a row.

Then the rocket hit. He jumped up. The outer wall fell out onto the street in slow motion. The impact was three apartments away. Thank God all the residents of the building were in the air raid shelter. He ran out. He only calmed down when he was on the street, on safe ground. He listened to the firefighters.

"The house is totally gone."

"Thank God no one was hurt."

He went to the main square and sat down on a bench. He took stock of his things. Dad, dead. Babinka and baby Irina, dead. Anuschka, oh Anuschka, dead too. No roof over his head, no couch to sleep on. Not a cent, no money at all. He only had his student ID card, but the school was just a pile of rubble. In his empty wallet was a color photo of Dad, Babinka and baby Irina. Two nude photos of Babinka that he had stolen from Dad. Both showed her wide open pussy hole; he had looked at these pictures a thousand times. It

showed her vigorously rubbing her clit. The other showed Babinka in the middle of an orgasm, with a distorted face, pressing her finger against her clit. Dad had hundreds of nude photos of Babinka, from her early youth on. He had looked through all the pictures again and again, but then only stole these two. — And another Polaroid of Anuschka and him that a war reporter had taken. That was all, but it was his most important treasure.

The sausage stand owner was dismantling his stand, like every evening. There were no customers, the sun was setting, he would be back tomorrow morning. He waved to Jan. The latter helped him turn the stand around with muscle power and attach it to the old Lada (a Russian car). “Thank you,” said the old man. This word was rarely heard anymore. He opened the stand door and went inside. He stuck his head out again. “Come in, there’s something to eat!” Jan didn’t need a second invitation.

There were still 3 pairs of warm sausages and a pile of French fries. Jan sat down opposite the old man and devoured the 3 sausages in record time. He got half of the fries. He finished quickly, the old man saw how hungry the boy was. He gave him his third sausage and pushed the fries over to him. “Ketchup and mustard haven’t been available for months, sorry!” he said to Jan. “I always wanted to go to the States, to have a sausage stand in Los Angeles or San Francisco, that was my dream.”

Jan lived from hand to mouth, literally. He grabbed whatever he could to help someone with his muscle power. He found enough to eat almost every day. If not, he went to the sausage stand, where the old man gave him a couple of sausages and a double portion of chips. He stayed on the park bench and helped the old man turn the stand and attach it to the Lada. That was his plan B, so to speak. As long as the weather was good, he slept in the bushes in the park. When it rained, he went to one of the air raid shelters to spend the night. There were rumors that gangs were robbing people in air raid shelters, but he never saw a gang.

One afternoon he saw a middle-aged woman stacking boxes full of garbage in the designated bay over the overflowing garbage cans.

There had been no garbage collection for weeks. From a distance he could clearly see her naked ass under her short work dress. A good reason to come closer. Yes, her naked ass kept flashing. "Shall I help?" he called to the woman. She motioned for him to hand her the boxes up. He did it in silence, because from down here he could see that she really wasn't wearing any underwear. He looked into paradise for the first time after a month of complete austerity. When they were finished, she climbed down from the garbage pile and waved to him. "I'm cooking borschtsch (a spicy bean soup), would you like a plate?" Jan nodded, of course, and entered the restaurant kitchen. Jana, as she introduced herself, was stirring the pots and turned to him. "Would you like to fuck me, Jan?" Jana asked, completely unexpectedly, and gave him a hot look. "Most people who have to live on the streets really need it. But they don't come often enough, I have to do it with my finger, over and over again, if you know what I mean! And I could really use it right now too!" Jana added. Jan didn't need a second invitation. He stood behind her. She lifted her skirt and leaned on the stove, he looked at her big fat white asscheeks. He had to spread them apart to look at her slit, surrounded by black hair. It had been over a month since he had last fucked Anuschka.

He fucked Jana from behind, he came right after penetration, but he kept fucking. "Don't squirt inside, my dear boy!" Jana shouted, "these are the dangerous days right now." He nodded, although he didn't care at all. She was obviously enjoying it, because her finger stole its way to her clit. "Should I wait?" he asked, panting, and she nodded affirmatively. He held back the squirt, after maybe 10 minutes she gasped loudly and her finger danced to the tango finale. "Now," she called quietly, "now!" Jan held her hips and squirted, fucking her into her orgasm. He held her hips and squirted into her, jet after jet. She moaned pitifully and wailed with each jet squirting inside. Dangerous days? Screw it! He pulled away from her.

He got a big plate of hot borschtsch and fresh white bread and a big glass of beer. He was ragged and dirty, she thought he was definitely older than 15. She was the wife of the owner, who was far too old and frail to fuck her. He visited 43-year-old Jana regularly and fucked her from behind before lunchtime. He always squirted his full

load inside her as soon as she had triggered her orgasm with her finger. She never objected because he always fucked her well and only squirted inside when she had triggered the orgasm herself and called out to him that he could squirt inside now.

He took the air raid alarm seriously now. He ran to the nearest air raid shelter and looked closely at the women. He had sat down in front of the entrance so that he could occasionally take a look under a skirt. He sat low enough to see under every woman's skirt, up to her panties or to the paradise, since very few women wore panties in wartime. Of course he only looked at the younger ones, the single and lonely ones. Somehow he could tell with a fair degree which of the women would let him fuck her. Really, he was rarely wrong. He was neither superstitious nor did he believe in a special talent. He took it as it was, a feeling for it and the ability to read women's eyes and faces.

He lay down next to the woman he had chosen. He usually recognized several, so that he had a choice B in case he was wrong. He went every night to sleep in the air raid shelter.

And to fuck.

It was usually very easy. The women were just afraid that she would be discovered. In all those months not a single one was discovered, and he was very careful about it too. He ignored the angry or insulted looks of the women he had already fucked and who were now annoyed that he was lying down with someone else.

He lay down next to the woman and waited a long time until most of the others were asleep. The power supply regularly failed at night, and the battery-operated emergency lighting didn't reveal anything specific, just vague shapes.

He put his hand on the woman's lower leg, and even then he could tell whether she was willing or unwilling. Only very rarely did he have to leave her and go to plan B. He let his hand slide very slowly up her inner thighs, and then the way was clear to paradise. Some of them pulled him between their thighs; they wanted to be fucked from

the front. But most of them willingly stuck their asses out to him; they wanted to be fucked from the side or from behind. He took what he could get.

Many of them had no panties under their skirts at all, for the few others he or she pushed the panties aside himself. He played with and stimulated her clit until she signaled her readiness. Not very often she was ready until after her orgasm, and that was fine with him. He always penetrated her pussy hole very slowly and carefully, then he began to fuck. He compared the pussy holes with Babinka's soft, yielding pussy or with Anuschka's tight, demanding pussy. One thing struck him right from the start. The women over 35 or over 40 had very dry pussy holes, the younger ones rather moist. He had to moisten his cock with a lot of saliva when he had a woman over 30 in front of him.

Only a very few masturbated while fucking. He had heard at some point that masturbating was considered an old woman's thing. He didn't give a damn, he wanted to fuck and squirt inside, if possible as often as possible until he had finished squirting. Only a few of the women pulled his cock out before he squirted and made it squirt with their fist, presumably to avoid getting pregnant. Of course, that didn't stop him from fucking her a second time and squirted the full load into her pussy hole. He didn't care at all whether he got the woman pregnant.

Jan grinned crookedly as he remembered how wrong he had been on his last adventure. He had been lying behind the young woman who had seemed fuckable to him. He waited until everyone was asleep. His hand slid along her inner thighs, caressing and sexually teasing. He felt her arousal as he reached paradise. She was very receptive and willingly spread her thighs so that he could easily find her clit. He masturbated her clit with zeal and diligence, she ran towards her orgasm and ran the last few meters with full speed. Her orgasm was hard and intense, it was now fading quickly.

He touched her pussy with his cock and penetrated slowly as always. She had a really fine, very tight, wet and well-trained pussy that seemed to be made for fucking. He sensed her signals that she

wanted to be masturbated again. He masturbated her to orgasm again and squirted in her pussy at the moment of her orgasm, without having fucked her. At first she seemed to accept it, but she immediately pulled his cock out again. He penetrated again, she waited a moment longer and pulled his cock out again. “No fucking!” she hissed almost inaudibly. He was annoyed because it was very rare that he was wrong. Plan B was a little further along. He crawled over the unwilling woman and crawled to Plan B.

He remembered her as about 30 years old. Plan B was lying on her belly, sleeping. He touched her lower legs and she screamed in shock. “Shh, shh!” he whispered very quietly, “it’s just me!” Although that didn’t make sense, she laid her head back on her forearms. She spread her legs willingly. He rubbed her clit through her ass cheeks and it took barely two minutes until she was moist and wet. He penetrated her from behind and began to fuck her. She sighed and moaned with sexual desire, he fucked her for a very long time and squirted his semen deep inside. She sighed after each jet he shot into her pussy. When he was finished, she sighed loudly and contentedly, then fell asleep again. He lay down next to her, very content and satisfied. Gradually his breathing calmed down.

Then the next door neighbor tugged at his shirt. She whispered almost inaudibly, “And now it’s my turn!” What a surprise! He crawled towards her. She pulled him between her thighs, obviously she wanted to be fucked from the front. She reached down and felt his cock. She knew what to do. Knowingly she pulled his foreskin back and forth, back and forth. She whispered in his ear that her name was Katinka. “I was engaged until recently, we were supposed to get married on my 19th birthday this year. But he died two weeks after he went into battle. I now live with my Mom again and have to rely on masturbating if I can’t find anyone to fuck. I’ve already fucked over 150 men and now everything seems so pointless. Nothing and no one can bring Frantischek back. I used to be a reserved girl, I masturbated a lot and fucked quite a lot too, but Fran was the only one, the right one for me. I felt that from the first moment and was always loyal to him. Now the miserable dictator has killed him. Since then I’ve let anyone fuck me, I don’t care that it’s immoral. What is morality?” She waited for his answer. He whispered in her ear. “If

you stay true to yourself and your principles and ideas, that's what I see as morality. It's not everything, but it hits the nail on the head for me." Katinka was silent for a long time and rubbed his cock.

