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**Inside Mom's
blooming Rose**

Vol. 4

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Johnny, Jenny and Wendy

by Jack Faber © 2024

Jenny was only 15 when she gave birth to her son Johnny. The administrators complied with the law and sterilized her immediately after Johnny's birth because Jenny was considered insane. Johnny was placed in state care, moving from foster home to foster home. At that time, in the 1920s, schizophrenia and split personality, as we would call it today, were unknown. And Jenny was thought to be crazy.

Jenny had forced Wendy to hide. She was only 14 and did not want to share her beloved, Ronald Vanderbilt, with Wendy. Wendy was still the weaker one at the time and hid from Ronald. Jenny didn't want him to find out that Wendy was also living in Jenny's mind. Ronald would not have cared at all, he was only intent on fucking the sweet little girl. That's exactly what he did, he deflowered Jenny and only Wendy screamed briefly when he deflowered her, but Ronald didn't notice and fucked the little girl for two weeks. Then he moved on to the next town. That's what he always did, the vagabond.

Jenny lived from hand to mouth, or from pussy to mouth. In Petty Gulch, which had been founded as a trading post before the Civil War, there were now almost 400,000 people living. But Petty Gulch was a huge crime den through and through, and the expanding Mafia had also made itself at home here. Wendy only needed 4 or 5 paying customers a week to make ends meet.

Johnny was placed in a foster family at the age of 12, where the foster mother was keen on her foster sons. She seduced each of them, and the boys rarely stayed for more than three months. Johnny was old enough, she thought. The foster father was only there as a formality, she had let him fuck her to ensure his cooperation. So she lured Johnny into her bed. He had had no sexual experience other than childish doctor games. Now she had him lying next to her, they were both naked, and she wanted to play doctor with him. His ears turned red when he saw the naked woman, he had never seen a naked adult woman before. They gradually began to play quite casu-

ally with each other, and Johnny was amazed when she made him squirt with her fist. He had never ejaculated before. Now he was allowed to lie between the doctor's thighs and put his cock in her pussy. That's how Johnny learned to fuck. And he loved fucking, she was very willing and always ready to let the boy fuck her. He stayed with her for almost a year, then she sold him. Yes, she sold Johnny.

Vic, actually Victoria, was the mistress of a local gang boss. Fat Al, as Alonso Furtivo was disrespectfully called, led his gang with a firm hand. He had picked Vic up on the street when she was 15 and kept her; it was to be a long relationship. But young Vic was getting older, at 30 she was too old for Fat Al. He had long since picked up the next minor girl, Vic was out. She didn't accept that. She stuck a long hat pin in the space between his collarbone and shoulder, the tip penetrated his heart, although he didn't notice. A very mean way to kill someone, but Fat Al was not Vic's first murder. Vic was no longer there when Al collapsed dead. He had bled to death internally, the police closed the investigation. Vic was fine.

Vic knew the foster mother from before, from the prostitution business. That's how the deal was made. Johnny didn't mind, he was used to being pushed around. He switched to Vic, she was quite pretty, younger than the foster mother and eager to learn. There was no reason not to tell Vic, so Johnny said he had been fucking the foster mother for almost a year, since he turned 13. Vic reassured him that if he wanted to, of course he could fuck her if he wanted to. So it just happened that Johnny fucked Vic night after night. She loved to fuck, passionately and eager to have an orgasm. Vic wasn't masturbating then and fucking was her only source of orgasm.

But Vic was running out of the money she had stolen from Fat Al. She needed a new breadwinner. She chose Manny Junior, a very good-natured Mafia hitman. He solved the problem and dumped the body in the river, then he got his money. He had been in love with Vic for a long time, and the fact that she now had a 14 or 15 year old son did not bother him at all. He now had a family of his own, a woman he loved with all his heart and who let him fuck her passionately every night. Of course he had already suspected that Johnny and Vic fucked every day, but he did not let that stop him from loving

Vic and living with her. Vic was sensitive enough to hide it from Manny. She let Johnny fuck her in the afternoon and Manny at night. Johnny had turned 15 and wanted to do something. Just lying around was not enough for him. He talked a lot with Manny, because Manny didn't hide what he did for a living.

Johnny was so excited that he wanted to become a contract killer for the Mafia too. But it turned out that he was a very mediocre shooter, actually a very bad shooter. Manny shook his head. An assassin had to be able to shoot, that's that! "And how about a long gun?" Johnny asked dejectedly. Manny thought for a moment, then nodded. They went to the shooting range and Johnny shot. He was perfect for it. Manny bought him a very good gun, a Remington Repeater Rifle with a hexagonal barrel and a Swiss telescopic sight. That was a good gift.

15-year-old Johnny accompanied Manny to his next job. Johnny shot the target in the head from 250 meters away. Manny was satisfied and gave him half the money. Manny was happy about the development, it saved him the risky approach to the victim. Johnny had no pangs of conscience, he wasn't too close. Manny regularly took him to Mafia meetings. Johnny didn't carry a revolver, a knife had to do in an emergency, but it was never necessary.

At one of these meetings he saw Bonny for the first time. He was paralyzed, he fell in love for the first time, the 16-year-old. Bonny was the second head of the Barrow gang, who sought cooperation with the Mafia. But nothing came of it. Johnny, however, couldn't take his eyes off Bonny. She was actually tough, not a beauty. She seemed to be dragging her leg, but Johnny didn't see it. He was completely in love with her, he loved her madly. The fact that she was practically the wife of Barrow, the gang leader, didn't bother him. It was just a small hurdle.

Johnny approached the members of the Barrow gang. He found out when they would rob which bank. He took up position opposite the bank. The criminals stormed out of the bank, the policemen after them. Johnny shot several policemen in the leg, so that they gave up the chase. Johnny showed up at the gang's uninvited. He was carry-

ing the Remington in his backpack, only the barrel sticking out. Clyde Barrow wasn't particularly impressed, but Bonny liked the cheeky guy. She took him in because he was so cheeky and she was in a marital fight with Clyde.

Bonny slept alone, next to Clyde. Johnny realized that this was his chance. He lay down next to Bonny. She raised her eyebrows when he snuggled up to her inner thighs from behind. Clyde noticed immediately, turned his back to the two of them and tried to go to sleep. Johnny, the cheeky guy, did something that none of the Barrow gang would have dared to do. He lifted up Bonny's skirt. She raised her eyebrows, but that was all. Maybe Clyde could be provoked, she thought and pushed her panties aside. Johnny entered Bonny's pussy hole without a sound and waited a moment. She softened herself, she relaxed her pussy muscles. She was inviting him to fuck her. Johnny almost burst with happiness. He was in the pussy hole of his beloved maid and she took him in, she didn't beat him away.

Johnny fucked her from behind, with his eyes closed. He had reached the goal of his desires. He was just about to squirt inside when Bonny reached back and pulled his cock out, she didn't want him to squirt inside and did the last few movements with her fist. He paused briefly, Bonny held his cock, which didn't soften as quickly as Clyde's. He pressed it onto her hand and pressed his cock back into her pussy hole.

He continued to fuck Bonny from behind, this time taking a very long time. Bonny had her first orgasm from fucking and put a finger on her clit in disbelief. She calmed down and felt him just increase his pace and squirt inside. She was so amazed that she completely forgot to pull his cock out.

He got stuck in her pussy hole and Bonny felt that the guy wasn't finished yet. He fucked her again after a short while, she was already too tired to masturbate. This is exactly why her orgasm came completely unexpectedly. They both had simultaneous orgasms, he squirted in the middle of her orgasm because she had lost all control. They fell asleep, after he curled up next to her.

Johnny traveled around the States with the Barrow gang for about 4 months. Clyde Barrow didn't give him a single cent. He thought Johnny was well paid because he got to fuck Bonny every night. Clyde was also a little jealous and worried because Johnny fucked Bonny two or three times every night. Bonny was blossoming, she had already fucked a dozen men, but no one fucked as well as Johnny. Even better than the uncle who had deflowered her as a child and who she had thought was the best so far. The Barrow gang became a little careless, partly because Clyde had his mind elsewhere, but also because the Barrow gang could rely on Johnny. He watched over their escape like God. Johnny only shot the policemen in the legs, which stopped the pursue. And shooting policemen dead was very, very dangerous.

So it happened that Bonny Parker and Clyde Barrow fled in their Ford V8, but they couldn't get away. They gave the police a heated battle, a legendary shootout. Their car and their bodies were riddled with bullets. The police were proud of their success and put the car and their bodies on display. Johnny arrived in a stolen car, he took one last look at Clyde and Bonny, he had to drive on immediately, blinded by tears.

Vic and Manny were shocked when he showed up again. A lot had happened in those 7 months. A sociology student from Petty Gulch wanted to write a paper on adoption matters and came up with Jenny. Inga Johansson was very methodical, like a good detective she followed Johnny's trail from foster family to foster family, she even tracked down the last foster mother and interrogated her until she admitted to having seduced him and letting little Johnny fuck her for a year. She also admitted to having sold him to her intimate friend four years ago. She gave Victoria's address. That's how Inga ended up with Vic and Manny. But she had no luck because Johnny was no longer there. And she had no luck either because Manny became suspicious and locked Inga in the basement. End of the line.

Manny wanted to know everything, but Inga had nothing to say. She didn't understand at all why Manny and Vic locked her up. Manny injected her with heroin twice a day to make her submissive. She was addicted in no time. After a week she was ready to tell

Manny everything. Before she started studying she had only had a few harmless lesbian experiences, she only had one boyfriend at university who deflowered and fucked her regularly. She wanted to marry him after she finished studying. And she had sent a report to her own address every day to use later for her work. Manny had kept the heroin from her, he didn't know what to do anymore. Inga begged and promised to do anything. "Everything?" asked Manny. Inga nodded and let Manny fuck her for a heroin injection. Every day, twice. For weeks.

Vic was jealous of Inga. Manny fucked Inga twice a day and didn't fuck Vic at all anymore. She had to kill Inga, that was for sure. She mixed cyanide into the heroin and Manny injected it into Inga. The student died like a dog, completely alone, in the basement. Vic told Manny what she had done and why. Manny was stunned; they had a body in the basement. Our Manny didn't think much, otherwise he would have realized that Vic could have killed him too. He disposed of Inga's body in the river at night, where it was only discovered by chance. Her violent death hit the university like a bomb. Her friend and lover searched through her daily reports and found Jenny, Johnny and Vic. The police questioned Vic and Manny, but there was not the slightest suspicion. They said that Inga was there, but Johnny wasn't. Inga had gone away with her boyfriend. That was a new twist. They were looking for the unknown man. And now Johnny was standing in the door.

He was welcome, of course. Vic hugged him full of joy and sexual desire. Little by little Johnny opened up and told them everything. Barrow gang, Clyde, the robberies. And Bonny, his great love, who let him fuck her every night. He cried when he told of the terrible end of their lives. Vic comforted him, she understood something about love. She and Manny loved the boy, each in his own way. Life went on.

Inga's boyfriend got the ball rolling. He took Johnny to his biological mother, Jenny, and took care of all the formalities. Johnny was given into his mother's care by court order. Vic and Manny hugged him goodbye, saying he could come back at any time if things didn't work out with Jenny.

Jenny now received state support payment and Wendy no longer had to work as a prostitute. She lived in a tiny apartment, a one-room apartment. Kitchen and shower in the living room, toilet in the hallway. She made dinner and went into the shower. Johnny sat at the table and watched her shower. She was a stranger to him, although he immediately felt a connection to her. After all, she was his mother. She had told him everything. The care had taken its toll on Johnny forever, and she was branded as crazy and sterilized. The long years she had to sell her body to earn money. But she never felt like a whore, never. That was Wendy.

He watched her carefully. She was 35 or 34 years old, a little chubby and otherwise of impeccable build. Beautiful, full breasts, neatly trimmed pubic hair and a pretty nice ass. Johnny had only seen the last foster mother, Vic and Bonny naked. They were all about as pretty as his mother. That was good, very good in fact, he told himself, because he had decided to fuck her while he was showering. She was sitting naked on a chair and watching his muscular body. Only now did he discover that Jenny was talking to herself. Inga's friend had prepared him for it, but now he saw it for himself. He turned off the water and listened to her.

Jenny said, "Wendy, be a good girl, we have to sleep in the same bed as him. Be nice and hold back!" Wendy replied laughing, "Jenny, you have a fine son, no question about it. Look how he strokes his cock, it's already half hard! I think we're going to fuck him today, both of us!" Johnny held his breath, this is going to be a fun game. Wendy said, "Jenny, don't be so sour, we'll both get our turn, no question about it." Johnny went to the bed, but it wasn't a double bed, just a slightly wider single bed. It was actually Wendy's workspace. But like the whole apartment, it was very nice and cleanly decorated. He lay down in bed, Jenny followed him. He shuddered when their naked bodies touched.

Johnny wanted to know what it was like with Jenny and Wendy. "We're like twins, I'm only a few months younger than Wendy," Jenny answered. "Say our names if you want to speak to one of us," Jenny concluded. "We live together like identical twins," said Wendy, "we have no secrets from each other. I masturbate Jenny every night

and she masturbates me, even when she's dead tired after orgasming. Capiesch?" asked Wendy and reached for his cock. Jenny interrupted her. "Take your fingers away, Wendy! He's my son and I won't let you do it!" Johnny was fascinated. "Wendy, tell me, do you masturbate Jenny every night?" Wendy nodded in the affirmative. "Every night, without exception!" Johnny continued, "Jenny, if you like, Wendy can do it for you, she's already horny as hell today!" Jenny lowered her gaze to the sheet. "Yes, good!" She lay back and opened her thighs like every night. She lent Wendy her finger, which she immediately masturbated with. Johnny just watched and listened to the whispering of the two girls. Jenny remained the passive one, Wendy went all out. It was soon time for Jenny to run towards orgasm. She was not surprised by the orgasm, she was already expecting it. Johnny held Jenny's other hand while she trembled and twitched in orgasm. Then she smiled at him.

"Now it's Jenny's turn, she's doing it to me." Jenny's fingers twitched towards her clit. After a minute Wendy gasped, "Johnny, come, fuck me while Jenny does it to me!" Johnny didn't need a second invitation. He fucked Wendy, he squirted for a long time before Wendy twitched and wriggled violently in orgasm. Her orgasm was somehow different to Jenny's. Wendy smiled like a full fed cat. Jenny sat up. "It's strange, Johnny, that you fucked Wendy without any remorse. But I'm not up for it, you're my son, not Wendy's! So don't get too big-headed, you won't fuck me!" Johnny nodded, "I understand, Jenny, I understand! But Wendy, ... ?"

Wendy had pricked up her ears. "Johnny, Johnny, do you really want to fuck me again?" Johnny nodded in the affirmative. "I have to fuck twice every night, and since Jenny doesn't want to..." Wendy got herself into position. "So, what are you waiting for?" So it happened that Johnny fucked Wendy twice that night, and she argued with Jenny during the fucking. He came happily into Wendy's pussy hole; she was just as good at fucking as Bonny. That was a very good development; he still loved Bonny with all his heart. He was very happy that Jenny's and Wendy's pussy hole felt like Bonny's. The foster mother had long since been beaten off and forgotten. Vic's pussy hole was definitely different; it was more scratchy and wild; Vic fucked

very wildly and insanely demanding. Wendy was much more delicate to fuck than Vic, definitely.

It went on like this for weeks, he was only allowed to fuck Wendy and always had to wait until Wendy had finished masturbating Jenny and then Jenny was masturbating Wendy in turn. Only now was Johnny allowed to penetrate and fuck Wendy. Sometimes he came right in the middle of Wendy's orgasm, but sometimes he came a little earlier. He just couldn't stand to keep up this rhythm any longer.

He just couldn't wait any longer, he started to fuck Jenny while Wendy's finger masturbated her. Jenny tried to resist, but Wendy scolded her terribly. "I worked as a prostitute for you for years to support us. And now you're being bitchy, even though you haven't been properly fucked for decades. So shut up now, our little Johnny really fucks well. You should be grateful to him!" Wendy and Jenny were angrily silent. Jenny pulled herself together. "It's not right to let my son fuck me, you know that very well." Johnny did not interfere in the twins' argument. He enjoyed fucking Jenny very much. She was sexually starved, her body reacted happily and Jenny had a big orgasm and then several small ones until Wendy triggered her last orgasm. Johnny smoked three cigarettes, then he fucked Wendy. It was the first time that Jenny refused to masturbate Wendy while fucking.

The next few months passed like this, Johnny fucked Jenny and then Wendy. He had long since stopped listening to Jenny moaning and sniffing. Wendy spoke to him. "The state allowance is no longer enough, we have used up all our savings. I have to go back to working as a prostitute, now, immediately." Johnny lowered his head, he had also spent all his money. He also had to work with Manny again.

Johnny sat motionless at the table when Wendy brought a customer over. She took off all her clothes because she had to shower immediately after fucking. When she was fucked, she crouched down on her knees and elbows and only let herself be fucked from behind. Never from the front, only Johnny was allowed to do that. He was reading an old book and only winked now and then at Wendy, who was letting the customer fuck her. He had spoken to Manny and he

was supposed to come back in four weeks. So he sat at the table day after day and watched Wendy fuck.

Manny had work for him. The Mafia, his employer, was fighting on several fronts. There were several major gangs that were rebelling against the Mafia. Manny and Johnny were responsible for taking out as many as possible. They worked hard and decimated the gangsters. But something had changed, Manny. He always sought out the widows before they even received the death notice of her husband. He used all his skills, but sometimes also violence. But he had to have and fuck all these women or their daughters! Johnny was very surprised when he discovered it. Manny was only generous if the woman had a daughter. Otherwise, they took turns fucking the future widows one after the other until they were exhausted. They left the violently fucked woman grinning. Women were fair game in 1936, no question about it.

It was a completely different story if she had a daughter. Manny was crazy about daughters, the younger the better. "Take the old one, I'll take the young one." That was really very generous, most of the mothers were still very young, almost all under 30. He led her into the bedroom and assured her that the child would not be harmed. Half reluctantly, half willingly and horny, she let Johnny undress her. They fucked for over 15 minutes, but she didn't have an orgasm, not with hkm, not with her husband, not with her short-term lovers.

Manny undressed the little girl and sat her on his thighs. He questioned the girl thoroughly while playing with her tiny clit. Of course she had seen the fucking from a distance when the fat Mrs. Wagner paid the rent to the janitor, twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays. But she had never really seen it, just the janitor's jiggling ass. And no, she didn't know anything about masturbating yet. She lay on her belly to go to sleep, pressed the heel of her hand to her pussy and rolled quickly back and forth. Then came the explosion in her pussy and she fell asleep immediately. Manny was really excited and explained to the child about deflowering and fucking. The child was on the one hand completely confused and on the other hand very curious and horny. Manny stuck his cock between her labia and gave the pussy enough time to adjust itself. He deflowered the little girl with a small

jerk and could only penetrate halfway. No, she won't scream, she assured him and Manny took his paw from her mouth. She smiled uncertainly because being fucked was very strange. She stared at her pussy hole and at his cock, which squirted its juice into her. Manny and Johnny, who called themselves Greg and Charly when they were fucking, left quickly and quietly.

When they got home, Vic was waiting for her two heroes. They of course didn't say a word about fucking the widow. She let Manny and Johnny fuck her, then she listened to the report about the murder. After that, Manny and Johnny sat down on the stone steps in front of the house. Johnny was deeply disturbed. "You fucked an 8-year-old, Manny!" he said in a sad voice. Manny shook his head. "She's 9, almost 10. And she wanted it, she was curious and horny after I stimulated her clit." Johnny looked down, Manny was right. "Whatever, Manny, I could never fuck a girl that young. Let's just leave it at that, we're very different."

The war between the gangs continued. Manny and Johnny often got into trouble and had to shoot their way out. One time, Little Ben, a six-foot giant and son of a Norwegian trapper and a Huron squaw from the Canadian border, was chasing them. He was the Whitlock gang's best tracker. Suddenly he appeared behind them, Johnny was looking through the scope into the Whitlocks' courtyard. Manny, who was looking through the binoculars, quickly rolled onto his back. Little Ben was surprised and was hit in the chest by Manny's .45 caliber bullets. Manny dragged the body to the cliff and threw him off. They killed both Whitlocks with a head shot from the hills.

The Whitlocks' house was guarded by 3 men. Manny tied them like calves, with their hands on their ankles and lying on their bellies. They went into the house. The older woman made no trouble, she just threatened that her husband would slit their throats. Manny and Johnny knew better. Manny grabbed the younger one and dragged her into the bedroom. The Indian woman reluctantly let Manny undress her and remained silent as he fucked her. Johnny threw the older one on the bed next to the Indian woman and fucked her silently and doggedly. He and Manny swapped and fucked the Whit-

lock women in turn. Johnny didn't like it very much and soon stopped.

Days later they were running for their lives, an angry mob behind them. Manny knew how to escape. One thing was clear, though, someone in the Mafia family had betrayed them. Manny was ice cold, he became stingy with information in the family. They disappeared into the dark. They lay in wait. The heads of the Dixon gang were in their crosshairs. A Pinkerton sheriff appeared behind them. Johnny rolled to the side and fired two bullets at the Pinkerton man with his Remington Cherokee. He hit him in the stomach. Manny got up and shot the poor guy in the temple. The second Pinkerton man ran away, escaping Manny's bullets. But the Pinkerton sheriffs never gave up. They followed the trail of blood.

They had gotten rid of old Dixon and his son. Manny went purposefully into the Dixon house. They were two young women, they were Dixon's sisters. It was soon clear that they were also their lovers. Manny clicked his tongue, that was a surprise! The sisters were not very pretty, Johnny and Manny took turns fucking them and soon left them. The sisters let themselves be fucked with total indifference and without any passion, which was very disappointing.

The gang wars had already lasted for 5 years, Manny and Johnny did their job well without getting a scratch. The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor ended their careers. President Roosevelt drafted the young men of the USA, including Manny and Johnny. Johnny became a radio operator, which was a fairly new thing at the time. He was stationed in the National Reconnaissance Unit near Boston. He really enjoyed radio work. Italy was finished in 1943, Johnny had long had a good contact with the Italians. Both sides kept the telephone line open, the Italians listened laughingly when Johnny fucked one of the many radio mice, the Italians laughed. "He had 'edited' her!" shouted the Italians across the Atlantic. Whatever they meant by that. The female assistants fell victim to Johnny's charm in droves. In war, women tended to be more promiscuous than in peacetime, they sought sexual adventures like never before.

Johnny had to take part in D-Day 1944, he died on the second day and was buried in Colleville-sur-Mer.

Manny lived with Jenny and Wendy for a few years after Vic's death and consoled both of them over Johnny's death. He knew Jenny and Wendy very well, Johnny had told him a lot about his mother and her invisible twin. He had met them when Johnny was still alive, but he was only allowed to fuck Wendy as often as he wanted, never Jenny. Johnny smiled very contentedly, because Wendy was a really excellent fucker. Jenny only let Manny fuck her after Johnny's death, she was much more reserved and shy towards Manny than Wendy, but Manny liked to fuck both of them.

But 5 years later Manny disappeared in the forests of Alaska.

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Frank and the Succubus

by Jack Faber © 2024

Frank's mother, a 23 years old, who lived alone with Frank, showered him every evening. He was used to her nakedness because she left the small light on all night because she was afraid of ghosts and evil spirits. She had never fucked a man after Frank was born, she masturbated every night before going to sleep. Frank saw her masturbating every night, but it got boring after a while.

He was standing in the bathtub and she was showering him. He had already turned 8 and was secretly peeping under his eyelids. She had been squatting down lately and her pussy slit looked very hot from this perspective. As always, he got an erection and she rubbed his cock clean in the warm rain of the shower. As always.

But this time his cock started to squirt. His mother was very surprised, Frank was only 8! But she took note of it, she was a stupid, patient sheep lamb by nature. She accepted the events of life unaffected and phlegmatically indifferent. She couldn't change anything anyway. "Aha!" she said and waited until Frank had finished squirting. With long, firm strokes she rubbed the last drops out of his urethra, as she vaguely remembered that this was necessary. "Aha!" she repeated, "so you've become a man now!"

Frank was surprised himself, he had never ejaculated. He immediately thought of the porn he secretly watched. He was a man now, Mom had whispered in disbelief. In the porn, the men fucked the girls and ejaculated inside them, or the girls let him ejaculate in their mouths. Mom would never do that, Frank knew that very well. But he was determined to fuck her. Yes, to fuck her!

The best time would probably be right after she had masturbated, after her violent, but suppressed orgasm. There she lay, completely exhausted and worn out, it was only good if he mounted and fucked her at that moment. She would probably resist, but he was stronger than her and would hold her irontight. "After your orgasm, I'm going

to fuck you today, Mom!” he said as he got out of the bathtub to let her dry himself off. “No, never!” she breathed, frightened, “you can’t fuck your own mother!” Frank just gave her an angry look, then went into the bedroom and into bed.

He played with the foreskin as he always did while she prepared herself. “You didn’t mean that, did you?” she asked as her finger began to rub her clit. Frank shook his head defiantly. “Yes, I said that!” he repeated. She sighed, as she always did when she started to sprint. Every night she said “In God’s name!” before she started to sprint. Frank knew it all by heart, she would moan just before orgasm, “Oh Mother God, help!” and as her orgasm subsided she would whisper “Thank you, Lord Jesus Christ!” Frank hated this bigoted moans, but she did it every night. It wasn’t bigotry, she just learned it from her father, who fucked her every night when she was young.

The mother shuddered and suppressed the twitch, perhaps to hide the orgasm from her child. “Thank you, Lord Jesus Christ!” she sighed and stretched out exhausted. After 10 minutes she would sleep. But Frank sat up and knelt between her thighs. Her legs and thighs gave willingly way as he spread them. His cock slid easily into her wet pussy hole. He had already put his cock in her pussy hole a thousand times, and inside it trembled so gently after she thanked the Lord Jesus Christ. But he had never fucked her before. But now! She sighed deeply, “You can’t just fuck me like that, that’s indecent!” She sighed deeply, “You can’t just fuck me like that, that’s very indecent!” she whispered and at the same time she made herself very soft so that he could penetrate deeply. “In God’s name!” she breathed, “Fucking your own mother is really very, very indecent!” she said quietly as Frank continued to fuck her. “Oh, all you Saints!” was the last thing he heard from her. He fucked her for ages before it came inside him. “I’m going to squirt inside, Mom!” he announced, panting. It was safe, since she hadn’t had a period since he was born. “Oh, Mother of God, forgive me, we’re committing a sin!” she breathed.

Frank grabbed her hips and squirted inside her for ages. Smiling, she reached down and held his cock so that it wouldn’t slip out when he squirted. “Lord Jesus Christ!” she moaned loudly as he squirted inside, repeating that cry at each jet of sperm. She pulled his cock out

and rubbed the last drops out of his urethra with long, strong strokes. Frank sank down next to her, he was completely exhausted and just wanted to sleep. But she was drooling about how indecent, how disgusting it was to fuck your own mother!

It wasn't until she noticed that Frank had fallen asleep that she fell silent. He probably hadn't heard half of it. She remembered his father, a vagabond who had enchanted the 14-year-old, deflowered and fucked her almost non-stop for three months. It wasn't until he had moved on that she discovered his parting gift: Frank. She was neither religious nor bigoted, but she didn't want to have an abortion like her father wanted. Her mother supported her and stood by her firmly; she was a very caring grandmother. He, on the other hand, the father, fucked his pregnant daughter every night from now on, even though her mother lay next to them and protested half-heartedly. Her father fucked her every night until Frank was three years old, then he became impotent. — Oh, Dad!

Frank was taciturn at breakfast, perhaps his mother resented him for fucking. But she was as loving and friendly as ever. He went to school, did his homework in the afternoon and afterwards played with his foreskin like every day. Mom watched him out of the corner of her eye, but she thought it was OK that he kept ejaculating in the afternoon. Of course, she had seen boys rubbing themselves and ejaculating in her childhood from afar. But now she saw it up close. Frank watched porn films, his cock in his hand. He switched off and played with his foreskin, letting it slide over the tip of his cock again and again. He ejaculated again and again, happily and carefree. Frank was her dear, sweet little boy, even though he had become a squirting man.

At any rate, she knew how it would go every evening. Frank waited patiently until she had finished masturbating. He stuck to that because he knew that she wanted to masturbate undisturbed. He waited a little until she was dozing, exhausted and drained after her orgasm. But then he let his cock slide in and fucked her, for God's sake. He paid no attention to what she was muttering in half-hearted protest. He held her by the hips when, oh Mother of God, he shot his full load inside. She called out to "All you saints! Lord Jesus Christ!"

until he had finished. As the months went by, her protests became more and more lame, until she gave up the half-hearted protests altogether. Her girlfriends now discovered female lovemaking to her. She was not a lesbian, by God, certainly not. But they played with each other. Clit rubbing, clit licking and clit fucking, that was the menu of these coffee-and-cake afternoons.

Frank's afternoon games were interrupted. Twice a week one or two girlfriends came for coffee, sometimes they would get completely naked and play lovemaking. At first Frank would spy secretly, but soon Mama would bring him into the happy group. At first he didn't feel very comfortable, he was the only one with a cock. It was only embarrassing at first, because they stared at his cock as it grew and became erect. Then he pulled the foreskin all the way back over the head and let the women stare at it. He soon stopped having no objection to her girlfriends groping his cock, rubbing it and when he was ready, the bravest ones letting him squirt in their throats. He liked that throatsquirting a lot, he admitted to Mama, but she didn't want to hear about it, she found it disgusting.

The girlfriends had doubts about Frank being allowed to fuck Mama at least once a night. Mama's vanity was challenged, now she ordered Frank to fuck her in front of her girlfriends. He didn't resist hard enough, he fucked Mama as often as she asked him to. One, two, three times. Afterwards he was always contrite and deeply sad. But the women screamed and laughed, slapping their bare thighs. He had decided to fuck one or the other of them. He asked Mom directly.

She wouldn't mind, she said, if he fucked a girlfriend. That was good news, of course. "In God's name — Oh, Mother of God — Oh, all you Saints — Lord Jesus Christ?" asked Frank in her code. Mom smiled faintly, "Yes, exactly, my little darling! — But I don't know if you can squirt inside all the Saints. They could get pregnant, baby and all. So, you have to find out first!" Frank nodded and asked the next time he sat on a friend's lap. She was completely shocked. No, not at all! She visited Mom because she didn't want to cheat on her dear husband with another man! Frank nodded, because he understood her immediately.

Later, however, things went completely differently. The friend, Erika, knelt in front of Mom and licked her pussy and clit. She stuck her butt out quite far. Frank couldn't resist the temptation. He grabbed Erika's buttocks and spread them. Erika didn't deny him, she continued licking diligently. His cock carefully slid into Erika's pussy hole. Still no resistance. He fucked Erika, who let herself be fucked without hesitation. "I have to squirt now, Erika!" he whispered plaintively. She nodded without stopping licking Mom's clit and grunted only "Yes!" Frank grabbed her buttocks even harder and fucked Erika in a final spurt, then he squirted his full load into her. Erika was far from finished licking Mom's clit and Mom was far from ready either.

Frank had to wait a while until his cock was stiff again. Then he let it slide into Erika's pussy hole. He fucked her for a long time, Mom writhed and shook under Erika's tongue in orgasm. Erika stopped licking Mom's clit and supported herself with her arms. Frank continued to fuck her from behind doggy style and she reached down and rubbed her own clit. She came after a few minutes and Frank had to squirt in the middle of it. They both slid to the floor exhausted.

Erika snuggled up to him. He wasn't used to such intimate contact, Mom loved him anyway, but she wasn't a cuddly type like Erika. "Please, Frank, this has to be our secret. I've never fucked anyone else before, only my husband. It has to be a secret! Absolutely!" Frank hugged Erika the way she had hugged him. "It's OK, Erika, I'm not talkative. Don't worry!"

In the next few years, Frank's sex life flowed quietly, without drama, without any special or extraordinary incidents. He and his Mom led a regular married life like other couples. Unlike his peers, he knew neither the miracle of falling in love nor the tragedy of lost love. Mom's girlfriends changed regularly, Frank didn't mourn any of them, but was happy to fuck the new one. They were all very young. She was always different, somehow different from the others. Then Conny appeared.

Frank knew exactly that he was dreaming. Conny, the succubus, appeared to him in a bright arc of golden light. He only knew the succubi vaguely from old school books, there alongside witches, warlocks, magic and succubi who sat on the dreamers' breasts at night after having sexually abused them and now plagued them with nightmares. "None of that, Frank," she said in a full, deep female voice and smiled very kindly. Frank looked at her very closely. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Her beautiful, regal-looking face with almond-shaped eyes and expressive gaze shone in the golden light. The girl was completely naked, her breasts full and firm. Her torso was femininely rounded and athletically built. She had no pubic hair at all.

She couldn't be a woman because she had a large, enormous cock. It was as long and as thick as his forearm. But a real man's cock, with a foreskin over the glans. She only had a small sack and tiny testicles. "And I have a pussy hole too, Frank!" Conny could obviously hear his thoughts. He nodded, of course she had a pussy too. Frank remembered that he had gone to the public library dozens of times and had gotten turned on by the filthy engravings in the Book of Witches. All the engravings in this book were filthy. Witches and warlocks fucked, witches fucked other witches, warlocks fucked the horned goat of Satan, goats or dogs. Even the horned Pope and his cardinals fucked religious sisters and nuns. Explicitly.

The succubi abused men as well as women. Conny smiled. "Well, I wouldn't call it abuse, that's what the Middle Ages made up for us." Frank understood what she meant; her work was focused on sexuality, but in a positive way.

"That's right, Frank," confirmed Conny. "I'm currently taking care of the sexuality of a very sweet girl, Malaya. She's about 5 years older than you, but I know she needs you. I've just taught her how to masturbate. The poor child has never masturbated in her 23 years of life, imagine that! I deflowered her at the right time and fucked her a dozen times to awaken her sexuality. That was really right and necessary."

Malaya didn't know at that point whether she was more sexually inclined towards women or men. So I first brought her together with Julie. No, you don't know her, and neither do the others. Julie has been a lesbian since birth, she's a gentle, sweet girl, Malaya shouldn't be repelled by a militant lesbian. Julie was tender and gentle with my protégé and taught her how to lick a clit. I sent Julie home with lots of presents. Malaya was very happy in Julie's arms.

Then I took Hannah to her. Malaya was to meet this type of woman too. Hannah is, in short, a rather simple, downright stupid cow, she has the perfect ox for a husband. He only knows one thing: "in — out — thank you, madam!" if you understand what I mean. She is dull, but an honest, loyal soul. She will never cheat on her husband, in fact she has never masturbated before. She only had one night worth mentioning, her wedding night. Everyone was already pretty drunk when the bridal party went to the full. Everyone was there when the very drunk husband stripped his young wife - she was only 16 - in front of everyone and deflowered the virgin. Now everyone had to leave, except for the groom's best friends.

The groom assured his bride that it was an ancient custom. His 12 naked drinking buddies fucked the bride until the early morning, 37 times. She experienced orgasms from being fucked for the first and only time, she realized with amazement. She then came to Malaya, learned to masturbate and to lick a clit. Then I sent her away, Malaya could learn nothing from her except how gloomy and hopeless some people's lives are.

Then Jan came. Your succubus, Frank, was his too. The succubus taught him to fuck very early in his dreams, your succubus is just like that. Jan, like you, started fucking very early, as soon as he could ejaculate. He mounted his mother from behind at a very young age and fucked her very carefully. She preferred to pretend to be deeply asleep and let him do what he wanted in silence; deep down she is too cowardly to say no to him. She is the type of rabbit that doesn't even wiggle its ears when it is fucked from behind. They never talked about it; he fucked her from behind every night until today, because she always pretends to be fast asleep. I led him to Malaya, whom he

fucked very well several times in a row, so well that my protégé screamed loudly with lust and horniness.