He felt for her clit. Her pussy was wet and almost dripping. The clit was tiny and barely felt. "You don't have to do it, I already had an orgasm when you fucked the neighbor, Nameless!" She was still thinking. "By your definition, I am morally fine, no matter how shitty and sad I feel with every man I let fuck me." Jan nodded, she could feel it. "After fucking, everyone is sad, like animals, they say. I think there's something to that." She stopped rubbing his cock. "Come on now, it'll be fine. You can squirt inside like everyone else, I don't care if I get pregnant!"

He fucked her for a long time while she masturbated. He just couldn't squirt, even after Katinka's second orgasm. "I can't," he cursed, "I'm dry and I have no juice left." He paused.

They slept for a few hours and woke up at the same time. She felt for his cock. "It's divine, my nameless one!" "I'm Jan, and I want to fuck you!" "Then come, Jan!" she breathed and guided his cock into her pussy hole. He fucked her wildly and squirted after a short while. He pulled his cock out and squirted on Katinka's belly. "Somehow it feels wrong to me that you let anyone squirt inside you and that you don't care if you get pregnant. To be honest, I've never really cared about it, but now it seems wrong to me." Katinka scratched the hair on his neck and he recognized her sad face in the twilight. He fucked Katinka several nights in a row because he liked to fuck her very much, but he always squirted on her belly. One day she demanded that he squirts inside her. If she got pregnant, it would at least be from an honest man. That made sense to him. He squirted twice every night into Katinka's pussy hole, which was very fine and liberating. One day she was gone, probably gone home.

One evening he spotted a woman who was clearly responding to his signals. She was about 33 or 34 and had her daughter with her, probably 13 or 14. The girl didn't react at all. The woman excited him. They were both lying near the emergency lighting, which of course meant that they weren't completely invisible there. Jan didn't let that

stop him. He lay down behind the woman and waited patiently until the others were asleep.

His hands slid up the woman's inner thighs, she willingly let him up to paradise. He easily found her clit and rubbed it gently. She smiled and let him do. Her daughter sat up and watched her goings-on in the twilight, motionless. The woman nodded that she was ready and pulled him between her thighs. He whispered that he was Jan and she breathed in his ear, "I'm Olga, I'm 33 and unmarried, and this is my daughter Yulia, she's almost 14. We fled here from the south, we were both raped. I didn't mind, I let the three strangers fuck me, that's how it was. But then all three soldiers raped my poor Yulia, one after the other, the drunken suckers! She was still a virgin and completely unprepared." Jan paused for a moment in his fucking. "I'm really sorry, being raped is no fun!" he said, then he continued to fuck Olga. Her pussy reminded him of Babinka's pussy. He could squirt inside without worrying, Olga said, she couldn't have any more children. She fucked very comfortably at his pace, she was really good at it. Jan just found it very strange that Yulia was "monitoring" the fucking with eagle eyes. Yulia leaned towards Olga's ear and whispered, "Mom, he's about to squirt inside, the man!" Olga whispered, "It's good, Yulia-baby, I let him do it willingly!" Jan grinned because it was so bizarre. He straightened up after a long time, grabbed Olga's hips and squirted inside. He felt that he wasn't finished yet. Olga whispered, as she pulled out his stiff cock, that he should hold back his strength.

Olga whispered to Yulia. "We've fucked so many nice men since then, both of us, one after the other. First me, then you. And you always enjoyed it, because those orgasms were much better than masturbating! Isn't that right!? I want you to lose your fear of fucking, because it's wonderful when the man is a decent, nice guy!" Yulia had listened carefully. "So you think this guy is a nice, decent guy?" Olga nodded and stroked Yulia's hair. "I was paying very close attention, Mom. He fucked you very well, this guy here. I even noticed that you had a lot of fun and that you triggered your orgasm with your finger, like you always do when we fuck a nice guy together." Olga nodded again in agreement. "We've only fucked nice men in the past months, me and you, haven't we?" Yulia thought hard for a moment. "He

squirted inside because you allowed him to. I thought that was very, very nice of him!” Olga smiled. “You see, he’s a very nice man, our Jan here. That’s why I firmly believe that it will do you good if he can fuck you. Okay?” The little girl nodded and lay down in front of Jan. Olga whispered that he should get the little girl hot before he fucked her. Jan was surprised by the development, but he nodded.

He caressed Yulia’s inner thighs, which took a long time to get her used to his touch. He felt her clit. It was well-shaped and well-trained, thought Jan. He rubbed the clit very gently, and Yulia rose like a rocket. Yulia had buried her face in Olga’s pussy, her lips almost touching her labia. Yulia’s orgasm came very quickly and passed quickly. “Does he have to fuck me now, Mom?” she whispered, almost tearfully. Olga stroked her hair. “Yes, my child, you have to experience that fucking can be wonderful and is very nice!” Yulia sniffed a little more, but then whispered, “Yes, Mom, you are certainly right.” Jan began to fuck the young girl. Her pussy reminded him a lot of Anuschka’s pussy. Yulia was the most easy-going girl he had ever fucked. She had an orgasm every few minutes, she clung to Olga’s hand with one hand and buried her face in Olga’s pussy, her lips sometimes touching her labia. Jan was really fascinated, because Yulia smiled after each orgasm, only to become serious again straight away. “Can I squirt inside now, Yulia?” Jan asked and she breathed, “Mom, can he squirt inside now?” Olga nodded very kindly, “Of course, Yulia-baby, Yes!” Yulia stared at Jan stone-faced as he grabbed her by the hips and squirted the full load inside her. With each jet, Yulia squeaked very quietly, plaintively like a little kitten. She looked up at Olga. “Is he finished now, Mom, is it over?” Jan lay down next to the two of them. Olga gave him a long, lively French kiss. “Thank you, Jan!” she whispered. Olga and Yulia had already left early that morning, and he never saw them again.

Every evening he found someone he could fuck. He didn’t talk to them, he didn’t ask her name or whether she was married. Everything had to happen silently and in complete silence. Some of the women he fucked from the front whispered, even breathed in his ears. Her first name, that she was married, that she had never cheated on her husband before the war. The war had destroyed everything, including her morale, he often heard that. Their husbands

had been fighting at the front for months or years, and no one cared about the sexuality of the women left behind. They were all happy to find someone to fuck.

Many women had their small children with them, he and the woman had to wait until the children were fast asleep. He thought that was right, because they would only poison the souls of the little ones. Many of the women woke him up at the crack of dawn to get fucked one more time. Jan was fine with it, he didn't turn a single one down.

Jan fucked more than 250 women that year of war, a few of them more than once. He continued doing so the following year. The war never ended, the sirens blared every night. Jan's life was actually quite restricted. During the day he looked for food, nearly daily he went to Jana's restaurant kitchen to fuck her and get a hot meal. In the evening he usually helped the sausage stand owner turn the stand and hang it up, and they ate sausages and chips together. The old man, Janiek, was a wise old man. Jan listened to him very attentively, you could learn a lot from him. Without any scorn, he called Janiek the philosopher that he was.

He fucked one woman every night, sometimes one he had already fucked last year. He made an effort to fuck young women as much as possible, they fucked much more passionately than an old woman, although it was not always possible to avoid fucking an old woman. He already counted forty-year-olds as old. He fucked them anyway if there was no younger woman around and she seemed very inviting. He never regretted it.

A young girl caught his eye. She often went to the same air raid shelter as him. Did she follow him? He looked at her very closely, but he could not figure out whether she was ready for sex or not. She was definitely older than him, which bothered him a lot. After a few weeks it was clear to him that she was following him. He wanted to get to the bottom of the matter. She sat on a park bench and watched the door to the restaurant kitchen, where he went in behind Jana to fuck her.

After fucking and eating a hearty minced meat roast, he thanked Jana with a kiss on her lips like every day and asked if there was a back exit. Jana showed him. He walked past crates and stole two bottles of lemonade. He walked around the park, approached the girl from behind and sat down next to her. She jumped. "Would you like one?" he asked and handed her a bottle, which she accepted, completely taken aback. "I'm Jan," he said and held out his hand to her. She hesitated and took his hand. "I'm Eva," she said. There was a long silence. "I've noticed that we sleep in the same air raid shelter almost every night, Eva. Does that mean something?" She looked down. "I'm an orphan like you, Jan, I live on the streets just like you. It's no coincidence." Jan scratched the back of his head and looked Eva up and down. She was slim, pretty and very womanly. Her clothes were just as dirty as his, and unlike him she washed her face and hands more often than he did. He stopped staring at her. "How old are you, Eva, if you don't mind me asking?" "21," she answered, "21 and still a virgin," she said very quietly. He looked at her, "I'm 15, almost 16 and I'm not a virgin anymore." She nodded. "I know, I can see that you go after someone every evening and I always suspected that you fuck them at night. Am I seeing that correctly?" He nodded, full of shame, "you see that correctly." Eva turned the bottle in her hand. "I often see you walking into the restaurant kitchen behind the cook with the big, fat ass, do you fuck her too, Jan?" He nodded in the affirmative, there was no point in lying to Eva.

Eva sighed deeply and opened the lemonade. She took a sip. "I bathe three times a week, right under the pedestrian bridge, so no one can see me. I've lost my parents, siblings and our house, but that's no excuse not to pay attention to hygiene." Jan found Eva very likeable. "And how do you eat? You obviously don't work as a prostitute, otherwise you wouldn't be a virgin anymore." She blushed violently. "You're wrong, Jan, I work as a prostitute, but I only do hand jobs and blowjobs, they bring in more money." Jan knew how stupid his questioning was. "Sorry, Eva, I didn't mean to offend you." Eva waved her off. "No need to say sorry, you have to work as a prostitute too and fuck the fat cook for lunch." Jan saw how right she was.

"If you go bathing today, I'd be happy to come with you. I haven't had a bath for months, I've only washed myself in the railway station

toilet with a rag. A bath would be good.” Eva nodded in agreement, “But I haven’t earned any money today and I haven’t eaten anything yet!” Jan rummaged in his jacket pockets and pulled out a large piece of bread. “That’s all, I don’t have anything else.” Eva took the bread with shining eyes. “Thank you!” She’s well-behaved, thought Jan. Eva ate the bread with greed.

They walked side by side to the footbridge. “Stay behind the big boulders, otherwise the current will sweep you away!” warned Eva. Jan looked at Eva’s naked body, she really was very pretty. She only had a delicate fluffy down over her pubic slit. “Do you masturbate often?” he asked suddenly. She was taken aback. “Before the war, every night, to fall asleep more quickly. But now, in the air raid shelter, not every day anymore, there is often no opportunity.” Jan and Eva climbed into the river. The water was ice cold, but clean. They washed themselves very quickly and quickly went to the bank.

They let the morning sun dry them. “Every two weeks I wash my dress and then I have to wait for hours until it is halfway dry.” Eva looked at Jan’s semi-erect penis and said quietly, “I can do it with my mouth if you need it!” But Jan shook his head. “Thanks, but no.” He wanted to add that they had only known each other for a short time, but he kept his mouth shut.

“Is that your friend out there?” asked Jana, the fat cook. He nodded, “Yes, she is an orphan and homeless like me.” Jana turned around again and let her skirt fall. “Then she should come in, she’ll get a soup like you.” Jan stuck his head out of the door and waved to Eva to come in. “This is Eva, Mrs. Jana,” he introduced her. “Sit down, we’ll both get a warm soup.” Eva sat down at a table and watched the fucking. It hurt her to see her friend and secret lover fucking another woman. They ate the soup in silence, Eva thanked her politely.

Eva now went with him at lunchtime, he fucked the fat cook every day and they got a warm soup. Eva stayed away at night and did not disturb him. He fucked a different woman every night, usually again early in the morning. He loved it when they whispered their secrets in his ear. He believed most of them when they whispered, close to

tears, that before the damned war they had never fucked anyone other than their husband, who was now bleeding at the front or had already died. He fucked the widows with all his passion, they were completely starved of sex and had sacrificed a husband for their country.

They now went bathing in the river every morning. The water got warmer every day, the river was not at all interested in the war. Eva hugged him when they were standing chest-deep in the water. Her hand caressed his cock under the water and she asked him every time if she could do it with her mouth. He shook his head, he didn't think much of it. They had been friends for three months now and Eva lay down next to him at night. Her hand caressed his bare ass while he fucked the woman from the side or from behind. Her hand slid forward to his cock when he pumped into her pussy hole. She masturbated discreetly. She hugged him after her orgasm and they fell asleep arm in arm.

It was after four months that she pressed her body against his while bathing. They kissed each other with long French kisses and she whispered in his ear that one day she would belong to him, body and soul. He smiled kindly because she said it every day now and it was very sweet of her. It was a day like any other when Eva lay down on the grass by the river bank. He wanted to lie down next to her, but she pulled him between her thighs. "I want to be your wife, Jan!" she whispered in his ear. He nodded, that did him a lot of good. She breathed, "I really want it, please finally deflower me!" She took his cock and guided it resolutely into the entrance to her pussy hole. With a strong, quick jerk, he deflowered Eva. She had tears of joy in her eyes when he fucked her for the first time. The morning sun smiled and shone tenderly on their naked bodies. They fucked for about half an hour, then he straightened up and shot his full load into Eva's pussy. He stayed lying on top of her, they hugged and kissed each other with French kisses. She beamed at him. "I'm your wife, Jan, forever and ever!" She meant it.

They fought their way through, together. Every midday she watched him with a heavy heart as he fucked fat Jana between her big, white ass cheeks, spread by his hands, for the warm soup. He, in

turn, sat some distance away when Eva gave a handjob or a blowjob. At night he always fucked Eva first and made the woman wait. Then he fucked the woman, the girl or the widow, the latter with much feeling and gentleness. After all, she had sacrificed her husband for all of us.

The year of war came to an end without an end in sight. Eva was careful that Jan did not squirt inside on her dangerous days. They had gotten new, warm clothes from a charity, because the winter was already hard. Jan turned 16, he had to wait another two years before he could go into battle. Eva believed that the war would have to be over by then, and she would not let him go under any circumstances. She said she would hit him on the head with a club until he gave in. Jan smiled silently, that was her unconditional love that would not let him go to the slaughterhouse. He loved her as much as she loved him. They had been through thick and thin together for almost two years, and that bonded them together.

Eva sighed. She actually wanted to have children, but not in the war. Jan consoled her as best he could. Yes, he wanted children too, three at least, a house with a garden and a dog. But that was out of the question in this damn war. Not in this damn war!

They fought their way through, day after day. Jan shook his head when Eva said she would get a lot more if she let herself be fucked for money. He really didn't want that, even if they had no money left. Eva wouldn't let other men fuck her, her heart would have stopped. She gritted her teeth and gave handjob after handjob, blowjob after blowjob. Even that hurt her, because she belonged to Jan and he belonged to her.

The damn war continued. It devoured man after man, woman after woman, with total indifference. The bombs devoured houses, bridges and small children alike. That was what bombs were designed for, after all. But they were impressed by how happily the people who were scared to death fucked each other. Some bombs stopped working because of such small happiness.

Eva and Jan snuggled up to each other. The war has to end at some point, this goddamn war.

At some point.

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Ric, the Invisible

by Jack Faber © 2024

After the nuclear war that raged east of Europe for 5 days and prevented World War III, Europe's population was slightly irradiated. There were many miscarriages and deformities, and babies were born with extraordinary abilities. Elli was very relieved that her little Richard had no abnormalities. She had feared that he might get telekinesis from the radiation, which was the most common deformity and many families suffered from it. The authorities tried by all means to abort these fetuses.

Elli raised Ric more or less alone, as her husband spent most of the year building a power plant in Indonesia and only got two 14-day holidays at home. He was already 62 and was able to fuck Elli in those 14 days, but that was far too little sexually for 32-year-old Elli. He confessed to Elli that the Indonesians put their childish-naïve daughters in his bed because the virgins were sent home with a very high severance package if they became pregnant. Elli listened carefully to her husband, she understood that he could no longer maintain this long period of physical fidelity. She closed her eyes when he spoke of sex with these children. It was obvious to her that the vow of fidelity was no longer in force.

The father became very rich in Asia and sent a lot of money to Elli and Ric. He was one of the richest men in the province and people knew how easily he could be bribed with young girls and virgins. He worked 6 hours a day with good success, and spent the rest of the day with his harem of a dozen girls. He had become far too old to squirt every day; he enjoyed watching the girls' childish, naïve sexual games. He got turned on when a girl with a little experience in lesbian sex seduced a completely naïve, very young girl into making love. He loved this life and had long since stopped thinking about returning home. He had made his will and left everything to his son Ric. He didn't think much about dying; he lived in the here and now.

Ric discovered very early on that he could see through walls if he tried hard. He kept it a secret because he heard horror stories about children with strange abilities. The little boy also couldn't imagine what he was going to do with it. The second gift was much more practical. He could make himself completely invisible, he just had to think on it. He experimented a lot in his youth and learned the basics. Not making himself invisible or becoming visible again if someone could see him doing that. Not peeing invisibly because the stream became visible out of nowhere when it left his body. Not eating when invisible because the biscuit floated up and disappeared into his mouth. A long time of experimenting had passed, but by the age of 10 he had mastered both miraculous powers.

So Ric reached puberty, his body changed and so did his interests. He looked through the walls and watched the neighbors wife or their daughters masturbating. Of course he saw through everything, which was very irritating because he saw everything else besides the masturbator. It was better to sneak in behind the girl or woman invisibly and watch everything she did. However, that took far too long. The solution was to combine them, if possible. Use X-ray vision to find a victim and then sneak in invisibly. That was the optimum.

He was not a boy like the others, he became an outsider, but he didn't care at all. He found it hot to look at the pussies of his teacher and his classmates.

He had hesitated for a long time to spy on his mother Elli. He only took a quick look at her when she wasn't doing anything sexual. But that's how he discovered that she often took an affair to bed with her for a long time in the forenoon when he was at school. He skipped classes, went home and sneaked into his mother's bedroom invisibly and saw the two of them up-close fucking. He was there early enough now to see it from the start. The two of them only cuddled for a short time, then they came into the bedroom to fuck, where he was already waiting for them. Ric leaned far forward to see how Elli put or stuffed the cock into her pussy hole with her hand. The cock penetrated between the large labia and gradually penetrated all the way in. The fucking lasted for different lengths of time, short or long. It only really got interesting again when the lover straightened up to squirt.

Elli made herself very soft and let him squirt inside. Ric felt how wonderful it was for his mother. He pulled back because it somehow seemed wrong to him to spy.

But an indefinable lust kept him going. He couldn't stop watching Elli day and night. He knew that she masturbated while fucking and when she didn't have a lover, she masturbated several times a day. He overcame his inner hurdles and stood invisibly directly opposite her on the bed and watched her masturbate. He had seen it a thousand times with girls and women, but Elli was something special. Of course she masturbated just like most others, but only with her did he get these feelings. He couldn't integrate these feelings at all.

What was so special about her? The technique? No. The timing? No. That she was his mother? Oh, that was probably it. But, what did he do with it? He watched her for months. The affairs rarely changed, she enjoyed them until one of them got tired of it. She thereafter only masturbated for longer periods of time, and Ric's feelings became unbearable. He decided to take the next step. He waited until her orgasm after masturbating subsided and she dozed and relaxed for a few minutes. He stepped out, took off his clothes and entered her bedroom naked. He stepped next to the bed and she looked up, saw his hard cock.