Well, Frank, now I've chosen you. You're supposed to fuck my Malaya so that she can't say which train hit her. Will you do it for me?" Conny, the beautiful girl, looked at him beaming. Frank was fascinated and dazzled by her beauty. "Just fuck her, nothing else?" he asked uncertainly. Conny laughed so hard that the sky shook. "For simple fucking, I could have taken any farmhand from the nearest farm. No, I want someone special for Malaya. You.

I've been watching you for years. How you fuck your mother, how you fuck her girlfriends. You fuck them better than anyone else. These girls rarely fuck, but you make them sing and cheer. Of course, you're also a real scoundrel, you always shoot the full load inside without the slightest consideration. How often did your poor succubus have to worry about your sperm not hitting the egg!" Frank leaned forward. "Can you tell me more about my succubus?" Conny thought for a tenth of a second, for succubi a week.

"Yes, a little. Your succubus is much older than me, she decided at some point thousands of years ago to keep the female form. The gods assign her mainly to young boys so that she can corrupt them. She lets very young boys fuck her in her dreams, which is rather unusual for us succubi. But most of the time she manages to raise the boys to be good fuckers. Most of them can't wait to start fucking after puberty.

The succubus usually manages to manipulate the mothers. They lose their sense of shame and overcome the natural barriers to let their son fuck them. Church, society and legislators have erected high barriers, but the succubus lifts mothers above all barriers. She is a very strong woman, your succubus, who has let you fuck her a hundred times!

You can't remember consciously, but since you were born you have always slept with your Mom and of course you saw how your grandfather fucked your Mom every evening and again every night, at least. Your Mom is a gentle, very simple-minded lamb who pa-

tiently lets her father fuck her, there's nothing wrong with that. He only had to stop when you were 3 years old, when he became impotent. Then the succubus intervened. She appeared to you in your dreams in the form of your mother and she, the patient, phlegmatic and indifferent little sheep, let you fuck her as if you were your grandfather. You've seen it already a thousand times. So your succubus helped you to fuck your Mom in your dreams from a young age on and the thought of it has never left you, has guided you steadfast.

“

Frank nodded in satisfaction. This gave him a very clear picture of how his youth had gone. One thing fit into the other, seamlessly and precisely. Of course he was very aware that he was dreaming and that he would soon have forgotten everything. “I'm ready, Conny!” he said. Conny took his hand and led him through the door, where Malaya was lying naked on the bed, dreaming. “She's so sweet,” Frank said to Conny, but she had disappeared. He lay down very carefully next to Malaya. He knew what he had to do.

Conny must have nudged Malaya, she woke up and grabbed his cock. “Hello Jan,” she breathed sleepily and gripped the cock more tightly. “No, dear Malaya, I'm Frank, your next one. Conny brought me to you, she said we should fuck each other really well, nothing else.” Malaya sat up halfway and looked at him with alert eyes. “Yes, you are older than Jan, your cock is magnificent, big and promising.” Frank ran his hand over her curves. “I am 19 and started fucking when I was 8, mostly just my mother, now all her girlfriends too.” Malaya leaned back. “I have only been fucking for a short time, I was still a virgin, then Conny took my virginity and fucked me insanely. So don't expect any masterpieces from me!”

Frank shook his head. “Fucking starts in the head, not in the pussy. If you have it in your head, you can do it. If you don't have it in your head, you can't do it even after fucking a thousand times. Clear?” Malaya smiled faintly. “Well, I can't say a thousand times, so far I've only fucked Conny and the little boy, Jan. He only had a very small cock, like a 10-year-old. But he fucked amazingly well and with endurance, squirting inside a hundred times. His mother must be a good teacher, I think.”

Frank smiled quietly. He had been taught by the same succubus, in his dreams, as a boy. He asked Malaya, "Are we going to wait a little longer or are we going to get started?" He knew that was pretty direct, he heard Conny giggling in the distance. His ears turned very red. Malaya, however, didn't seem to notice. "Are you just going to keep staring at my pussy and fuck me with your eyes only!?" She smiled disarmingly. He lay on top of her and started the fight with firm French kisses. Malaya was already a very good kisser. He asked her directly. She blushed a little. "As schoolgirls, we were always french kissing and getting each other hot. I was too cowardly to make love to girls like the others did. That's just how I was. I always ran home straight away and rolled around in bed, a hand pressed on my pussy until my pussy exploded and I dozed off."

"I only dared to do it once. We were lying naked on her bed instead of studying, and we cuddled and gave each other hot French kisses. She took my hand and pressed my fingers into her wet pussy, after all, like most of the others, she was no longer a virgin. I closed my eyes and ears and pretended to be dead while she stirred her wet pussy until she squirmed and twitched and kissed me, hugging me. Then she stirred my wet pussy until my pussy exploded too. She hit me on the shoulder, "Well, see, it works!" I was incredibly embarrassed, but from then on everyone invited me to study. I liked cuddling naked and giving her French kisses. I never stirred her wet pussy and pretended to be dead because they all made me explode. But that was the only thing I can report."

They once again engaged in passionate French kisses, their hands sliding over each other's bodies. Frank was glad that he had studied the bodies of his mother's girlfriends so intensively and knew every nook and cranny of a woman's body. It was clear how Malaya reacted to his touches.

"How do you like it best? From the front or from behind?" he asked. Malaya laughed. "Jan, the little boy with the childish cock, only did it from behind, in the doggy position. He didn't know anything else, he only fucks his sleeping mother from behind because she always lies on her belly to let herself be fucked from behind like a stupid rabbit, that she really is. She doesn't want to look him in the

eyes when he abuses her night after night. So, preferably from the front, dear Frank!” Frank nodded, “okay, gladly, from the front, then!”

Like a beautiful butterfly, she opened her slender legs and spread them, offering him her sweet fruit unprotected for his sting. He didn’t hesitate for a moment, his sting plunged deep into her sweet rose. He paused for a moment when he had penetrated her completely. He knew this moment, the pussy wrapped around his spear and adjusted itself.

He fucked her like he fucked Mom and Mom’s girlfriends. Starting slowly until she went along with his pace. Her breath was panting as he increased the pace. Soon she was actively fucking him, throwing her wet, hot pussy forcefully at him. More and more he just held his stiff spear out to her so that she would plunge into the spear again and again. She liked that, she was amazed at her own activity, she had never taken control before. But the dominance gave her a huge kick, she found it exciting and very thrilling to fuck Frank. Her breathing became faster and faster. “I feel like I’m about to come, Frank!” she cried out under her breath and grabbed him wildly by the shoulders. “Just let it come, let it happen!” he murmured, holding the spear firmly against her. Malaya’s face twisted and she pressed herself against her lover, twitching and thrusting and shaking as the orgasm rolled over her. She collapsed on top of him. “I came,” she whispered in his ear. He nodded, smiling, then he pushed into her, who lay soft and exhausted under him. He fucked her for another quarter of an hour, then he gasped, “I have to squirt now, my love!” She smiled in agreement, “Go ahead, my bull, it’s safe today!” He grabbed her hips, thrust harder and faster and straightened up. She moaned with every jet he shot into her. She felt every jet that splashed into her pussy. “Yes, make me a child, make me a child!” she breathed almost inaudibly. Frank spurted until he was empty. He sank down next to her, his hand on her pussy, gasping for breath.

When he could breathe easily again, he asked how things had been with the girls sexually. “When I went to study with one of them, it was always clear. We undressed each other, I could always see the brutally pierced cunthole because she had already lost her virginity

and was fucked by her father or brother every day, one even with a teacher. I was always very shocked by the brutality with which they had been raped and abused. But they just laughed, happy that someone had pierced their hymen. Then came the part that I now loved madly. We cuddled and rubbed our naked bodies against each other and heated each other up endlessly with French kisses. “I need it, now, immediately!” she exclaimed and I knew that now came the horribly filthy part.

I closed my eyes and ears and pretended to be dead as she pressed my fingers deep into her cunthole. I remained silent and motionless like a dead beetle while she tortured and violated her own clit, I never wanted to see that. She embraced me like a lover, twitched and wriggled her orgasm on my body. I knew that it was going to happen to me now. I remained as if dead, I only opened my legs and thighs, as it probably had to be. She now tormented and maltreated my clit until my whole pussy exploded. I was always very ashamed and sad after my orgasm, because my body betrayed me and let itself explode. It was always good that after this filthy indecency we took refuge in harmless, loving French kisses.” Malaya had a tear in her eye. “It was shameful, indecent and filthy, but somehow I went along with it, torn in my feelings.”

Frank stroked Malaya’s face and kissed the tears from her eyes. “There was nothing filthy about it, dear Malaya. Girls all do that during puberty, they masturbate, they let themselves be masturbated and playfully explore their own sexuality, the sexuality of the other girl. That’s not dirty!” Malaya smiled uncertainly. “Do you really think so?” Frank nodded emphatically. “You fucked Hannah yourself and made love to her, even though she’s a dumb nut. And you experienced the beautiful, tender and loving fucking with Julie, you lost yourself screaming in the vastness of the universe when Julie licked your clit. I’m quite sure that you’re bisexual. You’ll lose yourself in the arms of a tender, sweet girl just as much as in the strong arms of a bull, that’s for sure.”

She let Frank fuck her again, flying from orgasm to orgasm, cheering and jubilant. Then he asked her which sexual encounter she remembered most. “Oh, there was only one, Bettina. Like all the oth-

ers, she first stimulated her own clit to orgasm, she had initially sunk my fingers into her pussy hole and ordered me to finger-fuck her while she violated her clit. After that, I played dead beetle and spread my legs wide to be violated, I was used to it. But Bettina dove down deep and took my pussy in her mouth. I called out in panic, “What are you doing, Bettina?!” but she smiled mysteriously. “Shut up and close your eyes!” she ordered, smiling, and took my whole pussy, the whole damn thing, into her mouth. She began to lick my pussy, the whole pussy, every damn corner. It grabbed me immediately, the horniness raced from my pussy north to my brain and south to the tips of my toes. Never before has horniness flooded my whole body like this! “You have a pretty big clit!” Bettina murmured and gently took my clit between her teeth. The tip of her tongue almost drove me crazy, she made me fly from orgasm to orgasm until I was shaking with exhaustion. That was the most beautiful thing I experienced in my youth, I let Bettina lick me for many months. Maybe you’re right, dear Frank, maybe I really am bisexual.”

They stayed in bed day and night, they fucked countless times and told each other everything sexual. Malaya wanted to know above all how his bigoted mother let him fuck her. He told her everything, he kept nothing secret. His mother was a very simple, undeveloped woman. She threw around God’s name and all The Saints, but that was only the expression of her confusion about her own hidden horniness, which she never openly admitted. She was confused because so many other mothers also let their sons fuck them, although they all knew exactly how wrong and perverted it was. And Mom only discovered lesbian love when I had already reached puberty. She let me fuck her, wickedly grinning, in front of her girlfriends, to consolidate her dominance. Even if she allowed me to fuck her girlfriend, it was an expression of her being the boss.

How often had Mom quoted the old Nazis who believed that Jewish women were the best fuckers, better than any other ‘race’. Mom puffed out her breasts to show that this was definitely true! She herself was of Jewish descent, although she had grown up Protestant. Her Dad, who had loved to fuck her when she was young, was of the same opinion. And most of her friends were half or completely Jewish. So it had to be true! Malaya smiled gently and quietly. “I also

have Jewish ancestors on both sides, Frank!” she murmured quietly. He hugged her warmly. “Of all the women I’ve fucked so far, including my Mom, and there must have been more than a hundred, you fuck the best, Malaya! Conny and little Jan have unleashed your volcano, whether Jewish or not!”

Many days and nights had passed with fucking, fucking and fucking, when Conny, Malaya’s succubus, appeared. Malaya fell asleep immediately when Conny became visible in her radiant glow. Conny smiled when Frank expressed his desire to fuck her. She nodded and transformed into the female form. Later he could only remember fragments of how often and intensely he had fucked the tall, slim and unearthly beautiful young woman. It felt to him as if she had let him squirt inside a hundred times, the lanky boy.

After a long time, Conny stood up and took him by the hand. “I’m taking you home, Frank. I’m very grateful to you because you served my protégé well, you fucked Malaya so often and so wonderfully that she will never forget it.” Conny kissed him on the top of his head and walked with him to the door. She laid him in bed and covered him with motherly care. “Sleep now and keep dreaming, my love.” She kissed him lightly on the lips and left.

Frank was instantly wide awake. Instinctively he looked at the alarm clock. How could that be!? He had only gone to bed an hour ago, his mother was lying next to him, snoring deeply. How the hell could that be!? He had fucked his mother twice and had fallen asleep in the middle of the second course, he had woken up and only half an hour had passed since then, although he had been lying with Malaya for days, even weeks!? His cock was still stuck stiffly in the pussyhole of his deeply sleeping mother, who was lying on her belly snoring. He must have fallen asleep on her asscheeks and had ejaculated a hundred times in his dream, so much sperm had oozed out of her pussyhole. That’s how it must have been, he had ejaculated a hundred times in his dream before he woke up. Mom was sleeping deeply, no doubt about it, she probably hadn’t noticed anything. He was far too exhausted after the intense fucking with his mother to follow the thought any further.

He was standing in the city library and had finally found the old book about witches. He leafed through it until he found the passage, he could remember the old copperplate engraving. A naked woman was lying in bed, her mouth open to scream. The succubus was crouching on her abdomen. An ugly, hunchbacked dwarf with the typical Jewish hooked nose, as depicted in a contemptuous and anti-Semitic way at the time. Frank had to squint to see that detail. The gnome's facial expression was sly and underhanded, because his thick cock was thrusting into the woman's pussy hole. Frank heard Conny's quiet giggle and smiled. No, in the Middle Ages people did not have a good opinion of the succubus.

There was no other way to portray the confused, lewd memories of women. In the nightmare, the evil, ugly Jewish succubus sat on top of the poor woman and copulated the defenseless woman with a malicious grin. The woman stammered that she was being tossed around in the most horrible nightmare while the gnome was constantly mating with her. She could feel his hideous, thick cock in her pussy hole, plowing nonstop and incessantly in her most private furrow, so that her poor body was constantly writhing, shuddering and shaking in the most strange sexual raptures in the most horrific nightmare where the gnome sat on her breast and constantly copulated with her. She had been mated by the succubus all night long, until early morning. Her old, loin-lame husband lay snoring beside her and could only confirm that she had been wracked with sexual convulsions all night long. He had thought that in the dream she was constantly rubbing her clit, which she did every night. She protested that she never did it with her clit during the nightmare nights, honestly not! They listened to her, but no one believed her. The High Lords, whether secular or not, could not keep up with a magical gnome who was constantly fucking without going limp.

The noblemen only knew one way out: they had to fuck the pretty maid properly themselves and mate with her one after the other for hours. If she was bewitched, she would expose herself. The maid was not afraid of the noblemen, but rather of the gnome from her nightmares. She quickly crouched down on the floor and lifted up her skirt. She firmly believed that the noblemen would believe her in the end. Willingly and with honest faith, she let anyone fuck her as often

as they wanted. The noblemen were grateful because the maid only fucked in an honorable manner, without any dark, witchy trickery. This usually turned out well; hours later, they pulled up their pants and wrote a legally binding document. The maid was honorable and beyond reproach. Period.

Frank could not read the text in the book; he could not decipher the Gothic script. And no one had bothered to do a translation. He took a photo with his cell phone before he left. He stepped outside into the fresh air.

“Oh, Conny, if only they knew!” Frank murmured, smiling.

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In Mother's Blooming Rose

by Jack Faber © 2024

Anna had founded the group “Mothers for Mothers”, where mothers could exchange their experiences with incest. Anna was the undisputed boss, they sat in a circle and only knew each other's first names like in an Alcoholics Anonymous group. Anna looked around, they were all young, pretty mothers between 25 and 30 years old. She greeted them all in a friendly manner with a professional, disarming smile. “We tell our individual stories and listen to them with positive, friendly thoughts about them. I ask you to be positive and friendly, I will not allow any negative or malicious comments.” She looked from one to the other, smiling. “I'll go first.”

Anna's story

I was a good student, a hottie, as they called those who conquered and laid a lot of guys and men. As great as I was in my consumption of men, I stumbled upon my own success. I fell in love with a rich playboy, got pregnant and graduated heavily pregnant. The playboy, of course, disappeared, but was decent enough to support us generously every month. He didn't even want to see the child, he wasn't made for that.

Leo grew up splendidly. My career as a psychotherapist grew just as quickly. I specialized in men's sexual problems. I was able to help most of them, which was very satisfying. Sexually, I was content with the occasional one-night stands, but nothing serious, I've put that behind me.

Of course, my little Leo noticed that I rewarded the patients who completed the therapy positively with a good portion of fucking. Each of them deserved that. It didn't bother me that my little Leo saw me fucking, I was determined to give him a good attitude to fucking. At first he asked me a thousand things afterwards, which I was happy to answer.

Leo slept with me from birth. Of course, from a very early age he wanted to know everything about the female body and sexuality in general. That was clear and fine. I stroked the little boy's stiff cock soothingly when it bothered him a lot. He hardly cared if I masturbated sometimes. It seemed rather boring to him.

Then he hit puberty hard, my little Leo started to become a man. Of course I tolerated him lying on top of me every evening and playfully fucking my inner thighs to make him squirt. He kept asking when he would finally be allowed to fuck me properly, like my patients, who were allowed to fuck me every day at the end of the therapy session. I took enough time to explain to him the social concept of the incest ban. "You don't seem to believe it yourself, Mom?" he asked uncertainly. I explained to him that I understood both the

foreground and the background of the incest ban and saw no reason to bow to the repression. “Aha, Mom, I understand that now, but when can I fuck you properly, in your pussyhole?” I made it clear to him that he was still too young, he should compare himself to the men who were allowed to fuck me. “Oh, they all have much bigger cocks than me. Thick, big and prominently veined,” said my little scientist. “You carefully take the cock in your hand and guide it to your pussy hole, then you slowly insert it. I hear you hold your breath and sigh deeply every time he penetrates really deeply. Then he fucks you for a long time, which isn’t particularly exciting. But when he’s finished and straightens up, you grab his cock again so that it doesn’t slip out. He squirts with great effort and you laugh from ear to ear because you’re so proud of your good patient. When he’s finished, you carefully pull his cock out and forcefully wipe the last drops out of his cock. I’ve seen that a thousand times and I want it now too!” Such a sweet, attentive little scientist! I had to put him off until his cock was big and grown up.

“So much for my story, what do you think about it?” Anna asked the group. After a frozen silence, one voice rose, then several, and now everyone was discussing wildly. Anna listened smilingly, there was one or two interesting things among them. She asked the group who wanted to report next. The only Asian woman in the group raised her hand. She began quietly and intensely.

Kim tells

I'm Kim, I came here from Japan. I live alone with my son Hiro, because his father died in a plane crash when Hiro was 8. I work as a masseuse and we have a small room above the salon. After my husband died, I haven't had a sexual relationship and haven't looked for one. It's enough for me to live out my sexuality at work.

Perhaps I should explain what rates we have. A simple massage, without a sexual happy ending, is very rare. The next plan is with a handjob, which is also not very popular. The plan with a blowjob at the end is quite popular. With the most expensive plan, I fuck the customer at the end or he fucks me. Our salon is doing quite well, we have a dozen girls from Asia and we give the salon 10%, no more.

On normal working days I do 2 or 3 blowjobs and fuck 10 to 12 customers, so I earn about 2 thousand dollars a day, 5 days a week. That's enough for both of us and I can even afford a little bit of narcotic stuff, nothing special and not too much. I spend the two days off with one or another colleague, because we all love having girl sex, no fuss and no drama, no stupid relationship dramas. Just clit rubbing, clit licking and clit fucking. That's fine and great!

I make no secret of my sexuality from Hiro. He has seen me masturbate a thousand times at night, just as often as I do it to guests. Until puberty, he was familiar with all this, but it wasn't particularly exciting. He was always very interested when a colleague and I took drugs and then had fun rubbing, licking and fucking our clits. But with puberty, his interest grew. He usually asks my colleague if she wanted to put his cock in her mouth and let him squirt in her throat. They all do that now and he loves it very much, but he didn't dare to ask me.

Hiro now sits under my dressing table every morning, between my legs. He stares at my pussy while I shave it and pull out the hairs with tweezers. Before, he had only played aimlessly with his stiff cock, but now he pulls the foreskin back and forth in a targeted man-

ner and squirts over and over again until I'm done with my hygiene and make-up.

In the afternoons, when he has done his homework, he often comes down to my salon. He sits silently on the stool in the corner; most guests hardly notice him. When I ride the guest's cock or the guest fucks me, Hiro rubs his cock with great concentration and squirts. We often talk about this. He finds it very exciting when I insert the guest's cock deep into my cunthole with one hand or pull it out after he had squirted. He doesn't know why this makes him so horny.

I'm not sure I can tell you. We sleep in the same bed and since he hit puberty he would kneel between my thighs, masturbate on his knees and squirt on my inner thighs or on my pussy, which was fine. But now he fucks me every night, usually 2, sometimes 3 times. I've never spoken to him about incest and I've never forbidden him from fucking me. He does what he sees half a dozen times a day at work, fuck me.

I remember his first time well. In the middle of masturbating he said, "Mom, I'm going to fuck you properly now!" It sounded more like a question. I winced and closed my legs. "Why? Because you see it every day? Why, my little Hiro!?" He continued to rub his cock, his knees forcibly spreading my thighs. "Yes, because I've seen it a thousand times and because I'm compelled to do it, that's why!" I didn't tell him that it was inappropriate to fuck your own mother. I just let him do it. "Oh, it's so nice, in your pussy hole! Much nicer even than in your girlfriends' mouths! Oh, how nice, how nice!" It made me happy how good he felt. I took his finger and showed him my G-spot, just like I had once showed to his father. The guests in the salon didn't know about this secret, special spot; they rarely brought me to orgasm more than once a day. But he should know the secret and bring me to orgasm every time. Hiro is a bright, clever mind; he learned it very quickly. Now he fucks all my girlfriends to orgasm on my days off. They like to let Hiro fuck them because he's excellent at it despite his youth.

“That’s my story,” Kim said to the silent group. As before, everyone was discussing things at once. They had never been in a salon before and were now finding out what their husbands had lied to them about.

Little Julia cleared her throat because she had a frog in her throat and not because she had something to say. But everyone was silent and looked at her. Anna said, “Go for it, Julia, as you can see, nobody bites here. And whatever you tell us stays between us. So, just speak, my love!” Anna had hit the right note. Julia was a little grey mouse. Inconspicuous, frightened, not particularly pretty and very, very simple-minded, to put it kindly.

Julia, the shy little mouse

My name is Julia, I live alone with my son Frank, who, in contrast to me, is a brilliant, clever boy. My Dad put me in the marital bed when I was 12 and deflowered me on the very first night. He fucked me every night because he loved young, very young girls. I don't even know how many times I had to bring a classmate over for a sleep-over. He deflowered them all and fucked us both in turns. Mom often cried when he did that, but she was too weak to stop him. She was a poor, helpless woman and the only thing she could do was pull his cock out before he squirted and finish it off with her little fist so he wouldn't impregnate the little girls. I loved her very much and smiled at her like a sister when she pulled his cock out of my fuck hole and rubbed it with her lips pursed until he squirted.

Nevertheless, I got pregnant at 15 and had Frank at 16. Dad wanted an abortion, but Mom and I didn't want to murder a baby. Dad forced me from a young age to lie on my belly and be fucked from behind and not to make a sound. Only very rarely did I get hot and masturbate lying on my belly. I learned to masturbate from spying my mother. My father didn't care as long as I didn't disturb him while he was fucking me. Of course I didn't.

Dad continued to fuck me for years, although I began to despise him when he regularly handed me over to strange men. In the afternoons, when little Frank was sleeping, he came home with his friend who was willing to fuck, usually work colleagues. I had to kneel naked in front of Mom and bury my face in her lap. The guy fucked me from behind, paid Dad and left again. That's when I began to hate Dad. I found a single room and moved away with little Frank. It was the first and only time I shouted at my father, but I just didn't want to anymore!

Frank grew bigger and bigger, he was far too precocious. He always loved lying on my ass cheeks and pinching his stiff cock into my ass crack, I always lay on my belly. That worked well for years until Frank's cock started to squirt. He was very confused when he

squirted in my ass crack at night. So he learned to fuck and squirt back and forth in my ass crack. I tolerated it in silence, what could I say!?

It soon dawned on him, the ass crack was the wrong spot. I didn't move and remained silent as his cock tried to find my fuck hole from behind. Dad had always said fuck hole, never pussy, pussy hole or cunt. Frank found the fuck hole on the first try and started fucking. He knew it was the right spot to do, that much was clear to him. From then on I pretended to be asleep, because he fucked me twice every night from the beginning.

Years later, he must have been 16 or 17, he started babbling about a succubus. At first I didn't know who or what a succubus was. Then he showed me a photo on his cell phone. A hunchbacked dwarf who mercilessly fucked a desperately screaming woman with his thick cock. That's how people imagined a nightmare in the Middle Ages, said Frank, because the succubus only fucks the dreaming woman in her nightmare. "Aha," I said, because it all seemed strange to me. So he told me about his special experience over time.

The succubus was not a hunchbacked gnome, but a beautiful girl with a pussy hole and a man's cock at the same time, strangely enough. She seemed more like an angel than a gnome to him, he emphasized. She had put him in the bed of a beautiful Jewish girl, where he was allowed to fuck the girl really hard for days, even weeks. Then the succubus girl had brought him home again, and miraculously not even an hour had passed, although he thought he had been fucking the beautiful Jewess for weeks. Frank reminded me of our strange experience weeks before. He fucked me for the second time, then he sank onto my ass cheeks and slept soundly as if dead. Before I fell asleep myself, my little boy squirted into me again and again, probably for half an hour. That was true, I could remember it very well. Frank said that was the hour of the succubus and the beautiful Jewess.

I had to scold Frank a little. He and I were of Jewish descent ourselves, if you took this Nazi crap seriously at all. I hated this miserable Nazi nonsense that my father would still spout 100 years later

when he had had too much booze. “That Jewish women were the best fuckers of all ‘races’.” And now my baby is repeating the same crap after he had fucked a pretty child in a dream. I scolded Frank, why wasn’t the girl German, Danish or French, ha!? What was the point of this stupid anti-Semitic nonsense that has been haunting the minds of drunks for a hundred years!? Frank pulled his head between his shoulders, he didn’t want to repeat anything anti-Semitic.

“So, my dears, that was the longest story that I’ve probably gotten on your nerves with, forgive me!” A general murmuring and arguing began, Julia’s life story touched them deeply. Conny looked around; she also had something to say. She waited patiently, because the small, fat woman with the huge breasts and the huge ass was aware that she was the center of the world.

Conny's story

I married a very old millionaire when I was very young. No, it wasn't my father, but my piano teacher who took my virginity when I was 13. He was the first person who didn't overlook the chubby thing, but recognized the dark, burning desires that lay dormant in this girl's chest. It was for his sake that I became the internationally famous pianist that I am today.

I don't want to say anything bad about my father either, although it hurt me deeply when he was ashamed of me when I stomped onto the stage to the piano in my evening dress that made me even look fatter. Hundreds of men wanted to fuck the fat pianist after the concerts, I took them all. I was at the top, on the Mount Everest of concerts, and could let anyone fuck me, by God! I never counted them, there were probably hundreds. But the desire to have children, the longing for motherhood, overcame me with tremendous force. I asked my parents for help. They found my husband, a damn rich old childless widower who is really impeccable and moves in the highest circles. A lavish wedding, a honeymoon in Venice in the Royal Suite of the Hotel Danieli, radio and television interviews. The downside was that my husband could no longer fuck because of his age. I gave him a laborious blowjob once a week, sometimes letting him squirt inside. But the poor little bird was stone dead.

Thank God there was a waiter at Danieli, a strong Norwegian named Harald, who fucked me every day during our honeymoon, so that I screamed my heart out. My dear husband acted as if he were deaf and blind and let me let off steam. I was already pregnant when we got home. I had Harald, the apple of my eye. I continued to give concerts in the big cities of the world, little Harald always traveled with me. I could fall back on great wealth and hire the most muscular or cutest lover boys if no one wanted to eat me up after the concert. Life went on quietly.

Well, Harald turned 14 and exploded during puberty. He came to my bed at night, his father slept in his separate bed. "Mom, can I slip

under your covers?” asked my dearest, his stiff cock sticking out. “Of course,” I said, and that’s when it all started. Harald pressed his hot body against me. “Mom, can I rub it against you?” asked Harald and I nodded, “Of course, on my ass cheeks” I said and he rubbed his cock against my ass cheek until he squirted. Things went well for weeks, we were both happy. Or so I thought.

“Mom, can I fuck you?” he asked and I pushed him back. “What are you thinking, you fool, fucking your own mother!?” and so I rejected him. I turned my ass towards him indignantly, “you could fuck me in my asshole, you fool,” I hissed indignantly. He was now fucking in my asshole, things went well for weeks, we were both happy. Or so I thought.

When he strayed into my asshole, I smiled gently. Being fucked in the asshole is not as unpleasant as you might think. Things went well again for weeks, we were both happy. I thought so.

Although Harald held onto my ass cheeks, he kept slipping off. I immediately suspected that it was no accident. He fucked me from behind, in my pussy hole and cheekily squirted inside. I wasn’t upset anymore, it was my own fault. I had let him into bed, that was only the first step on the ladder that he climbed step by step. A stupid Parsifal on the way to paradise. My fault, damn it, my fault!

For months he secretly fucked me from behind, held my ass cheeks with his claws and fucked as hard as he could inside my paradise. I immediately gave up my rent slaves, in a nebulous impulse for hygiene. Harald had no girlfriend and he didn’t dare to fuck our maids, at least not at that time. We didn’t talk about it anymore then, neither he nor I wanted to talk about incest. That was a good thing.

A while ago, however, he turned me around. “I love you, Mom, I love you like I’ve never loved before!” He hugged me and gave me a French kiss for the first time. I trembled with love and desire for him. He fucked me face to face for the first time. And night after night for half a year.

“That’s my story and I ask you not to judge me. Thank you.” There was a long silence. No one wanted to comment on Conny’s love life, even though there were so many question marks. Everyone looked at Angela, the last one in the group. Angela straightened her back and began to speak.

Angela's report

I'm Angela, probably the oldest in this group. I was born in a convent as the daughter of a nun. I grew up well protected there, and of course I would become a nun like my mother. I was very deeply religious, I loved our Lord Jesus Christ, my heavenly bridegroom. During puberty I would go into ecstasy when I worshipped my heavenly bridegroom. During puberty, I learned to masturbate from a young novice. She was a depraved, perverted peasant girl who let all the priests and monks fuck her. I masturbated as often as I could so that I could throw myself onto my heavenly fiancé's chest in orgasm.

It would have been wiser to keep all of this to myself, but there was confession. That was a serious matter, you had to confess every little thing to your confessor. I had to confess that I had pissed myself when orgasming in the arms of my heavenly bridegroom. Don't laugh, that kind of thing has to be confessed!

I was a naive child back then, I didn't yet know the cunning and tricks of the Dark Prince. I'm still naive today, but I've become a little wiser. Well, my confessor had already thrown his poor soul to the Prince of Darkness for the promise of lustful earthly pleasures. The Dark One didn't have to worry about my soul at all, the confessor would do the dirty work for him. Yes, he did!

The confessor increased my passionate, earthly love for my heavenly bridegroom to such an extent that this love spurted from every pore. I could kneel on the prayer chair for hours and masturbate without stopping, throw myself on the heavenly one's chest in orgasm and cast secret glances at the divine cock. My confessor let me take his cock in my hand and he advised me to calmly take my bridegroom's cock in my hand and caress it. Calmly, ha!

I prayed and masturbated more than ever before, I grabbed the divine cock full of reverence and overflowing love, caressed it as I had previously caressed the confessor's and made the former squirt like

the latter! Don't laugh, dear sisters, I experienced heavenly joys like no other!

Just as constant dripping wears away a stone, constant confession inevitably drives the bride of Christ into the arms of the treacherous and cunning. The confessor easily made me glow. Yes, I glowed, I wanted to finally give myself to my heavenly bridegroom, to consume love. The confessor carefully locked the chapel, emptied the altar and let frankincense smoke. The bride of Christ had to undress, take off her worldly clothes and wait for her heavenly bridegroom lying naked on the altar. My heart was pounding in my throat as I lay completely naked on the altar and waited for HIM.

The confessor also took off his clothes. He was Christ's representative on earth, he was sacrificing his earthly body so that the Eternal One could unite with me. I was already burning brightly and didn't notice the many inconsistencies. On the contrary, it seemed wise, clever, divinely ordained to me.

At that moment Anna burst out, she shrieked and laughed and slapped her thighs. "Forgive me, Angela," she gasped, tears of laughter running down her cheeks, "I've never heard anything so bizarre in my life!" The women around grinned, but they didn't dare laugh out loud like Anna. She became serious again, apologized again and asked Angela to continue.

Where was I? Angela asked with a smile, because Anna's laughter had only amused her, it didn't hurt her. 'You are lying on the altar, completely naked,' Conny said loudly. Angela picked up the thread again. So I am lying naked on the altar and the naked confessor is lying on top of me. "When you first come into contact with the heavenly pole, it might prick, but then not anymore." I nod as if I only understand a single word. "Amen, Father, Amen!" I call out fervently and he pushes my legs violently wide apart. I feel his cock, the divine pole, knocking on the gate of my pussy hole. "Go ahead, my divine bridegroom, come in, I am waiting for you with loving impatience!" It was, as the confessor had said, a short, painful prick, then I took the divine pole deep inside me. Amen! My heavenly bridegroom fucked me hard, then he let his seed spurt into me. The confessor col-

lapsed on top of me, the heavenly one had obviously left him! I was happy and cried with happiness and joy. I was only 14 and had already been allowed to sip from the chalice of my heavenly bridegroom!

The dear confessor sacrificed himself every day, he fucked me every day because I didn't tell anyone a single thing and two years later I was pregnant. I cried with happiness, I was bearing divine fruit! I waited until the Mother Superior summoned me to her. Kneeling, my hands wrapped in the rosary, I told her the truth, nothing but the truth. Everything. The Mother Superior, who had once been the Duchess of Wittenbach, quickly and mercilessly brought me down from my high horse. She scolded me for being incredibly naive and sinfully arrogant. "The Lord Jesus Christ would come down and mate with you!?" she hissed angrily. I stammered that I didn't understand.

Now she smiled, in a more lenient mood, and explained to me how devilishly clever the Evil Prince had been. I gradually understood how I had been tricked. "It may already be too late for an abortion," said the wise woman. I shook my head, I would never murder a baby just to look good myself. I would not give my soul to the Prince of Darkness so easily, I breathed. I had to leave the monastery in any case, the rules had been tightened. The Duchess rolled her eyes. "Men! Only men can make such heartless, downright idiotic rules!"

But now she took my fate into her own hands. She made sure that Mother Church opened her purse and paid me and my child a life-long legacy. On the condition that I did not reveal the father's name. That was easy, I have completely forgotten his name. The Duchess pulled all the strings, especially in the bishop's beard. The confessor was ordered overnight to a prison island in the North Sea, where there were only two thousand prisoners, the most brutal of the brutal. All of them were men, not a single woman on the windswept rocky island. He barely survived the first year, then he was stabbed to death.