"Oh!" she said and made room next to her. He lay down next to her, something he hadn't done since childhood. "Oh," she repeated quietly, "you obviously need it very urgently! Are you doing it or should I do it with my fist...?" she left it open. Ric was silent and she grabbed his cock. He was very surprised at how skillfully she masturbated him. He asked simply and directly. Elli smiled. "I learned it when I was very young and have made hundreds of boys happy."

Ric looked at her fist, which gently, delicately and yet purposefully pulled the foreskin back and forth, back and forth. He clutched her and buried his lips between her breasts as he squirted. But she knew what she had to do, she kept rubbing him until he had finished. She smiled. "You're not finished yet, Ric, you have to do it again. — I'll do it!" Ric closed his eyes. Elli did it better than any of his classmates. She grinned because Ric had said it out loud. "I can obviously still do

it pretty well, my darling!” Ric nodded in agreement and fell asleep immediately after squirting.

He now went into Elli’s bedroom every morning when she had finished masturbating. For just a tiny moment she was surprised that he timed it so precisely. She quickly got used to giving him two hand-jobs in a row every morning. He hugged her more and more often after the second squirt and kissed her, it became more intense every day. She had now got used to him pressing his cock against her body in gratitude.

“I want to fuck you, Elli, absolutely!” She turned her face away. “That’s impossible, Ric, I’m your mother!” This ritual was repeated every morning, Elli repeated the sentence every day, ever more quietly and weaker. After a while she gave in.

Ric never told Elli how many girls and women the Invisible had fucked so far. He didn’t always succeed, and then he left again. It never occurred to him to use violence, that was completely taboo for him. But he had often succeeded, the girls had become so hot and wild while masturbating that they let themselves be fucked, cheering and squealing. The women mostly did too, but there were some who cried and sobbed that they weren’t like that. She lay down on the bed and spread her legs, as if for her husband. She continued to cry and sob, saying that she had never cheated on her husband. Ric didn’t believe a word she said because she obviously got into a fucking position and continued to moan and sob. It didn’t take a minute before she admitted to one or two cheatings events. No crying, no sobbing, just a shameful shy smile. Ric fucked her, of course, even though he despised her.

But fucking Elli was something completely different. She sat curled up on the bed, still holding Ric’s cock in her hand because she wanted to masturbate him with her fist again. She kept her eyes down, full of shame. She had just collapsed after orgasming. Ric hugged her lovingly and kissed her on the lips. He gently laid her on her back and spread her legs. “I love you, Elli, with all my heart! I would never do anything disrespectful or unworthy to you! I want to fuck you, but not dishonor you!” Elli smiled again. “I knew that one

day it would happen like this. I expected it and yes, I was looking forward to it! So come on, big boy!" And so it came about that Ric fucked Elli.

"I'll be very gentle," Ric whispered as he penetrated. Elli's pussy hole was soft and very wet, the penetration was very easy. He heard her sigh loudly, she breathed, "It's time!" He fucked her very slowly, increasing his pace as he noticed her breathing. Fifteen minutes later he straightened up. "I have to squirt, Elli!" he croaked and she nodded. "I have the 6-month injection," she gasped, "you can squirt inside without worrying!" Ric squirted in thick, firm jets. He sank down breathlessly next to her. "You didn't have an orgasm, Elli!" he said with a little disappointment. She rubbed her clit very quickly and had an orgasm after just a few seconds. She hugged him long and lovingly and said she not always had an orgasm when she was fucked.

Elli started to cry. He hugged her comfortingly and asked what was wrong? After a while, Elli stopped crying. She was still very sad. "Oh, it's nothing. I was thinking that your childhood is finally over, that you are now a teenager, a naughty teenager who fucks his own mother! Oh, men are pigs!" Ric, who was incredibly proud of having finally fucked Elli, winced noticeably. "Men are pigs, all of them?" She nodded in agreement. "Boys become pigs as soon as they force their mother to let her fuck them, like you did!" Ric had no answer ready. "It's been like this since I was a child, have I never told you?" Ric shook his head, "No, you've never talked about childhood before." Elli laid him across her lap like a baby, playfully touched his cock and began to tell her story.

I was 5 or even 6 when it all started. I was a sexually ignorant child, I only sometimes spied when my parents were having sex. Or when Uncle Sam was having sex with my mother. Usually only in the afternoon, in the evening she let my Daddy fuck her. I was so naive that I assumed it was perfectly normal for Dad and his brother to fuck Mom. I would only find out later that in the beginning both brothers were in love with my Mom, even though she was actually a lesbian. She had always fucked both brothers and chose

Dad to marry. They made an agreement to live as a threesome, Dad and Uncle Sam were business partners too. I have spent my whole life trying to find out who your biological father is. Looking at your huge cock, maybe it's Uncle Sam. When I look at your cock, it might be Uncle Sam, for sure." Elli grabbed Ric's cock, which had ejaculated in her fist just two minutes ago. She rubbed it very skillfully and it was hard after a short while. She pulled the foreskin back very firmly. "When I look at your beautiful glans, the foreskin and the firm shaft, it's just like Uncle Sam's cock. Dad had a much smaller cock, but he could fuck pretty effectively with it! I've been inclined to think Uncle Sam is your biological father for years. But it's not really important, is it?" Elli continued to rub his cock slowly and continued her story.

I was 5 or 6, when I often sat astride Uncle Sam's lap, who loved to finger my labia. That gave me very nice feelings and a lot of fun, I took off my panties beforehand so he could get easily to it. It was he who often masturbated me to orgasm, when I was maybe 5 or 6, and taught me to spread my legs in front of his face and masturbate myself in front of his eyes. We both loved that and Mom didn't seem to mind that I masturbated in front of his face, because he then took her into the bedroom and fucked her, and that's where I learned the fine art of spying.

I envied Mom because she had at least one or more orgasms when she was fucked without having to use her finger like I had to. I pestered Uncle Sam for months that I wanted to be fucked just like Mom. Of course Uncle Sam scolded me for spying, but I never told him how I spied, because I thought he would tell Mom and Dad. Finally, I was 9 or 10 at the time, Uncle Sam gave in and discussed the deflowering and the fucking with me in great detail. I nodded, I would gladly accept the little prick because then I could fuck like the adults. I already made in my mind a list of boys who would then have to fuck me.

Uncle Sam was really very considerate and gentle when deflowering me. I had bent my head so low that I could see his cock entering my pussy. It was tense because he had a pretty big cock. I felt

and saw how my hymen first tensed and then tore with a tiny little prick. My pussy adjusted to his cock's size when he penetrated really deeply until he could go no deeper. He stroked my hair and gave me a kiss on the top of my head. "Now comes the fucking, my little Missis!" I was so happy because he fucked me as well as he fucked Mom. I still remember clearly that I had an orgasm and then smiled and laughed until he squirted inside and finished squirting. I was happier than I had ever been before.

After weeks, Mom discovered that I was no longer a virgin. She told Dad, who had to check immediately. They asked who had done it and I said, beaming with joy, Uncle Sam, and that we had been fucking every afternoon since then, yes, really fucking. I was his little Missis since then, said Uncle Sam. The three adults whispered for a while, then Dad decided that I had to sleep in his double bed besides him. Mom grinned more than she had in a long time. Now Uncle Sam fucked me in the afternoon and Dad at night. Mom hugged me lovingly, "This is our shared fate, Sam in the afternoon and Dad at night." I nodded and hugged her too, we both had the same joys and great orgasms.

That went on until I fell in love with your father and got pregnant. He had told me from day one that he was particularly into young girls. Well, I was 14, so that was fine. I gave birth to you before I was 16. Dad and Uncle Sam quickly backed out when Dad and I got married.

You know the rest.

During the story, Elli had let Ric squirt twice in her fist without paying much attention. "I've fucked many dozens of men. They just wanted to squirt inside, nothing more. So I developed the belief that men are all pigs, eating at the trough or squirting inside the pussy, yes, OK, but that's all." Elli looked at him sadly. "And now my little Ric has also become a young man who is only interested in squirting inside. I'm about to lose you, my dear little one!" Ric didn't quite understand the argument, but he didn't feel like a pig.

“Since when have you been fucking Julia?” Elli asked suddenly. Julia was a very close friend of Ellis. Ric sighed, that was a secret. How could Ellis know about it? “She had let herself be fucked a few times months ago, Mom,” he said sheepishly. “Julia visited me, probably a dozen times, when you were in town. She knew about it, she got straight to the point and gave me no choice, like the others.”

Ric bit his lip, he had inadvertently blurted it out. A jolt went through Ellis’ body. “Which others?” Ric lowered his head and looked at her toes, which were playing the invisible piano impatiently. “Your friends must have agreed, because a different one came every day. Paula, Maria, Jenny, all of them. I fucked them all, they were all young, in their 30s and pretty, like you.” Ric was silent for a long time.

“They all fucked you?” Elli exclaimed disappointedly. He said yes. “I didn’t seduce any of them, Mom, I swear! They came uninvited, they only wanted one thing: to be fucked by me. I always felt guilty about you, I knew they were doing it behind your back. I’m sorry!” Elli laughed bitterly. “You have no reason to. I saw their greedy glances at your magnificent cock when you walked naked through the room. I had no idea that you were only doing it to get them hot on you, me naive fool! I should have known, damn it, when they devoured your cock with their damned glances. But I didn’t react, I’m so naive!” Elli lit a cigarette with shaking hands, she rarely smoked in the bedroom.

“I should have turned them all down, Mom!” he said, taking the cigarette from her hand. “I’m a weak boy, Mom. I can no longer think rationally when I see a willing pussy. It doesn’t matter whether it’s a classmate, a teacher or a bishop!” Ric flicked the ash into the ashtray. “A female bishop?” asked Elli in surprise. “I just made her up, Mom. Schoolmates, yes, all those who already fucked with boys, that’s not all of them, but some. And the gym teacher lets everyone fuck her, she doesn’t need to be seduced in an elaborate way.”