I named my son Wilbert, or rather Wilbertus, after my biological father, Bishop Wilbertus. But everyone just called him Will, and that was fine with me. I taught him myself, from the age of 5, because I

distrusted secular schools as much as the clergy. I would raise him to be an honest, upright man who knew very clearly what was good and what was bad. I was not prepared to throw him into the clutches of the clergy, even if my mother and my father were very annoyed. I gritted my teeth, passed my secondary school exams in record time immediately after his birth, I studied philosophy and got my doctorate.

When Will reached puberty, he no longer wanted to sleep in his crib. It was all the same to me, he could sleep with me. I experienced his puberty and the awakening of his sexuality next to him and standing by his side. Like him, I thought that masturbating was something normal and healthy. I once asked him whether he wanted to find a little girlfriend for play, for sexual play and maybe even for fucking? Will replied that he already had a few girlfriends for sexual play, but he wanted to do it with me the first time.

I didn't understand right away. "You're still waiting to fuck, am I right? And it's supposed to be me?" He nodded very seriously. "Yes, Mom, you understood me correctly. We only play with the little girls, we do everything except fuck. We learn through play how to give ourselves and others an orgasm, it's not easy, you have to practice. It will be the same with fucking, it doesn't happen automatically, you have to practice it too." I was incredibly proud of my little Will and let him tell me night after night what he played with the little girls.

One night the time had come. I put my hand on his and stopped him from masturbating. "Come on, Will, let's fuck today!" I showed him and his finger where my G-spot was. I had only discovered and researched it years ago when I read about it. Will nodded. "I think I'll find it when we fuck." What a smart guy! Now I was glad that he had inherited his big cock from his poor father. I hadn't fucked for 15 years since he was born and I was pretty excited. But I calmed down immediately because Will was also very excited and I wanted to take the excitement away from him.

We hugged, we kissed, we gave each other French kisses. We both quickly became hot and horny. It flashed through my mind that I had finally thought I had been fucked by Jesus, glowing and bursting

with love for the heavenly. It wasn't quite as wrong as the Duchess made it out to be. Of course it was all fake and false, but my love for Jesus was as real as gold. Now I let Will fuck me and I felt like I was real too. I hugged Will tightly and loved him with all my heart, with every fiber of my body. I felt and knew how wonderful it was for him. Since then, we've been fucking every night before dinner and then again at night for a year. I know he'll tell me when he's ready to fuck a girl.

“So much for my long report, my dear sisters!” Soon everyone was talking at the same time, praising and criticizing this and that. Anna looked at her watch. They had to vacate the hall in 5 minutes. “Girls, come here to the middle and we'll hug each other in a circle. Hug your friend or give her a kiss. We'll meet here again in three weeks!

Somehow the room glowed as they stood in a circle, hugged each other and one or the other received a long French kiss. Each one hugged the other and they reveled in the heat of their long French kisses. The French kiss flashed straight into their clits, didn't each of them decide to have hot girl sex with the other, one day? Everyone waited patiently until the last ones broke away from the intimate French kiss.

Whether this glow came from the succubus, the Holy Spirit or a car headlight was irrelevant.

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St. Minna of Augsburg

by Jack Faber © 2024

Minna's youth

Minna's father was killed in battle with the troops of the Prince Archbishop of Augsburg, and her mother died of a broken heart shortly afterwards. Little Minna was allowed to stay in the castle as an orphan and playmate of Augusta, the future Duchess of Wittenbach and abbess. At night, the girls played in Augusta's bed whatever little girls wanted to play, naked and cuddled together in bed. The sweet girls lived like twins in those early years. But at 13, life began in earnest. Augusta got a famous private tutor, Messer Franco, as Franz Herrnthaler was called after years at Italy's royal courts (see 'A Very Long Life' by Jack X. Faber).

Augusta was 13 and ready for the next step. Ser Franco gently deflowered her and fucked the princess as often as she wanted. Minna spread the princess's labia in awe and stared into the dark hole that Ser Franco had drilled into the sweet princess' pussy. She was ready too, although she often only saw the tutor for a moment. Minna was as if hypothesized, but she was 14 and ready to give away her virginity. As if from far away, she heard herself the tutor asking if she could spend the night with Ser Franco. She promised to be quiet and discreet and to obediently follow Ser Franco's orders.

Franco deflowered her considerably on the first night. She let him fuck her every night, as he wanted. The princess let Franco fuck her in the morning and afternoon, Minna gave herself to him at night. Things went really well for two years, until Ser Franco was called to the next princely court. Minna wore Franco's parting gift under her heart and named her son Leonardo. She never told anyone except the princess the father's name. When the prince-archbishop returned home from battle, the wind became icy.

Minna's goes to the City

The prince-archbishop was a warrior, less a bishop. The unmarried girl expecting a child had to go. The tears, the begging and the pleading of his daughter, the princess, did not touch his cold heart in the slightest. He agreed to give Minna a bag of gold and silver coins so that she could afford a room in Augsburg. She parted from the princess with a heavy heart and left crying.

Leo, as Leonardo was called, thrived. Minna knew that the prince's gold would not last forever. So in the evenings she left Leo in the care of the kind-hearted landlady and went to the town's bars. She was very careful with alcohol, she did not want to ruin herself under any circumstances. She went with anyone who paid a few silver coins into one of the dark alleys and had quick and unromantic sex. For a gold coin she stayed overnight in the gentleman's arms. No, Minna was not a cheap whore, at least she did not see herself that way. She did not count how often she let herself be fucked in these strange times, it must have been hundreds. The prince-archbishop's gold was running out. She was no longer earning enough in the pubs, Leo was now 9 and she was a 25-year-old impoverished beauty. She had to marry well.

Minna is matched up

The Lord of Barstow was the richest merchant in town, he had become even richer through the new banking business, immeasurably rich. He could even lend the Prince Archbishop money, which was not only a good deal, but opened all doors for him. He was already very old, three of his wives had died childless. It was the Prince Archbishop himself who remembered Minna, she was a real beauty and of noble descent, the Prince Archbishop lured her. He summoned Minna to the castle, had her bathed and perfumed, and the princess was allowed to lend her a beautiful dress. The princess was beside herself when they met again and showered Minna with French kisses until she couldn't breathe anymore. The princess made sure that Minna was made up like a queen and lent her subtle jewelry.

Lord von Barstow's heart almost stopped. What a beauty! What a grace! What a divine body, what a noble face! The princess herself led Minna into the throne room and, smiling, placed Minna's hand in Lord von Barstow's hand.

The princess had told Minna everything about the bridegroom, the Prince Archbishop's spies had found out everything. Nothing, nothing negative. He was immensely rich, an absolutely honorable and impeccable man. Perhaps a little bigoted, and one who upheld the law with iron determination. So nothing negative. He had carried his wives on his hands, but he could do nothing against the Grim Reaper. The Prince Archbishop laughed to himself, he put his financier in the best mood. Minna would not complain, definitely not, he had told the princess.

Just one downside, the princess whispered in Minna's ear. "The fact that you already have a son, a possible male heir, would certainly suit Barstow," whispered the princess. "But he's too old, too old to fuck, Minna!" whispered the princess. Minna was only startled for a moment. "Oh, what the heck, August! I've fucked a thousand men in the last 10 years, enough for a whole lifetime! No panic, no whispering, no nonsense! If that's the only catch, then I don't care, my dear

August!” The princess’s heart warmed; no one had called her ‘my dear August’ for 10 years! She hugged Minna and gave her a deep French kiss. “Perhaps we’ll see each other more often when you’re Lady von Barstow!” So that was how things stood.

Minna said Yes, she had both feet on solid ground and would of course bend down and pick up that enormous lump of gold of that size. Of course he would like to come to the wedding, said the Prince Archbishop to Lord Barstow, of course! Of course he also had both feet on solid ground and would not miss such an opportunity! And Barstow himself, yes, he too had both feet on solid ground. He was a lucky man, 67 years old and the bride was only 25! He didn’t have to lift her skirt to imagine the noblewoman’s beautiful, presumably gorgeous body. He took it, it was a good deal, because she brought her 10-year-old Leonardo with her, possibly the heir. Barstow himself knew that he might not be able to father himself another heir.

There was a wedding that sent the whole of Augsburg into a frenzy. At the end came the ‘laying in bed’, an ancient custom. A dozen dignitaries stood around the bridal bed, including the Prince Archbishop and his First Lady Mistress. The groom undressed the bride with trembling hands and lay on top of her, pretending to have sex. The Prince Archbishop’s mouth watered as he gazed lustfully at Minna’s sweet nakedness. The First Mistress angrily nudged him with her elbow, so that he had to hide his sinful thoughts from his dominatrix.

Minna and Leonardo found their way around their new surroundings, Barstow’s city palace. Minna followed the example of his previous wives and slept in the large bedroom, but in separate beds, because Barstow sometimes snored loudly. Barstow insisted on having a cot set up for Leo in the bedroom. He did not want his son to continue sleeping with his mother.

Minna's first years of marriage

In the first year everything went very harmoniously. Leo looked at her from the cot when Minna gave Barstow a blowjob or sometimes rode him. It was still just nice to watch, just nice. But towards the end of the year his puberty began vigorously. Leo waited until his stepfather had fallen asleep and crept to his mother. "It's tormenting me again, Mom!" he whispered and was allowed to slip under her covers. As always, he was allowed to lie down so that he could fuck and squirt between her ass cheeks or in the asshole. She let him do it with a smile, as long as he kept to the point of not penetrating her pussy hole. She had always told him how indecent and dishonorable it was to fuck your own mother, to fuck in mother's pussy hole. She had explained to him at length that neither civil society nor the clergy tolerated it. She had shown him how he could push his cock from below between her ass cheeks, up into her asshole. Of course he was allowed to fuck and squirt in her asshole, as long as he stayed away from the pussy hole. If he wanted, he could also fuck her in her asshole, that was not unpleasant and was fine. However, he would get a headbutt if he made a mistake and fucked in her pussy hole and squirted inside. She always resented him for that, but she never interrupted him doing it.

So it came to pass that Leo no longer gave a damn at his stepfather's request, slipped under his mother's blanket and fucked her in the asshole or pussy hole. Minna masturbated every night before going to sleep, but she never uncovered herself. "That's not something you show other people," she had said to Leo. She allowed his childish fingers to creep to her finger, to her pussy. He closed his eyes and tried to imagine it vividly.

Her finger circled her clit several times before she began to rub it in a targeted manner. She increased her speed when she began the final spurt. She rubbed harder and harder, faster and faster, until her lower abdomen twitched and undulated, fucking the air. She continued to stroke her clit very gently until she rubbed to a second orgasm. Like the first time, but the second orgasm was always stronger,

so that she was completely exhausted. Only very rarely did she masturbate a third time later, after a long break.

Leo, a clever and bright boy in puberty, soon discovered that there was a very short window of time when he could fuck her while she was masturbating. As soon as she finally started the final spurt, she did not notice that he pushed his cock into her pussy hole and shortly after squirted inside, before her orgasm had subsided. Only rarely did she notice it later, but then she did not give him a slap in the face or a headbutt. She only murmured, “You little rascal, you!” or sometimes “You cunning fox, you!”, but that was meant in a friendly and loving way. She was never really angry with him when he fucked her in her pussy hole and squirted inside. She was just worried that they could both be severely punished.

Minna's Succubus

Minna was always ready to give Barstow a blowjob or ride him if he felt like it. She had been faithful to him for two years, foregoing every opportunity to fuck, which was not easy for her, God forbid. Barstow took his sleeping pills later and later, he peeked over at Minna and was very annoyed when she masturbated every night. He felt completely excluded, and not entirely without reason. But now, towards the end of the second year, Minna was having nightmares, as Barstow noticed with his hair standing on end. In the nightmare, the horrible gnome attacked her and fucked his poor wife half the night. Barstow could see quite clearly how her lower body moved as the gnome fucked her and how she orgasmed again and again. He stayed awake some nights to see the monstrosity. He was depressed for months because he didn't know what to do. His spiritual advisor and good friend advised him to file a witch trial. Either she was a witch or bewitched, or she was completely innocent, then his wife would be blessed every evening until the haunting was over.

Of course Leo had also noticed that Mom sometimes had nightmares. He could only go to her when his stepfather was asleep. He lay down quietly next to her and watched as she was fucked by an invisible man. Leo was at a loss, he put his arms around her, which she obviously liked, but she continued to be fucked. Leo carefully let his cock slide from below between her ass cheeks, in, deep into her pussy hole. He didn't need to fuck her, she fucked him. He squirted as often as he could. He left his cock inside so he could feel her orgasms directly. An hour or two later it stopped, she slept peacefully and when he asked Mom later, she would have no idea.

Minna experienced it quite differently. A beautiful girl appeared to her in her dream, surrounded by a golden glow. Minna knew exactly that she was dreaming. She had seen many beautiful girls naked, but this was the most beautiful. She looked up at her questioningly. "I am your succubus, Minna. My name is Conny and as you can see, I am not a small, hunchbacked gnome who fucks poor women in their nightmares. That is a pure invention to give women a way out, since

the poorest were being mated against their will from orgasm to orgasm. This, and precisely this, was something that women could not reveal to men; men would definitely not understand that they were being fucked from orgasm to orgasm by enormously large cocks, that they had begged with tear-filled eyes to continue to be mated in such a divine way.

A deceitful one invented a hunchbacked gnome with a hooked nose who squatted on her and mated her for an eternity with his large, horrible cock. The tale spread like wildfire. Since many had become pregnant of her secret lovers or chance acquaintances, they pinned it on the devilish gnome. It is obvious that we succubi cannot impregnate human women because we are magical dream creatures. But women in need are very inventive, you have to give them that!" Conny smiled disarmingly. "We are of good will, Minna. We do no harm to anyone, we teach even the youngest girls how to fuck, but we are also there when they are in sexual need like you now. Look at me, I may be a girl, but I also have a pretty decent man's cock!" Only now did Minna's gaze slide down.

For God's sake! What a magnificent cock! Conny smiled kindly. "You can fuck it if you want, like you used to!" Minna swallowed. "Used to?" Now Conny laughed briefly. "Remember! When you were 4 years old, when you were with August, you let me fuck you in your dreams! For ten years you played fucking with August because, like her, you had a hazy memory of fucking the succubus. That was no coincidence, no pioneering achievement." Minna was speechless. So that's why she and Augusta were so keen to play fucking!

Conny bent over Minna's pussy and kissed her cunt, making her shiver. "The gods decide which children we have to take care of. We appear to the little girls in their dreams, usually when they are 4 years old. We fuck the dreaming girls, awakening in them the growing desire to be fucked. It almost never happens that a succubus tears the girl's hymen. We are able to fuck them without tearing their hymen apart. Remember, I have fucked you since you were a little girl, I always made you forget it as soon as you woke up. But Augusta also experienced the same thing. We taught you and Augusta how to rub the clits, how to lick the clit and later how to fuck with the clits. You

and she learned it very well, Augusta let you, the more stormy one, fuck her clit until you both were exhausted. I was very pleased with your awakening sexuality, and you took the right step when you lay down with Messer Franco. He is a hybrid, half human, half magical. He taught you everything you should know back then, although you have too quickly forgotten it.

We also take care of young boys, awakening them just like girls. From childhood we let them fuck us in their dreams, which they learn very quickly. We let them rub our cock and let it ejaculate, every boy knows this from childhood on. We guide them to spy on their mothers, their nakedness and their pussies, because we also make mothers willing to flash it to the boy. As a rule, they flash their nakedness and their pussies before the eyes of the boys, of course enticed into exposing themselves by us. In all boys' dreams we let them fuck their mothers, that is the most important thing in every boy's dream. We often appear to them faking the appearance of their mother, who seduces the little one. For many boys in puberty, the line between dream-fucking and real-life fucking becomes blurred. Many, many mothers push them away in disgust after their son has violated them, but not raping her. They can never defend themselves effectively against it because we paralyze their will to be mounted and fucked by him, to let the boys splash their sperm inside them. Many boys abuse their unwilling mothers for years, squirting their sperm without considering whether to impregnate their terrified mother, which is happening more and more often. Only a few mothers welcome them greedily and horny. Many a father beats his son up when he has ejaculated into a willing or unwilling wife, because he fears him as a rival. This is how we guide the boys through puberty, which only ends when they ejaculate regularly, during sex or with their own fist.

That is what we succubi do, we are not small, hunchbacked gnomes who mate with poor women in their nightmares against their will!" Conny concluded her explanation. Minna hugged Conny tightly, she now understood the magic creature. Minna knew, of course, that she was sleeping deeply and that all this was just a dream.

Minna stared at Conny's cock. "I've never seen a girl with a cock!" she thought and whispered. Conny smiled. "I even have a real pussy underneath, a very fine one, because I also fuck boys and men in their nightmares. But you should think about whether I should fuck you now!" Minna and Conny lay next to each other on the bed and caressed each other. "Your skin is as soft as velvet, Conny!" Minna exclaimed again and again in delight. "Silky, velvety and flawless!" Minna grabbed Conny's cock. "It's beautiful!" Minna pushed the foreskin back completely and stared rapturously at the beautifully shaped glans. "It looks strong, it seems to me." Conny hugged her as light as a feather. "I'm in your dream, Minna. I can fuck you a hundred times in a row, as long as you want. Only when you're exhausted do I have to stop. Or interrupt," she added mischievously.

Of course Minna knew that she would let Conny fuck her. But — Barstow, Leo? Conny smiled. "Barstow is a good husband, Minna! He's just jealous and feels put aside because you masturbate so happily and carefree. Like every man. Forget him, he'll drag you to court anyway to prove your innocence. He and you will win, your honor and innocence will be proven conclusively, believe me, I've already seen it. And as for Leo, he's worried about you, but he instinctively feels that you're doing fine. His urge forces him to stick his cock in your pussy hole and squirt inside, but you don't mind, I can see it."

Minna felt light and completely carefree like never before. "Come on, Conny, fuck me to orgasm! I want it!" Conny nodded imperceptibly. "It was obvious, my love!" she murmured happily. She was a good two heads taller than Minna, she lifted Minna from the ground as light as a feather and held her in her arms. "Wrap your arms and legs around me, Minna, put your face on my shoulder and let it happen!" No one except Ser Franco had ever fucked her like that, standing up. She wrapped her arms around Conny's neck and her legs around her hips. "Just dream about Ser Franco, he was and is a good man!" Barstow's and all the other faces disappeared, only Conny was here, the lovely girl who fucked her standing up like Franco had done back then. Minna felt that she was the 14-year-old again, who quickly came to orgasm and bit into Franco's neck, leaving a reddish mark. "Oh, please don't stop, Conny!" she breathed trembling, "please don't stop!" She only had to think it and it happened. Of course I'm dream-

ing, thought Minna, but it's my best dream! She didn't know if Conny was fucking her for minutes, hours or days. Conny said goodbye after a wonderful French kiss, kissed the little 14-year-old girl on the forehead and let her go back to sleep.

Conny came almost every night. Minna couldn't understand why in the real world they called it a 'nightmare'. In any case, she experienced the best fucking of her life in Conny's arms. It seemed quite natural to her that Conny was a girl; she would probably have been a little afraid of a man and wouldn't have been able to let herself fall as freely as she would in the arms of a girl. "And because you've spent half your life fucking in Augusta's arms," added Conny, who was certainly right.

Minna suddenly saw things clearly. Yes, she had fucked hundreds of boys, more than many other women. But now she was filled with a different, new feeling that only Conny and Leo could give her. Dignity, respect, acceptance, a spiritual home. Minna's whole body was shaking. Conny put her arms around her as lightly as a feather and kissed her on the top of her head. "You're already very close, my 14-year-old child. You felt it with Ser Franco, but forgot it again, you stupid little thing. But it's nice that you've found it again, that you can see it now clearly. Keep it in your heart." Conny had disappeared, Minna was sleeping deeply and dreamlessly, like always.

As a witch in court

The Lord of Barstow had called for the trial. He had previously embraced Minna and kissed her on the lips. "It is for your own good, I must restore your honor, prove your innocence, my love." Minna nodded submissively, Conny had already seen it. "Yes, my dear husband, I know how honestly you want it. I will cooperate and give everything that is asked of me. I know how innocent I am." They walked hand in hand to the town hall.

5 chairmen, 5 judges were to decide whether Minna was a witch who was waiting to be burned at the stake. Or whether she was bewitched, in which case the devil had to be exorcised. Or whether she was completely innocent, in which case she would be free. The five men were the presiding president, the mayor, two legal experts and an envoy of the bishop, the Father Nuncio. The Prince Archbishop had ordered his two legal experts that the only solution was number 3, an honorable acquittal. "By your heads, gentlemen!" the Prince Archbishop had dismissed them, and they knew that he was never joking.

From the first minute, the Father Nuncio acted like the boss, even though the president was formally presiding over the court. You don't have to be a clairvoyant to recognize the only fault of Father Nuncio: it was arrogance. He was the center of the world, don't you see? Without it being his turn, he sent Minna to the dungeon down, where she had to put on the red sheet of an accused person. Not only did the ugly thing reveal her body almost naked, Father Nuncio kept lifting the rag up with his bamboo stick to get excited about Minna's pussy. Was this, besides his arrogant pride, his second virtue, the lust for the flesh!?

The first day of court was rather quiet. Lord Von Barstow was questioned and had to admit that Minna often had violent twitches and shakings at night. At first he thought it was from her nightly clitrubbing, but then he had doubts again. Oh, how Father Nuncio pounced on it now! Rubbing her clit? Every night? When, how often,

how intensely? The presiding judges and the people hunched their shoulders. Why was the little monk riding on it? Minna looked at the presiding judges with a smile. “Once, every night, very pleasant. You don’t need to know any more!” She didn’t want to discuss Barstow’s little dead bird. “And — it’s my private matter!”

Father Nuncio did not give up so easily. His questions offered a whole lexicon of techniques, preferences, possibilities. For most of the spectators it was new that the masturbation of their wives, mothers or daughters was being discussed so openly and in such colorful detail. That was a topic for the Nuncio. During confession he had the girls and women describe in detail how they sinned against the 6th commandment. He closed his eyes devoutly to see the sin in all its colorful details. If the penitent was young, simpleminded and naive, he had her demonstrate him the sin of masturbating, protected by the privacy of the confessional box. If he could trick her more, the sinner had to wait in prayer until the end and be the last to enter the confessional box to be fucked by the priest. No, no, that was not a sin, the priest was just cleaning her sinful pussy with his semen, right? He was the center of the world, he thought, because he had fucked every simple-minded, naive penitent in the confessional box from the age of ten to the age of sixty! The poor sheep got used to being fucked by the shameless guy after every confession, because he cleaned her sinful pussy with his sperm! — The women among the spectators paid close attention, when Father Nuncio asked Minna a thousand dirty questions and did not get a single answer from her, they heard so much that was new, unknown and undiscovered. The mayor put an end to the spectacle after an hour.

Father Nuncio wanted to put Minna in prison overnight, she would soon end up on the stake! A cold wind blew against the little monk. 4 to 1 it was decided to let Minna go home with her husband, on his word of honor that he would bring her back the next day. The four in the presidium had shown the little monk who’s the boss, where Thor hangs His Hammer and hits the nail on the head, Amen!

After dinner they went to bed. Minna lay naked next to her husband for once, because Conny had whispered in her mind that she would magically help her. Minna grabbed Barstow’s soft cock. “I’ll

make it better for you than ever anyone,” she cooed as her husband closed his eyes, knowing that the poor little bird was stone dead. Leo sat up curiously in the crib.

Minna said, “You fought bravely for me today, my dear husband, and put the lewd little monk back in his place! He really deserved it!” And as if by a miracle, the little bird woke up, Minna gave him a hearty, fine handjob and took him in her mouth to squirt. She let him squirt deep in her throat and swallowed the little sperm with pleasurable sounds. Truly, Barstow grinned from ear to ear and fell asleep smiling happily.

Minna and Leo

Minna waved to Leo. She remembered how well Conny had spoken about Leo. She grabbed the 10-year-old and lifted him between her thighs. "From now on, you can fuck me face to face every night and squirt inside me as often as you like. I love you very, very much, my Leo!" The boy was speechless, but his whole face was beaming. "No slaps, no headbutts?" he asked uncertainly and she laughed quietly. "That was once, that's over now! Come and make me sweat!"

Leo kissed her lips because he hadn't yet experienced French kissing. He kissed her full, firm breasts, which he loved so much, and also her stiff, brown teats, because she loved that so very much. As if by magic, the 25-year-old mother's thighs opened and Leo guided his cock blindly in, without removing his lips from her teats. For the first time, he penetrated her from the front, he looked unblinkingly into Minna's eyes and his lips nibbled one teat, while she kneaded the other one with her fingers. It was so beautiful, so wonderful to fuck Minna! Little drops of sweat formed on her upper lip. Leo's cock was a small, slim boy's cock, but he fucked her as passionately as possible. He lasted a very long time and only straightened up after almost half an hour. "Mom, I'm squirting!" he called quietly and shot his sperm inside in firm jets. She hugged him and held him in her arms for a long time. "Would you like to do it again?" she breathed in his ear, but he shook his head and fell asleep seconds later.

The trial

Minna lay in Conny's arms until midnight, then she slept too. Barstow brought her to the town hall on time the next day, she put the red cloak around her naked body and sat down on the poor sinner's chair. Of course Father Nuncio scurried around her, lifting the rag with the bamboo stick to make sure that her pussy was still there. "I'm looking to see if there's a devilish gnome hiding under her skirt!" he said defiantly. Like all the others, the resolute mayor had stared at Minna's pussy and now he called out loudly, "And, Father, do you see anything treacherous?" The Nuncio had to give in. "No, Mayor, nothing like that, unfortunately!"

He sat down, brooding dully. "The witch must still burn!" he muttered to himself, disgruntled. He had grown up in a small town where one or more witches were burned almost every week. It was not the pyre nor the blazing fire that excited him. It was the crowds of people in which one could press oneself against the asscheeks of an unaccompanied woman. One or the other would let lift her skirt and let the stranger fuck and mate with her from behind. Being a young boy, he usually fucked three women at every burning stake, holding the hips with both hands and squirting inside insanely, not a single thought how many of them he impregnated. Back then he fucked anyone who watched the fire as if hypnotized, whose cheeks glowed with excitement when the innocent witches screamed, moaned and whimpered. How nice it was to be fucked from behind by a stranger at the same time, Amen!

The president stood up and gave a long speech about how well the imperial city of Augsburg had risen from the ashes after the Thirty Years' War and how, as a result, there had been no witch burnings in the 20 years since. He could not see that Minna von Barstow was a witch or that she was bewitched. He insisted on an immediate vote.

The people held their breath.

Four to one.

Everyone stared at the Father Nuncio. It was he who prevented the verdict. The two legal experts had to admit to the Father, that they had to carry out a 'highly painstaking investigation'. The only one who grinned now was the Father himself.

Of course, modern people no longer know what this investigation means. It was abolished around 200 years ago, between 1805 and 1825, throughout Europe. The verdict was decided by majority vote. In this respect, the flesh-hungry priest had poor prospects. He did not consider this, he was looking forward to the procedure itself. The mayor called for a vote, public or not? Four to one, only the priest wanted an audience. The people had to leave the hall. Barstow hugged Minna. "I pray that your cause wins!" Surely even the educated Barstow did not know what 'extremely painstaking' meant.

The extremely painstaking process

Now there were only five of them, plus Minna in the hall. The Father Nuncio could no longer control his desire, pulled the red rag over Minna's head, exposing her naked. Minna covered her bare breasts and her pussy with her hands. Now the resolute mayor, who was a butcher at the same time, stepped in. He hurled the skinny little monk to the ground. "The order is prescribed by law! The Lord presiding, the Lord Mayor, the Bishop's representative, the two legal experts. So keep quiet, you cheeky boy!" Of course the mayor's tone was wrong, but one could understand his anger quite well. The little monk, who no longer saw any prospect of burning the Lady at the stake, wanted to at least fuck the honorable Minna von Barstow if he couldn't burn her. — What a guy!

The Lord presiding

The Lord stepped in front of Minna and unbuttoned his fly. "Lady von Barstow, I have to follow the rules! And the other four have to watch carefully the mating close-up to see if the devil shows himself and exposes you as a witch. — So then, in God's name!" Conny had whispered in Minna's mind, "Stay strong, fuck the gentlemen in a good wifely way, they know that. Don't be afraid, I'm right behind you!" Minna smiled into the Lord's eyes and opened her thighs willingly. "Come on, Your Grace, I'm willing and ready!" The others stood around Minna while the Lord fucked her. He was no creep, he fucked now the wife of the well-known merchant and banker respectfully, tenderly and very gently. He was a pleasure-seeker who loved the gentle fucking that his wife used to offer him and that one or two of her very young maids now offered him. He took his time, there was no reason to rush. Now he was ready, he pulled out his cock and squirted on the wooden floor. He nodded contentedly at everyone. "No devilry anywhere, just a good wife who bravely lets herself be fucked to prove her innocence!" He made way for the mayor and stood in front of the little Father, who could hardly see anything even though he stood on tiptoe.

The mayor

The mayor unbuttoned his fly. "Dear Lady von Barstow, I too firmly believe in your innocence, but we have to prove that there is no monster hiding in your pussy!" Minna also nodded at him in a friendly manner. "Don't worry, Your Grace! I am quite prepared to prove my innocence! Just come, be my dear husband for the moment!" The mayor fucked Minna with his big butcher's cock and smiled contentedly when Minna had an orgasm. He fucked her for a long time afterwards, then he too pulled out his cock and squirted on the floor. "No devil, damn it!" was his verdict.

Father Nuncio, the toad

Now the priest pushed forward. "Now I come, now it's my turn!" One of the legal experts grumbled audibly, "So much for your vow to renounce the flesh and live chastely!" The priest gave him an angry look, but he blushed all over. "Now it's my turn, I'll give your devil legs, you wretch!" Minna looked at his cock and laughed loudly. "You think, Bishop's servant, that the devil is afraid of this little thing?" Defiantly, Father Nuncio thrust his little cock into Minna's pussy and fucked her furiously. He straightened up to squirt inside. But he had not reckoned with the innkeeper, or rather, with the butcher. The mayor pulled him back by the collar of his robe. "What a miserable rascal you are!" the butcher shouted at him, while the parson squirted helpless on the floor. "To squirt inside the faithful, highly respectable lady like a sinister rapist! That is unforgivable, that is miserably cowardly!" He shook the little monk in the air and let him fall to the floor.

The first legal scholar

One of the legal scholars now stepped forward and bowed almost to the ground. "I am fulfilling a duty, dear Lady, I will not infringe on your honor!" Minna was surprised by these words, but she reached forward and unbuttoned his fly with skill. "Come on, Your Grace, fulfill your duty! I am surprised by your respectful speech. Let me be your devoted wife for these minutes!" The legal scholar fucked her with joy, because he only knew the lust of the flesh from whores who practiced their profession with disgust and contempt. He too pulled

out his cock before ejaculating and let his semen squirt onto the ground. “No devilry, not a bit. Just a highly respectable wife who obeys the law and fucks wonderfully well!”

The second legal scholar

Minna had clearly felt Conny’s invisible embrace during the extremely shameful copulations; the angelic girl strengthened her mind and soul during the procedure so that Minna could endure it with equanimity and without romantic confusion. The last one also assured how he would fulfill his duty. He did not visit the whores very often like his colleague; he accepted the fucking of respectable, chaste wives and their untouched daughters as a bribe; he was not interested in money. He loved the crying and the hesitant, shy devotion of God-fearing, chaste women as a special gift and sacrifice. Minna neither cried nor was she hesitant or shy. She was very experienced and practiced in fucking, that was something. He fucked her happily and with beautiful sexual devotion, and he also let his sperm fall on the floor. That was normal for him, he never wanted to embarrass women. Only when he deflowered a virgin and fucked the child did he let it ejaculate into the innocent child, she was still much too young to get pregnant.

The verdict

The gentlemen had buttoned up their flys and sat down. The mayor put a vote on whether Minna was a witch, four to one. Then they voted on whether she was bewitched, again four to one. Had anyone noticed anything devilish, the Lord of Darkness himself or one of his servants, during the extremely painful copulation? Four immediately said no, the Father Nuncio took a long time. But he had not observed anything of the sort either. The mayor gave the little monk an astonished look, because that was unexpected. Now they discussed the verdict. Who voted for the stake? Everyone looked at the priest, but he knew he had lost. Five against. Exorcism? Five against. Acquittal and certification of innocence, confirmation of the full honor of Minna von Barstow? Five for.

The clerk was called and the verdict was dictated on parchment. Minna's honor was restored; she was a pure, chaste soul. The gentlemen reveled to those who asked questions about how finely, modestly and devotedly the chaste wife of Barstow had let the four of them fuck her. The gentlemen described the fucking of the immaculate Minna in a verbose, flowery and enthusiastic manner, she was fucking divinely like a pure, innocent angel. Father Nuncio pulled his head between his shoulders and left when the ridiculousness of his contribution was revealed amid loud laughter. He was never seen again in the imperial city of Augsburg.

Barstow's sorrow

The Lord of Barstow was quite depressed when he understood the nature of the 'extremely painstaking copulation'. His beloved, poor wife had to let herself be fucked by four councillors and the disgusting monk. Barstow embraced Minna warmly and consoled her. But she remained happy and exuberant. No, she did not need to be consoled. She had let hundreds of men fuck her in her previous life, she reminded her contrite husband, the four councillors were very respectful and honourable during the copulation, and only the mayor had been able to fuck her to orgasm and then for a long time afterwards, the strong fucker, she said with a smile. She only had contemptuous, dirty words to say about the disgraceful Father Nuncio. He was a depraved, perverted, dirty hyena who dragged his sacred habit through the mud. Yes, her husband was allowed to console her for that. She would wash away the juices of the 'extremely painstaking copulation' in the bath water, although none of the men had squirted inside, Minna smiled. She beamed to grant her husband the pride and satisfaction of her legally proven purity.

Lord von Barstow, who had already had Leo taught by the best private teachers for two years, was very happy with the 11-year-old. Yes, the boy would be a good successor and heir, that quickly became clear to him. This thought was very reassuring. He could smoke his meerschaum pipe in peace and composure, the boy had become his pride.

Minna had discussed it with her husband in all seriousness. She wanted Leo to lie with her officially. He was the right age to learn how to fuck and she was longing to be mated by him. This was strong stuff, but he finally agreed because she promised her husband to give him a handjob or a blowjob whenever he wanted. He had the cot removed and a wide bed set up for Minna.

Barstow watched with a pounding heart as he saw for the first time Leo fucking Minna. She had of course told him that the bright boy had been fucking her for some time already, so it was completely

normal for her and Leo. He later talked to Leo, who had become a serious, amazing teenager. He was very impressed with the respect and loving affection with which the boy fucked Minna, mated her and regularly brought her to orgasm. Leo sensed the sadness in the voice of his stepfather, who could no longer do it himself. He hugged his stepfather tightly, because he was so grateful to be allowed to mount Minna with his permission.

When Barstow and Leo were sleeping, Minna met with Conny. She loved being fucked by the beautiful girl, it filled her with great sexual joy and fulfillment. Conny kissed her gently on the lips every time and she fell asleep with this kiss on her lips. She dreamed and knew that Conny would not leave her until she took her last breath, not before.

It was only when Leo was old enough and was looking for young, very, very young girls to fuck that Minna looked around. She was not surprised that Leo grabbed the young and youngest children, deflowered them and fucked them until he was tied up by the next one. He took after his father, Franco, who loved to deflower and to fuck his noble young pupils. Minna looked around, she was very selective and by no means careless. She took the future lover's cock in her hand a dozen times to test it and drained the squirting cock to the dregs before she let him fuck her.

Minna's works

It was Conny who actually made her a saint. "Put on a simple rough dress and walk through the streets of the imperial city. Don't pay attention to the wealthy, the contented. No, pay attention to those who are at the bottom, feel their suffering with your heart!" Minna woke up wide awake. She wasted no time, dressed shabbily and spent days wandering through the darkest corners, the most disreputable streets. She always took a purse full of copper coins with her, which was empty by the evening. She understood well what Conny had meant.

The aged Lord von Barstow, who handed over his business to Leo bit by bit, was easily persuaded and opened his coffers to Minna. She built a huge tent in the poorest quarter of the imperial city, where everyone was offered hot soup, a piece of bread and a mug of light beer. She bought several connected buildings and built the first orphanage for Augsburg there. 450 children found a warm bed and two warm meals a day there. Small workshops were built where children could learn a craft. The Lord of Barstow closed his eyes the last time, knowing that Minna and Leo were using the profits to clothe and feed the poorest of the poor.

Minna devoted her time to this task; she had turned 45 and her loins no longer needed to be fucked so urgently, although she took whoever she wanted into her bed. She too was increasingly attracted to young, virginal boys who were ardently yearning to fuck the tall beauty as first in their lives.

Leo had married a gentle, loyal soul who bore him a room full of children. She had never fucked any other man than Leo; she looked a little enviously at her childhood friends who fucked anyone indiscriminately. But she never dared to cheat on Leo. She would withdraw quietly and fearfully when Leo took a very young girl. She would peek out from behind the curtain and watch when Leo deflowered and fucked the child. She actually had no problem at all with her husband regularly bringing a young virgin home, because he was the

best husband and the best fucker to her, and she owed all of her orgasms to him.

The Duchess

Princess Augusta had married the Duke of Wittenbach, a very decent and art-loving husband. Minna was invited to the wedding because the young Duke knew Lord von Barstow well. It was also Minna who supported Augusta during both births. The two women remained friends for their entire lives. When the Duke died, Augusta went to the monastery, where she soon became the abbess.

The Duchess's heart shattered into a thousand pieces when the good Duke was seen collapsing dead. He was in the studio of a court painter who was painting a female nude fucking a God. The Duke himself was depicting the God because he loved to fuck each of the nude models with passion and gusto. Duchess Augusta allowed him to have this little fun because she too had her little virgin pageboys who she passionately seduced. The Duke's death was a catastrophe. She hugged her son Carl, heavily crying, took the 12-year-old into her bed, hugged and comforted him and herself. She took off her silk nightgown because she suspected that he would ruin the expensive piece with his sperm.

Carl had previously slept with his wet nurse, who had breastfed him. It was only natural that she had been letting the little one fuck her for a long time. But he suffered from phimosis, a narrowing of the foreskin. His sperm dripped out of the tiny hole for what must have been an hour. The wet nurse took a small pair of scissors and made a small cut in the little boy's foreskin so that she could pull his foreskin back over the glans. How the 8-year-old beamed, really squirting inside while fucking the wet nurse! Of course, his mother, the Duchess, knew nothing about this. She only felt her son's stiff cock and took off her silk nightgown as a precaution so that he didn't mess it up with his sperm.

The Duchess lay naked on her bed, crying bitterly and holding her crying son tightly in her arms. He had put his arms around her neck, his lips kissed his mother's breast and sucked on her teat. No, this wasn't anything sexual at first, sucking on the teat like a baby calmed

the 12-year-old down. Gentle shivers ran down the Duchess's back as he sucked on her teat. Her left leg was stretched out, the other bent to the side. Carl's stiff cock slid gradually higher along her inner thighs, sending horny shivers ahead and igniting the fire in her clit. She knew this feelings very well, hundreds of young pageboys had slid their little boy cocks up her inner thighs. She cried and trembled in anticipation. Oh, Carl obviously knew what he had to do. He didn't seem to be a virgin anymore, she smiled, crying and sobbing. She cried, sobbed and held her breath as Carl's fine glans touched her pussy.

They were still holding each other, crying, and the Duchess pressed him to her, sobbing. "Be gentle with me, Carl, don't hurt me! Love me and be good to me!" she stammered and sighed deeply, as Carl slowly penetrated her pussyhole with his cock. He nodded, sobbing, "Yes, Mom, I love you very much, now we don't have Daddy anymore!" he sobbed and sniffed, the tall boy. They both cried as they fucked for a very long time, and Carl sobbed loudly, "Daddy, Daddy, oh Daddy!" as he straightened up twitching and squirted deeply into her cunthole. She held him in her arms for a long time, her tears gradually drying up.

From then on, Carl slept with the Duchess every night. She guided his index finger to her G-spot, as she had guided every little pageboy, to show him where he could trigger her orgasm. He was very docile, the apple of her eye. She ruled as Prince Regent, as he was not yet 18. He would never be, because one evening his badly mutilated corpse was brought home from the wild boar hunt. She screamed, she yelled, she cursed everyone blasphemously. He had only just turned 17, her son, her lover. She yelled for her brother-in-law, the Duke's youngest brother. Sobbing and crying, she called him to be the next Duke, because it was his turn. She sat at the window for days and stared out into the November rain. Then she said goodbye and went to the monastery, in whose cemetery her husband and her son lay. She gave her underage daughter to the mercy of the new Duke and lived in the monastery from then on.

Minna died peacefully, before she was 60. The imperial city mourned the loss of the benefactor who had been a lighthouse for the

poor in stormy seas. Augusta came to Minna's funeral, which was presided over by Bishop Wilbertus II, Wilbertus nicknamed 'the carnal-loving'. That night, tired and exhausted by carnal lust, Augusta lay in the arms of Wilbertus, who had done his job very well. Augusta wanted to know how she could canonize Minna, seriously and officially. Wilbertus knew how to do it.

Abess von Wittenbach commissioned a reliable man, the Bishop of Worms, who shared Augusta's bed and warmed her feet properly whenever he passed through, to go to the Pope in Rome and push forward Minna's beatification and canonization. The Bishop of Worms was one of her favorites, he knew what and how to fuck exactly to make the Duchess shout and rejoice and repeated it until the noble Lady didn't know which train hit her. She snuggled up to the young bishop, purring gratefully and contentedly, as she had previously only done on the Duke's chest. No, the Abbess was not one of those, by God not! But every Abbot, every Bishop who came to her monastery had to share her bed and fuck her so hard until the Duchess didn't know which train hit her. She really owed it to herself. Simple pilgrims, passing tradesmen and travelers did not receive this preferential treatment. They had to warm their feet at night in the simple cells of the religious sisters. The nuns usually knew when it was safe to let the man fuck them properly and hard. Unfortunately, it did not happen that often that someone visited the nunnery.

The Duchess did not take every high priest into her arms. Some were old or fat or otherwise disgusting. She had a loyal young novice who would then step in for her. She was grateful to little Angela for fucking in her place. Angela was not squeamish, by God not. She loved to be fucked by anyone, because she was someone who came to orgasm very quickly when being fucked.

The Duchess took great care to advise her chargés on the safe days. At that time, women had to count the days based on their menstrual period. And she was as careful as a prisoner guard to ensure that the girls did not become pregnant. Many only took the vow of chastity in old age, when their desire to fuck had waned. She never took a vow of chastity herself.

She lured as many Abbots, Bishops and other high Clergymen into her arms as she could. Even at 60, she fucked the High Lords brains out, so that they could be sent to the Pope in Rome. The canonization of Minna, her beloved Minna, became her highest goal.

It would take more than 6 years before Minna von Barstow was canonized.

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Frank's Escape

by Jack Faber © 2024

Imprisoned

Frank's 221st day in prison, he realized as he scratched a line into the plaster. Thankfully, this cell had a large window, barred at an unreachable height, the window glass long since broken out. So he could enjoy the sunshine as well as the pelting rain. He was lucky, no annoying cellmates, no stuffy, farting air, no reading material. Just nothing, nothing at all. The mattress on the floor was his feudal interior.

They drove him to the interrogation in a locked van, with a black sack over his head, every 2 or 3 days. The trip took about half an hour, he estimated. It was so quiet that he was probably in the middle of a desert, no longer in Riyadh, the capital of Saudi Arabia. No humming noise that radiated a city everywhere.

Until the 72nd day, a brutal officer interrogated him, because Frank was certainly an American spy. Frank could say what he wanted, he got a beating, every day. That's how it has to be, you dirty American! On the 73rd day, no interrogation, no beating. The guards were either deaf and dumb or didn't speak English, whatever. Frank only spoke German and English, not a word of Arabic. How could he?

74 days ago he was arrested in the players' locker room. He was with his team in Riyadh, the capital of Saudi Arabia, for a friendly match. Football (soccer), of course. The Vienna team waited in vain for days, the manager took a taxi to the Foreign Ministry. Everything remained vague. Espionage? The lanky, athletic goalgetter Frank? The team manager and coach wrung their hands and called the Austrian consul. The team flew home without Frank. The consul had a lot to do, especially the hunt for Egyptian female flesh, virgin whores and other outrageously expensive meat took up a lot of time and money. The team manager and coach called every day at first, but Frank remained missing.

He had peace until day 81. Then riding blindfolded in an open Jeep felt like more than an hour through the desert, and another hour through the mountains. When he was allowed to get out with the bag over his head, he heard the city. A port city, without a doubt. He knew the smell of the fish and the salt water well, as he had had a ship in the Adriatic for almost 10 years, every summer vacation. He was led into the interrogation room, only then was the bag over his head lifted and his handcuffs removed. He waited half an hour until the officer came in. The new guy didn't seem to be a thug, he was corpulent and looked comfortable.

The officer, Major Abd El Wahab, had manners, spoke good English and loved classical music. He brought two suitcases with him, one containing a solid record player with loudspeakers, the other containing a good 100 records. The major was completely overwhelmed technically, so Frank politely asked if he should do it, as he could do something like that. "Okay," grumbled Abd and left Frank to work. The record player was up and running in no time at all, Frank ripped open the packaging of the remote control and the batteries that came with it. Major Abd shook his head in disbelief. "I didn't even know there was a remote control!" Frank suppressed a smile. The major seemed to be a laid-back guy, but a technical zero. Frank put a record on and sat down.

The art-loving major started the expensive piece and closed his eyes in ecstasy. Frank now hung his knowledge out the window. "Mozart, Requiem, Herbert von Karajan conducts the Vienna Symphony Orchestra." Damn, Frank was knowledgeable! (He could read, damn it!) Abd El Wahab nodded and nodded, the stereo speakers were worth their money!

Frank jumped up eagerly when the first side was finished. He turned the record and the major said he was hungry. Frank just nodded, the major barked in Arabic into the intercom. They heard the second side, the major occasionally wiping a tear from the corner of his eye. "A grain of sand," he explained, "the damned desert!" Frank nodded understandingly, anything else would have been inappropriate. An uniformed man brought a tray, a magnificent steak and a bowl of bean porridge and inedible-looking pieces of camel meat.

Frank had had 80 days to curse the innocent camel, and now the beast was following him here, to this plain interrogation room where the holiest of all requiems was just coming to an end. Damned beast, miserable, thought Frank. Major Abd could read his thoughts and barked into the intercom again. An uniformed man rushed in and quickly took the bean stew with the camel meat pieces.

The major waited patiently, although his steak was getting cold. The next uniformed man stormed in at a run, a plate of steak and a filling side dish in old German Democratic Republic style, the same that had been served in front of the major. Frank offered to swap steaks, but the major did not accept. The uniformed man held a knife and fork indecisively in his hand. He whispered a long question. The major laughed. He took his pistol out of his briefcase and waved it around in the air, chatting in Arabic, then stored it back in his briefcase. Sullenly, the soldier put the (dangerous) cutlery far away in front of Frank and shuffled out. "He's afraid you'll attack me, Frank!" grinned the major. Frank grinned and shook his head. He looked through the records, French baroque music, that fits. They ate with a good appetite, in the background the French were blaring at half volume. The first proper lunch in a good 80 days, thought Frank. The major stressed that a red wine would be more suitable for the food and the music, but we are not in Paris, but in an Islamic kingdom.

Frank was happy to get into the subject. He had once visited Paris for a weekend, Italy, Croatia and Greece by boat in the summer vacation. Yes, and a weekend trip to Budapest, whose old town and monuments were impressive, but he did not agree with the country's politics and left quickly because he heard mostly stupid propaganda from the Hungarians. Brrr!

The major pushed the empty plate aside. He took a notepad and made notes. Paris to Budapest. He looked at Frank with a smile. "That brings us to the heart of the matter. I'm supposed to expose you as an American spy, it's as simple as that. Are you an American spy, Frank?" Frank also pushed his empty plate away.

"No, Major, no! I'm not a spy, not even an American one, and I'm being accused completely unjustly. I live in Vienna, more or less, just

making tourist trips like millions of others!” The major let him tell his life story and wrote down key words. Frank only lied about one point, about the number of concerts and opera visits. He thought the major would enjoy that.

The major put his pen aside, he said that was enough for today. He wanted to address one more point. 140 kilometers there and back, more than two hours in blazing heat. Frank nodded. It was very hot under the black sack and you couldn’t feel the fresh wind.

Major Abd El Wahab nodded understandingly. He didn’t want to subject a cultured music lover to this torture every day. It went against the grain. “But,” he said thoughtfully, “I have to interrogate you harshly until you admit everything, Frank!” Frank saw his laugh lines. “Twice a week, that’s paltry. What do you think, Frank, three times a week classical music, steak and interrogation?” Frank took the offer with both hands. “Fresh airstream, serious music, steak and interrogation, that sounds good. No one will accuse you of negligence, Major!” The major’s fine musical ear did not miss the change. He shook Frank’s hand. “Thanks for setting up the record player, Frank! See you in two days!” He went ahead and barked his orders in the soldier’s face, even though the guy was standing right in front of him. The soldier nodded and nodded, he said loudly “Lä, lä, lä!” a dozen times, the Lä probably meant yes. He handcuffed Frank and led him out, without the black sack over his head.

They put him in the back seat, fastened the handcuffs and off they went! They drove straight out of the town into the desert, to the east. Frank sent a cheerful prayer of thanks to Saint Amadé, the divine composer, his benefactor. He looked back discreetly, the sea, the big harbor and the big city. He would find out exactly where he was. His hair fluttered in the cool wind. A good two hours later he was in his cell. He was still doing his strength exercises like every day to keep himself physically fit.

During the interrogation the major had told him in passing how it had all happened. Firstly, the Austrian team had won 8:2. Secondly, Frank had scored two goals. Thirdly, when they were marching past the dignitaries, he had only shaken hands with a few of the high

lords, but not with the Emir! The Emir, said the Major, slamming his hand on the table, the Emir was the King's representative at the football tournament! thundered the Major, his eyebrows furrowed. Frank now saw that he was in prison for these three monstrous crimes. At least that question was answered.

Mother, oh, mother!

Frank did power training twice a day to keep fit.

The rest of the time he had to think. He was homesick, homesick for his mother.

She had adopted him as a baby. His parents, both of whom had doctorates in chemistry, had been unable to cope with their drug addictions, and now both were dead. Mama was the best mother anyone could wish for. She granted him all of his possible wishes, and rarely asked why and how. Frank had a brilliant mind, an almost photographic memory. Of course he was the best in his class, second place was out of the question. He was a hard-working boy, and he learned a lot more than just the suggested material. In the first grade, at the age of 10, he was given the nickname Shatterhand, a reference to romancier Karl May. He had knocked a much bigger guy, a bully, to the ground with a single fist punch. Of course he was proud of it, but he didn't have to fight in the future - the nickname scared everyone away. He loved football, and it became his favorite sport. So he came to Riyadh, and from there to the dungeon.

Mama was very simple in spirit, we don't want to badmouth her here. She reminded you of a peaceful, obedient sheep, a little gray mouse or a bunny trembling with fear when she was fucked. Four days a week she worked as a reliable, good seamstress in a tailor's workshop. As a seamstress, not as a designer. In special cases she also worked 12 or 14 hours when there was an urgency need. In her youth she had emulated her peers and let herself be fucked by a hundred guys, but it was never enough for a lasting relationship. The gynecologist gently taught her never to have children. She wanted to help the mute girl and arranged the adoption.

Frank loved Emmi, his mother, very much. From an early age he loved watching her take her daily bath. She was not particularly tall, a little chubby and developed large breasts and a large ass very early on. She was not fat and plump, no! He was very, very curious and

wanted to know very early on what was hidden under her light blonde, almost transparent pubic hair. She showed him everything and explained everything to him.

You didn't have to explain it to him twice, he thought it through in a flash. His next question was quite clear: why didn't she have a husband, why didn't he have a father? He already knew about the adoption at that time, but Mama had now told him that men and girls also just fucked for fun. Emmi shivered a little in the bath water, which was getting colder. Frank sat opposite her and didn't seem to shiver. He had stuck his big toe into Mama's pussy hole, he thought that was funny.

Emmi sighed and told him how she had fucked lots of guys as a young girl, for fun of course and maybe to find a fiancé. Then the thing with the gynecologist and the adoption. She looked expectantly at little Frank, wondering if he had understood everything? Little Frank nodded thoughtfully. Because she couldn't have a child, she gave up the fun, the orgasm, as he had heard.

"It's a bit complicated, Frank! A man is expecting children, it's in his genes. I don't want to deceive any man, that would be damn unfair. And if I hooked up with one man just for the sake of fucking and then the next, and so on, then I'd be a whore. And I'd rather be a seamstress, that's my best job." Frank looked at her with his wise eyes and smiled. "I'd much rather you were a seamstress than a whore. I've read quite a lot about whores and I think it's a dirty, unhealthy profession. Whores don't get any fun out of fucking, they have to do it for money with everyone, even the unpleasant and nasty characters." Emmi's eyes glittered with pride at how cleverly he thought about the matter. "And you certainly wouldn't like being a son of a whore, a son of a bitch!" Emmi concluded the topic.

From then on he saw Mom's body with different eyes. Couldn't he give her any fun, any orgasm, he asked as he snuggled up to her naked body in the evening. Mom smiled. "Women don't need orgasms as often as men do. When I wake up in the night covered in sweat with a throbbing clit, I masturbate straight away, then I have a

rest for a while. That happens once a month at most. But men need it every day, most of them anyway.”

She masturbated Frank every night since he could ejaculate. She left out her beautiful, silky nightgowns that she had sewn herself. But she didn't want to ruin them by his squirting. Frank, in any case, was delighted that they were now both naked in bed. She sat cross-legged opposite him and rubbed his cock, she had practiced this a lot since her school days. She allowed him to touch her pussy, her clit and also her pussy hole while she masturbated him. This worked well for years until he hit puberty at 12.

“I like to fuck you, Mom!” said the rebellious Frank over and over again. She shook her head firmly. “No, big boy, you're still much too young to fuck! Besides, it's not right to fuck your own mother, you understand that, don't you?” Frank shook his head firmly. “I've read up on it, you're not my biological mother, so it's not incest, not incest!” They didn't get any further on this matter, they had different understandings.

Emmi met him halfway, a compromise. She would let him fuck her in her asscrack, between her ass cheeks, and let him squirt. Frank wasn't sure, but he wanted to try it. “For the sake of peace,” he grumbled sullenly. Mom lay on her side, held her big, fat asscrack apart with her hand and guided his cock into her asshole. He started to fuck, he had secretly watched porn on the Internet. “It's too dry, I have to moisten my cock!” he diagnosed. She grumbled when he put his cock into her pussy hole, not for the first time. She grumbled again because Frank was already squirting inside as he penetrated her cunthole. “Now it's really wet,” the smart guy announced, fucked her asscrack and squirted there. Mom continued to growl for a moment, then hugged the little rascal and gave him a goodnight kiss on the lips.

It went on like that for two years, exactly like that, and it was good. Sometimes Emmi felt her clit getting hot, and then she masturbated immediately. No, she didn't want to seduce him, but when he came first, he put his chin on her ass cheek and watched from there, and that was fine with her. About every ten days his cock would stray

into her pussy hole. She got a strange expression on her face, first like a phlegmatic sheep, then like a timid rabbit, letting herself be fucked trembling. Mom let herself be fucked in exactly the same way, trembling anxiously, biting her lip and very scared. He really enjoyed fucking Mom's pussy hole and finally squirting his full load inside. He fell backwards, exhausted; it was hard work. He didn't listen, or only half listened, when she complained about her suffering and scolded him. She knew herself how hollow, half-hearted and unbelievable her murmuring sounded.

In the following months, Frank shortened the time interval. At 16, he usually fucked her twice from behind, every night. The ass crack had finally served its purpose. Frank was always fascinated by her transformation into the little, trembling bunny, the confused, sweet female rabbit who let herself be rammed from behind, trembling and shaking. In the end, she looked at him in incomprehension, a stupid, patient sheep who didn't understand being fucked at all.

Soon after he started fucking her regularly, she gave up complaining; Frank wasn't irritated anyway. She resignedly accepted that he fucked her from behind every night right after she went to bed. To make it easier for him and to feel it better herself, she spread her ass cheeks wide. She had never masturbated very often before, but now she did it almost every evening when she was being fucked. It didn't bother her at all that after he had ejaculated he would put his chin on her ass cheek and watch her masturbate and orgasm. She let him kiss her goodnight on the lips, then Frank turned off the bedside lamp.

Run for your life!

Frank's days flew by, every other day he was driven to the small port town of Yanbu Al Bahr on the Red Sea to enjoy music, steak and interrogation with Major Abd El Wahab. It was like a vacation, the major's interrogations were more like light-hearted chat. The 2 hours there and 2 hours back never got boring. In a speeding jeep they drove through the mountains into the scorching hot sand desert. Frank gradually understood the fascination that captivated László Almásy, the Lord of the castle of Bernstein, Lawrence of Arabia alias Thomas Edward Lawrence, Alexandra David-Neel and Isabelle Eberhardt for life. Each time the endless sand desert presented itself in a new guise. Frank was impressed by how perfectly the open jeep shot over the sand track at over 120 km/h.

Thank God the rules became more and more relaxed, the handcuffs were no longer chained to the jeep, later the handcuffs were removed altogether and the water bottle was pressed into his hand, giving the handcuffed man a drink at that speed was clearly a completely unnecessary trick.

All of this contributed to his escape.

It was the 221st day. The lightly chatty interrogation with Major Abd El Wahab came to a cheerful end, a corpulent soldier escorted him to the jeep. The fat guy lit a cigarette and was left astonished when the jeep drove off without him. In front of Frank sat the officer, who always got seasick on the fast journey. The driver, a scoundrel with a very distinctive hooked nose, drove his rally like a fool as always, but he could never make the seasick officer vomit. He took a 90° turn in the city, sparks flying, and gravity made Frank tumble out like a sack of beans.

Frank rolled instinctively, without ever having practiced it. Even as he rolled, a shiver ran down his spine. He was free, having escaped without having planned it. He immediately ducked into a tiny, shady side street.

Free!

He was wearing a clean shirt and pants that had survived the fall unscathed. He dusted himself off and took stock. Shirt, pants, nothing else. Nothing, not even a trouser button! He laughed inwardly. He could imagine the officer holding on, white as a sheet, and the executioner of Baghdad pressing the accelerator to the stop. Frank laughed out loud as he imagined their astonished faces - the back seat EMPTY! He walked quickly, without running, towards the sea, towards the harbor.

When he reached the harbor, he slowed down. As a stowaway? Stealing a sailboat? His eyes kept sliding over the large, brand new motor yacht. Why bother with pennies? He was on the run, without a doubt. He was confident he could steer the motor yacht. He walked out of the pontoon with determination, the new yacht owner.

Two men in suits, obviously armed, stood motionless next to the cabin door. A hurdle, that's for sure. But it was HIS ship, he had to get rid of them. He soon forgot how it all happened. Two punches from Shatterhand, somehow. He opened one of the shelves and found ropes. He tied up the two unconscious men, stole one of them's cell phone and put them both under a tarpaulin on the pontoon. The starter key was in the ignition. A single person just couldn't be that lucky!

While he had turned the key and the ship was coming to life, he wrote a text message to his mom. "I was just able to run away, I'm fine, I'll text you again." Send. He stood in the helm and looked around carefully. He knew most of the instruments, others were self-explanatory. The fuel gauge showed 5,762, whether that was nautical miles, kilometers or liters was unimportant at the moment. Whatever it was, it was enough. The chart plotter showed the position right on the pontoon, OK! Lots of clearly labeled buttons, the ship had obviously been produced in England.

And immediately he discovered the strangest of all buttons.

STEALTH MODE.

Instinctively he flipped the switch, a red control light flashed three times. Before his eyes the ship disappeared under a cheese dome. So that was STEALTH MODE? The ship could make itself invisible!? He almost jumped up in surprise. That changed everything, really everything!

He wanted to leave immediately. He had no time to lose. It would be an acrobatic feat to properly untie the shore lines. He picked up the small hatchet next to the fire extinguisher. He looked for the button for the passarella. He found it, GANGWAY. He pushed, the passarella was raised with a quiet whirring sound and disappeared inside the ship. He hacked through the 8 mooring lines with the axe, the wind drove the ship out into the harbor basin. Frank looked intently at the pontoon, the pier, the harbor, but no one seemed to see the large ship drifting away. He waited another 100 meters, then started the engines. They hummed almost inaudibly at idle.

Heaving a sigh of relief, he gave it a little gas and headed north, towards the Suez Canal. His stomach growled, he was hungry!

Princess Lea

He looked at the chart plotter, he was well out, far away from the tanker route. No obstacles anywhere in sight, so he slowed down to idle and went down to the galley, as they call a kitchen on a ship. He found ham and cheese slices in the fridge and flatbread. He sat down at the large dining table and ate greedily. He leaned back, full, his head against the wall.

He immediately sat up. It was the quiet giggles of girls that had startled him. He tore open the door. With a single glance he took in the scene. Three naked, young girls staring at him. They were wearing only briefs and thongs, covering their breasts with their hands. He barked in English, "Get dressed, come out, now!" and slammed the door again. He sat down at the wheel, it was all so strange, so surprising!

Three girls lined up in front of him. They were wearing classic harem dresses, he assumed. They were dressed in semi-transparent jackets and ankle-length pants made of thin, semi-transparent material, their bras and thongs clearly visible. No sandals, no slippers. The two on the left and right bent their knees, the one in the middle looked at him haughtily. There was something wrong in this scenario, something fishy. He looked into everyone's eyes, searching. He laughed loudly, the one in the middle couldn't be the mistress, the one on the left was!

He held out both hands and ordered the two to go and swap clothes. He looked sharply at the one kneeling on the left. "You're the mistress!" Two minutes later they came back, the one in the middle was the right one. He tapped his chest and said, "I'm Frank from Austria, a soccer player, and I played against a Saudi Arabian team in Riyadh. I was locked up for over 220 days because I was thought to be a spy. I escaped today and stole this beautiful motor yacht."

The princess lowered her head in a brief nod. "Frank," she pointed to the older one, "this is Alayna, my servant," and pointing to the

other, “and Fatme, also my servant. I am Princess Lea from the house of...” and Frank didn’t even take in the long list of her ancestors, it wasn’t important to him. He preferred to look at the underwear of the three girls under his eyelids. He hadn’t fucked for 250 days, and masturbation was no real substitute. Fate, or a goddess with infinite empathy, had brought him here, alone on a magnificent motor yacht with three beautiful girls and almost a year of sex deprivation. The play had already been written, he just had to play his part according to the script.

He had, of course, been listening to Princess Lea with half his attention. She had just said that this motor yacht, the ‘Alraayie’, had been given to her by her father for her 16th birthday. It was the maiden voyage, so to speak. And Frank had now kidnapped her. Papa would look for her, move heaven and earth. Frank sat up straight. “Princess, dear Lea, I only wanted to steal a ship, that is the absolute truth! I had no idea that you, Alayna and Fatme were on board. I have not and do not want to kidnap you three ladies, for God’s sake! I can bring you ashore at any time, wherever you wish!”

Princess Lea became thoughtful. She whispered to her servants. “No, Frank, we’re staying on board, of our own free will. I’m not going to let you steal my birthday present just like that. I’m staying on board, I’m as firm as iron! I’m allowing you to use my ship to escape. I can’t and won’t go any further!” Frank didn’t even have to think for a tenth of a second. “Wouldn’t it be wise to send your father a sign of life so that he doesn’t search for us pointlessly and maybe stop my escape?”

Princess Lea thought about it. She considered how best to sell it to her father. She was very young, very trusting and a little bit naive, and of course she was no match for the older agent.

Together they put together a text, a romantic-sounding trip of three wild teenagers to Bab El Mandeb, the southern gate to the Red Sea. Everything was perfect, the ALRAAYIE was the perfect ship. — Princess Lea chatted with her father. Frank had no idea what the two were talking about. But he understood that she kept holding the cell phone further away from her head and pressing the off button. He

looked questioningly at the princess. “He wanted to know who and why had knocked down the two bodyguards! I couldn’t go on, the connection broke off.” Princess Lea’s eyes were violet and looked as innocent as an icy alpine lake. Frank knew that he must never turn his back on her.

In the Red Sea

Alayna and Fatme were working in the galley. Frank told Lea that it was he who had knocked down the two bodyguards. Lea nodded, "Football player, not spy?" she smiled. Of course she didn't believe the story about the football player. Not for a moment. Lea smiled sensually. "We had fun with the bodyguards all night, dear Frank, but that has to remain a secret, seriously." She glanced at her girls. "We took turns luring the men into our cabin. Fatme has only been with me for a short time, she was raised to be chaste like your Christian nuns. I wanted her to see a real man's cock, to touch it, to pull back the foreskin and to see the tip of the penis up close. The men didn't mind, they knew that Fatme and I were virgins. Then Alayna finished it, she is older than us and no longer a virgin. She didn't mind being fucked six times a night by the two men."

Frank smiled into her violet eyes. "I understand, I was 16 once too, we boys also wanted to know what the woman looked like under the thong. We just didn't have the courage to fuck her back then, even though she was fully expecting it." He grinned, it wouldn't be difficult to get Lea aroused and fuck her.

It was interesting that Lea mentioned that she was the only one who spoke fluent English, Alayna understood it a little, Fatme not at all. The four of them sat down at the table, the two girls had prepared and served an excellent meal. He looked in vain for a bottle of wine, Lea smiled, "We Muslims don't drink alcohol." They stuck to iced rose water. Alayna was the only one smoking. Frank hadn't smoked for at least 10 years, now he took one and smoked together with the 18-year-old. He checked with a glance at the chart plotter that they were staying on the path, here and there he corrected the autopilot by one degree. Night had come surprisingly quickly, he looked for an uninhabited bay that was not marked as an anchorage. About 600 meters from the beach he dropped anchor, there was 8 meters of water under the keel. He turned off the engines, only the quiet hum of the generator could be heard. Despite the air conditioning, the night was scorching hot.

The girls had cleaned the galley and dining table until they were sparkling clean, and now they had disappeared into the large cabin. Frank hid the key, although he had nothing to fear from the girls. A reflex only.

The mermaids

He entered the cabin, three pairs of eyes turned to him expectantly. The motor yacht had cabins for 12 guests, but sleeping with the girls was safer and certainly hotter. He looked closely at the girls' bodies while he took off the major's shirt and trousers. Alayna's breasts were a little bigger than the others. She had a landing strip maybe a centimeter wide, Fatme and Lea were hairless. Frank hadn't seen such pretty girls' pussies for a long time, and he was keen on all three of them.

He pointed to the left edge of the bed, "I'm going to sleep here!" he said firmly. Lea nodded in agreement. Merciful, he thought. Fatme's eyes were glued to his cock, perhaps she was the hottest of them all. He made Fatme happy and pulled the foreskin back over the glans. Fatme's eyes flashed. Lea whispered to the girls. Frank lay down on the bed, his cock pointing provocatively towards the ceiling. The whispering had stopped. Lea whispered half-loudly. "Alayna wants to lie down next to you, Frank." He nodded and reached out to Alayna. She lay down next to him, half on top of him. She was a very beautiful 18-year-old, his skin felt her hot body. Alayna whispered something. Lea translated, "My darling, lord and master! — It doesn't mean anything, Frank!" she said somewhat sourly. He hugged Alayna and kissed her on the lips. She returned the kiss, which seamlessly turned into a French kiss. They caressed each other, embraced each other, dived into each other's throats. Their tongues, belligerent and cheeky. Yes, Alayna had the hang of it, she knew exactly how to heat herself and her lover up. Frank thought for just a moment that they were lying in bright light, in front of Fatme and Lea.

Alayna was dominant, she climbed on top of him and stuffed his stiff cock into her pussy. She sat up, she shook her head, her long black hair almost down to her waist. She mumbled something as she began to ride him. Whatever she said, he mumbled loudly "Okay, okay!" Her face beamed and she hissed with a grin "Fucking, fucking, fucking!" Frank grinned with great satisfaction and grabbed Alayna's rocking hips. He supported her as much as he could during the fuck-

ing. Fatme had laid her face on the princess's chest and watched the fucking with wide eyes. Frank was able to hold back his squirting for almost half an hour. Alayna was no longer galloping, she raced the last few meters to orgasm.

Alayna had reached the peak. Her pussy hole was raging with pleasure, her fine ass cheeks were dancing a wild rhythm. She threw her hair wildly around her sweaty face, then sank onto Frank's chest with a deep sigh. Frank hummed contentedly and squirted jet after jet into Alayna's pussy. When he had finished squirting, she slipped off him and laid her face on his chest. Seconds later, she had fallen asleep, exhausted. Frank felt for the buttons and pressed one. Three glass hatches opened in the ceiling and clicked into place. Small sails had unfolded under the glass hatches and let a cool breeze flow in. Frank waited until Fatme and the princess had laid down and turned off the light. Lea and the girl whispered for a little while, then it was quiet. In the silence he heard a very quiet sound that he knew well, from Mom. A rubbing finger produced a quiet, almost inaudible wet sound. Frank grinned in the darkness, the two girls masturbated almost silently. He was far too exhausted to listen to the end, his eyes were closing.

Frank woke up at dawn, a habit he had picked up in prison. He went silently into the galley and made coffee. A quick glance around, everything was quiet. He switched on the electronics, looked at all the displays. The generator hummed quietly, maintaining STEALTH MODE. The anchor held, not because it was anchorage, but because he had weighed it down with far too many meters of chain that evening. Not good seamanship, he knew that of course. But he couldn't anchor at the designated anchorages. Well, thank God it was a quiet night.

He was already drinking his third cup of coffee and had already sailed the yacht north for an hour when one girl after another crawled out. Only the princess had taken the time to put on a thong. Alayna grabbed his waist possessively and kissed him on the lips. Frank pointed to the coffee machine, "There, there's fresh, hot coffee!" Alayna got a full cup for the princess, herself and Fatme, and they drank it black. Alayna sat down next to him on the bench. She

had understood that he was not in the mood for cuddling so early in the morning. He pointed to the displays and said what was there. Alayna nodded, but Lea sat down next to them and translated.

In the reefs

Fatme asked if she could call her mother, which she did every Friday morning. She went into the cabin to make the phone call after Lea had told her what she was not allowed to tell. Frank told Lea and Alayna that they were just passing Marsa Al Qadi Yahya, that they would spend the night again in a safe place in the reefs of Lahatah that evening, and that they would spend the next night again east of Suez, somewhere 5 or 6 miles southeast of the city of Suez. Then they would heading north, from Port Tewfiq into the Suez Canal. He dared to steer the yacht between or next to the tankers.