Elli took a drag on her cigarette. “And I, stupid goose, imagined that today was your first time.” She was silent, disappointed and bitter. Ric looked at her sideways. “I’ve been fucking for over two years,

Mom, Julia was my first. I was really clumsy the first time, but Julia was very patient and taught me everything.” He paused. “I used to want you to be my first, Mom. But it turned out differently. Since then I haven’t been able to look at you without thinking about fucking, fucking with you! But you never responded to my signals, until today. In my thoughts and dreams I’ve fucked you a thousand times, Mom!”

From then on they fucked every night. Elli hardly fished in the bachelor pond anymore, Ric studied like crazy and no longer wasted hours on seducing to mating. It was good for both of them, both knew that there was someone to fuck at night. Ric got blank looks because he turned down sexual offers. He didn’t care, he concentrated on the study material, he wanted to pass his high school exams in the first attempt. When Elli went out in the evening, which happened every few weeks, they both knew that he had to give her the bedroom. He was always a little jealous when he watched her fucking through the walls.

Ric learned easily and quickly, he had plenty of time to hang around invisibly. He once fucked a woman as an invisible man, but that wasn’t a good idea. She screamed like mad and was disturbed for weeks. For the first time, he was forced to perform his invisibility trick so that she didn’t lose her mind. She was instantly convinced and let the visible Ric fuck her. She just wondered whether he would continue to visit her invisibly. “Only if you want to,” he said and avoided her from then on.

He followed people who went to the safe deposit box in the bank. The safe deposit boxes were usually just there to store black money. Once he followed a beautiful model to the safe deposit box; she also stored the black money she earned from sex. She put several photos in a thick envelope, which he stole from her when she returned the safe deposit box. At home he looked at the photos; there were hundreds of them, labeled on the back with the date and name of the man who fucked her. Ric was still very naive and unspoiled at the time, so he never thought for a moment about blackmail. After a few weeks he crept behind the hot model to the safe deposit box and put the envelope back. She screamed quietly as the envelope flew

through the air. She could never figure out how the envelope could disappear and reappear.

Ric loved these trips, where he could watch people fucking or masturbating. But he also witnessed a few rapes that disgusted and angered him. He kicked the rapist hard in the balls, making him writhe on the floor, screaming in pain. Ric always got angry when a girl or woman was raped. But there were worse things. Ric got lost in the world of gangsters. He was fascinated and disgusted at the same time.

Ric started robbing the gangsters. This caused unrest, confusion and mutual distrust. At home, the bundles of money were piling up in his hiding place. He hadn't yet thought about what he would do with all the money. But he stole as much as he could. Hundreds of thousands, a Million. Before the hiding place overflowed, he opened a bank account where he could conveniently hide the loot. Elli discovered the account when she opened the mail as usual. He ran to the bank and had the mail delivery cancelled. So he had to pick up the bank statement in person once a month, otherwise it would be sent by post.

He enjoyed thwarting the plans of the gangs that he had heard about. He felt a bit like Robin Hood when he called the police anonymously. The police were happy to receive tips when they caught some gangsters in the act. He warned business people about a robbery, private individuals who became the target of the gangsters. Ric was aware that he could hardly prevent 1% of the crimes, but it was more important to him than watching people fuck or masturbate. He reconsidered his priorities.

But he also heard things that were not so easy to solve. Like the bribery of politicians and police officers. That was not easy to uncover. Who could he go to, who could he trust? He saw no other option than to watch the detectives at work. He quickly learned to separate the wheat from the chaff. He watched the detectives very closely. Then he chose one. The invisible man went out into the corridor and called the detective, whom he was watching through the glass. The detective took notes on the anonymous call, then jumped up, waved

to two colleagues and went with them into an empty room, Ric followed them. The matter was complicated, the police chief had been bribed. The three detectives were stunned, how do you deal with your own boss? “His” detective took the floor. “We have to ignore the fact that he is the boss. We’ll investigate it like everyone else. So let’s get to work!” They proceeded systematically, discovered the boss’s account in the Caribbean and had him by the scruff of the neck. But they didn’t bring him to court. The police chief resigned the same day for personal reasons, and the money went from the account into the police orphan fund. In those 14 days, Ric had convinced himself that the detective was the right person. Now the anonymous tipster’s line was on fire. Police officers and politicians were betrayed, caught and disappeared from view. There were no big fish among them, so there was no earthquake. Ric was happy, he could concentrate on studying and on bugging the gangsters.

Ric passed his high school exams. No, he would not go with his classmates when they went on a school trip to Mallorca, he told Elli. Of course he couldn’t tell her what he was planning to do during the vacation, after the summer vacation he wanted to study law and become a lawyer. Elli thought that was a great idea. Nevertheless, she insisted on going on holiday with Ric for two weeks. He gave in, even though it meant interrupting his work as a whistleblower. He booked a flight to a Greek island, in the most expensive hotel. When Elli asked, he claimed he had paid for it with the pocket money he had saved in years. She hugged and kissed him, because this island was one of her dream destinations.

It was a wonderful vacation. Elli was luxuriating in happiness, she was closer to Ric than ever before. He used every free minute to spy on the hotel guests. He happily watched the ring-games, they cheated on each other in endless succession. At dinner he smiled into the eyes of the girls and women, whose faces were still beaming from the cheating. For many, the vacation was the only way to make up sexually for what was not possible in the dreary everyday life.

Elli had a new task, she made a photo album of the vacation and added a kind of logbook to the album. She wanted to remember every detail in the future. Ric started his studies in Law. Dave, his detec-

tive, was glad that the anonymous man was back. He could have got behind it to find out his identity, but the tips were much more important. Ric only revealed that he was a student, lived among the gangsters and was disgusted by the gangster life. His tips were precise and always right, that was the strongest weapon Dave had. He used the full force of the law, he was praised, promoted and respected by all his colleagues.

Ric passed his first diploma exam well, Detective Dave's team filled the prison to the brim and Elli celebrated her 40th birthday. The gangster gangs were fighting gang wars. That changed Ric's behavior completely. There were now daily murder orders, and that really got to him. He followed the paid killer invisibly, he pushed the barrel of the gun aside a quarter of a millimeter so that the shot missed. Ric did this until the assassin no longer received orders and the gangsters themselves started killing. Ric was annoyed because he couldn't follow everyone at the same time. He was also annoyed because the professors, assistant professors, lecturers and temporary tutors did nothing but dissect the murders in the gangster milieu. What punishments will the perpetrators receive, how should a plea be made, Ric could no longer hear it. Detective Dave shook his head in disbelief, the gangster population was rapidly approaching extinction.

A serial killer had the city on edge. He held young girls captive for days, even weeks, and fucked them non-stop until he lost interest. He slit her throat and laid the body in front of a church at the crack of dawn. The police had his DNA, but it was not registered anywhere. People no longer let their girls out on the street after sunset. Ric looked over the detectives' shoulders. He realized, as did they, that the killer had to be a gas station attendant.

He sat invisibly in the back of the police car and drove with them to every gas station attendant. He hadn't been to university for five weeks, and the hunt for the killer kept him busy 20 hours a day. The officers questioned all the gas station attendants according to a set pattern. They were all above suspicion. Ric, the invisible man, stood next to them and tried to empathize with the men. Nothing. Nothing at all.

At a gas station, he noticed one of them was in hiding. He seemed to be an illegal laborer, perhaps an illegal immigrant or one of those who had to hide from the police. He stood next to the unpleasant guy, who flinched every time his boss was asked questions. Ric sensed that this was the guy. He saw no way of attracting the detectives' attention. The guy took off before the detectives had even finished. Ric decided on the spur of the moment to follow the man, across the city, on the subway, on the bus, into a rather run-down housing estate. He stayed close behind him, all the way to his apartment. Before that, the man had bought a lot of groceries.

It was a completely normal apartment. Ric had to rummage around for a long time before he finally found something. Behind a wall curtain was a door that led to the next apartment. Before he could investigate further, the man came out of the kitchen with a food package and entered the other apartment, closely followed by Ric. One look was enough to see that he was definitely the killer.

Ric did not know the young blonde girl who was chained up. Ric retreated to the farthest corner. He thought about how he could contact Detective Dave, the battery of his phone was completely dead. The killer said, that she would get the food only, if she let him fuck her first. She nodded, desperate and ashamed. She untied her skirt and took off her soiled panties. The guy did not have to rape the girl, it did not seem to be the first time she had done it. She let herself be fucked with her face turned away, she did not let herself be kissed and she did not kiss him either.

The guy was fucking the 22-year-old for the third time, but he was having a hard time. She looked at him now and then with contempt and let him fuck her patiently. No, not patiently, but completely indifferently and full of disdain. After the first ejaculation she had already asked him if she could get something to eat, but he had to keep fucking her for the second time.

The guy noticed that she was amused because he just couldn't ejaculate anymore. She didn't hide her contempt, nor did she hide the fact that she was making fun of him wordlessly but wholeheart-

edly. Suddenly the guy had a knife in his hand, pulled her head back by her hair and slit the girl's throat.

Ric was turned to stone. He had witnessed a terrible murder. The girl was 100% dead, no doubt about it. The murderer sat next to the corpse for minutes. After an eternity, he put on his pants and went into his own apartment, Ric following behind. He packed up his stuff, obviously wanting to dispose of the body right away. Ric had a very clear idea of what he could do, but it wasn't much, it was definitely unusual. He immediately rejected the obvious idea of a fight with the killer, the winner was already clear. No, he would keep him in the apartment. By hook or by crook.

The killer leaned over the body and wanted to pack it up when he suddenly heard voices. No, just a single voice, a horrible, threatening voice. He should never touch the girl again. The voice was silent. He ran to the door, but a chair leg appeared out of nowhere and hit his hands very hard so that he couldn't open the door. He rubbed his aching ankles and collapsed to the floor next to the dead woman. Ric stared at the girl's beautiful pussy, it was a very beautiful pussy and a very beautiful girl. But she was dead, irretrievably dead.