The princess nodded. “That’s a good plan, Frank. Since you’re taking the route along the eastern coast through the reefs, you’ll probably have to spend the whole day at the helm. Alayna and Fatme will serve you, I’ll order them to.” Frank nodded, he wanted to stay off the tanker lane and navigate through the reefs. They drove briskly north.

The only thing that worried him was the wake of their yacht. From the satellites you could see the wake of the otherwise invisible ship. The Americans had such satellites. He certainly had nothing to fear from the Americans if they knew that he was drawing the bright line in the water. But they certainly didn’t know that it was him. He thought for a long time about whether he should report to the USA, but he dismissed the idea for the moment. Maybe he slipped under the radar. The day was quiet, with no special incidents.

Today, however, he was better prepared and dropped anchor in 6 meters of water in the middle of the reefs, a good 4 nautical miles from the coast. Here they were safe, he double- and triple-checked everything, then sat down to dinner. The girls had prepared a delicious meal, there was delicious lamb. He had told them that for a year he had only been given camel meat, twice a day, from very old, very tired camels. Fatme had smiled and whispered to the princess. Lea giggled. “Frank, Fatme says there is a lot of good camel meat in

the freezers, first choice! And she knows how to make camel meat taste like finest veal!” Frank still didn’t trust the whole thing.

He’ll take care of the ship, the galley belongs to you women! He fell silent, he spoke like a backward man, a thoughtlessly stupid man. Lea translated it, then she got him involved in a passionate discussion. Women’s rights. She had gotten her driver’s license and mostly drove the Mercedes herself. Her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother had never been allowed to do that, because women in Saudi Arabia were only half human. Frank stubbornly corrected the princess when she said “you Americans” or “with you in America”. “We Austrians” and “with us in Austria”, because he didn’t want to let her in on his secrets. No.

He checked everything twice and three times, the ship was safe here. The girls had tidied up the galley and dining table and were waiting for him in the cabin. He could hardly bear to look at her nakedness. Alayna looked at him possessively, he lay down next to her. It was almost as if they had agreed how she fucked him. “Alayna on top, Frank bottom,” she whispered imploringly. He nodded, she was a dominant character, but that didn’t bother him at all. She brought on her own orgasm, he held back until the end. She collapsed over his chest, she slid down and hid her sweaty face in his armpit. Alayna fell asleep instantly.

Fatme had watched the fucking with moist, shining eyes. Now she detached herself from Lea’s body and slid towards him, pressing her childlike, virginal body against him. “You are my master and lord, Frank,” translated Lea. “Please caress me, my body belongs to you!” said Lea. “Fuck? Do you want to fuck me?” Lea continued angrily. Frank shook his head. “La, no!” said Frank energetically, “La, no!” One of the few words he had learned from his guards. He pressed Fatme’s slim body against him. Her breasts were childlike, her pubic area completely hairless. On one side was Ayla, sleeping soundly, on the other side was Fatme, whose velvety skin he was stroking. He couldn’t have said why he didn’t want to fuck her now. She turned her lower body so that his hand slid over her naked, childlike pussy. He avoided touching her clit as much as possible, although she was unmistakably pressing it against his fingers. No, he didn’t want that

either, and took her fingers and placed them on her clit. “Neam, yes!” he whispered. Fatme hesitated for a long time before she began to masturbate. She began with slow strokes, but quickly increased her pace. He stroked her breasts, her cheeks, her face. He felt her thighs and buttocks trembling. Her orgasm was hard, but she suppressed the outburst. He looked into the princess’s violet eyes for a long time until she looked away. He opened the roof hatches and turned off the light.

The next day was very exhausting. He often had to look through binoculars at the reefs and black heads, which were often only visible directly at the water’s line. He had browsed through the captain’s laptop and discovered that there were, among other things, two underwater cameras in the bow. That was an important discovery; now he could look ahead a good 50 meters underwater. He could accelerate calmly; now navigating forward was easy. He stayed on schedule and looked for a good place to spend the night; anchoring was easy too.

He sat down at the dinner table, the girls were still cooking. Lea spoke in a whisper. “Fatme really wants you to fuck her, Frank! She’s a servant, a slave, as you Americans would like to see it. The hymen has no meaning for her caste, she’ll probably have to fuck when the Emir has guests.” Frank asked the princess what she thought about it. She wasn’t particularly enthusiastic, there could be tension with Alayna, that was her biggest concern. Apart from that, she didn’t really care if he fucked Fatme.

The dinner was delicious, veal with roasted dates, said Lea. When he was finished, Fatme smiled broadly into his eyes. “Camel,” said the girl, “camel!” Frank nodded disapprovingly. “For the first time, I really enjoyed camel meat, Fatme!” he had Lea translate. Fatme beamed happily and came around the table. She wrapped her arms around his neck. “Shukran, thank you!” she said happily. She kissed him on the lips repeatedly. “Fuck, Frank, fuck?” she asked expectantly. He nodded, “Yes, fuck, if you really want it!” translated Lea. She did not translate Alayna’s protest. She hissed with Alayna, energetically, demandingly, commandingly. Frank remained silent.

He checked everything twice and three times, it was not a good anchorage. He checked the position of the anchor and the pile of chains with the underwater cameras. It would hold by its weight. He went into the cabin to the girls. Of course he felt the tension. Alayna sat in bed sulking with her arms crossed. He knew instinctively what he had to do. "Alayna, come, come to me! First Alayna, then Fatme!" Lea did not have to translate it, Alayna's eyes lit up. Lea whispered with Fatme.

He hugged Alayna, cuddled with her intensely until she mounted him. She rode him expertly, her head thrown back and her hair reaching down to her hips. She rode, galloped and ran towards her orgasm. She grabbed his ears as she sprinted the last few meters. Her abdomen trembled and twitched, her pussy hole squeezed the last drops of semen out of his cock. Then she collapsed on top of him, her buttocks shaking for a while. She slid down, buried her sweaty face in his armpit and fell asleep seconds later. He was still gasping for breath when Fatme snuggled up to him. "I need a few more minutes," Lea translated and added a lot more. Frank gently released himself from Alayna's arms. He stroked Fatme's silky skin. Ten or fifteen minutes later he was ready again, his cock almost stiff. "I want to kiss you properly, Fatme," he said. "French kisses?" asked Lea and he nodded, French kisses. Lea quickly gave Fatme a dry course. Fatme, the innocent country girl, approached with open lips. Her first French kiss.

After a short while, Fatme had the hang of it. Frank's tongue triggered a twitch in her clit, and after a short while she was hot as an oven. Frank laid her on her back. She lay down willingly, spread her legs, and hugged him. The tip of his cock blindly found its way to her pussy hole. He gave her a deep French kiss and pierced her hymen with a single jerk. Fatme bit his tongue in shock. She opened her eyes wide, amazed and confused. Frank fucked her, slowly and powerfully, and thought of Mom. Fatme was surprisingly easy going, she twitched from orgasm to orgasm. The princess watched, fascinated. Frank waited until Fatme had another trembling orgasm and squirted his full load in firm jets into her pussy hole. He was dead tired, exhausted and worn out. He sank down next to Fatme, it was enough. Wedged between the two girls who were sleeping in his

armpits, he felt for the buttons, opened the hatches and turned off the light.

The next day was very strenuous again. Frank steered through the coastal reefs, in the distance you could see the tankers heading towards Suez one after the other like a herd of elephants. A good 7 nautical miles southeast of the city he hid the yacht between the reefs. The anchor dropped at sunset. Frank sat down at the table after double and triple checking everything. Lea had been transformed since that night. She had sat quietly next to Frank in the cockpit for hours, watching him navigate. Her hands sought physical contact, she stroked his back, his bare bottom and held his hand. He was just amazed, what was going on inside her? He did nothing, but she was clearly seeking physical contact. He was at a loss and remained silent.

There were roasted chicken pieces with palm pulp puree. It tasted excellent, but Lea was unusually taciturn. Alayna and Fatme hissed, apparently it was about the downfall of the Orient world or a night-time car breakdown on the Arlberg. He wouldn't have been able to tell the difference. But it was clear that he, Frank, played a major role in the drama. The fight was over. Alayna and Fatme looked at him expectantly. Alayna gathered all her English. "Frank. Alayna first, Fatme two!?" Frank almost had to burst out. Women!

Frank didn't notice the sharp look from the princess, who had listened to all this in silence. He nodded. "Yes. Alayna first, then Fatme. That's okay." Fatme just pulled a pout for a moment, but laughed along with Alayna, linking her arm with hers. Indeed. Women!

The sad princess

When Frank entered the cabin in the evening, Lea wasn't there. She sleeps in the front cabin, Alayna stammered. He knocked and entered. Lea pulled the headphones out of her ears. She wanted to sleep alone tonight. Her gaze was that of a wounded antelope. Frank asked what was wrong. She started, "the fucking..." She stopped. "I want to sleep alone tonight, Frank! Please!" Frank stood in the doorway, undecided. She was calm, there didn't seem to be an emergency or a major problem. She didn't want to watch the fucking, he understood that. It was her decision, albeit unexpected. He said goodnight and left. Two cute young girls were waiting for him to fuck him and let him fuck her.

Alayna took the position of the rider quite naturally. Possessive. He didn't mind letting her do the work and seeing her face while she did it. She walked, ran, galloped and raced to her orgasm for 20 minutes. He just had to hold back his ejaculation until her orgasm raged. She sank on top of him, her buttocks trembling for ages. Then she pulled out his semi-hard cock, sank down next to him and immediately fell asleep. Fatme lay down next to him, but she knew she had to wait. She played with his foreskin and marveled at the miracle of the growing erection.

He fucked the little girl, who obviously found the fucking enjoyable. Sighing and moaning she flew to the next orgasm after the first one, Frank's targeted thrusting in the right rhythm kept her in seventh heaven, in the paradise of lust. Frank wasted no time, he had originally wanted to hold back his ejaculation in this second round, as long as necessary. He no longer held back his ejaculation, he relieved himself without considering her timing.

The next day was exhausting and critical. He crept between two tankers with the invisible yacht and passed Port Tewfiq, the entrance to the Suez Canal, unseen. He would now stay between the tankers for 2 days. He stayed in the wake of the one in front so that his wake

would not be noticed. Navigating was not complicated, just exhausting.

Lea sat in the bow, a little mermaid who dabbed the tears from the corners of her eyes with a handkerchief. He called to her to come to him. Frank shooed Alayna and Fatme out. Lea sat next to him on the helmsman's bench and leaned her head on his shoulder. He shouldn't see her tear-stained eyes. But he had no time for that at all, he had to find out first whether he should really stay behind the tanker or next to it. Wake. Wake! The Norns had already decided that, so blindly behind the tanker.

He had always assumed that tankers drove like they were on rails. Far from it! The tanker changed its speed at will and drove in zigzags. He got it immediately. The pilot! Well, he stayed focused. "What's the problem?" he asked Lea and stroked her hand, which was high on his thigh, without taking his eyes off the tanker. Lea hesitated for a long time. "When I see you fucking with the girls, it makes me sick. I don't know why. Although I've watched the fucking a thousand times. But it's different now, I have... feelings... for you, Frank!" Lea fell silent and dabbed her eyes.

Frank asked why she had seen the fucking a thousand times. Lea had to smile. "I used to really like spying." Frank grinned. "You must have been a naughty brat, princess!" Lea snuggled up to him. "I asked my mother for advice when I was 14. My mother is actually a tough stock market investor. But now she became very close to me emotionally. She knew how important my virginity was to my father, the Emir. She taught me how the boys could fuck between my inner thighs without destroying my hymen. From that day on, I loved my mother even more. But she was absolutely right. I could let the boys have their way without abusing my father's trust. How much I loved that! But before our trip, I tried lesbian sex with my girls."

While private yachts are piloted through the Suez Canal for three days in order to be able to charge for two overnight stays and three pilot days, shipping companies did not do this. One overnight stay, two days piloting, that was enough of a rip-off. Tankers sailed through the Great Bitter Lake, the connecting canal, to the northern

shore of the Small Bitter Lake. It was a good anchorage point and had good anchorage ground. The girls had made a braised lamb roast, they all enjoyed it very much, Fatme was a really good cook.

The Suez Canal

He entered the cabin. Lea was not there again. He nodded to the maids. "Alayna, I'll check on Princess Lea at the front. If I'm not back in 5 minutes, don't wait for me!" Alayna looked at him with big, surprised eyes. "Yes, sir! We'll sleep without you." Could it be that Alayna was looking sad?

Frank went to the front cabin and knocked. He entered, Lea put the headphones aside and looked at him. "I just wanted to check on you, Princess. If you're OK, if you're still crying." He turned to leave. "Frank!" he heard and stopped. His dong dangled between his thighs as he turned around. "Please come to me, Frank," she whispered with a lump in her throat. He sat down next to her on the bed. "Oh Frank! I'm very ashamed to say the unspeakable!" She grabbed his hand and pressed it to her chest. They were silent for a long time. "I've fallen in love, you dreadful one!"

She pulled him to her. Her French kiss was hard, demanding, aggressive and possessive. He surrendered to the girl without resistance. He hugged her, her kisses became softer, more romantic. There was a knock. "Mistress!?" they heard Alayna's voice. Lea answered with a long Arabic curse, it seemed. A frantic command followed, it seemed. "Yes, mistress, yes! I'm going to Fatme to sleep. The blessing be with you, be with both of you!" Alayna walked with a soft tap.

Lea pulled him to her and buried him in her French kisses. "Daddy will have to accept that I'm no longer a virgin!" she whispered in his ear. "Take me, Frank, be my first man! I'm in love enough to give you my virginity!" She lay on her back and pulled him between her thighs. "Come, Frank, make love to me! Please!" Frank had played along without saying a word and the tip of his cock was now touching the entrance to her pussy. "Do you really want it, my princess? It would be final, irreversible and it would be forever!" whispered Frank, although he already knew the answer. She hugged

him, possessively and passionately. “I belong to you tonight, my Lord, my Master!”

Frank nodded and deflowered the princess with a single jerk. He pushed deep inside, deep into her tight, insanely tight pussy. “Give yourself a moment to adjust your pussy to my cock,” he whispered. Lea nodded, she stared into his eyes. “You pierced me, put your stamp on me forever. I will be your wife forever, no matter what happens next!” Lea’s voice was quiet and almost inaudible. “Now, ride me, take me!” Frank began to fuck very slowly, he listened to her, found the right pace.

He held back his ejaculation because Lea was moving purposefully towards her orgasm. She wasn’t like Fatme, who would have been flying from orgasm to orgasm by this point. No, she was approaching her orgasm slowly, always straight ahead, he could read her signals. She dug her fingernails deep and painfully into his back. She stared at him with a distorted expression and was surprised by her orgasm. He waited until the orgasm subsided and ejaculated energetically into her twitching. He remained motionless in her pussy hole when he had finished ejaculating. She smiled, “Again?” and Frank nodded, his cock was still stiff.

He fucked her with long, sweeping thrusts and gave her time to concentrate on the fucking, to get involved in it. She had her second orgasm quite soon, not as hard and strong as the first. Her thighs and buttocks trembled like a leaf and her breath rushed as the orgasm came quietly and made her shudder. Only her violent trembling revealed that it was there at all, shy and reserved. Frank grabbed her hips and thrust quickly towards the target. She smiled sweetly and softened as he brutally fucked her.

Lea stroked his chest and kissed him. “I love you, my husband, I love you like crazy.” He just nodded, tired, limp and exhausted. A quiet but piercing beeping jolted him up. Something in the cockpit was calling like a fawn calling a doe. He jumped out of bed and ran aft, into the cockpit. The beeping was very loud. A red control light flashed above STEALTH MODE. He opened the captain’s laptop, his fingers flying over the keyboard. After two minutes he found it. The

STEALTH MODE was not getting enough power, he had to switch to the second generator. Second generator!? He followed link after link. There were two buttons to press, he followed the instructions. Of course he had not known that there was a second generator and that its tank would run out at some point. The beeping and the red flashing stopped. Since he was already there, he wanted to read it carefully. Lea sat down next to him on the helmsman's bench. Frank skimmed the instructions. He switched on the generator displays, for the first time. The second generator showed 100% and 726 hours, the first showed OFF, 19.2% and remaining time 25 hours, 11 hours with STEALTH MODE. He would keep an eye on the display from now on.

Frank closed the laptop. He put his arm around Lea's waist. Above them was the dazzlingly bright moon and a pitch-black sky full of sparkling stars. "Wonderful!" whispered Frank, who had never experienced this so intensely before. Lea nodded and nuzzled her face against his cheek. "Heaven welcomes the woman I have become tonight!" They held each other in an embrace under the dazzling splendor for what must have been half an hour.

Frank was already on his third cup of coffee when the tankers woke up on the left and right. The anchor chains rattled deafeningly and Frank waited until the last moment. He switched on the chain shower, because a dirty anchor could be very problematic. He followed another tanker in its wake, glad that the pilot ahead of him was driving evenly and not in a zigzag pattern. In the late afternoon they covered the last few meters before Port Said, which was the end of the Suez Canal. He immediately turned sharply to the right, following the coast of EL TINA BAY for an hour. There were no reefs here, nor any inhabited areas. Far away, just 100 meters from the flat coast and outside the shipping lane, he dropped anchor at sunset. Before dinner he double- and triple-checked everything, then there was roast mutton stuffed with vegetables. It was another princely meal, and he promoted Fatme to head cook, toasting her with Greenland glacier water. Lea whispered to Alayna, he stroked Fatme's hand and kissed her on the lips. "Great kitchen," he said to her and she thanked him, blushing. She gathered her English together. "Fatme likes kitchen, Fatme good kitchen." Frank nodded in agreement and gave an enthusiastic thumbs up. Alayna and Fatme cleared the table,

Lea said quietly that they would sleep in the big cabin with the girls again. Frank looked at her questioningly. "I'm getting my period," said Lea, looking downcast.

They went into the cabin, Frank was the last to arrive after thoroughly scanning the horizon with his binoculars. The large ships were sailing on the channel, a good 20 nautical miles away. Alayna grabbed at him, possessively. Possessively.

He glanced at Lea, who nodded briefly. He gave himself over to Alayna, who mounted him as if it were the most natural thing in the world. He had no idea what she was thinking, after all he had spent the night with the princess. She probably knew, no, she knew for sure that he had deflowered the mistress. She rode him in her dominating way as always, rode him relentlessly until she climaxed and sank on top of him. He squirted pleasantly into the exhausted woman's pussy hole. She sank next to him, but she did not fall asleep yet. Like him, she looked at Fatme, whose eyes narrowed into slits of desire.

But it wasn't Fatme, but Lea, who snuggled up to him. "My period isn't here yet," she whispered and stroked his cock. After a short while, he lay between her thighs and slowly penetrated her. Lea held him in a deep French kiss, now he fucked her. She quickly got hot and put one hand on Fatme's childlike, small breasts, the other hand on Alayna's full, feminine breasts. Her hands clawed at her breasts and tore wildly at her nipples as her orgasm came and raged. He fucked her even further and squirted his full load into Lea's pussy, because now he couldn't impregnate her.

He fell exhausted next to her, his cock had gone soft. But that didn't stop Fatme from pushing his foreskin back and forth. It wasn't unpleasant, but it frightened him for a moment. Three girls in a row? He would never have thought that, never. But that's what it came down to. Fatme leaned forward and took half his cock in her mouth. He was surprised, how did the shy child know this? But she certainly knew what she was doing, without a doubt.

Fatme had sucked his cock until it was stiff, not by chance, but deliberately. Frank lay between the thighs of the 13 or 14 year old. He

fucked her carefully. As always, she had her first, preliminary orgasm and stayed at that level, orgasm after orgasm. Only her trembling, the trembling of her legs and thighs revealed that she was floating on clouds in paradise. Frank gave her a deep French kiss before he squirted. It was only a little, Alayna's pussy had milked him, Lea had gotten a full load, so there was only a little left for Fatme.

As he delivered coffee in the morning, he heard the radio crackling. Up until then it had been silent in STEALTH MODE. "Ship in STEALTH MODE, this is the USS EISENHOWER, United States Navy. Identify yourself on channel 21 by 3:00 PM UTC, otherwise we will send a patrol boat!" That startled him. The USS EISENHOWER was an aircraft carrier that was observing the fighting in the Middle East. Damn, now they had him! The electronics on this yacht had been made in England, but the Americans were privy to the secrets. Of course. The Americans. A helicopter was hovering directly above his yacht. A single small missile would be enough to... He picked up the phone. He had to make himself visible for 2 seconds to send a radio message. He didn't think twice. Channel 21. Just a second. He flipped the switch. "Agent on board. Do not fire." He immediately flipped the switch and hid the yacht again. A few minutes later, the nonstop message on the radio stopped. The helicopter remained in place. He had to reveal more, but it would be too long. The girls were still asleep, so he sent a text message to the dispatch desk in Massachusetts. He had to remember this number forever and ever. "Please forward to USS EISENHOWER. Ship must remain hidden. Destination Cyprus or Greece, weather dependent. AWZ54641 delta." Send. He deleted the text message immediately.

He drank the coffee impatiently. It took over 40 minutes before he received a text message. "Frank, it's Kate. USS is informed and ACK. Proceed and inform us." ACK means 'acknowledged'. He had to think for a long time about who this Kate was; he didn't know anyone. One of the instructors had the code name SUZIE, another SPADE. Kate had to be someone who recognized him and was authorized to give the order. It could be anyone. He typed quickly as the girls came to the coffee machine sleepily.

“KATE, on board private saudi yacht Alraayie, escaped from saudi prison. saudi princess and her two girls on board, no kidnapping. NO KIDNAPPING. Aim to greece, maybe via cyprus as weather worsen. Pls inform USS if necessary. AWZ54641 delta.” Send. Delete.

Thank God he had reacted correctly, the girls didn't notice anything. But dispatch and aircraft carrier had enough information. He grinned as he smiled at the sleepy faces of the girls. I should have added that all four of us were happily fucking until midnight, sweat pouring down our bodies. The helicopter turned away and disappeared into the morning mist. He didn't want to inform the girls about the incident.

Up until now they had always been naked on board, Lea was wearing panties today. Aha! Frank took his ham and cheese toast out of the microwave and sat back down at the helm, had breakfast and looked at the chart plotter. He definitely didn't want to go near the Israeli, Lebanese and Syrian coasts. The strong westerly wind would be very unpleasant if they headed straight for Greece. Cyprus was an ideal stopover, where he could comfortably wait for better weather. The route was clear.

He sat down with the girls with his fourth coffee. The weather was bad, he said. The route to Cyprus was the only right one, he had to avoid the Israeli and Lebanese coasts, uncertain because of the war situation. He didn't mention that the Israelis would surely discover them and make short work of them. No, thank you! (He couldn't have known that KATE had of course already informed the Israelis to protect him.)

Lea asked anxiously, “Are you going to leave us in Cyprus?” Frank shook his head, no. “I wanted to spend a little more time, a little vacation with you on the Greek islands and only leave you afterwards, I have to go back to Vienna. I think you'll have your Daddy pick you up.” Lea nodded, “Daddy will definitely do it.” She looked unsteadily at the ground. “I dreamed that you might come with me, stay with me,” she said in a choked voice.

Frank shook his head. "I will never be able to set foot in Saudi Arabia for the rest of my life, my poor darling. The Emir, you surely know who he is, never forgets! And he will never forget that I escaped from prison and was able to run away here, he will never forgive me. I'm not worried about that. If it's any consolation, maybe we can arrange a rendezvous in Cairo now and then!" Now Lea smiled. "Vacation in the Greek islands? Wonderful! Rendezvous in Cairo? My soul, how splendid Cairo, the shining one, appears to me now!" Lea smiled contentedly, then became serious again. "But that also means that you will never be able to officially marry me." Frank's jaw dropped.

Marry? A Saudi Arabian princess!? He searched his heart, his conscience. He liked her, very much, this princess with the very tight pussy hole. But marry her, forever? The answer was no. It was that simple. Tight pussy hole, yes, gladly! Marriage? Absolutely not! He smiled at Lea. "No, my love, we mustn't want more than we get from the well-meaning goddesses. I want the vacation, I practically demand it, it's within reach. But marriage would be suicide for me. The Emir! The damned, vain Emir! Unsuspectingly, I scored two goals, fair and sporting, but I hit him right in the heart, right in the middle of his unmanly vanity. Maybe he'll send his killers to Vienna for me, I'm easy to find."

Lea looked at him, wounded. "Papa is also an Emir, but a good one! He will talk the accursed Emir out of his murder plans, believe me, for sure! Papa will not refuse his daughter this little request. And that also applies to our marriage. I will ask Papa and he will not refuse me! Emir or no Emir - such a clown will not stand in my way, not me! Don't forget that, my Lord, and don't give your heart away to anyone else in Vienna!"

Frank kissed her passionately on the mouth. He didn't want the debate, so he said, "I would be overjoyed if your honorable father, the Emir, could make this happen!" Lea smiled again, the world was back in order.

Fatme had spoken to her mother on the phone, Lea had listened so that the child didn't let anything slip. She called her Daddy every few days, who was now able to explain the incident with the body-

guards well. A Gang of Teenagers had beaten up and robbed the bodyguards. She was able to talk him out of firing the bodyguards. She invented a wonderful vacation with her maids and yes, as she sheepishly admitted, two boys too. No, don't worry, she just wanted to be a girl for once, a teenager like everyone else. Daddy was appeased. A shiver ran down Frank's spine. Lea's acting was so good and convincing that he again spoke out against marriage. Internally, of course.

He sent a text message to his Mom every two days to calm her down. She dutifully followed his instructions, didn't send a text message or call. He loved her very much, he never forgot to write that.

Now it was time to travel two days and two nights over open water directly to Cyprus. He would doze in the cockpit during the day, maybe sleep a little. The girls could keep watch and wake him up if necessary. At night he would sit at the helm and watch like an eagle-eyed chief, because they would pass or cross shipping lanes and shipping routes. He checked the fuel gauge, including the generators. Everything was fine. It was already 8 a.m. when he lifted anchor and gave it a shower to be on the safe side. So off he went to Cyprus.

Cyprus

The weather was getting worse and worse. He had passed the USS EISENHOWER on the port side, instructed its radio operator on channel 21 “Frank departing Cyprus” and received an ACK back. Rain and wind were whipping the ALRAAYIE forward from right behind him, towards Cyprus. He was far enough from the coast and switched off STEALTH MODE to save the generator. He avoided the ships, his yacht had an excellent radar. They could see him, but not identify him, that was enough. He drank a lot of black coffee that Lea brought him. She sat next to him, she helped him stay awake. She told him all her sexual adventures as a child and teenager. He had to laugh out loud sometimes, because she was a smart, bright child, always up for pranks.

Morning dawned, the rain eased a little. He instructed Alayna what to look out for and left the helm to her, he and Lea would doze on the sun loungers in the cockpit. Alayna had to wake him when they approached a ship, the autopilot took over the steering. He actually dozed off every half hour, looked around briefly and continued dozing. Alayna did a good job, in the evening he took over the helm. They were already close to the island of Cyprus and he switched STEALTH MODE back on. He reduced the speed to round Cape Ar-nauti Akamas on the northern tip of Cyprus before dawn.

The wind immediately dropped, in the cover of the coast. The rain didn't bother him, the radar was a little distorted, but enough to avoid fishing boats and day trippers. There was a tangle of reefs south of Kakoskaliou Island that everyone else avoided like the plague. There he hid the yacht in three meters of water. No one would disturb them here. The veal roulade that Fatme prepared and served was the best thing that day, it was still pouring with rain.

Alayna was overtired from the lookout and fell asleep immediately. Lea had her period, he laid his head on her pussy, it warmed her pleasantly. Fatme beamed, she had Frank all to herself! He smiled at Fatme. “You have to do it like Alayna today, I'll stay lying

down and warm the mistress's lap." Fatme nodded, she had always seen it, she could certainly do that! In fact, she had been paying close attention. She rode him, trembling in her little orgasms, without ceasing. "I have to squirt, Fatme!" he gasped and she seemed to understand him. Now she rode him furiously, only briefly hesitating when a solid jet spurted into her insides under high pressure. She continued her furious fucking until the last orgasm, a real monster, hit her and she sank powerlessly onto his chest. Lea had stroked her cheeks and then kissed her on the lips.

Frank had slept like a log and woke up before sunrise. The rain had stopped, but the wind was blowing from the west at force 6. "It's a rest day," he told the girls, "we'll wait until the wind is kind to us." He checked everything twice and three times, but he had taken good care of the yacht yesterday despite his exhaustion. The sun came out and laughed at the rain. Alayna discovered snorkels, goggles and fins in one of the lockers. The water was crystal clear, he lowered the bathing platform. Alayna and Fatme snorkeled, they brought up a whole lot of sea urchins, enough for dinner. Lea didn't want to swim, she just dangled her legs in the water and Frank joined in the snorkeling. He had snorkeled a lot during the summer holidays and was enthusiastic. "The holiday starts, here, right now!" he called out happily to Lea. They dangled their legs in the water, they snorkeled, all 4 of them were having a good time. A tourist boat approached. Frank jumped to the helm, ready to escape.

The boat stopped just a few meters from their protective shield, they looked around and dropped anchor. Frank put his index finger over his lips. The girls understood: silence! Three young muscle men and two really beautiful blondes. They hadn't come to snorkel, but to make a porn film. The men fucked the girls for two hours, the third was the cameraman. Frank and the girls remained still, it was exciting to watch the fucking. After they had squirted, the men rubbed their cocks with ointment to make them erect again. The cameraman's juice squirted out of his cock by itself as he filmed the girls masturbating close-up. Fatme forgot herself and giggled with Alayna. The cameraman lost his nerve when he heard the invisible mermaids whispering and chattering. He lifted the anchor in a hurry and sped north again, turning back to look after the mermaids.

Now everyone was chattering at the same time. Lea scolded Fatme, but the naive child was just crumpled. Frank sat down next to them, so that silence ensued. He grabbed the diving goggles and handed them out. "Sea urchins!" he commanded and slid into the water. The girls followed him. They harvested a lot of sea urchins again and Fatme brought them to the galley. Alayna put on the thick rubber gloves and they peeled the orange flesh from the spiked shells.

Frank stayed sitting on the bathing platform next to Lea. She was supposed to continue her life confession, which she was happy to do. She had stopped spying on her parents having sex during puberty. It didn't seem right to her. The parents loved each other very much, and that didn't change when her mother, who had grown up in the West, had often a one-night stand when Dad was away.

Dinner was something completely new for Frank. Fatme piled a heap of sea urchin meat on his plate and poured a herb and lemon sauce over the raw meat. Then she heated up some flatbreads in the microwave. The ice-cold meat was placed on the flatbread, rolled up like a pancake and pushed into the mouth with the fingers. It was a real delicacy, the sauce brought out the special sea urchin flavor prominently. He ate four filled flatbreads and the last of the meat with his fingers. He was stuffed.

They had showered with fresh water on the bathing platform, but the smell of the salt water still clung to their skin. Alayna took him possessively by the hand, that was now as certain as amen in church. Alayna had enjoyed swimming and snorkeling, now she was full of energy. She rode him, the wild gypsy with the sparkling black eyes and the flowing hair. She rode him wildly to the limit, sank exhausted onto his chest and let him squirt inside. She lay next to him with wide eyes as Fatme approached. He indicated that she should make him stiff with her lips and tongue. He had no idea whether and how well Alayna or Lea could do it in their mouths, with their lips and their tongues, but he already knew that Fatme could do it very well. Fatme drove him to the brink of madness, Lea stroked his hot cheeks as his head lay in her lap. Fatme, the innocent-looking child, knew exactly when to stop. She mounted him and fucked him, rode

him like Alayna. In a few minutes she rose to the heights of her paradise, having one orgasm after another in paradise, where one day she would serve the fallen martyrs as one of the 77 virgins. Frank reached back and up until he reached Lea's breasts. Her stiffening teats belonged to him, to him alone! Sparks flew from her teats, electricity flowed through down to his cock. He squirted, squirted blissfully into Fatme's silky-soft pussy hole. She started her finale, rode him to shame, riding him to ruin like a riding horse, then she sank onto his chest, completely spent. He kissed her on the lips and turned to Lea. She was heated from rubbing her teats, but she couldn't let him fuck her, as much as she wanted to.

He smiled. You girls were all two years apart, he whispered. Alayna 18, Lea 16, Fatme 14. "13," Lea corrected, "not yet 14!" Frank was a little shocked, 13!? "I'm a pervert, my poor princess!?" he breathed, but she smiled. "Fatme wanted it that way herself, you're not a child molester!" she smiled. He looked at her uncertainly. "She's lost her virginity, she's a woman now!" said Lea, "don't worry about it, let her fuck you in bliss, okay? Daddy will put her in his guests' bed, I'm sure of it!"

The next morning the sun laughed mockingly at the west wind that was still blowing over the hills. It wasn't wise to head northwest now. The sunny snorkeling day was to be followed by two more. Frank rummaged through the lockers and found several oxygen harpoons and a box of cartridges. He went hunting, not for the first time. The sea urchins yesterday were wonderful, but he wanted a change. He was lucky, he caught six big fish weighing more than two kilos, and almost 10 smaller ones. Fatme put them in the freezer. She raised two fingers, so two dinners. He put the harpoon aside.

The sun was shining again the next day, and for good reason. It was nice weather, so the sun was shining happily. Frank let Alayna and Fatme rub him with sunscreen, yesterday's hunt under the blazing sun had almost led to sunburn. He picked up the harpoon and went hunting again. He left the small ones alone, he only shot the big ones. By late afternoon he had put 12 big guys weighing more than 2 kilos on the bathing platform, and Fatme immediately put them on ice. She came back gesticulating and calling loudly. Lea translated

with a laugh, “It’s enough, Frank, the freezer is full, please stop shooting fish!” Frank laughed contentedly and put down the harpoon. He was satisfied because he loved eating fish and when it was fresh, he liked it even more.

Fatme had fried 2 large and 4 small fish in oil. The lemon sauce and whipped cream from the freezer, seasoned with herbs, tasted excellent with the white beans. Frank would have preferred a good white wine, but they still had a thousand bottles of glacier water from Norway, a delicacy when iced. He sat on the bathing platform for an hour and watched the moon rise. He switched off the STEALTH MODE to save the generator. There was no one here who could see them, here, in the middle of the reefs.

He let Alayna and Fatme ride him one after the other. Fatme was getting better and more perfect at it every day, her lip and tongue work before riding was a delight! He lay with his head in Lea’s lap, rubbing and twirling her nipples, which made her really hot. “Tomorrow evening,” she whispered, “then my period will be over!” He opened the skylight and turned off the light.

He waited for the sunrise with the hot coffee in his hand. STEALTH MODE. The time in the dungeon had adjusted his internal clock to the sun, that was fine. He had an hour to himself, that was fine too. He watched the sleepily blinking girls crawl out one after the other and get themselves a coffee. He had made a very strong coffee every morning, he liked it that strong, and so did the girls. Little by little they sat down next to him with the second cup of “sensory awakener” until they all gradually woke up. He loved these quiet morning hours. You could see the morning mist winding up from the sea along the hills and then just disappear. He went to the helm and woke up the electronics. He looked at every display until he finally looked at the chart plotter. He had the current wind displayed. Force 4 behind the cape and plenty of heavy seas. So clearly, not today, maybe tomorrow morning.

The garbage bags were full, all 5 of them. Feeling guilty, he tied the bags together and swam to the shore with his fins. He dragged the bags up a small hill so that they wouldn’t be picked up by the sea.