Ric kept the guy captive for three days. He didn't let him out, the killer only had the food he had brought for the girl, and that wasn't much. Ric didn't even let the guy go to the bathroom, he kept him in the 25 square meters, so the killer had to pee in his trousers. Ric hit him from behind when he went near the only door. The killer was hit so many times on the head and hands that he was filled with fear. He was now completely intimidated, the cruel and tough killer. He had no idea who or what was holding him captive. He was very superstitious and strangely believed in ghosts. He couldn't fight a ghost, ghosts were invisible, invulnerable, immortal. And the ghost kept demanding that the killer turn himself in to the police. Now. Immediately.

The guy was soft and broken after three days. Ric was also dead tired, but he stayed awake. He hardly slept, half an hour at most and then a little longer. But he wasn't allowed to sleep soundly, because the killer had only slept for 6 or 7 hours. On the last day the killer

started to hallucinate. He begged for his life, he didn't want to go to prison, where he actually faced death.

The invisible man repeatedly hit the killer with the chair leg, driving him to despair. On the third day he gave in. Yes, he would turn himself in to the police, but the ghost should stop hitting him. He got down on his knees. "Please, stop hitting me, I'm calling the police from my apartment." Ric was damned careful, he let the killer into his apartment, but with the chair leg on the back of his head. He dictated Detective Dave's number and had the phone put on speaker. It was the only time a killer contacted Dave directly. He listened very carefully. A ghost? He smiled, there was no such thing. "Yes," said the killer, "he's standing right behind me and holding his gun to the back of my head!" Dave leaned forward. "Can he hear us?" he asked. The killer said yes. "I had to put the phone on loudspeaker because he wants to know if I'm really going to turn myself in." Dave shook with laughter. "Man, there ARE no ghosts. But whatever, the emergency team should be there any minute!" Ric wiped the chair leg and every surface he might have touched with a rag. He took another look at the poor girl and the beautiful pussy. He walked away unnoticed as the first emergency teams stormed in.

Ric slept for a day and a half. Then he called Dave anonymously. Had the guy confessed? Yes, to every murder, down to the last penny. The serial killer was caught, the all-clear for the public. Ric hung up without saying goodbye, he had nothing more to say to Dave. Dave suspected that there was a connection between the whistleblower and the serial killer, but a police officer cannot work with assumptions.

Ric threw himself into the missed study material, he had caught up on it in 14 days. He could not and did not want to explain to Elli where he had been during those 4 days. She was very worried and reported him missing on the second day. She cried with joy when he turned up again. But she was very annoyed that he did not explain. They had shared everything with each other up to that point, they made no secret of what they did. Ric had to hide his special powers and his whistleblower activities from Elli. Elli had only one secret from him, but he had discovered it long ago.

Elli went to the health center once a month and had a massage. She had decided to do this on the occasion of her 40th birthday. She had a full body massage with a happy ending. That meant that at the end the masseur rubbed her clit to orgasm and fucked her during her orgasm. The masseur was a strong, well-built Turkish man with whom she could not communicate verbally. But that didn't matter, he fucked her when he had almost triggered her orgasm and she covered her mouth so as not to scream out loud. She always gave him a good tip because he was the only one besides Ric who she would let fuck her. Ric had sneaked up on her invisibly a few times and seen everything, but he never made a comment. If she wanted to keep it a secret, so be it!

Ric studied at a normal pace, he finished his studies with a doctorate and continued to fill his account with gangster money. He had stolen so much money from the guys that he could have retired immediately. But he wanted to work, to be useful and to make a difference. Being a whistleblower was something he did with great commitment, he made a difference. The gangster gangs had settled the wars among themselves, they formed larger gangs and Detective Dave was still making spectacular arrests. Ric was increasingly disappointed with the legal system. The big guys were released, the small guys were hanged. Ric investigated the judges secretly because many of them were obviously corrupt. It had not been possible to prove this until now.

This is how Ric one day applied to be a police lawyer.

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In the Pfaffenloch (priest hiding hole)

by Jack Faber © 2024

Katharina was all alone on the farm with Leo, her son, apart from the maids. Her husband had moved to Leipzig with all the men to fight against the Catholic, imperial troops. Magdeburg, the nearby town, had been taken by the imperial forces weeks ago in the year of our Lord 1631, and the imperial troops were roaming the surrounding area, murdering, plundering and raping.

Katharina woke up in the middle of the night. She pulled Leo out of bed and dragged him into the Pfaffenloch (the priests hole). It had been built many years ago to hide priests from persecution. Katharina was Protestant, but it didn't matter at all in times of war. People were being killed indiscriminately, and halfway pretty women under 40 were being raped. Katharina fled to the Pfaffenloch to avoid this. It was very small, perhaps 1.8 metres long, about 85 centimetres wide and not very high. Katharina only had a second to throw a shawl around herself; she had no time to get dressed. Leo was naked and not quite awake yet.

Katharina had just enough time to close the hiding place from the inside, then she signaled Leo to shut up. The marauders stormed into her bedroom. You could hear every sound. She put her lips to Leo's ear. "We have to be dead quiet, otherwise they'll find us. We have to press ourselves together, there's only room for one, not two. Is that clear?" Leo nodded and snuggled up to his mother. A little light came in through the hidden air shaft, it was dim. Leo was almost 14 years old, he hadn't seen his mother naked since childhood. The little cloth could no longer hide anything, when his eyes had adjusted to the dim light.

Katharina was aware of both of their nakedness, but she still pressed Leo against her. She felt with her lower abdomen how Leo's cock gradually stiffened. She reached down and grabbed his cock.

They remained motionless, silent. An hour passed, then the guys stormed back into the bedroom. Katharina and Leo heard that they were dragging a maid with them, it was young Agnes. The guys threw Agnes onto the bed. She screamed, “No, please don’t, don’t make me a child!” You could hear the fabric tearing as they ripped Agnes’ clothes off. The guys screamed at each other, you could only understand who was allowed to fuck Agnes first. You could hear the first one fucking Agnes.

Agnes whimpered, but with sexual desire. “No, Sir, please don’t squirt inside! I don’t want to get pregnant!” You could hear the guy laughing mockingly. Agnes whimpered, “Stop squirting, Sir! No, please don’t make me a baby!” Katharina felt Leo ejaculate in her hand. He was crying. “My Agnes, my poor Agnes!”

Katharina was astonished. What was Leo talking about? “Why ‘my Agnes’?” she asked, grabbing Leo by the chin. He couldn’t help but look into his mother’s searching eyes. “We fucked a lot of times, Agnes and I. But we always made sure she didn’t get pregnant!” Leo lowered his gaze. Katharina said tonelessly, “I didn’t know you could already fuck!” They spoke tonelessly, breathily.

Leo breathed, “Agnes was my first, Mom. She seduced me very gently, she showed me everything and let me squirt inside her the first time with a smile. She taught me very well to only squirt inside her on the safe days and to squirt in her fist on the other days. The three other maids just watched at first, but then I was allowed to fuck them and squirt inside them on the safe days. When they discovered that I could fuck and squirt a second time, I was allowed to fuck a second maid regularly. Agnes had an orgasm every time I fucked her, the others not so regularly. But it was okay, they said. I had to swear not to tell you.”

Katharina continued to hold Leo’s cock in her hand, which was gradually getting stiff again. She just held the cock tight and interrogated him. He had no chance, he had to confess everything to her. Yes, Leo had been fucking for a year and a half, he had fucked all the four maids. He always pulled his cock out so as not to impregnate the maid, and she made him squirt with her fist. “All of my maids?” she

asked sternly. “Yes, all four of them, and not just once, but each one very often.” Leo was helpless. Mom, who had never touched him, held his cock tightly in her hand and interrogated him.

The next guy fucked Agnes now, they heard every sound. “Please, please, don’t squirt inside, Sir!” Agnes croaked in desperation. But the guy roared and Agnes could be heard crying. “Please, please, don’t squirt inside any more, Sir!” Agnes croaked, but the guy kept yelling. Agnes sobbed loudly and remained silent. You could hear her sighing deeply as the next one entered her pussy.

Katharina listened with half an ear, this was the sixth guy to fuck poor Agnes. She just whimpered, because there was no point in asking and begging for mercy. Each guy shot his full load inside her. Katharina was experienced enough that poor Agnes always had an orgasm when she was fucked. That wasn’t unusual. The guys dragged little Julia in and let Agnes go. Little Julia cried and sobbed, she didn’t want to be raped. The guys laughed, what, rape? Oh no, they didn’t want to do anything bad to her, just a little fucking. Julia stopped crying. “Well, fucking is fine.” Katharina held her breath. Julia was a smart girl, she escaped the worst treatment a woman could receive. Katharina sighed silently and listened as one after the other fucked Julia. Julia didn’t seem to have any orgasms, Katharina would have noticed that. Leo had cried for a moment when Julia let herself be fucked without saying a word, his Julia! He had fallen asleep, Katharina was still holding his cock in her hand. She felt that his cock was wriggling and twitching a little, Leo was obviously dreaming about fucking. Katharina also fell asleep now, letting go of Leo’s cock.

Katharina was instantly awake. Leo had laid on her back, his cock slid forward along the fold of her pussy, and that woke her up. Katharina hadn’t fucked anyone for four months, since her husband had moved to Leipzig. The most persistent admirers she had let her fuck between her pressed inner thighs and squirt on the floor. Not a single admirer was allowed to fuck her to the squirting end, never in her life! And now Leo penetrated her pussy from behind. She tried to shake him off, but it was so tight in the priest’s hole.

Katharina looked up, through the ventilation shaft, it was pitch black, it was obviously night. Leo had pulled the cloth off her shoulders and his hands were cupping Katharina's breasts. Katharina was only 32, her breasts were full and firm. Leo had now penetrated deep into her pussy and was playing excitingly with her teats. Silently. Katharina wanted to scold him, but she was soft and began to tremble with excitement, only slightly. She lowered her head in shame. She must have fallen forward in her sleep and Leo had made room for her. Then he climbed over her and lay behind her on her back.

Of course Leo knew since years very well, that he was not allowed to fuck his mother, his Katharina. It was many years ago, Little Leo had just entered puberty and had secretly watched his Dad fuck his Mom before Dad got up in the morning and rode to work. A bursting lust and sexual greed seized the little boy. He waited until he heard the horses' hooves. Katharina had uncovered herself and let her knees fall to the left and right. At that time he did not yet know that what Katharina was doing with her clit was called masturbating. He went to the bed and climbed between his Mom's thighs.

She let go of her clit and grabbed his cock. She smiled, "What are you doing!?" and he gasped, "Fuck you like Daddy!" She pulled the foreskin a little bit, it was a fine, beautiful and well-grown cock that she pressed against her pussy hole. "You've been spying again, you little rascal!" she murmured kindly. Leo lied, saying he had never watched before except this morning. Katharina saw that his foreskin still covered the entire glans. "Should I pull the foreskin back, my darling?" Leo shook his head. "That really hurts, Mom!" he whispered plaintively. "I've never really exposed my glans like Daddy does when he fucks you." Leo realized that he had let it slip.

Katharina shook her head back and forth. "You little spy, you!" She laughed and held the cock tightly. "You have to pull the foreskin back all the way, otherwise it won't work!" Leo gritted his teeth as Katharina tried to pull the foreskin back. "I have to pull it back all the way for it to work, my darling!" Leo held his breath and Katharina ripped the foreskin back over his glans with a quick firm jerk. "I can see my own glans, Mom!" Leo exclaimed enthusiastically.

Katharina looked searchingly into his eyes. “Yea, have you never...?” she asked and he said no. “So far I’ve only seen Daddy’s glans and cock when he fucks you sometimes in the early morning. I have never pulled my foreskin back completely because it hurt. I always envied Daddy for that!” Katharina asked, “And did it hurt a lot?” Leo said no, “No, not really. And do I always have to pull it back when I want to fuck?” She said yes, “Yes, otherwise it won’t work, otherwise you won’t be able to squirt.” Leo lowered his head. “I’ve never squirted, Mom!” Katharina smiled faintly. “So you haven’t fucked either.” It was more of a statement, not a question.

Katharina rubbed the cock for two seconds. He repeated persistently that he had seen their fucking many times. “I understand you very well, my darling!” Katharina smiled and let go of his cock. Leo immediately rammed the cock into her pussy hole and she sucked in a sharp breath. She held him by the shoulders, the little rascal.

The little boy imitated his father, thrusting and thrusting into that wonderfully soft, wet and warm hole as soon as he had started thrusting. Leo had never ejaculated before, he was completely surprised when he ejaculated inside. He looked into his Mom’s eyes, which smiled appeasingly. “You squirted much too quickly, my darling, take a few breaths before you fuck me again. Your cock stayed stiff and you have to keep fucking and squirting until it finally gets completely soft.” Leo nodded, Katharina was definitely right about that.

His cock had of course remained stiff, he continued to fuck her with greed. It was an animal reflex that controlled him. Katharina let him continue to fuck with a smile and only held him by the shoulders. He had to fuck very quickly and hard, he straightened up and remained motionless while his cock squirted endlessly jet after jet into her pussy hole. “You have to do it slowly, not so rushed,” she said and stroked his hair. “Your cock is still hard, so you have to do it again. Go slower and with very firm thrusts, and tell me before you squirt, then I have to do it very quickly!”

Leo fucked much more slowly now, he fucked carefully as she nodded in agreement. He racked his brain, what did she mean by ‘doing

it quickly' when he squirted inside? He must have fucked Katharina for a very long time. "It's coming now," the little one gasped and Katharina's finger raced on her clit, he noted in passing. He squirted with difficulty, it was hard work because Katharina's pussy hole danced tightly in her orgasm. Wow, that was damn fine, damn it, damn fine!

Now Mom picked him up and pulled out her little son's cock. She laid him on her chest. His cock was still stiff. She now pulled his foreskin back and forth rhythmically and Leo twitched a little each time she pulled the foreskin over the glans. "Why are you doing that, Mom?" he asked, because it was quite pleasant despite everything. "I'll do it with my fist and make you squirt until your cock is soft. You'll have to do that yourself in the future, so watch careful." Leo kept quiet and watched Katharina do it with her fist. The foreskin must have adapted because it no longer hurt when she pulled the foreskin all the way over the glans, energetically back and forth. She continued until his cock was soft. She let go of his cock and licked the sperm from her fingers. She stroked his hair and his face. "Shh, shh, my darling, it's over now," she whispered.

"I don't know why I did that, Mom!" he whispered softly, he was very sad and dead tired. She stroked his hair and became serious, deadly serious. "A son is not allowed to fuck his own mother, it is forbidden and a terrible crime! Promise me you will never do it again!" Little Leo stroked Katharina's breasts and swore it. "I didn't know that, Mom, I didn't want to do anything evil or bad to you!" He thought for a moment about whether he should reveal it. "I often see other men fucking you, Mom, then you pull the cock out and you press the cock between your inner thighs, so he has to squirt on the sheet. I wished always I could fuck you, Mom, because I love you so much!" He held his breath. Would she respond angrily with a headbutt? But Mom continued to stroke his hair and sighed deeply. "No, they're not allowed to squirt inside, only Dad is allowed to do that, because he's my husband. No, the others aren't allowed to squirt inside and you're not allowed either, because I'm your mother. It's something really awful and evil, that's why!" Katharina felt how hollow her own words sounded. But she had to forbid him, she repeated it several times. "Perhaps the maids would let themselves be fucked

by you, but I'm not sure of that. Of course I see that they fuck all the men who come to the farm. Try your luck, my little man!" Leo had fallen asleep on her chest from exhaustion. He never fucked her again, he didn't want to do anything awful and evil to her.

Leo fucked her now in the priest's hole very slowly. He whispered, "Mom, I've wanted to fuck you for a year, ever since I turned 14. I've been spying on you, I admit that in shame. I could see that you let the boys fuck for a short time and then clamped their cocks between your thighs, where they continued fucking and squirted on the sheets. I decided then to fuck you, Mom, because I love you with all my heart!" Katharina understood immediately. He had been quite strange lately, but now she understood everything.

They weren't allowed to make a sound, the whole house was asleep and you could hear every sound. Nevertheless, Leo gasped, Katharina gasped. He increased the pace and let go of her nipples. "I have to squirt, Mom!" he breathed and she nodded. He started to squirt. She had missed it for months, she sighed inaudibly. It was a shame that she let her own son fuck her. How often had she wished that a lover would break the rules and fuck and squirt inside her properly. But they were all impeccable men of honor, otherwise she wouldn't have let him get that near.

Katharina cheered and rejoiced in her heart, even though they were committing incest. Leo squirted inside, until the last drop. But he couldn't move, his cock stayed in Katharina's pussy hole and remained stiff. His breathing gradually calmed down. Katharina breathed very quietly, "Fuck me, Leo, keep fucking me!" He was eager to fuck her again. She reached between her legs and caressed his cock. He twitched when Katharina stroked his balls. Now he picked up speed and fucked like crazy. Katharina smiled because she had jumped over all the hurdles. A mother did not fuck her own son. A woman whose husband had gone to war did not fuck anyone and did not let anyone fuck her. A woman who committed incest had lost her honor.

Leo grabbed her hips and increased his speed. "I have to squirt again, Mom!" he whispered softly, "and at the same time I'm terribly

ashamed!” He stiffened and began to squirt inside. Katharina smiled and softened. He squirted full of desire and full of shame. A son was not allowed to fuck his mother, he had known that for a long time. He was very ashamed because he had dishonored his mother. Katharina felt every jet that Leo shot inside. She reached back over her shoulder and stroked Leo’s head of hair. She smiled as his head sank onto her shoulder and he fell asleep without a sound.

Katharina knew, of course, that Leo was right. She had received one or two lovers every week, all of them honest, respectable men and boys. She had let anyone who wanted to fuck her, on the condition that he didn’t squirt inside. Everyone promised, some said they would pull their cock out in time, of course. Some knew themselves better and said that they might not be able to do it in the heat of the fucking and she promised to pull his cock out herself.

She enjoyed fucking her lovers very much, she always masturbated while fucking, but only in secret. For many men, masturbating of their partner was emotionally difficult, some lost their erection while she was doing it. She knew that, she had fucked a lot of men before Laurenz, her husband, maybe even more than a hundred, but she never counted them. She didn’t really know why she called the boys and men admirers, it would be more accurate to speak of lovers. While she was married to Laurenz, she didn’t have a single lover. But when he went to war, the lovers came back. She loved being fucked so much, oh so much. Most of them could fuck her until she had rubbed her clit to orgasm. She always noticed when the boy or the man was about to squirt. She immediately pulled his cock out and clamped it between her inner thighs, Leo had seen that quite correctly. She let them continue to fuck there and squirt on the sheet.

She especially loved lovers who were younger than herself, some much more younger. They could fuck at least a second time, some even more often. She stroked the boy’s hair and thought of young Laurenz, who had taken her by storm. He fucked much better than anyone else, he was a wealthy young doctor who would soon take over his father’s large farm. They married and had two children, Leo and Eva. Katharina’s mother was a Wise Woman and a gifted healer. She took Eva in because the little girl was constantly ill. Katharina

and Laurenz visited their girl several times a month, they loved the child more than anything, but it was better to leave her with her grandmother until she got better.