He looked around, the yacht was nowhere to be seen. He had no idea what technology the English engineers were using. He swam slowly to the ship and stopped when it became visible. Here he swam back and forth until he was exactly on the border line. He thought he could see a cheese dome made of tiny droplets. He touched it, but they weren't raindrops. He swam to the yacht.

He couldn't find any details in the captain's laptop. There were only two photos of where the spare parts for the STEALTH were stored in the engine compartment. There were 3 complete sets of spare parts. A succinct sentence laughed at him: 'the spare parts are to be replaced according to their numbering.' That's what I call secrecy! he thought grimly, Albion wouldn't give away his secrets that easily! Just swap all the parts, repair by numbers. You don't need to know any more! He closed the laptop. He had had enough.

The day flew by with swimming, snorkeling and light chatting. It was a pity that he could only talk to Lea and Alayna, but with Fatme only about Lea. He asked her the same questions as the other two, but she had nothing to report. She had discovered masturbation and orgasm herself when she was 4 or 5 and kept it secret from everyone. It was only when she was in the service of the princess that she had masturbated in front of and with the two of them and taken part in the lesbian games. The first cock she saw was that of a bodyguard that Lea and Alayna seduced. At the end she saw Alayna fuck the bodyguard, that's all. Not much. Really not.

Fatme cooked a steamed fish on a bed of vegetables. This was further proof of how well Fatme had learned to cook at home. They sat next to each other on the bathing platform, nibbling peanuts and watching the moon rise. He had the bathing platform folded up and disabled the electronics and the STEALTH MODE, which saved the generator. It immediately ran at idle speed, it didn't have to produce so much electricity anymore.

He entered the cabin and Lea held out her hands to him. Her period was over and she had bathed in the sea, she called out with joy. They cuddled and made each other hot for fucking. She preferred to lie on her back and let herself be fucked. They immediately found a

common pace, it was simply wonderful to fuck Lea's very tight pussy hole. "I have to squirt, Lea," he gasped long after her orgasm. She just nodded and he squirted inside with pleasurable sounds. They stayed in each other's arms for a long time, then she pulled his semi-hard cock out with pointed fingers. Lea smiled at Alayna, Alayna smiled at Fatme. They had already agreed on it beforehand, Fatme bent over his cock, she caressed it with her lips and tongue for a quarter of an hour. When she released the cock with a smile, Alayna was there. She fucked him in her own way, the wild gypsy girl, she collapsed onto his chest in orgasm while he squirted inside.

She slipped off his chest, but she stayed awake to see Fatme's part. Fatme knew she had to wait, that he needed a break. She caressed his body and kissed him. She had learned the French kiss very quickly and practiced to make him horny. His cock was half-hard and reacted happily. She took it in her mouth and let her lips and tongue work on the shared stiff guy. She was very sensitive and paced everything well. She knew when the cock was ready. She mounted him with a sideways glance at Alayna, who was obviously her teacher. She fucked him, she rode him and threw her head back like her role model. Her black hair fluttered down to her shoulder blades, like a black gypsy kid. She quickly reached her orgasm level, closed her eyes in her paradise of lust. Frank let her orgasm as often as she wanted. "I have to, Fatme, I have to!" She seemed to understand him, she increased the tempo to make him squirt. She increased the speed to a furious staccato and orgasmed wildly, collapsing onto his chest with a suppressed little cry. She paused, Frank's cock shrank. She looked at him in confusion. "Take it out, just take it!" She seemed to understand. She pulled out his cock with infinite care. He smiled at her and she slid down.

He had already made coffee, sat on the helmsman's bench with the mug of hot coffee and watched the sunrise. First he switched on the STEALTH MODE and the chart plotter. The wind had turned to the east, it would push them along. Around 250 nautical miles to the island of Karpathos, between the shore and the small island of Nisis Moira there was a tangle of reefs, he wanted to hide the yacht there. If they set off quickly, he would reach Nisis Moira at sunrise tomorrow. He wanted to stay at the helm all night, he could sleep after-

wards. He waited until the girls were sitting next to him with their second cup and explained his plan. They nodded, he was the captain. He ate his ham and cheese toast and drank the third cup, then he raised the anchor and they set off. He carefully felt his way through the reefs and rounded the cape, turning north-northwest. The autopilot took over, he was only there to check. The light wind pushed them from behind. But he soon had to accelerate because the wind blew the diesel fumes into the cockpit and into the boat. They made good progress, he reached the island of Karpathos much earlier than expected. He had to forget the planned anchorage, the east wind had become too strong. He leafed through his laptop. There were underwater spotlights for the underwater cameras. Of course. Daddy had spared no expense, the yacht was surprisingly well equipped. He rounded Cape Agiou in the southwest of the island of Karpathos and immediately turned right towards the shore. Here too, a few rocks near the shore protected him. The passage was obstructed by a wreck lying in the middle of the Karpathos Reef. There was no heavy traffic to be expected there. With the help of the underwater cameras and the spotlights, he maneuvered through the rocks and dropped anchor in two meters of water, less than 50 meters from the shore. He made sure that the ship had enough room to swing, double- and triple-checked everything, then switched off the electronics and the STEALTH. The yacht was in total darkness, they would be undisturbed here. He had even found a Greek flag and had hung it out. No problems, just don't attract attention!

It was already well after midnight, he entered the cabin silently, the girls were already asleep. He lay down next to Lea and fell asleep.

First he switched on STEALTH, then he made coffee. A small hill blocked the view of the sunrise, but he still sat on the helmsman's bench and drank the hot, black poison. Again he had forgotten to ask Fatme where the milk was, he had found the sugar straight away. Lea was the first to arrive, sat down next to him with her cup of coffee. He put his arm around her shoulders. "Welcome, darling, welcome to Greece! Our vacation is starting, from island to island, for as long as we want!" Lea sighed. "I don't like lying to Daddy, I get a stomachache because I only lie to him very, very rarely. But it has to be done, I know that." Frank kissed her fingertips. "I can't think of any-

thing better, my love. I understand very well what you're going through, I feel the same way about my mother, I don't have a father." He hugged her and pressed the cell phone into her hand. She put it aside, it was much too early. Like every morning, Frank jumped into the sea for his morning bath. He had always done that when he was cruising in the Adriatic or Aegean on his uncle's sailing boat during the summer vacation.

He didn't like the anchorage here. There was too much traffic and the water wasn't as clear as in Cyprus. He wanted to go two hours north to the small, little-known island of Tilos, which he knew from before. The girls agreed, and they had a leisurely breakfast, although fishing boats were constantly passing by. He set off, two hours to Tilos. They arrived in the early afternoon, it was only 60 nautical miles. He remembered that there was a quiet spot between two popular anchorages, where they would be safe between the rocks in the water. He headed for the spot, approached at idle, the rocks were not to be trifled with. Thank goodness he had the underwater cameras, he slipped through. The water was crystal clear, he anchored at a safe distance in the shelter of the rocks. Here they were safe and undisturbed. The two anchorages were packed, which was interesting.

They swam and snorkeled for hours. Fatme came and asked, "Fish? Lamb?" Frank looked at Lea. She said, "Roast lamb." Fatme nodded and made herself useful.

An accident

Frank happened to look into the water. Alayna was down below and obviously had a problem. He immediately jumped into the water, naked as he was, and dived down. He could see that she had caught one of her fins on a rock. Alayna was kicking, air bubbles were rising. He dived down to the damn fin. Somehow he couldn't get her foot free. Alayna was no longer kicking. With a wild jerk, he ripped the fin out of the crack in the rock with both hands. He pushed himself off and hooked Alayna under. He shot up, holding Alayna's head above the water. She seemed to be unconscious. He lifted her up onto the bathing platform, where Lea grabbed her.

She had only now realized the seriousness of the situation. Frank laboriously pulled himself onto the bathing platform. They laid Alayna on her side, Frank stuck his index finger into her throat. Alayna began to cough and spit out some water. Lea held her head, Frank pressed on her stomach with both hands. She spat out a lot of water, but she could breathe gasping. Frank sat down. The adrenaline shock made him dizzy. "How could this happen!?" he gasped. Lea said one of the fins is broken. He waved her off, "It was me!"

Frank's knees were soft as butter from the adrenaline shock. He grabbed Alayna's foot. It was stuck in the fin. Alayna had twisted the lock, which is why the foot couldn't come free. He hurled the broken thing up into the cockpit. What a damn thing, Alayna almost drowned. The shock was deep. He exchanged a look with Lea. "We have to be more careful! This is our vacation, OUR VACATION, damn it!" He didn't blame Alayna, but she needed to be more careful! Damn, damn, damn!

The water was crystal clear. "From now on, only two at a time!" he murmured loudly. Lea put on her fins, and so did he. From now on, they only went snorkeling in pairs or threes, and nothing happened anymore. Alayna fucked her lifesaver even more passionately than before.

Vacation

They stayed in Tilos for 14 days, swimming, snorkeling and getting a tan. Fatme really enjoyed cooking. She was not a useless slave girl, she said to Lea. Certainly not!

Then Frank wanted to move on. 20 nautical miles, just under an hour, to the island of Nysiros, on the west side of which there were wonderful places to hide. Crystal clear water, he anchored at a depth of 3 meters. A paradise for snorkeling. They were so happy here! One day as beautiful as the next. They stayed for a whole week, then Frank wanted to move on. To the west, to the rugged, uninhabited west coast of the double island of Astipalaia. The eastern island was overrun with tourists. An hour and a half's journey.

Frank steered by hand most of the time and had to avoid many sports sailors. But Astipalaia was beautiful to look at. It was directly on the west side, the shore rugged, forbidding and rocky. Between gigantic rocks and the shore, a well-protected place, very spacious and with good anchoring ground. The anchor dropped in the early afternoon. There was a good snack, then the diving goggles were brought out. The four of them went snorkeling. What a paradise under water! The flora was as colorful as a painting and untouched. An incredible number of fish, busy doing what fish do.

Fatme shone in the galley. Frank often had no idea where she got the variety from. The large refrigerator room contained all kinds of meat, frozen vegetables and mountains of flatbread. No, they wouldn't starve, they would put on fat like king seals, said Frank.

Everyone liked it here, in this paradise. Frank had to check how long they had been here. 22 days, he noted with surprise. He also left the STEALTH switched off during the day. A boat would sometimes pass by, but they hardly looked over, their eyes were focused on the rocks and negro heads in the water. The large yacht at anchor was nothing that required any attention at all.

Stomach ache

Frank's paradise was only marred by an annoying stomach ache. He hadn't shit for days, he held on to the edge of the bathing platform and pushed in vain. He wasn't alarmed, it would soon pass, he thought. He didn't eat much anymore, the stomach ache suppressed his appetite. He drank a lot of herbal tea, but he was getting worse and worse.

He couldn't get up in the mornings, stayed in bed and could hardly breathe, the stomach ache was bothering him so much. He was going to die, he was sure of that. Go to a hospital? The nearest hospital, a large doctor's office, was 20 nautical miles away. But he didn't trust any of the girls to navigate through the protective maze of rocks.

Lea stayed with him. She cried and cursed her helplessness. The three girls were at a loss. Frank was getting less and less air. The goddamn stomachache threatened to suffocate him. He knew he only had hours, maybe minutes left. He had whispered to Lea that at the beginning of his studies he had spent two years in America training to be an agent. Agent, not spy. Spies had long since disappeared. Lea silenced him. "Get well, my love, I want you to be my husband! Please, please, get well!"

Frank buried his face in her breast, in her magnificent breast. This breast, this divine breast, seemed to be the most important thing, now he could die in peace. He already felt the cold of death in his feet. With his last strength he clung to Lea's breasts

Thundering

Frank was startled out of his dream, with an automated movement he switched on the bedside lamp. He sat up. The stomach ache was real, Frank's stomach let out an incredibly loud, giant fart that would surely have brought down Jericho's walls! No, not the small, sweet fart that escaped Aunt Gerlinde during orgasm. Nor the tiny, shamefully suppressed one that Aunt Renate let out when she held Frank in her arms after fucking. No, it was the most powerful fart in modern history, which would certainly have drowned out Napoleon's cannons by far! The powerful farts wind blew over the underside of his bare thighs. This giant fart thundered out of Frank's ass with incredible force, then the mighty fart died pitifully whimpering as a little fart. A breath of plague from hell, the decay of dead bats like a poisonous stench made him jump up and throw open the window. He stood naked, shuddering at the open window, the stench of the plague was dissipating and would poison all of Vienna. He breathed in the fresh night air. No more stomach ache.

The realization hit him like a blow to the back of the neck. No yacht, no Lea, no Alayna and no Fatme either. No Greek island. All of them — just a dream!!? Tears welled up, although he was relieved that he had farted out the deadly stomach ache, a thunderous threat to all his enemies!

He closed the window and sat down next to Mama. Somehow he was glad that he hadn't let her down. He looked at her sheepish face, she always turned into a sheep in her sleep. It had a calming effect. He had let Lea and the girls down. He angrily told himself to order himself, it was all just a dream! He was 17, was in the 7th grade in Vienna and would be taking his A-levels next year. Saudi Arabia? Yes, there were rumors that the soccer team would be invited to the youth tournament in Saudi Arabia next summer, but they still needed two dozen goals. Gradually, the dream became clearer, partially. He put a hand on Mom's buttock.

He looked at her asshole, his gaze slid to her asshole and then down along her asshole. He could see Mom's pussy and pussyhole. A fine trace of his congealed juice, that came from fucking the previous evening. He felt his erection throbbing violently.

He looked at Mom's lovely face, her sheepish face. He knelt behind her lying on her stomach, he would disturb her sleep, but he had done that a thousand times before. She opened one eye, still asleep. "Ah, you have to do it again, you son of a bitch!" She paused. "Son of a bitch, son of a whore! If only you knew, my little one!" She fell into a doze, half-sleep. Her hand slid to her ass cheek, pulling it aside as always. "Well then," she whispered, her face turning into a nervous rabbit. How Frank loved her bunny face, lips and tip of her tongue competing to look bunny-like. She always did that just before and the whole time she was fucked, and Frank loved that rabbit! "Yes, my sweet bunny," Frank said, penetrating her from behind.

Frank tried to catch the image of the girls behind his closed eyelids.

In vain.

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The Swimmers' Round Dance

by Jack Faber © 2025

It was 1967, a time when there were no cell phones. Everyone was preparing for the Olympics the following year. Not me, actually. I had come 7th in Montreal 8 years earlier and ended my career. Now the coach was ill and asked me to represent him in Magdeburg for about 10 days.

The old forester's lodge was rather cramped accommodation. In one room lay Mr. Seyfert, a bedridden patient. He had nothing to do with us swimmers, he lived here. In the next room slept Mrs. Wawranek, the cook, and Mr. Wang, the Chinese kitchen assistant. Then the two competitive swimmers in one room and in the back room the mother of one of the athletes and her youngest sister. And in the last room little Masha in the cot, and Mrs. Monk and I in the only double bed. Mrs. Monk was the girl for everything, she organized and directed everything, really everything. A slim woman in her mid-twenties who had no fear of contact or touching, actually not. She had me on her radar, I didn't know why.

Mrs. Monk had invited me and she had arranged the sleeping arrangements. I had no objection to sleeping next to her in the double bed, because there was 9 or 10-year-old Masha in the cot, in her presence we wouldn't...? I was mistaken, of course, I was obviously not well versed enough in the female psyche. We didn't say a single word about whether we were going to fuck or not. It seemed a little strange to me, but that's how it was. When Mrs. Monk's hand groped lustfully for my thighs at night, I followed her hand and we fucked until we were exhausted. Beforehand, she warned me, "Please don't squirt inside, Mr. Faber!" and I just grumbled. It didn't matter at all whether I squirted inside later or not. If it was really important, it would have sounded completely differently, I knew that instinctively. I'm probably going to get carried away now, but despite sufficient training, I could hardly remember a girl or woman who fucked so well and let herself be fucked so divinely as Mrs. Monk. She was slim and athletic, her breasts like firm apple halves and her fuckhole very

tight and pleasant like velvet and silk. She pushed her ass back like a duck's tail, but that way her clit slid constantly along my veiny shaft. First she held onto my back, and as the fight progressed her hands slid to my buttocks, so she could signal how the horses should trot or gallop. She knew better than anyone how important synchronization and a common tempo were. I noticed that I had to fuck her for about 10 minutes, then her body rolled in orgasm and I could squirt inside in the middle of it. She twitched with each hard jet, which was good! We smoked a cigarette or two, then we fucked again and continued until one of us gave the signal to stop. Mrs. Monk waited only a few seconds until we were ready for sleep, then she uncovered herself again and began to masturbate wide spread. No, she didn't do it secretly, but I suspected that she didn't want to be disturbed. She masturbated every night before going to sleep, quietly, gently and rhythmically. The orgasm was silent, only her legs trembled for a minute. Then she covered herself and fell asleep immediately.

Of course, Masha watched us in the dim light, heard our telltale noises and sat up cross-legged to masturbate while watching us. Admittedly, that excited me even more. Just so there were no misunderstandings - everyone addressed each other very formally by their last names, there was no intimacy or even cuddling during the day. Even Mrs. Monk remained aloof and we only kissed when we fucked at night. She was mysterious and she seemed to know me, but I couldn't figure out how.

Every morning there was a lot of sex, but one thing at a time.

I was only shocked on the first morning to wake up in handcuffs. It was Mrs. Monk's special sense of humor to tie me up unnoticed in the morning and put the key next to my pillow. Masha woke me up grinning. "I'll untie you right away, Uncle Faber," she said every morning. She was pretty to look at in daylight, not yet a beauty, but a girl who was gradually becoming a woman. I was particularly fascinated by the soft, blonde fluffy down that grew over her slit. It was a splendid sight, and she soon knew how to take advantage of it. Now she took the chamber pot in one hand and my morning hard-on in the other. She skillfully pushed back the foreskin and let me pee in the chamber pot with a smirky grin.

She loved my hard cock, without question. “Can I try to see if it fits in yet, Uncle Faber?” she asked purely rhetorically, because I was handcuffed and couldn’t do anything. Masha put my hard cock in her slit every morning, but only got as far as her hymen; she didn’t dare go any further. “It will fit in, Uncle Faber,” she stated, enjoying the obviously lovely feeling of stirring the tip of my cock in the entrance to her fuckhole for minutes. “Can I, until it squirts?” That was also just a rhetorical question, because she stirred for minutes until I squirted in the entrance to her fuckhole. She stirred my semen on her labia with the expression on her face that children use to tease a snail with the stem of a dandelion so that the snail retracts its eyes and antennae.

Mascha uncuffed my handcuffs and put them back on Mrs. Monk’s bedside table with the key. She smiled gently, “those silly games you adults play!” she grinned cheekily. I went into Mr. Seyfert’s room as I was naked every morning. Mrs. Monk was bent over him and rubbed his morning wood very expertly. I stepped behind her and pulled her silk negligee up to her back. Mrs. Monk held her butt cheeks out to me willingly and whispered, as always: “But don’t squirt inside, Mr. Faber!” But it was an empty phrase, because I always squirted inside her, no question about it. She never mentioned it, but repeated it always before the act.

Mrs. Monk’s ass cheeks were among the most beautiful I had ever seen. I spread them a little until I saw her finely shaved large labia. I penetrated her fuckhole slowly and with great pleasure, she acknowledged it with a satisfied sigh and let me fuck her bent over from behind. She rubbed the bedridden man’s morning wood tirelessly, who stared gratefully at her tits. They were rather small, like virgins, small, firm half apples. But sweet.

Mrs. Monk loved my meaty cock because it was basically always “ready”. She only had an orgasm during the night when we fucked long enough. So, standing and bent over, rubbing his morning wood, she just got aroused, nothing else. It made me feel better to squirt all my semen into her and leave my wriggling companion in her fuckhole for another minute. I stopped stroking her beautiful ass cheeks and let my hand wander upwards her back to the back of her head.

She let her head sink forward, but I didn't want to see her sad look and left. I didn't see it at night, but in the morning I saw that dead-sad look in her eyes, in which a few tears glistened. She lowered her head and quickly made Mr. Seyfert squirt. She let the first few jets squirt high up, and caught the rest in her cupped hand. She cleaned his cock and her hand with the towel and stroked his cheek with the back of her hand. "See you tomorrow then!" she said goodbye.

From there I went straight to the bathroom to take a shower. The small, plump cook, Mrs. Wawranek, was already standing there, stark naked, the laundry under her arm. "I'll go to wake up Wong and take care of his little cock." I nodded, whatever. "These Japanese all have such small cocks," said Mrs. Wawranek plaintively and I nodded, "Chinese." The fat, naked cook gave me an indefinable look. She had noticed my glances right away, because I was looking at her very closely.

I had never seen a woman her age naked before, but it was all there. Melon-sized breasts bucking against gravity. Sparse blond pubic hair revealed a pussy that had been used badly. The thick, swollen labia didn't reveal the clit or the fuck hole. "Japanese or Chinese, it doesn't matter! But at least he lasts a long time, the dumb mute brat!" and then she disappeared, pushing her fat naked body past me. Now I could shower and think.

Masha was definitely still far too young to fuck, at least I didn't feel like a child molester. But the little girl was barely 9 or 10 years old. She was really keen to let me fuck her, but I was the adult, I alone made the decision. Masha had said that her mother would only allow her to fuck when she was 14, not before. And her father would definitely take her virginity himself, he was really keen on it, said her mother with a grin. "Men! All he keeps going on about is how he's going to fuck you every night while you're still young and blooming!" Even as a kindergarten child, Masha was allowed to slip into the marital bed every Sunday morning and cuddle naked with her dad before her parents had a good fuck. She was allowed to watch them, they only fucked on Sunday mornings. Later, Masha was allowed to slide back and forth on her dad's cock until he squirted. She clamped the cock between her labia, squeezed hard and rocked back and

forth. She usually had her orgasm before him, lay trembling on the cock and then continued until he came. "Actually," she said, "actually, I don't want Dad to do it to me. He always fucks Mom so wildly that after many orgasms she is completely exhausted and very sad and cries for a long time. But she has to let him fuck her once a week, that's just how it was." I shook my head, I don't fuck children! She looked at me with a threatening look. "I'll be 14 at Christmas, Uncle Faber, and Mom had promised that I can fuck Dad then! Every Sunday morning!!!" I didn't think she would be 14 soon, but I asked Mrs. Monk, who confirmed it. I looked at Mascha with completely different eyes. Maybe...? Mrs. Monk didn't miss a thing. "You mustn't fuck her, Mr. Faber, she's still a virgin and a child in the eyes of the law!" She said that this was not something to joke about. Mrs. Monk held my hand while we watched Masha gently and then passionately masturbate. Mrs. Monk's eyes revealed her fear that I would deflower Masha. I had to agree with her, I will deflower Masha of course, definitely!

Every morning I looked through the crack in the door. Mrs. Wawranek was riding little Mr. Wong, and I thought too he had a very small cock. But the fat woman rode him mercilessly and self-absorbedly masturbating. Wong looked into my eyes and shrugged his shoulders indifferently. I don't know if he understood our language, but it seemed to me that he was quite happy to be fucked by the fat woman who was twice his age. Mrs. Wawranek masturbated with great concentration while riding him and Wong stared at her finger and her clit with his eyes wide open with lust. Of course, her masturbation excited him immensely. He grinned impudently, the little rascal.

Mrs. Wawranek's assault struck on the second morning, she didn't hesitate for long. Like the day before, she stood naked in the bathroom doorway, her clothes under her arm. As I passed her, she put the bundle aside. I stopped in front of her, admittedly it was my mistake. She leaned against me and stammered, "Please, comfort me, Mr. Faber! My Wong's is simply not enough for me!" And instead of running away screaming, I stopped, my second mistake, after all. The small, fat cook hugged me, pressed her naked body against me. No escape.

My cock, the fearless one, immediately found its way into her fuckhole, damn it! Before I could even process it intellectually, I fucked the fat woman standing up. Mrs. Monk stood in the hallway shaking her head. Mrs. Wawranek bent and bent and held my cock in position with her hand so that it didn't slip out. And it didn't slip out, she made sure of that very well. After 15 minutes I gasped that I had to squirt now, but she just nodded enthusiastically, "Just squirt, Mr. Faber, squirt all in!" I squirted inside and was actually very embarrassed. But it didn't stop there. Every morning the 56-year-old Wawranek waited for me naked in the bathroom and let me fuck her with pleasure. I told her to support herself with her arms on the box and let me fuck her from behind. She was a little surprised, but I preferred the sight of her fat white ass to her wrinkled face. She was the oldest woman I had ever fucked at the time, for sure. But fucking her had its own charm. I only had to close my eyes and then the fucking turned out to be similar to Franziska's, even though she was 25 years older. But her fuck hole gripped my cock quite tightly and her vaginal muscles milked my cock just like Franziska did, who had fucked hundreds of men. Not Mrs. Wawranek, she had probably fucked no more than 15 different men in her life, her thing was masturbating. She was married for the second time, but she was quite happy with her husband, who was 25 years younger than her. I held her by her big, white ass cheeks and ignored Mrs. Monk shaking her head as she looked over from the door. At most she reinforced my defiance, because I did not belong to her and I fucked whoever I wanted! I fucked Wawranek last before breakfast and swimming practice, I did not have to save my seed for the next one. Mrs. Wawranek's fuckhole was the softest and least tight of all, but I still really enjoyed fucking her. She never had an orgasm from fucking, she admitted, only from masturbating. I didn't really care, I still made her fuck in sync and evenly. I could concentrate fully on my own orgasm, which I thought was OK too. After 10 to 15 minutes my orgasm came. "I have to squirt, Mrs. Wawranek!" I gasped and she nodded eagerly. "Just squirt, Mr. Faber, just squirt all in!" she gasped happily. I squirted, squirted all in until the last drop. Mrs. Monk under the door shook her head jealously, but I paid no attention. Mrs. Wawranek's vaginal muscles milked my cock really hard, she didn't want to miss a single drop. At the end I gave her a light slap on her fat ass. Then she waddled off to ride little Wong to pieces.

Of course I peeked through Mrs. Wawranek's door every morning, not because I thought she was beautiful, but because I can't tear my eyes away when other people fuck. Mr. Wong — he was probably in his early 20s — actually had a very small cock, it must be noted. It disappeared completely into Mrs. Wawranek's pink abyss, she rode it for about a quarter of an hour and masturbated while doing so. She always had very violent orgasms that threatened to tear her fat body apart. It seemed much more arousing to me when Wong fucked her lying on her back. He seemed to enjoy that more too and I always had to smile because it looked so bizarre. The fat woman, spread out wide, and on top of her a little guy ticking like clockwork. In this position you could clearly see her pussy and her finger rotating on her clit. Wong stuck his little cock all the way into her fuck hole, she had her eyes and mouth wide open and was masturbating like a mad-woman. Their orgasms were not at all coordinated, each one orgasmed when he or she came. Wong stayed completely still when he squirted into the cook's fuck hole. He remained motionless for a minute, then he resumed thrusting. I left my observation post when the two gradually started to weaken.

Mrs. Monk nudged me from behind, "let's wake the boys!" She meant our top athletes who were allowed to sleep late. After breakfast they would train all day in the Olympic Pool, I was there and gave them tips. After all, it felt like I had been a champion myself a hundred years ago. I followed Mrs. Monk into the boys' room. Kim and Hansi were still asleep. Mrs. Monk touched the cock of one of the boys, it was Hansi. She grabbed his cock greedily and let a thick jet shoot up. She asked in a whisper if he didn't want to fuck her with his stiff morning boner? Hansi shook his head every morning, no thanks. He jumped up and ran naked with his cock bobbing next door to his mother. She was already awake and waiting for him because she knew how things worked. Mrs. Monk then grabbed Kim's cock, which he made to squirt without saying a word. Sometimes Mrs. Monk swung herself onto Kim's cock and rode him for a few seconds, then the silent athlete squirted.

Hansi's mother threw back the bed covers and I saw that she had been masturbating until just a moment ago and was still shaking a little. With a rather indifferent face, she let Hansi lie on top of her,

she put Hansi's cock into her pussy hole with one hand and hugged him. Hansi was a quick fucker, after barely a minute or two he squirted, then he made room for his buddy Kim. Kim fucked Hansi's mother for much longer, but the jaded woman only became only highly aroused without orgasming.

Hansi had laid down on his aunt's bed. She was not much older than 20, his mother perhaps 10 years older. Jeanette, his aunt, immediately took her hand off her pussy. She smiled at Hansi very happily and excitedly. "Do you want?" asked Jeanette and Hansi nodded. Jeanette rubbed his cock hard in no time and got ready. She didn't help him into her pussy hole, his cock had to find its own way. But Jeanette had already done a lot of preparatory work and had an orgasm after a short while. She was easy-going and kept her orgasm going until the end. Hansi squirted off and went into the shower, where he usually showered together with Mrs. Wawranek.

Of course Wawranek denied having sex with the two boys in the shower. Hansi looked at me sideways with narrowed eyes. "So what?" he asked aggressively. I turned to Kim. He nodded in agreement. "In the shower, yes. She wants it, both of us one after the other, Hansi first." He paused, he rarely spoke so much. "Why not? She lets herself be fucked well, pretty well in fact. For her age..." he didn't finish the sentence, everything had been said. "But Jeanette, on the other hand, always has an orgasm, that really impresses me!" Kim went out, that was a lot of words for him.

It was obvious that the silent Kim was in love with Jeanette. After he had squirted, he quickly separated from Hansi's mother and went to Jeanette's bed, smiling. They kissed for a long time and deeply. Jeanette obviously liked being fucked by Kim and the boy did a very good job. Jeanette quickly got going again and reached an orgasm effortlessly. She clung to the broad-shouldered boy and prolonged her orgasm again, she was obviously very good at that. Was it training or natural talent?

I usually fucked Hansi's mother and Jeanette after the boys. Mrs. Monk shook her head disapprovingly, but I didn't care, I didn't belong to her. Definitely not! Hansi's mother was far less pretty than

Mrs. Monk, Mrs. Wawranek, Franziska, Jeanette and even Mascha. In fact, you could call her pretty ugly if you weren't a gentleman. But the two boys had done the groundwork well, so I was able to bring the ugly young woman to orgasm regularly with some physical effort. Her face twisted into an ugly grimace and I closed my eyes so I didn't have to see the grimace. I let our orgasms fade away and recovered next to her. "My husband, Hansi's father, is a total loser in bed. That's how I came to take Hansi into my bed, ignoring his father. He should watch us fucking and be ashamed. I also let my lovers into our bed, sometimes just to annoy my husband!"

To fuck Jeanette was pure pleasure. She was a little prettier than her older sister, but not a real beauty like Mrs. Monk. But she was very young, just over 20 I guessed, and she loved to fuck. I never saw her masturbate for real like Hansi's mother, who masturbated openly every morning before Hansi came to fuck. Jeanette, however, stroked her clit constantly and absentmindedly. She beamed at me like a freshly polished gold coin when I lay down next to her. Her favorite position was lying on her side and getting fucked from behind. I was fine with it, it was a position that saved my energy. But what really excited me was her incredibly tight pussy hole. Tight like a 13-year-old! Almost like a child's, I knew that, although I've only fucked very few really young, childlike girls.

Jeanette turned to the wall, because she always masturbated a little when she lay on her side, but only a little. I felt her finger working, which had its own special charm. But she had ass cheeks just as beautiful as Mrs. Monk, and that had a strong effect on me. Jeanette had asked me, with downcast eyes, to fuck her asshole with my index finger while I fucked her, which I was happy to do, even though it was actually unappetizing. But I insisted on fucking her childish fuck hole, because she had many, many orgasms and her vaginal muscles were constantly milking my cock. When I left, I saw the jealous disapproval in Mrs. Monk's eyes.

Damn, who was this Mrs. Monk, how could I possibly know her? The first thing that came to mind was the girl Monika in Montreal who had conquered me there. Unprompted. I didn't know Monika at all, but she waited for me in my bed every evening. What idiot would

miss that? Monika and I hardly spoke, she had already disappeared in the morning and was waiting again for me in my bed late at night. She was from Nuremberg and was still a virgin. I, young and inexperienced, immediately recoiled when I felt the resistance of her hymen. But she just smiled. "Jack, I want you to be my first!" She came every night and we fucked like crazy. When we flew back from Canada after 10 days, I wanted to say goodbye, but I couldn't find Monika anywhere. No name, no address, no phone number. I thought a thousand times whether Mrs. Monk could possibly be Monika? But that seemed very vague to me. No. Mrs. Monk was married, although she despised her husband with all her heart. He was currently in prison for rape and child molestation, the fine gentleman. And she had confided in me that she had fucked already hundreds of men. She grabbed anyone she liked. I could confirm that.

Mrs. Monk let me fuck her every morning when she masturbated the sick Mr. Seyfert. And every night too, only on one of the evenings did she leave me hanging, probably because of Mascha. She fucked very well, I enjoyed her way of fucking, very much. Sometimes we did it doggy style too, if she felt like it. Every night I felt that she was masturbating next to me in the dark. Her body touched mine while she masturbated, and she did it on purpose. Every night, even when we had just fucked. She masturbated very quietly, without much fuss, but for a very long time. Her orgasm at night was much quieter and less spectacular than the one during sex. She just trembled and sighed very quietly, and that was all.

When we took a break and smoked a cigarette sitting in bed, we silently watched Mascha in the twilight as she masturbated cross-legged. She watched us as we fucked, even though you could hardly see anything more than shadowy figures. When she got going, she closed her eyes and masturbated completely absorbed in herself. She rubbed her clit in circular, calm movements, licked her finger again and again with her tongue to moisten it. The girl sank into a deep trance and was no longer directly aware of her surroundings.

Mrs. Monk nudged me in the ribs with her elbow. "Forget it! The little girl is not yet 14 and a child, she is not there to be fucked!" She

wanted to get me to promise, but I remained stubborn and silent. Maybe...?

She couldn't understand why I had fallen for the beautiful child. Masha's small breasts were now about the size of Mrs. Monk's, firm half apples. She was slim and delicate, half a head shorter than Mrs. Monk, and her hips were already bulging like a woman's. Every morning, before she released me from the handcuffs, she stuck the tip of my cock into her pussy hole until it touched the hymen. "It'll fit in, Uncle Faber," she announced proudly. "If you like, you can take my virginity, and I'd much rather you do it than if Daddy did it for me!" I noticed that she was completely serious.

So I interrogated her exactly, painstakingly. What was it like with her dad? Masha had no reservations about telling me everything. She had always been allowed to cuddle naked with her dad on Sunday mornings, which she really liked. It was always just a fun and harmless game, touching, cuddling, rubbing against each other. It had actually started with mom, but soon she belonged to dad completely.

Dad only fucked mom once a week, always on Sunday mornings. Masha had been there from a young age and had mom explain it to her later in detail when they were alone. Mom always had to masturbate while fucking so that she could have some orgasms, which seemed very interesting for Masha. So she imitated it and was able to masturbate to orgasm even when she was in kindergarten. Mom just smiled when she saw Masha masturbate day in, day out, which was fine. When fucking, only the beginning and the end were exciting; the long fucking itself was yawningly boring.

At the beginning, the tip of Daddy's cock was looking for the entrance. Mom never helped him. When he found it, he penetrated more or less quickly. Mom's fuck hole slowly opened up, enveloping the cock like a tight stocking. Then Mom started to masturbate and Daddy's cock stomped in and out of her fuck hole. For quite a while. Mom gave herself one big orgasm first and then many small ones, she always did that. She rubbed her clit really fast when Daddy squirted inside, you could tell by his balls. Then he pulled his cock out and the thick drops ran out of Mom's fuck hole. Mom had be-

come very tired and sad from the fucking and the many orgasms; she cried every time he finished squirting. The little girl could never explain that to herself.

Little Masha laughed at Daddy in a friendly way when he tried to masturbate her. He never managed it, although he tried it every time. “You’re doing it too roughly, Daddy!” she would say every time. She wasn’t allowed to masturbate in front of Daddy; Mommy had strictly forbidden that. “It would excite him too much,” explained Mommy, “he would pounce on you like a raging tiger and tear your little pussy to shreds!” That made a lot of sense, because she had often seen how Daddy could go wild and fuck Mommy to shreds, leaving poor Mommy crying and sobbing.

Mommy became too old for Dad; in her late 20s she was already considered old by him. Dad no longer fucked her lovingly, but angrily. He had seduced and married a sweet little girl!!! And where was that underage child now that he had fucked to pieces with so much lust and enthusiasm? So Masha became more and more interesting to him. At 11, the first light blonde hair sprouted. Dad was really excited (and I could understand him very well, because this view really excites me too).

Mom didn’t like being fucked by the angry dad anymore, no! So she came up with the idea that Masha could take over. But she wasn’t 14 yet, she was only 11, and 14 was set in stone for Mom. So she taught Masha how to rim. Masha sat on Dad’s cock, pinched it between her labia and fucked back and forth. When Masha did it right, she rubbed her clit rhythmically on Dad’s cock and after a while had an orgasm. She sank onto his belly and let the orgasm wriggle, trembling. Then she carried on in the same way, because it was only over when Dad had squirted. She usually had two or even three orgasms before Dad squirted with a grunt. Most of the time he wanted to be masturbated with her fist after a break. Mom showed her how it was done. Masha learned immediately, she licked his glans with her tongue when she masturbated him, just like Mom did, and she enjoyed it more than Mom did when he squirted in her mouth.

She had been doing this for three years now, and she actually enjoyed fucking Dad to make him squirt. Dad had been trying to deflower her lately again and again, but Mom intervened now forcefully. That was out of the question! OK, playfully inserting his cocktip into the entrance to her pussyhole until it hit the hymen, OK, Mom just about allowed that. But Masha had developed an aversion because he was always so angry, rough and demanding during sex. That's why she didn't want him to deflower her and then continue to fuck her. Mom was much more pessimistic about that. "He'll take your virginity when you're 14 and then fuck you hard every Sunday, maybe every day, so that you won't know, which train had hit you, that's for sure! It's in his blood!"

I went to the Olympic swimming pool with the two athletes all day long; they had to train for 7 to 8 hours a day. This gave me the opportunity to speak to Hansi's mother, Franziska, and her sister Jeanette. Of course, I asked them all about it. It was not surprising when 32-year-old Franziska told me that her father had taken her virginity when she was 13 and then fucked her every night. Her mother had no chance against his brutality and dominance.

He felt young again and fucked her several times a day and night until he could no longer. Of course, Mom complained that incest was a mortal sin, but that didn't interest him or Franziska at the time. Neither of them cared that Mom was sitting right next to them in bed and had to press a finger to her clit so as not to be overcome by her own carnal desire while watching them fucking. Dad was aware that he had to deflower Franziska very carefully, softly and gently. He penetrated very carefully, Franziska looked at him with shining eyes. "Make me a woman, your little woman!" she breathed. She had no idea how it would turn out, but she wanted to be fucked by Dad like Mom. She had seen the fucking so many times and also how good both of them felt after their release. She wanted that too! The fucking only hurt the first time, after that she loved it passionately. She was as proud as a peacock, but she didn't tell anyone. Mom's tense dislike soon dissolved and a deep friendship developed between the two.

This is how Franziska, who at the time loved being fucked by her father, became pregnant. An abortion was out of the question in the

bigoted community, so Franziska became Hansi's mother at 17. Her mother was a great support to her, otherwise she would have perished miserably. Of course, Dad continued to fuck her until Jeanette was — in his opinion — old enough. Then he concentrated on her little sister. Franziska had married pro forma so that Hansi would not be an “out of wedlock child”. The husband was a rude idiot, in short. He was completely indifferent to the fact that Dad continued to fuck Franziska every day for years. His character was breaking through. He was a pimp at heart.

He sold Franziska by the hour and thus led a carefree life. Franziska did not rebel, women were there to be fucked, it was as simple as that. Franziska even loved the variety, because there were some good, experienced fuckers among her guests. She only had problems with the rudeness, the punches and kicks of her husband. Fate helped her out. After one of the many knife fights, her husband's arm had to be amputated. It was as if a part of his soul had been amputated as well. He became a cowardly weakling.

Franziska now looked for lovers herself, and her husband never touched her again. She collected the money herself and pocketed it. Her husband led a very restricted life, she only providing him with alcohol generously. He masturbated on the sofa with bloodshot eyes while Franziska let herself be fucked in the marital bed opposite him. Of course, little Hansi did not miss this. It didn't bother him how his mother earned the money, the whoredom had no moral weight for him.

He reached puberty and now slept in Franziska's bed every night. It was only natural that she rubbed his cock and made him squirt as often as he wanted. His interest grew and eventually they fucked each other. Around this time, Hansi was discovered to be a real swimmer. He was ambitious, he didn't want to be a zero-deadbeat like his dad. The goal was to win, to be first.

The girls in the swimming club had to deal with the fact that Hansi had no morale or no morals. He fucked anyone who wasn't up to scratch at the count of three, as the saying goes. He not only fucked the entire women's team and the two coaches, but also many ama-

teur swimmers who were not part of the team. Many of them were fine with that, some hid in shame when Hansi had “conquered” them. Admonitions and reprimands bounced off him like rainwater.

Franziska could afford to accompany Hansi everywhere to competitions. Contrary to the opinion of many coaches, Hansi seemed to benefit athletically from the daily sex with Franziska. They shrugged their shoulders and didn’t talk about it. When Dad died shortly after Mom, Jeanette moved in with them.

Dad had already deflowered Jeanette when she was 12 and she blossomed. Instead of feeling abused and like dirt, she blossomed; she was now “Daddy’s little wife!” That filled her with pride, it wasn’t a trauma for her. Franziska had coped much worse, but that was also due to her pregnancy being far too early. Jeanette had learned to masturbate from her big sister and, like her sister, masturbated every night to fall asleep. It was the best sleeping aid!

Jeanette, who her dad fucked every night, liked going to school because there she found lots of playmates for her sexual desires. She fucked all the students indiscriminately and seduced as many young teachers as possible. She also tried sex with girls, but she didn’t particularly like it. And she ignored her dad’s jealous tirades. She was the center of the world, not him. Clear?

It happened as it had to. Franziska earned a lot of money from prostitution, but had less and less time during the day for her Hansi. Jeanette had time, lots of time. And the well-trained young athlete offered her really good sex. She had no problem reaching orgasm, not at all. Together with Hansi, she found out how to maintain the orgasm after the first violent outburst until the end of the fucking. That was the Olympus of fucking. And Hansi really liked fucking with his mother and aunt. Hansi was very soon in love with Jeanette, but what did that mean, he got the main prize for free every day. He wasn’t jealous of Kim for a second.

Masha had me in her bag after just three or four days. She had stirred the tip of my cock in the entrance to her fuckhole and let me watch her masturbate with my head between her thighs. She said she

hadn't had her period yet. She grinned cheekily, she had defeated me. We cuddled naked on the bed for another quarter of an hour and she stirred full of enthusiasm the tip of my cock in the entrance to her fuckhole until I squirted. "Are you going to fuck me now and make me a real woman, Uncle Faber?" she asked cooing and I nodded. "Yes, first thing tomorrow morning, if you really want to! It's an important decision, your mother will be horrified because you're not quite 14 yet, not for another four months. And your father will be very annoyed because someone else has already taken your virginity." Masha shrugged her shoulders. "It doesn't always have to go his way, does it?" I looked at her seriously. "He'll still fuck you every day, my little one! You just have to make it clear to him from the first time that you won't allow any rough treatment. You have to assert yourself, otherwise he'll treat you like a rag!" Mascha nodded thoughtfully. "That's right, Uncle Faber, I hadn't even thought of that. He'll definitely fuck me every night, that's for sure!" I ran off, Mrs. Monk would be wondering where I was.

She was actually surprised, she was almost there with Mr. Seyfert. I quickly lifted up her silk negligee and fucked her from behind, like every morning. Mr. Seyfert stared at her virgin breasts and the dance of her teats, like every morning. She had allowed him to touch her breasts, but the poor guy could barely hold his arms up for a minute and had to let go of the gems again and again. He had whispered if he could squirt in her mouth, but she refused. She had never let anyone squirt in her mouth before.

I leaned forward on her back and asked in a whisper if I should fuck her with my index finger like I did Jeanette? She blushed bright red and didn't answer right away. "If you don't mind? Yes!" she whispered almost inaudibly. "Nobody has ever done that before, but I can see how Jeanette rose like a rocket and exploded when you did it," she added in a whisper. I have to admit that I liked Mrs. Monk's ass beyond measure. But when I licked my index finger and inserted it into her small, tight asshole, I felt her whole pussy twitch. Her sigh betrayed surprise and then downright intense sexual excitement. Being fucked in the pussy hole and in the asshole at the same time triggered her orgasm instantly. We had struck gold, that much was clear.

With quick movements she made Mr Seifert squirt, then she supported herself on the bed, because we weren't finished yet. My index finger made her completely lose it, after the first violent orgasm she had lots of smaller, trembling ones. I tried to catch a glimpse of her face expression, because she now let her head sink down. There was indescribable sadness in her eyes, like that of a fatally wounded animal. Tears glittered in her eyes, tears of shame and pride, then she closed her eyes. The blush covered her face as if she were in a fever. Damn, that was the discovery of the year!

We separated and she turned around to give me a big, fat French kiss. Outrageous, Seyfert was there after all! But she didn't let that bother her. She wanted to kiss me and that's what she did now. Abruptly she said, "Let's go wake up the boys!" and she ran quickly ahead, almost dancing. I had to smile, it was only day 3 and we had unearthed the treasure! Another 7 or 8 days, we'll fuck like berserkers at night! She woke Hansi up with such a firm grip on his shaft that a shot of semen spurted up the poor guy. "No, Mrs. Monk, I'm going to see my mom right away!" the distraught boy exclaimed and ran. Mrs. Monk then grabbed Kim's cock and sat down on the athlete's lap. Gently and rhythmically she slid on his cock and made him squirt almost instantly. At that moment it hit me like a lightning bolt. Hansi wouldn't win a medal. Kim would. His infatuation with Jeanette, who was only a little older than him, would give him wings, especially since I'll put her in the front row of the audience in an ultra-skinny miniskirt, as sure as my name is Jack Faber! The adrenaline rush will give him a few tenths of a second, damn it!

And indeed. Mrs. Monk couldn't wait to turn off the light in the evening. We threw ourselves at each other like drowning people, we fucked until midnight, making the bed groan and moan. My index finger stabbed her asshole, even though she had never been fucked anally before. The most intense thing for her was when she let herself be fucked from behind while lying on her belly. She stuck her ass up in the air so that the index finger could have its full effect.

That night, on day 3, she covered me with kisses like never before. She whispered in my ear how incredibly intense it all felt. We were both very exhausted and stopped fucking. She leaned her whole body

against me and put an arm around my neck as she began to gently masturbate. She wanted me to be there for this intimacy this time, very close. I felt every movement of her busy finger and the slight trembling that preceded the approach of orgasm. I hugged her in the trembling orgasm and kissed her deeply. We were a great team.

Masha woke me up as soon as Mrs. Monk had left. I didn't have to ask or say anything, her face was shining like the sun. I was very tender with her, she was still very childlike. At the same time, however, she seemed very grown-up, or half-half. There were only a few French kisses and it was clear to me that Masha was ready. I laid her down and then I hugged her like a woman, not like a child. I was very gentle, considerate, even fatherly. A short, hard thrust and the hymen was pierced. Masha said in surprise that it didn't hurt at all, just a small, silly prick. I pushed my cock in up to the hilt and gave her pussyhole time to adjust to the cock. Then I fucked her fast and hard and, like with everyone else, I squirted everything into her fuckhole. She didn't have an orgasm, not this time. I had to move on quickly, to Mrs. Monk.

"Mascha held me up a bit," I said to her when I came into Seyfert's room. She was only half listening, she had both hands on Seyfert, one hand around his shaft, the other around his balls. She melted away, she felt complete and exactly where she wanted to be. It should have been a nice day, but it ended not so well. Afterwards I fucked annoyed Franziska, the orgasm queen Jeanette and fat old Wawranek, then we drove to the training.

At night we smoked cigarettes during a break and were silent. Mascha sat cross-legged and played with her clit, lost in thought, but she didn't masturbate. Thoughtful. Suddenly she jumped out of the child's bed and came to us in the double bed. She surprisingly snuggled up to Mrs. Monk, hugging her tenderly. "Aunt Monk, I have to ask you something important. Okay?" Mrs. Monk hugged her tighter and stroked her cheek friendly. "Ask me whatever it is."

"I'm a woman now, Aunt Monk, a real woman. Like you, I want to fuck Uncle Faber, that's why I'm asking." She wasn't a child anymore, by God, by God! Mrs. Monk looked at me like a mortally

wounded animal. I took the direct route. “Yes, this morning I took her virginity. That’s just how it is now,”

“Men! You stupid cock-driven guys!” hissed Mrs. Monk. For the first time, an ice-cold wind blew. Masha reacted in a flash, I wouldn’t have expected that from her. “Auntie, don’t be angry with him. It was me, I grabbed him, I wanted him and not my dad to fuck me, the bastard! If so, then be angry with me, not with him!”

Mrs. Monk was petrified. She held Masha to her chest and absent-mindedly stroked the girl’s cheeks. “Tell me everything from the beginning, no nonsense! And what does your dad have to do with it?” Masha told her everything from the beginning.

I listened carefully, but I recognized everything that Masha had told me. She snuggled up to Mrs. Monk, the two of them hugging like lovers. And Masha really told everything. Mrs. Monk only interrupted her because she didn’t understand the role of Masha’s mother. She taught the child rimming in order to avoid being roughly fucked for three years?!? But Mrs. Monk gradually understood how the mother was playing the daughter into the father’s hands. Later she said that it was unappetizing to let him squirt in her mouth! Masha said it took a while, but she swallowed his semen now and it tasted salty and sweet. Mrs. Monk stared at her in disbelief.

When Masha told the story of the events of the last three mornings, Mrs. Monk’s eyes widened. How skillfully the girl got me under her control, that was something! Mrs. Monk shook her head and smiled. “Men, oh you men! You are as if you had buttons that you just had to press and you jump over the skipping rope like a good boy!” She shook her head, but she smiled at me again. I may be a fool, but I am not a child molester, she whispered almost inaudibly.

From then on, the three of us slept in the large double bed. Despite everything, it was very strange to fuck both of them in turn. Masha wanted to try it with my index finger, but she didn’t like it. It was a bit irritating to fuck one of them and the other “interfered” with little gestures, touches, kisses. I knew that this would not be a permanent solution for me. It was touching, however, that Mrs.

Monk wanted to teach Masha everything important. Masha had never heard of the G-spot, for example. Or how she managed to get her father to stop being rude. How a woman could use her weapons. My heart warmed.

When I needed a break, Masha would lay across my lap and masturbate very gently. The girl could obviously masturbate very gently, softly and quietly for hours and she did it. When you were in bed, there was only fucking, sleeping or — well — masturbating. Wasn't that right? I put my hand on Masha's mons pubis or directly upon her pussy to be very close and to experience her gentle masturbation up close. The little girl closed her eyes and listened to our whispering.

A bombshell.

I don't remember how it all came about. "When I flew home from Canada, I was convinced I was pregnant by you, Jack." It caught me completely off guard. "Monika!" I screamed. She nodded, Yes, Monika. My thoughts tumbled wildly. "I can see how gently, softly and lovingly you fuck the little one, Jack. Just like you did fuck me back then." Monika's voice was calm and unexcited. She was in control of the situation from the start, I just had to do what she had planned for me. I tried to get back on my feet, even though I was sunk up to my hips in mud.

So I flew home with shaking knees, I consciously wanted a child by you, Jack. My mother had died during the Olympics, and my dad was waiting for me with the funeral. I kissed Mom's deathly pale face for the last time before the coffin was closed. The two of us were left alone. "I'm pregnant, Dad!" I said quietly and his tears dried up. That was good news, his sorrow-filled face lit up. He hugged me for a quarter of an hour, he held onto me tightly. A ray of hope.

From then on I slept in Mom's place next to him, he ignored me in silence when I masturbated at night for hours. The pregnancy had thrown my hormones into disarray and I had immense carnal desire. It took a few days before we fucked each other. Dad had never touched me before, not even saw me naked. The thought of incest

weighed on his conscience for days until he came to terms with it. We fucked every night until he was exhausted and several times during the day. Of course I went easy on him at his age and he didn't have to ejaculate every time. I slept with him until he died of a broken heart nine months later. I was alone.

All three gynecologists I consulted were of the same opinion. It was a false pregnancy. It could take up to 9 months for my body to come to its senses again. Dad had married me to his friend's son immediately after I returned home, so that I shouldn't have an "child out of wedlock". Robert Monk, my new husband, let me continue to fuck Dad, because my old man needed comfort, attention and sexual relief. I was happy to be fucking two men at the time, my disturbed desires needed that. And Robert was of the opinion that we should have an "open marriage" without the vow of marital fidelity, which was chic, modern and not very common at the time.

Robert didn't really care whether I was pregnant or not. He was rich and his only job was managing the estate. I had gotten lucky, really lucky. And — he loved to party. Hardly an evening went by without a little celebration, a little party. He kindly persuaded me to fuck with his guests and friends. From the very beginning, I loved fucking and being fucked at these parties "in public". I usually got through it with several guys, even a dozen. Until then, I didn't know that I had a strong exhibitionist disposition, among other things.

Some evenings, as if in a frenzy, I would fuck half a dozen or a whole dozen guys in these rounds, and now I also got to know girl sex because some of the women discovered my lesbian disposition. I really loved cuddling with girls and clitoral stimulation, Jack. I really loved being fucked in front of everyone or having my clit licked publicly. I made it clear to everyone that I would not allow myself to be photographed or filmed, but hundreds of photos of me were circulating, which Robert kindly provided for me. I said goodbye to Dad without thinking about how my liberal lifestyle affected him. One morning he didn't wake up; he had followed Mom. Now I was alone with Robert.

When Dad died, I had to think very intensely of you, Jack. I bought myself a place in the swimming association with large dona-

tions, and I was always incredibly close to you during that time and afterwards. If I had reached out my hand, I could have touched you, but I didn't, I stayed hidden. Thanks to the open marriage, I could let myself be fucked as often as I wanted, by whoever I wanted, and I let myself be fucked, by God! I let hundreds of men fuck me, there were certainly some good studs among them and I didn't suffer from any sexual deprivation. That were beautiful, exciting and sexually fulfilling years, Jack. And I was able to follow your career up close, your countless love affairs as well as the end of your sports career. I still loved you, Jack, I knew it for sure, but I didn't tell anyone about it, not even Robert. He would have sneaked you into his parties and let you get lost in the mass of fucking guests, I was sure of that. And that's exactly what I didn't want, you were always something special to me, my first, the father of my never-born child, my love. That's how it was, Jack.

Then came a turning point in our party life. Robert was reported for deflowering and raping a 12-year-old girl. The court acquitted him almost immediately, he must have given away a few banknotes, I suspected. Because I knew he had done it. A 12-year-old! I spoke to the child several times in private. She was very provocative in her manner and had certainly not let Robert take her by surprise, but had done it herself, lured him between her thighs. An immature, stupid goose, with a precocious body. It was her foolish mother who dragged Robert before the judges.

Despite the acquittal, something in Robert had been destroyed. He lost all desire to organize fuck parties. Instead, he brought young women into our marital bed, and I was happy to join in. It started with 20 to 25-year-old beauties. He fucked them well and I loved having girl sex with them. I had to take most of them by surprise, even using gentle force, because they weren't familiar with girl sex. Robert got incredibly horny again while watching us and immediately plunged himself into the girl's fuckhole again. We only stopped when we were both exhausted, by which time the girl was already completely worn out and let herself be fucked and licked exhaustedly. This threesome was something completely new, and I enjoyed it. Fucking Robert was usually enough for me, sometimes I also took a lover or a one-night stand, that was enough for me. I really liked

pouring sex over a girl or a young woman, she having endless sex — fucking with Robert, and me licking her to ecstasy and exhaustion, again and again. For years we did.

But the girls gradually got younger and younger.

I didn't recognize the signs straight away. I was his good companion, who held the girls in her arms, comforting and caring, while he deflowered and fucked them. I have no idea how he found so many untouched virgins; I didn't ask myself or him any questions. I was his willing buddy, I only made the best of it. But gradually it began to seep through my alcohol haze that the girls were getting younger from month to month. I had to comfort and calm them, make sure in a motherly way that they didn't feel abused or like dirt. I was pretty good at that, because I knew instinctively how to treat them so that the damage was limited. And — to tell the truth — I enjoyed seducing the young girls myself. I was equally guilty, Jack, I know that very well. I masturbated the little clits to get the child excited, I guided Robert's cock to the entrance of her fuckhole and held his shaft when he pierced the hymen. Yes, I still held his shaft when he fucked the little one. It was a powerful feeling, the feeling of being a queen when he squirted inside and I was still holding his cock. It was me who made his sperm squirt inside her fuckhole!

Of course I spoke to Robert about it. Of course I reproached him for constantly repeating what he had confessed to in court. On the one hand he was contrite for a few days, but the wolf in sheep's clothing couldn't really stand it. I tried to drink less, because the alcohol smoothed the waves of my bad conscience. I held out for half a year, I shouted and scolded Robert, I threatened him. Seducing and fucking girls, 12 and 13 year old girls, was definitely a disgrace. — So I went to see my lawyer.

I took Robert to court. I was one of the important witnesses and I owe it to my lawyer that I didn't get imposed a sentence. My carefully kept list put a lot of pressure on the sentence, the three judges were all older, humorless people who didn't let Robert get away this time. Robert's attempts at bribery didn't work this time, on the contrary. All in all he got 12 years in prison, of which he has to serve at least

10. I had long since become estranged from him, I wanted to put an end to his atrocities and filed for divorce. I pocketed more than half of his assets and was now rich and free again.

I hatched a plan. For a few banknotes, Jörg called in sick and hired you, Jack, as his substitute coach. I didn't go any further with the planning, everything else had to be improvised. Of course I arranged everything, so that we could sleep in the only double bed, for example. But I didn't want to reveal myself right away, I'm apparently a bit sneaky. A little bit.

I was very pleased that you, like me, don't care about some social norms. You fuck with everyone here, with me, Wawranek, Franziska, Jeanette and now also with little Mascha. I don't know any pathological jealousy, and if something bothers me, then that's probably how it is. But as far as Mascha was concerned, I hoped that you weren't a predator like Robert. Was I mistaken, Jack?

I had already put my arm over Monika's shoulders for a long time, and now I hugged her tighter. There was a cliff to avoid. "I'm not an innocent lamb, Monika. But I'm not a predator either. You should know that I've fucked a lot of young girls, and I've even deflowered one or the other of them. But I never stalked these children, I never actively seduced a single one, lured her in the abyss. I only fucked those who wanted to be fucked with more or less strong persistence. The youngest was 13, I must admit, and she was not an isolated case. But I'm not a wolf in sheep's clothing, but a pretty simple-minded fool, as you yourself said. Catching a simple-minded fool is a common girl's sport, at least in school, I can tell you that. As a professor of geography and history, in my early 30s, and a stupid fool at that — I'll leave the rest to your imagination.

Monika looked at me from the side. "Can you promise me that ..." and I immediately interrupted her rudely. "No, no empty promises. The day before yesterday I deflowered Mascha, have you already forgotten that?" I was sad, but sane. I don't like lying, I prefer to take the direct route. The route where you usually end up with a bloody nose.

I had to manage my sexual powers well. Fucking 4 women and a girl every day is something you have to be prepared for. Monika didn't put the handcuffs on me anymore, we never talked about it. I fucked Mascha every morning as soon as she woke up, she got the full load of my morning boner squirted into her. But it wasn't physically demanding, she was happy with masturbating to her orgasms and didn't demand more. She had followed my advice and let Hansi and Kim fuck her. She didn't like Hansi's quick ejaculation at all and ignored him. Kim, on the other hand, was aware of his luck and fucked Mascha very well and conscientiously, she said.

Monika only fucked me and sometimes Kim too, when she felt like it. She also said that the taciturn Kim could fuck well. I relaxed during the day, Hansi and Kim listened to me when I had something to say. After all, I used to take part in the Olympics, no less. I made sure that Mrs. Wawranek stuck strictly to the diet guidelines, which were not invented by me, but by the swimming association, and they had good people. I put Wawranek down more than once, so she stuck strictly to the guidelines.

I was right. Hansi didn't get any higher than 11th place at the Olympics in Mexico, Kim at least came 4th. Jeanette had sat in the front row, in an ultra-tight miniskirt and, with a bright red face, had agreed not to wear any panties. The adrenaline rush catapulted Kim into fourth place, Coach Jörg and the association were extremely satisfied.

I gave up my job in Munich and moved to Monika in Nuremberg. I taught geography and history at the high school for another 20 years. It was inevitable that I would be conquered by my young students, so my debt account in the heaven of the little virgins was constantly increasing, but I didn't bother Monika with my sexual defeats. Almost every student I tutored conquered me and let me fuck her, with a satisfied Cheshire Cat's grin. I was fine with it, who could I complain about? I never made romances out of it, I was careful about that, I'm not stupid. So far I really enjoyed the "open marriage". I retired at 50 and tutored for another 10 years. I fucked all the girls who wanted to be fucked, but none under 13, I swear!

“Monika,” I said right at the beginning, “a man who has once fucked a willing, hot 13-year-old has lost his soul forever. It digs itself deep into his soul, and he will always search for her’s! It is something special to make a girl hot who has never been hot before. Gently and delicately piercing the hymen is very different from hardened demi-vierges, I know the difference. The firts-time girl is like a golden chalice when you fill it for the first time. You will never forget it.”

Monika looked at me for a long time. She knew me well enough to know that I was serious. “I understand. You are and will always be a fool-to-be-conquered, I can live with that. But if you mutate into a wolf, into a predator, I will show no mercy. I mean it. Are we still on the same track, darling?” I nodded. “I can swear that to you, Monika. I will never be a predator, never!”

It was a good thing, because I started to get my first grey hairs, and they worked like an aphrodisiac. I sent more than one away because she wasn’t yet 13. My debt account in the heaven of the little virgins grew and grew steadily, but I kept my word to Monika, iron-clad.

Robert was released after 10 years, but he relapsed and spent many more years in prison. Poor guy.

Monika and I lived in modest prosperity, we went on holiday or journeys 2 or 3 times a year. No, we never got married and Monika didn’t have any children, although she would have liked to have children. She adopted a Vietnamese orphan girl, Lai, a very pretty, bright and sexually eager young lady. She was already 13, but she had no idea about sex. She was traumatized, always afraid at night and came to us in the double bed when we had finished fucking. Monika showed her how to masturbate, which was really good for our daughter. She learned everything very quickly and claimed stubbornly the task of inserting my cock deep into Monika’s fuck hole. So Lai became our “penetration assistant”. Monika and I agreed not to deflower Lai until she was 14, if the little one wanted it. (Yes, she did.) Monika had Mascha in mind as a positive example.

I’ll write about Lai’s lush love life another time.

You can still keep a few little secrets to yourself, right?

...

A Cheeky Lad

by Jack Faber © 2025

Ali's mother, Umm-Arq, came from the deep south of Arabia and had married one of the richest merchants in the capital. Today we would say she was sold to him, because the merchant was conservative, extremely conservative. He had Arq, who was only called Umm-Arq when she became a mother, carefully chosen. She had to be beautiful, a virgin of course and a deeply religious Muslim from a good family, if possible of good blood. After a long time she was presented to the twice widower, who immediately fell in love with 17-year-old Arq. He married her on the spot.

Umm-Arq was 18 years old when she gave birth to Ali. His father was overjoyed; he now had a heir and no longer “just” daughters, of which he already had three from previous marriages. He was very conservative and never left her unattended; that was one of the important conservative pillars in his culture. Unfortunately, Arq would not have any more children, the gynecologists said unanimously. She had Ali, and that was all that mattered.

She came from an old, impoverished noble family and of course had never attended school. Her husband fulfilled her request and had a teacher come to the house. Six servants sat behind her when the teacher came to the house. He was not even allowed to touch the hem of her veil. So she learned to read, write, count and the entire Koran, of which she only knew a few common sayings by heart. Her husband, who loved her and Ali more than anything, gave her an iPhone to finish her education. Of course, he kept a close eye on who she had contact with — definitely not men! And also what she browsed up on the Internet.

If he had followed her tracks more closely, he would have discovered that her friends had told her about many tricks on how to do things with the iPhone. She had long correspondence with young men, made them fall in love with her and also sent them lots of daring nude photos of herself and masturbation video clips. Of course,

she was naturally shy and timid, but she soon had a lot of bad habits. But she never went so far as to reveal her real existence or even meet one of her admirers in person. Her new girlfriends had shown her how to take the best photos of herself or how to film herself masturbating. Most of the men wanted to see her masturbate or see close-ups of her clit. She overcame the initial hurdles and got to see hundreds of cocks, stiff and spurting, of course. She asked everyone to capture the moment of squirting, the thrilling moment when the juice spurted from his little hole. These images made her incredibly horny, and she had to masturbate immediately. But over time she had enough of it, digital affairs were much more fun and exciting. She remained a locked-up princess who could only talk and flirt with her princes from near and far through the closed prison door. She was clear that she was not allowed to betray or even God forbid abandon her master.

But she also used her phone to look at the world, the people and their history. She quickly found out that many women of that time did not take the vow of fidelity seriously, that many of them had affairs, lovers or one-night-stands. Umm-Arq had only had three things on her mind up to now. First, Ali, her everything. Second, the colorful world outside the walls of her big house and the capital Riyadh and the friends and admirers with whom she had secret, purely digital affairs. And third, her strong-loined slaves. Of course, these were officially domestic servants, since slavery had been abolished under pressure from the West. A dozen female servants and a dozen male servants lived in her household. Her husband was often away on business and often left her alone. The only thing she officially had to combat her carnal desires was intense, passionate masturbation.

She felt very neglected, although she knew full well that her husband had to work hard to keep his fortune together and increase it. But after a while she also knew that he was no longer faithful to her, that he had several love affairs one after the other and that he never slept alone on his travels. His travel manager had to find him respectable, shy married wives for every night, and professionals only as an exception. For weeks Umm-Arq was sick with hurt, but then she thought about retaliation. The fact that all this was completely

normal in the ambiguous morality of her world prevented her from developing any hard feelings of revenge.

Instead she decided not to spend her nights alone any more than her husband. She chose a slave she liked. Among her dozen slaves there was always one she liked — the fact that they were all black did not bother her at all. She loved the preparation for adultery very much. The weeks of wickedly teasing her chosen man was a very exciting time. The telephone lines were buzzing when she consulted with her girlfriends.

Ali also grew up in a very sheltered environment, but he was not locked up like his mother. Of course he had a tutor and he was actually a very bright and clever boy. He had a lot of friends with whom he got up to a lot of mischief, but Umm-Arq forgave him for any nonsense, of course. He had long since reached the critical age where they did more than just pull the girls' pigtails.

Ali could ask his mother anything. She was the only person he could trust, and of course he used the time they spent on the roof after siesta to tell her about the girls' confusing bodies and behavior. Umm-Arq herself had grown up "well-sheltered," and of course she had no experience with boys. Well, maybe a little. She had found it pretty disgusting and at the same time exciting that a boy's cock could squirt. At first she only watched when a boy let her watch him rub himself. Then she wanted to do it herself and the boys let her rub himself. She never let boys squirt in her mouth like some other girls did; she found that very unappealing. But she liked to go down into the dry riverbed and let the cocks squirt, sometimes up to a dozen. But that was the only sinful thing she experienced as a young girl and teenager.

And now Ali was at exactly the age where he discovered the opposite sex. Every day they spent the siesta, the rahat, in the airy shade-tent on the roof. Umm-Arq had brought this custom with her from her homeland. She lay on a soft surface, wrapped in a veil, masturbated and then slept soundly for an hour or two. Ali was with her, of course, he had long since stopped paying attention to his mother's wiggling, he much preferred playing on her smartphone during the

siesta. He grew and grew and he looked under Umm-Arq's veil at every opportunity. No matter how modestly she moved, he always caught a glimpse of her bare thighs, of the thicket of her black pubic hair. The girls whose skirts he and his friends lifted and pulled down their underwear to their knees in a flash only had an insignificant slit, but no hair or at most a soft down. They weren't real women yet, no! said the teenagers disparagingly.

When Umm-Arq masturbated, he watched now with great interest, although he hid his eyes. He didn't know why, but it was something his mother did for herself and didn't let him take part in it. That was very clear from the start. Of course Umm-Arq didn't do it openly, she always masturbated under the veils, of course.

But Ali always managed to take a look under the veil. When she leaned back in the final stretch and squinted, he could lift the veil up an inch and see everything. He noticed that she was rubbing just one specific spot at the top of her slit until her abdomen twitched, wobbled and she then only trembled slightly. He always looked away when she came awake and clear again afterwards, so that she wouldn't find out that he had been spying. Ali watched her finger, slowly and pleurably circling her clit. The finger rubbed faster and faster, concentrating solely on the clit, until she was rubbing it mercilessly. This continued until her lower abdomen writhed and pounded rhythmically in violent spasms. Then it faded into slight trembling, and Ali looked away, not wanting to be caught spying. But of course, Umm-Arq knew about it, and it didn't bother her that Ali was watching her masturbate. She turned on her side and fell asleep immediately after her orgasm.

He leaned against Umm-Arq. She was sleeping and he was playing awkwardly with his cock. He wanted to put it in her fuck hole, but he didn't know how. She woke up and smiled when he unsuccessfully stuck his cock into the crack of her ass, no, that won't work! She took his hard cock very gently in her hand. "Are you trying to cum, Ali?" she asked in a whisper. He had no idea, but he nodded. "I don't know how," he breathed. He suspected that it was something important, but he was too cowardly to ask. Ali admitted to his mother that he had closely examined little girls' slits, but he couldn't figure it out.

Even when the child proudly showed him how she masturbated every night, he didn't quite understand what the child was doing.

Umm-Arq sighed and started talking to him about sex, explaining the simple things to him simply and the complicated things complicatedly. She threw back her veil when she noticed that he couldn't imagine the female genitals at all. No, she didn't want to get bogged down in theoretical explanations. She showed him everything, explained everything two or three times and let him feel with his index finger.

Now she saw that he understood. And she took his cock in her hand and rubbed it to show him how a man ejaculates and what the semen looked like that the man was supposed to ejaculate into the woman's fuck hole. He was allowed to put his index finger into the hole. "And then — that's where I came out, as a baby?" he asked, stunned. Umm-Arq laughed. "I thought too it was impossible at the time, but the midwives laughed at me. Millions of children are born exactly like that, so don't make a fuss, Arq!"