Katharina was startled when the soldiers came back into the bedroom. Katharina saw in the air shaft that the sun was already high; she must have fallen asleep with Leo sleeping on her back. She was wide awake; Leo was sleeping deeply and quietly. The guys ripped Franziska's clothes off her body. She didn't want to be brutally raped, she sobbed. One of them calmed her down. She wouldn't suffer, he said, if she let herself be fucked voluntarily. Franziska must have agreed, because now Katharina could hear how she was being fucked. She only heard the panting of the two fuckers. Clever Franziska, good child! Katharina murmured inaudibly. She gave herself up voluntarily to avoid the brutal rape. Katharina counted; there were 8 guys who fucked Franziska one after the other. Franziska only had an orgasm with the fourth guy, that was clearly audible. After that Franziska had an orgasm with each one after that, she cheered and rejoiced quietly. The 8 men let her go, because several guys were dragging the fat Elisabeth in. She laughed loudly as they ripped her clothes off. "You want to fuck me, don't you?" the fat girl shouted, laughing. "That's fine," Elisabeth continued, "you don't have to hurt me, I like being fucked!" Katharina breathed a sigh of relief, Elisabeth was also smart enough to give in. She was fucked by 11 men one after the other, she encouraged each one to squirt inside. Leo had woken up, Katharina put her hand over his mouth to keep him quiet.

Of course Katharina had noticed Leo's morning erection and smiled. She stroked his head and whispered, "If you have to fuck now, that's okay with me." Leo laid his head on her shoulder and whispered, "Mom, I dishonored you yesterday, can you forgive me?" Katharina nodded, "Yes, of course! And you didn't dishonor me, you just fucked me. That doesn't dishonor me at all! Honor is honor, fucking is fucking! You saw for yourself how many lovers have fucked me in the past year, and not a single one of them dishonored me!" Leo didn't quite agree with her. "You didn't let any of them squirt inside you, the fucking before the squirting doesn't count!" the boy said.

Katharina didn't answer. It was as he had said. "You are now one of those who were allowed to fuck and squirt inside me. I don't feel dishonored, not at all!" She stroked Leo's hair. "Don't worry so much," she breathed tonelessly, "you wanted to fuck me and I let you fuck me. That's all there is to it." Leo's cock was stiff as a rock. "I have to go again, Mom!" he whispered softly. Katharina smiled, "of course, my little darling, go ahead!" Leo slowly penetrated her from behind. His face was beaming, Katharina's pussy hole was soft and firm, he loved that very much. He fucked her from behind and squirted inside. Katharina smiled when she felt the hard jets of sperm as he squirted inside. Leo was a good boy! She let Leo fuck her from behind as often as he could. He was very eager to fuck her as often as possible.

Katharina often thought about her life and her development during this time. Her devout and bigot mother who did not like Katharina sleeping with her bedridden father. Mom scolded him like a damn old goose because he was already masturbating the child when she was 5 or 6 years old. The little one did not yet understand why he wrestled with Mom every night and then fucked her victoriously. When Mom was defeated, she made a face like a dumb bunny and willingly let Dad fuck her, smiling and stupidly. He, however, was fixated on masturbating the child after fucking Mom. He explained orgasm to his daughter with a smile, and at the age of 10 she masturbated herself again after orgasm.

There were loud and nasty words when she was 13 and Dad wanted to fuck her properly. Her mother hit him, screaming, when he lay between his daughter's thighs. She prevented them from fucking for months, but one day she packed her things and ran off with an Italian mandolin player. Dad knew, of course, that Mom had been having affairs all these years, he knew about it. As soon as she was gone, he deflowered 13-year-old Katharina and fucked her whenever he felt like it. He had no objections when Katharina took her lovers home to fuck. Dad had drilled into her that this was the only way he could protect her from abuse and brutality. Katharina thought it was perfectly natural that Dad watched her fucking. The lover had to leave in the evening at the latest, regardless of whether he had fucked

Katharina only once or several times in the afternoon. Dad loved her with all his heart and fucked her later, usually again at night.

When the Hofstätter turned up, the atmosphere became tense. Papa remembered painfully that he and Mama had betrothed Katharina to the Hofstätter immediately after her birth, because they received a fortune for it. Now the young Hofstätter came and demanded his bride. Papa could stall him, Katharina was not yet 18 and could not yet get married. This was of course complete nonsense, because at that time many girls were already getting married at 14. But the dumb Hofstätter was happy to to fuck Katharina. Papa and she did not think much of the groom, he was a damn bad fucker and by character a brutal, rich petty criminal. Papa and Katharina discussed very often how they could break off the engagement. Katharina had fallen head over heels in love with the young doctor Laurenz and was expecting his child. Only then did the Hofstätter give up and swore bloody revenge. Katharina shuddered, because the hapless courtier had murdered Laurenz in the military camp outside Leipzig.

The mercenaries had finished with Elisabeth and chased her out laughing. They had dragged Agnes, the young maid, back in again. She called out weakly that they should please, please, not squirt inside her anymore, she didn't want to get pregnant! The men laughed loudly and slapped Agnes' buttocks with their hands. Then they threw the maid onto the bed and the first one started to fuck her. Leo got very horny when Agnes moaned, he grabbed Katharina's breasts from behind and twirled her teats devotedly. She liked that very much, of course, and whispered as she started masturbating that he should fuck her right away. Leo fucked Katharina over and over again, as often as he could. They had been locked up in the priest's hole for three days now, the guys had fucked Julia and Franziska all day long. Now they left. They disappeared with loud noises.

Katharina breathed a sigh of relief. They were thirsty and hungry, she happily let Leo finish fucking her and finished herself masturbating, she was very relieved after the orgasm. She hugged Leo as best she could in this confined space. "They're gone, Leo, we can go out!" They waited a long time, but there was no more noise. Katharina

opened the little door and slipped out, putting the cloth around her shoulders. She froze.

A mercenary was sitting on the chair, grinning broadly. Katharina quickly closed the door behind her. She spoke to the man so that Leo could hear that she was not alone, that the coast was not clear. The mercenary let his weapons belt and trousers slide to the floor. The guy ripped the cloth from Katharina's shoulder and clicked his tongue. He threw the naked beautiful woman onto the bed, the scenario was completely clear. He rubbed his cock for just a moment, then he penetrated Katharina's pussy hole. He fucked her hard and brutally, but after a short while she was hot and masturbated, as she always did when she enjoyed the fucking. Her orgasm came before he straightened up to squirt.

At that moment his face twisted into a grimace of pain. Leo was behind him and stabbed his back with a dagger, over and over again. The mercenary roared loudly and turned around. He rammed his dagger right into Leo's chest, then he collapsed to the ground, gasping. Leo sank on Katharina. She grabbed him. "Mom, he killed me!" Leo gasped and closed his eyes. "Help, help!" Katharina screamed with all her might, "Here, girls, to my bedroom! Come quickly, everyone come here!" she screamed and hugged Leo.

Leo died in Katharina's arms. She held him tight, tears running down her cheeks. "Leo, oh Leo!" she cried over and over, but Leo was dead. Four girls surrounded her and cried with her. Leo had fucked all four of them, one and a second every afternoon. They told him which one he was allowed to fuck today, the others just watched him fucking. And now he lay there, their lover, pale and waxen in the face. Katharina gave the order to throw the mercenary into the river, she did not want to bury him on her property. Two girls dragged him to the river.

The other two girls dug a grave next to the house. The ground was soft, it had previously been a herb bed. The two girls returned from the river soaking wet. "He wasn't quite dead yet, mistress! We held his head under the water for 10 minutes, then he was dead, the bastard! We let him float down the river!" Katharina nodded silently.

“Good! Now let’s bury Leo properly!” They laid Leo in the grave as he was, bloodied and naked, and shoveled earth over him. Franziska fetched a Bible from the house and read a few random passages for a long time. — At that time it was not yet customary to call a priest for a funeral. — They all stood still and silent, then Agnes went to Katharina and hugged her comfortingly. No one said a word, they all hugged Katharina comfortingly.

Katharina was paralyzed for two weeks. Her maids took care of the household and everything else. Katharina woke up with a start. She got up from the chair she had been sitting on for 14 days. She went to the river and bathed until she was cold. Then she got on her horse and rode to her mother. They cried all day; his grandmother had loved Leo very much. Katharina said nothing about the priest’s hole, about the fucking. Her mother caressed Katharina’s hair and said, “it was right to let him fuck you before Death took him away!” Katharina never found out how she could have known. Magic. Her mother decided to let Eva go with Katharina, she gave her a large sack of tea blossoms, Eva had to drink the tea every day.

Eva was already 13 and a great help to Katharina, who was only slowly getting over Leo’s death. The Thirty Years’ War raged on, but Katharina’s farmhouse was largely spared. Soldiers came by every few weeks, one after the other fucked Katharina and left Eva alone, she was still a child. Katharina no longer took lovers, Laurenz had been murdered in Leipzig, said the Kramsbichler, who had gone to war with Laurenz. The Hofstätter had killed him because of Katharina. She knew about the Hofstätter, he was the one who couldn’t let Katharina go, not after she was promised to him and she was letting Hofstätter fuck her. But she only loved Laurenz.

Kramsbichler fucked Katharina for a week, day and night. He was a good-natured man of 40. He wasn’t really a good fucker, but he wanted to fuck the beautiful young widow as often as he could. Katharina let him fuck her with a smile, he was the last person to see Laurenz alive. Eva stood under the door and always watched when Kramsbichler fucked Katharina. It rarely lasted longer than ten minutes, then the good man straightened up and squirted into Katharina’s pussy hole. That was the moment when Eva retreated to the

children's room and sat cross-legged on the bed. Her grandmother had taught her years ago how to masturbate. Kramsbichler only stayed for a week and then set off for the East, where the war was now taking a break.

Katharina and Eva worked the fields, Katharina pulled the cart with the cabbage heads to the market in Magdeburg and sold them. She usually flirted with a handsome guy and let him fuck her hard, that was an integral part of her market trip. The months ticked by, in May the Catholic general had the imperial troops attack and devastate the city of Magdeburg.

When she let a young guy fuck her several times in a row after the market, the strong-loined boy reminded her of Leo. He disappeared when he had squirted a fourth time and could no longer ejaculate. Katharina cried again after a long time, she cried for Leo, who was killed when he wanted to save her honor, the dear boy! Katharina decided at that moment never to fuck again.

Then, one evening, Franz Herrnthaler from Schwaz in Tyrol lay bleeding and badly injured in front of her door.

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