Ali had knelt in front of her, he had put his index finger into her fuck hole and now he pushed his stiff cock forward. A moment later the cock had disappeared deep into Umm-Arq's fuck hole. She couldn't help but sigh. A moment later, Ali had to squirt without having fucked. She immediately pulled his cock out again, frowning. "Yes," she confirmed, "that's how fucking works between a man and a woman." She didn't know how to explain to him that she wasn't allowed to let him fuck her until he was 14; she had discussed it with her husband. She was very surprised because it meant that the father wanted the son to fuck his own mother. But the father was of the opinion that a boy of 14 either had a fiancée to fuck or his mother. It's not acceptable for the boy to get into the bad habit of rubbing his cock, said his father, that would be disgusting. Umm-Arq nodded, because he was the master and ruler.

"I'm not allowed to let you fuck me until you're 14," she said to Ali, "your father decided that." She didn't really need to say anything more; he also knew that his father was the master and no one else.

He couldn't be contradicted. Not even Ali. There have been enough examples of how an heir to the throne has fallen into ruin overnight.

That day, Ali's endless interest in sex, in women and girls, was awakened. He said to Umm-Arq that of course he was sorry that he had squirted into her fuck hole without asking her. But now he knew how great it was to squirt inside the fuck hole. She smiled kindly, "It's fine! But leave the servants alone in any case, they're not there to fuck!" She thought of the many pretty young girls she had had to throw out because they had become pregnant. No, she didn't ask them, she didn't even want to know who they had fucked.

The evening routine changed only a little. As usual, she lay next to Ali in the evening until he fell asleep and came back early in the morning to wake up next to him. In between, she went two rooms away and let her current favorite servant powerfully fuck her, she liked that very much, being firmly fucked. But that was nothing what she could or wanted to share with Ali. Now she lay next to Ali in the evenings, caressing his inner thighs and his balls and watching him squirt again and again. That multiple squirting, she believed, was important to strengthen his virility. At least that's what she thought at the time and found it natural and right. She didn't care how long her lover had to wait two rooms away, Ali was her everything.

The siesta also changed. Ali pressed his body against hers to experience her increasing excitement and her trembling and wriggling in orgasm up close. She always slept very deeply afterwards, for an hour or two. He waited a little before he started to masturbate. She let his toes spread her legs and he masturbated, his eyes fixed on her pussy. She didn't care, she told him later, because back then he told her everything, "as long as you don't wake me up!" He was satisfied with that for a long time, staring at her pussy was enough of a sexual thrill for him.

Ali began to spy. He watched how her father fucked Umm-Arq. It was very arduous, the old man was already approaching 70 and Umm-Arq was only 30. She was not very aroused, Ali saw that, she did not let herself be fucked passionately, actually indifferent to the old man's fucking. Ali found that astonishing, because when Umm-

Arq let a slave fuck her hard, she went mad with lust and desire, even though she did not have an orgasm herself. She could only have orgasms during the siesta on the roof. Ali stayed attentive because he was fascinated by her orgasms.

She was sometimes completely beside herself when a slave fucked her particularly well. She screamed with lust and drove him on like a donkey so that he went deeper, faster, more brutally. She never dared to do that with her husband, Ali realized. Although she didn't have an orgasm like she did during the midday siesta, she purred like a contented kitten when the slave did his job well.

She felt good when her child leaned against her, hugged her and cuddled her. Ali loved his mother more than anything, he held a hand on her butt cheek when she masturbated or later when she was fast asleep. She got used to him leaving his hand on her butt cheek when he masturbated and his hand wiggling on her butt cheek when he masturbated. He squirted over her butt cheek in long, white stripes and she smiled in her sleep when he wiped the mess off with a tissue. He confessed it to her in a whisper afterwards, but she waved him off. "As long as you don't wake me up," was her standard answer. He found it very pleasant to press his glans between her butt cheeks at the moment of squirting. Her skin was so soft and it was so exciting to squirt between her asscheeks!

He turned the sleeping woman onto her stomach more and more often and pressed the tip of his cock into the crease of her ass to fuck there. Wow, that was great! And he saw his semen running down the crease of her ass and over her slit. She sighed and smiled when he gently wiped it away. His heart pounded as he let his cock ejaculate deeper and deeper, the tip of his cock was now pointing directly at her slit and he ejaculated onto her slit, moaning with happiness. She was still asleep and smiled in her sleep when he wiped his semen from her thick labia and slit. For a long time, ejaculating over her slit was the most wonderful moment of the day.

But when she was lying on her belly, she stretched her ass invitingly out, heaven knows what she was dreaming about! But he saw more and more often how her slit opened slightly when she was

dreaming, as she usually only did when she masturbated under the veil. He dared to place the tip of his cock on it, but did not press it inside. She should definitely not wake up! He could feel with the tip of his cock whether she was having a defensive dream and was involuntarily squeezing the slit, or whether she was having a pleasant, enjoyable or even sexually colored dream, because then the slit was soft and slightly open.

He could hold the tip of his cock on the slightly open slit and squirt into it. He cleaned her when the juice flowed out again. Over the course of weeks he had developed a good sense of how she reacted to his touches without waking up. The realization hit him like a bolt of lightning that he only had to be gentle and careful, then he could gently press the tip of his cock in her slit hole without pressing hard and squirt in. He refined this for weeks, he gained self-confidence and practice. He trained for weeks to penetrate her slit hole.

At first he was overly cautious and he paid attention to her sighs because her body noticed his gradual penetration. That's how he found out that he could put his little cock all the way in without waking her. That he could slide in and out very gently and slowly without her waking up. And if he just slid in and out with the utmost care for long enough, then he could squirt inside her hole without her waking up.

Over the weeks he refined his technique. Umm-Arq slept deeply for an hour or two, enough time to slide into her fuck hole and squirt twice in a row. He cleaned her of the mess because he wanted to avoid tormenting questions. Of course he kept asking if he could fuck her already, but she put him off, saying only when he was 14, that was what his father had decided. Nevertheless, he sometimes fucked her when she had just woken up, always knowing that she would point out that he was not yet 14. But she let him do it with a friendly smile, because she felt sorry for him how much his carnal desires were plaguing him.

Now he went further, he fucked her in her deep sleep. Sometimes she would half wake up and smile, "You are not yet 14," she would murmur, but she let him do it sleepily. Over the course of the weeks,

he fucked her every time he wanted to squirt a second time. The second time, it was not enough to slide in and out gently like the first time. So it came to be that he fucked her almost every day before his 14th birthday.

Ali whispered to his mother when he had fucked a servant, a slave. His mother shook her head, his father would certainly not have allowed that because he was still much too young. It confused her to feel a pang of jealousy when he confessed to her that he had fucked a slave. He was very surprised because the slaves all had different pussies and some fucked very differently. Of course, everyone knew that Ali was the crown prince and the next master and lord, so they did not reject him. Girls who became pregnant had to leave. But Ali insisted that Umm-Arq should give the girl a rich gift if he had fucked her and was perhaps the father of her child.

Umm-Arq was completely confused when she unexpectedly became pregnant. It could be a slave's child, but it could also be Ali's. So she was thankful to heaven, all fetuses were aborted before they could grow inside her. It was true that the gynecologists had said that she could not have any more children. Over time, she no longer panicked, she knew that the child would not stay inside her.

Ali's father had three sisters, they came to visit for a few days every year and Umm-Arq had only one problem with these visits. The sister or sister-in-law lay down with them during the siesta. So Umm-Arq could not masturbate freely as she was used to. She had to do it in secret or postpone it until the afternoon, which made her uncomfortable because she was a young woman and needed it urgently every day after lunchtime. Ali quickly understood this and whenever possible he distracted his aunt as best he could so that the mother could masturbate secretly under her veil.

Aunt Fatme was the oldest of the sisters, she had been widowed for a long time and now her son Hassan had married and was no longer lying with her. She looked at Ali with benevolence. "Ah, you're not 14 yet, so you're not lying with your mother yet," she said and examined his cock, the old Cheshire Cat. She was a rather fat, plump person and liked to let her veil fly, because that gave Ali an erection.

She took his cock in her hand, completely unashamedly, to examine it, as the three of them were lying on the roof taking a siesta. "Umm-Arq, you're missing out on a lot," she teased her sister-in-law, because she knew, of course, that he wouldn't be 14 for another year and that her brother had to let him only then. Yes, her big brother had deflowered Fatme and fucked her almost every day for years, which is how she got a taste for it.

Fatme asked him in a loud whisper whether he already knew how to fuck. He nodded, astonished, "Yes, Aunt Fatme!" She grinned from ear to ear and flashed her false teeth. "And... tell me, are you already fucking the cute little girls?" she asked him with a lurking grin. "Yes, Aunt Fatme, but Mom doesn't like it!" Fatme nudged Umm-Arq in the butt with her elbow. "So let him have his fun, Hamid doesn't have to know!" Ali blushed all over, because nobody dared to call his father by his first name. "Well, come a little closer, you little girls-pounder!" whispered Fatme and turned to the side. She pulled the veil higher so that her fat ass was visible. She took his hand and put it on her butt cheek. "Just imagine that I was one of the sweet, willing girls. Go for it, I don't bite, but you can! Of course not bite, you know!" Of course Ali knew what Fatme expected.

He cast a sideways glance at his mother, saw her glassy eyes and knew that she was no longer listening to what he and Fatme were discussing. "If you were one of the girls, Aunt Fatme," he said quietly. "I would pound her until she saw the stars!" Fatme nodded lazily. "So, let me see the stars!" and her hand pushed her ass cheek to the side. Her pussy and her hole were completely black, like a black woman's. And above her slit was a thick thicket of curly black hair. But the pussy itself was hairless, perhaps she plucked the hair out.

Ali turned to her, let his cock slide over her ass and slowly penetrated. Somehow it was completely different. The secret, the secrecy, the forbidden was missing. It only irritated him for a moment, then his cock had reached her labia and he carefully slid into the soft hole. Fatme turned her head and smiled invitingly at him. Her nephew penetrated from behind, in front she saw Umm-Arq's veil shaking. She despised her sister-in-law, who masturbated in the bright sunlight during the siesta. She masturbated only at night and rarely, se-

cretly in the dark, because female masturbation was frowned upon in her conservative, backward culture.

Ali knew how annoyed his mother was that he was fucking all three aunts. But he didn't let any opportunity pass. He didn't care about his aunt herself, nothing about her was attractive. Except for one thing. But he really didn't care if and what kind of character was hidden behind the fuck hole. He was a little proud, because none of his playmates fucked a grown woman, they only fucked young slaves or little playmates if they came from the lower class. In the lower class, an intact hymen was not important like in the upper class. But Ali was a daredevil of a guy, he fucked grown women when they came to visit.

Fatme grunted contentedly as soon as Ali squirted inside. She had dreamed about Hassan, who also had a small, pointed cock back then and had to fuck three or four times until his balls were empty. But now she was wide awake. Hassan was no longer there, he had married a horse-faced Englishwoman and lived with her for half the year, in faraway England. Fatme had never been to England, she had never left the kingdom. But she and her husband had been away all year round and she had been fucked by many, many Arabs on these trips. She did not believe that her husband knew about it, at least he had never made a hint or a comment. Unfortunately he had had an accident when Hassan was 12 and she had cried for a long time for the good man. But she had let the 12-year-old sleep in her bed and taught the boy how to fuck. She trained him until he was an excellent fucker.

Aunt Yasmin was the middle of the three sisters. She was married and had to look after her reputation. But she, like her sisters, could not resist the temptation, although unlike Fatme she tried very hard to rarely cheat on her husband. She already felt guilty enough because she masturbated every night before going to sleep and that was something that you kept quiet, kept secret and hidden, even from the dearest husband in the world. She was as thin as a bone and still childless, and she was five years younger than the 40-year-old Fatme. During the siesta, she moved away from Umm-Arq, who was doing the forbidden thing. She hugged her nephew and interrogated

him. She was a little disgusted that Fatme let herself be fucked from behind like a bitch; that would never be an option for her. There was only one decent position, face to face. She was a human, not a bitch, and not an ape either. For a while, she had to whisper to Ali about fucking and dirty things, tightly wrapped around her. She could tell him lots of dirty things, or listened breathlessly to him when he described gang-fucking a girl in great detail. Of course, she told him how, when, and with which magnificent cock she cheated on her unsuspecting husband. But that wasn't bad, she said, it was always just something physical, nothing else. They started to fuck when the heat rose in her lap. She let him lie on top of her, but she only uncovered a tiny patch of pussy, the rest remained hidden under the veil. Ali lay down between her thighs and his cock found its way in.

Yasmin cried with shame every time she let Ali fuck her, because it was truly a disgrace that she was cheating on her husband. The desire to have children, and motherhood, plagued her greatly. She was already 35 and desperately wanted a child. That was one of the most important reasons why she let Ali fuck her two or three times during the siesta. She always wanted to be a faithful wife, but now it was high time for her to get pregnant. "Just squirt really hard, my little one," she whispered tearfully into Ali's ear, "squirt really hard and please make me a child!" Ali understood more or less, but he didn't know what he could do to make her have a child. Squirt inside, yes, he could, very much, but he wasn't quite sure about the child thing. Didn't you have to be married to have a child!? Much later, he asked his mother and she said no. You got pregnant whether you were married or not, married to each other or to someone else. It was one of those secrets that the Almighty never gave away and decided according to his will whether a woman conceived a child or not. The only thing that the believers were allowed to know was that you could only get pregnant through sex. Otherwise the Almighty wouldn't let you see his cards. Ali nodded, so it was in Allah's hands whether Yasmin had a child. He added his own, he told his mother, he fucked Aunt Yasmin as often as he could. She nodded, "I know, I know. You fuck her well and reliably, you can't do more than that."

Aunt Leila was the youngest of his father's sisters, who was already well over 60 and was from a previous marriage. Leila had only

been married for a few years and wanted to conceive a child from the hand of the Almighty as soon as possible. If she told the truth, she had never cheated on her husband, only with Ali. And that was only because her sisters did it. She was younger than Umm-Raq, only 28. Ali could not get her to reveal whether she masturbated at night like her sisters. Masturbating was disgusting, she replied, and decent, God-fearing women never did it. Yes, of course she was both decent and God-fearing, but she still did not let her secret slip. Like Aunt Fatme, she preferred to be fucked from behind; she did not want to look Ali in the eye. But when she was expecting to ovulate, he had to fuck her face to face, like Yasmin. She justified it by saying that she wanted to conceive her child in facing her lover. She was very insecure and asked Umm-Arq for permission every time she wanted to be fucked by Ali during the siesta for the second or third time. Umm-Raq always looked at her haughtily and contemptuously. What about chastity and shy behavior, keeping the vow of fidelity?! But she nodded graciously. “Don’t ride the boy to shame, you greedy piece of shit!” Ali’s mother would add jokingly.

Ali’s social status in his age group was firmly established. He was the king, he regularly fucked three married, adult women. Three! He could prove it, he had secretly taken photos or video clips, but he didn’t pass them on to anyone. He was the first when it came to gang-fucking. The guys would surround a girl from the lower class, who would then be fucked by the whole pack, one by one. The girls didn’t see it as rape, it was more of an award. Their social status also rose, they had to have something about her that the boys saw in her when the horde pounced on her. For some reason the pack didn’t touch a virgin, they didn’t dare, they didn’t want to. Deflowering was a family matter, they either had to do it themselves or entrust it to a teenager. That was the way it was and it stayed that way. Ali only went along with it to consolidate his position, in itself fucking such young, still undeveloped girls was not fun in a sexual sense.

Ali enjoyed fucking Leila the most. Her shy, innocent manner, her tears and her guilty look ignited a fire in his heart that he had never experienced before. No, he was not in love with the grown-up girl, she was married and far, far away, unattainable. But she wanted to have a child, she had spoken openly about it with Umm-Arq. Her

husband was hardworking, kind-hearted and loyal, but Leila suspected that he was just firing blanks. She had asked him to have a urological examination, but he was not willing to do that. She just had to be patient, the Almighty knew what he was doing! He was the master of life and death and it would be presumptuous to try to interfere with his work. Leila thought she only helped the Almighty and met him when she let friends and strangers and Ali fuck and mate with her. Her gynecologist had confirmed that it was not her fault.

Umm-Arq was no longer so strict about fucking since her sisters-in-law had gone after Ali. Now she let Ali fuck her every day during the siesta, but only from behind while she masturbated passionately. She would only fuck him face to face when he was 14, not before then. Ali was fine with it, fucking was much better than masturbating. And from behind it was also a lot of fun, he held her ass cheeks in his hand and spread them as he pleased. It was funny how her asshole twitched when she masturbated, it was really very funny. And when she climaxed, her asshole cramped up as if it wanted to strangle something.

Leila was pregnant, thank God! She came to siesta very often now, she wanted to let Ali fuck her just for her pleasure as often as he could. Both she and his mother were sure that he was the father. At the same time, they left officially no doubt that it was her weak husband. Ali was depressed about this. He had done his best to give Leila a child, and now it was her pale, weak-loined husband who had managed the feat. Umm-Arq held back because she disagreed. She had become pregnant by Ali so many times that she was sure that he had also successfully impregnated Leila. But doubting the official version was strictly forbidden. Yasmin also seemed to have a suspicion because she also came more often than before to lie down with the two of them during the siesta and let Ali fuck her.

Ali's best friend, Jamal, was a good five years older than him and had a fiancée, Rika, whom he wanted to marry soon. Jamal and Rika belonged to the lower class and their friendship only began when Ali was ready to have conversation with Jamal. Sounds stupid, and it was stupid. But that's how it was. The two had known each other for a long time and Ali experienced the love between Jamal and Rika

from day one. As a young girl, Rika had been targeted several times by a horde and was highly regarded among the girls because she was repeatedly fucked by a pack. Jamal fell in love with the girl with the high social score and they were soon inseparable. Ali, who was now almost 15, promised Jamal that he would help him finance and organize a big, colorful wedding. Rika liked Ali very much too and one day she asked Jamal if Ali could lie with them? Jamal, a good-natured 19-year-old, agreed immediately. So it came about that Ali was allowed to lie with the two of them on many afternoons. That was definitely much more exciting than wandering around with the pack of younger guys who were always looking for a defenseless girl. In any case, lying down with Jamal and Rika was much more grown-up.

It was clear to Ali from the beginning that Jamal would be a good, hardworking and loyal husband. He wasn't so sure about Rika. She had fire, bees and a whole beehive in her ass, that much was certain. On the other hand, he understood that she was primarily concerned with her own orgasm, and she only got that when both boys fucked her in quick succession without giving her fuckhole a break. Jamal was fine with it, he knew that. And Ali loved Rika's beautiful, natural body and her wonderful way of fucking. Somehow, he couldn't have said how, but somehow she fucked completely differently than his aunts or even his mother. Perhaps the word graceful would have described it best. Rika fucked gracefully, gradually came to the hill and ran gracefully upwards to gracefully orgasm at the top. Yes, that described it well.

Ali asked for money for the first time. His father nodded slowly and let him sit down, then clapped his hands and ordered tea. The 15-year-old and the 69-year-old had a long conversation. Ali explained that his best friend Jamal wanted to get married next spring. His father only knew Jamal's family superficially, but he nodded. Jamal had a little savings, but his dream was to open his own workshop and manufacture his goods mainly for foreign countries, objects made of copper sheet, because Jamal had already been working as a coppersmith for a master for four years. These pots, tea and coffee sets and plates for meat and fruit were selling like hot cakes in the Middle East, there was a very high demand. The father had his hands

folded in front of his face and listened with his eyes closed. He wasn't sleeping, he was listening. Listening carefully.

Finally he nodded. Lending or giving his friend money for the long term, the equivalent of a car, was a good thing. "But," he objected, "as a businessman you have to think differently than as a friend. Become a silent partner and give him money for two cars, and you can have as much as you want. But as a silent partner you give your friend the security of a larger fortune to protect him, and in return he pays you a share of his profits." Ali thought hard. His father was one of the best merchants in the capital, and that was certainly not by chance. Was there anything against it? "No," said his father, "let your Jamal work and sell, as a silent partner you only get a share of the profits. That is a good, clean business model that will give your friend a good start. You are only a financier and do not interfere in his business. His business, you have to make that clear to Jamal, it is HIS business. And if it helps you, tell him my name, Jamal will know it."

The father poured more tea. "There is, of course, a small problem. You are only 15 and therefore not yet fully capable of doing business. A person you trust must serve as a front man, then it will work." The father sipped the hot tea. Ali understood what the father meant. "I will ask Umm-Arq if she can be the front man, father," said Ali. The father nodded and smiled. "Good idea, Ali. I am looking forward to training you as a businessman starting next year, after all, you will inherit my business one day." Ali nodded with shaking knees. "Yes, father, I know, mother keeps saying it and I am really working hard at college. I am top of the class and will graduate top next year, I can promise you that, father."

So it happened, Ali brought his mother and Jamal together, he had spent the whole night working with one of his father's employees on a contract that suited both sides and that could be presented to the judge kadi. Jamal, Rika and Umm-Arq listened attentively as Ali read and explained the contract to them. Umm-Arq had involuntarily taken Jamal's hand when Ali read it. When he had finished, there was a long silence. Umm-Arq looked into Jamal's eyes, not for the first time. "Shall we seal the contract?" she asked cooing and stood up, leading Jamal by the hand into the bedroom. Ali and Rikka

stayed behind and listened silently, moved by the sounds of lovemaking. Umm-Arq pushed the veil aside a little, exposing only her pussy. "Ali told me a lot about Rika and you and the fucking you had together." She didn't need to say anything more, Jamal lay between her thighs and penetrated her gently. Umm-Arq sighed and closed her eyes, she was as excited as ever when Ali accompanied her to her dates in the rental car and waited patiently in the hall or next to the bed while she let her lover fuck her hard. It was part of their agreement that Ali was allowed to sit by and watch Umm-Arq let her lover fuck her to orgasm.

Jamal had tears in his eyes, he had only mentioned his dream of being an independent workshop manager and owner once, many months ago, and now Ali shows up with a complete solution. He could now ask the master to leave with a clear conscience, even if they would then become competitors. Rika listened quietly in the background, but she rewarded Ali with the best fuck of the decade. She and Jamal would not start their lives as poor underdogs, but as craftsmen, as small businessmen. Ali understood her tears after her orgasm very well.

His father had hesitated after the conversation, he wanted to know something else. He wanted to know, in a roundabout and very indirect way, whether Ali was sleeping with Umm-Arq, he was already 15 after all. Ali was surprised that his father even asked, because they never talked about sex. He swallowed and straightened his backbone to give himself courage. "Yes, for over a year now, father. She's teaching me everything a young man needs to know." His father nodded. "That was agreed between me and your mother. Is it a good solution for you?"

Ali felt that he was becoming more relaxed. "Yes, father, it is an old and traditional custom that not many people practice anymore, but I know your heart and I know how important it is for you to uphold the old customs. You use computers in your business and a smartphone like everyone else. So no one should say that you're an old fart, father. Tradition and progress must go together, they are not opposites." His father looked up in surprise. "It's amazing to hear that from the mouth of a 15-year-old, indeed." The father was not fin-

ished. “Yes,” Ali answered truthfully, “I have already mounted all the maids several times, father, but not a single one forced. I have seduced each of them and learned to seduce girls until they open their thighs willingly and happily. I should learn, learn through variety, says Umm-Arq. I follow her advice because she is a very clever and smart mother.” The father nodded contentedly and proudly, this son was by no means a wimp.

The father was not finished. He thought for a long time about how best to approach the delicate subject. “I have three younger sisters, half-sisters. Two of them recently had a baby, adorable little angels. I noticed that the two little angels look most like you, they have your light skin and your characterful nose. — What a coincidence!” The father sipped his tea, the delicate subject had been addressed. Ali said nothing, he just slumped a few centimeters, which his father did not miss. Ali felt that he could no longer remain silent.

“Aunt Fatme touched me when I was not yet 13.” He didn’t want to say too much, really not. His father relaxed visibly. “And you touched Fatme, or am I mistaken?” Ali shook his head, his father was keen to know. “Yes, father. You certainly know Fatme better than I do. You know that once she has taken a bite of the cake, she doesn’t leave it half-eaten. Her character doesn’t allow that!” His father nodded to his teacup and said, “When Hassan went to England, she was completely alone. I understand that she was looking for someone to fuck.” Ali was surprised at his father’s clear words, that was unusual. Really unusual.

Ali said that he had no problem with Fatme’s behavior. He had understood her from the beginning, it was only the carnal desires that plagued her. Fatme had handled the whole thing so casually that he was not overwhelmed by the events. Does father see it differently?” he asked cautiously. His father laughed. “Fatme has never submitted to or accepted my views. She got her husband into her head and it didn’t help that I warned her about his character. On the contrary, she adapted to his character and became a sex-mad slut, to sum it up very briefly. Fatme’s behavior doesn’t surprise me at all, I just wanted to know whether it had caused you any harm. After all, she catapulted you into adult life before your time, even though you

were still half a child, 13.” The father sipped the hot tea. “But the other two? Yasmin and Leila?” He looked over the rim of his cup at Ali.

The latter lowered his head. Good advice was expensive and necessary. But it was easiest if he didn’t invent anything new. He looked openly at his father. “I don’t know how accurate my thoughts are. I think Yasmin and Leila saw from Fatme’s example that there was something to be gained in our house. On previous visits they simply rushed through and hardly noticed me. That changed because Fatme had rushed ahead of them. They also wanted a piece of the cake, or at least that’s what I thought at the beginning. Over time it became clear that Leila wanted a child, she wanted motherhood more than her unblemished honor.

She spoke to Umm-Arq about it, of course. I took mother’s reaction very seriously. My mother said, “You are convinced that your husband is shooting blanks only and he doesn’t want to be tested, which is unfortunate. But it is certainly better if you don’t slip up and fuck anyone and everyone just to get someone. It is better if you take Ali, he is an extraordinary boy.” That was the decisive factor. I went along with it, I was very happy to go along with it. I was not an idiot to pass up such an opportunity. I don’t think it was wrong, otherwise I wouldn’t have gone along with it, father.”

The father shook his head. “And you are the biological father?” Ali answered immediately. “Leila claimed that she had not had any sexual contact with anyone other than me during that time. Yes, I am convinced.” The father nodded. “Leila is not such a lying slut as Fatme. If she says so, then I believe her.” He looked questioningly at Ali. “And? Yasmin?” Ali knew what he had to say. “I don’t know whether Yasmin had other lovers or not, I never asked her. I think there were two phases. The first phase was purely for pleasure, she was only interested in sexual pleasure. Her childlessness played no role at that time. The second phase was when Leila became pregnant. Yasmin suddenly saw the opportunity to become a mother herself. She came almost every day, so that my mother became a little annoyed. But Yasmin remained stubborn, she let me mate with her every day multiple times and also became pregnant. Maybe I am the fa-

ther of her child, but I don't know for sure and I don't ask her. The joy of motherhood had a very positive effect on both of them, that was enough for me. And since then they haven't come for a siesta fuck anymore." Ali looked at his father. Was that enough? Or did their brother want to know more?

Yes, the brother did. "I was already one foot out of the house and only knew the sisters very superficially. Would you describe to me how and how different my half-sisters are? Sexually, I mean." Ali nodded. That wasn't difficult, the hardest bits had already been said. He described the sex with the three of them for about half an hour, in great detail, because the father wanted to know exactly, to imagine it behind his closed eyes as if he had fucked his sisters himself. Then the father nodded. "My boy, that's enough, thank you! I know more about my sisters now than ever before. Thank you for that." He stood up with difficulty and stretched his back, the source of much pain. He hugged Ali left and right, traditionally. The long, difficult conversation was over.

Jamal, Rika and Ali spent almost every free minute together. Rika wanted to organize the beautiful big wedding herself, and Jamal thought about rearranging things. He needed a large workshop, at least two employees and a home not too far away for himself and Rika. Away from the small-scale milieu. And they spent a lot of time fucking. Rita smiled faintly. "If the child has dark skin, it's Jamal's. If it's light, it's yours. But that's really unimportant!" Rika smiled. Ali knew that once they were married, this bon vivre for three would be over.

He had met Jamal's mother and he couldn't get the pretty woman in her mid-forties from the south of the Nile Valley out of his head. The Pharaohs' wives must have been made of this material; she was royal in appearance and movement, there was no other way to describe her. Nima had followed Jamal's father here over 20 years ago, only to discover that he was a windbag and a blowhard.

Nima realized far too late that she had married into a poor environment. She chased her husband out of the house with a broomstick, and he was never seen again. She gave birth to Jamal and sold

her body and her lovemaking to the better houses. But she was able to give Jamal a solid education and a good training as a coppersmith. That was Jamal's chosen profession, which arose from his visits to the bazaar. She had to pay his master a fair amount of money, so she constantly slept with the rich and let them fuck her until the boards bent.

She was very adept at handling her own physical and carnal desires. She soon sorted out bad fuckers, even if they paid well. She had a good customer base, rich, well-paying men who could satisfy her sexually. In terms of her skin color, she was a mixture of white Egypt and black Africa. Her African ancestry was almost only visible in the color of her pussy, and that was just as black as that of Arab women. Otherwise, however, she had a light skin color with a healthy tan. She had tamed her curly hair since her youth, in keeping with her Arab neighbors. She was fully integrated, even though her home was many days' journey away. She never hid from Jamal how she earned her money, but she raised him to be a good, good-natured and decent boy who easily recognized and shook off his prejudices. Ali hardly knew her at the time, even though he became Jamal's best friend.

Jamal was very hardworking and brought the money home. "Mama, you don't have to go on the streets anymore," said Jamal, "I earn enough and you don't have to humiliate yourself anymore to support us. I want you to give up this degrading, humiliating and dishonorable job, Mama! I really want to, and I will take care of you, I can do it!" So it came to pass that Nima gave up her job as a prostitute. She only kept three customers because they could fuck her very well and because they were generous and gave her money. Jamal was happy.

That was the state of affairs when Ali noticed Nima. He loved her flirtatious way of letting her skirt fly and making his eyes sparkle. Jamal had slept in her bed all his life and had learned from her everything a young man needed to know to be good at sex. Jamal and Rika had gotten together and Nima was sleeping alone again. Masturbating was only a last resort in her opinion, so she kept looking around. And for the first time she saw Ali properly, her son's 15-year-old

friend who was financing Jamals leap forward and who Rika loved so much to fuck.

Later, she couldn't say where the impulse to conquer the 15-year-old boy came from. Was it the juicy descriptions of Rika, who spoke freely and uninhibitedly about sex with Ali? Or was it the unbreakable friendship between the two young men? No, Nima had never got involved with boys who were too young, but Ali was no longer a young boy; at 15 he had already an adult body and had seen more than some men at 35. Of course, she noticed his hungry gaze under her flying skirts, at her bare thighs and her pussy when she behaved in a cocky, frivolous way; that was probably the deciding factor.

Ali, who regularly visited Jamal and Rika, now came to Nima's more and more often. She knew how much he liked looking at her slim figure and dressed accordingly. Yes, maybe even a little frivolously, because she desired him more and more each time. And the boy was smart and sophisticated, he learned the business from his father. She risked her life buying brandy and served coffee with a shot. Ali knew alcohol, although he had been raised as a devout Muslim. When the brandy was finished after a short time, Ali told Nima not to buy any more, not for him. He didn't like the side effects. She understood that.

She had long sat on his lap lightly dressed when they kissed, often just in her bra and panties. She really enjoyed it when he softly and gently stroked her inner thighs while they cuddled, and his fingers played with the hem of her panties without going too far, just a little bit. He was still a boy, a shy boy. She saw him as an adult, although he was only 16. But he was already a young man in spirit, character and physique, by God no longer a boy. She kept asking him what he wanted with a 44-year-old, but he just shook his head. "If we add up our ages, we get 60. The numbers merge into 5 dozen. What does that tell me? Absolutely nothing. Next year we'll get 62, 61 will be left out — and that tells me nothing either. What do I want? I want to lie in your arms, Nima, nothing more. Egypt, Africa and Arabia merged in hot desire, yes, I want that. Absolutely."

Nima knew that Ali knew about her prostitution. That he also knew that she had given up prostitution at Jamal's request. Ali nodded, "I know all that and it has no connection to us, to you or to me, to today." Nima shook her head. "No, that's not quite true. I've kept two or three of the customers, not primarily for the money, but because I let them satisfy my carnal desires. That's true, and that says everything about my depraved character. My husband was a windbag and I'm not one iota better."

Ali couldn't say anything to that. He slowly got up and left without saying goodbye. He wandered aimlessly through the streets, looking at everyone and yet seeing no one. He was in love with Jamal's mother, but he hadn't fallen for her yet. Jamal had noticed his pain some time ago and had just said: "Don't hurt her, Ali. She will certainly never hurt you, just as she has never hurt me. Please don't hurt her." That closed the chapter from friend to friend, there was nothing more to say. Ali was sad and desperate. He had discovered love for a woman and she only let him see the dark side of her soul. He clung to the hope that there was another side to her soul, a beautiful one, perhaps a wonderful one. But she obviously wanted to confront him with the dark side first, the other side would come later or never.

He turned around and went back to her. She had already changed to a silken negligee to go to bed. He could see that she had been crying, had been crying a lot. She put a finger over his lips before he could even say a word. She took him by the hand and led him into the bedroom. One touch and the silk negligee fluttered to the floor. She was beautiful, wonderful. He was speechless, as if he had never seen a beautiful woman before. She looked at him in amazement and took off his clothes, piece by piece. She pulled him onto the bed and hugged him, kissing him with a deep French kiss. Ali's heart was pounding in his throat, he was close to dying of love. Her hands explored every corner of his body. Gradually he came to senses, letting his hands glide over her flawless body in amazement. She could just as easily be 15 as 45, that overwhelmed him. "Don't hurt me, Nima," he repeated Jamal's sentence.

She was very experienced in fucking. Effortlessly, gently and extremely tenderly she guided his cock to the entrance of her pussy and

released it there. Like no woman before she hugged his face with both hands and with a deep French kiss she impaled herself on his cock. And she fucked him from below, he fucked her from above. He didn't look at the clock, in this eternity time no longer counted. His senses deceived him. Was he fucking Umm-Arq, who was the best to fuck so far? Or was Nima a mirage, a fata morgana magically making him believe he was fucking Umm-Arq? He was confused by the change of faces, bodies and pussies. Which one was it really?

Nima clung to him and let her orgasm roll gently over her, letting her twitch and wriggle as if it were the most natural thing in the world. She sought his lips, although her thighs were still trembling. "Ali, oh Ali," she breathed, "if you like, let it squirt, complete our union!" And Ali squirted, blissfully and as if out of his mind, squirted and squirted and wished it would never stop. He suddenly felt his fatigue, the almost painful slackening of his cock. Nima gently pulled his cock out and licked it clean.

He wrote a message to Umm-Arq, saying that he would not be coming home tonight, but that everything was fine.

"Love you, Mom!" he wrote.

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A Fake Monk

by Jack Faber © 2025

After 10 years of monastic life, I finally landed in St. Gallen, the cantonal capital, in 1897. I was an excellent student, learning Latin, Greek, and seven other languages like others drink a glass of water. During this time, I also learned to fuck asses; many priests did it, as did we pupils. I won't lie, it was a good alternative to solitary masturbation, which I didn't like at all. But I was sure I wasn't gay. The long skirts of the faithful females, which usually even covered their ankles, seemed too obviously tempting to me. Only the young girls let their skirts fly enticingly, even inside the convent church. I knew they all belonged to me!

I'd learned one more thing in the convent: The world belonged to the brave, the courageous, the bold. Timid types had lost before the battle even began. So I went to the Dominican church as a confessor. I never claimed to be a priest. I threw around Latin so that they were impressed and allowed me to be a confessor without any scrutiny. It was the easiest way to get to know girls and women, to get to know their most intimate secrets. I was 22, looked like a 17-year-old, and had never touched a girl intimately! That, and only that, was my goal. The most important goal of all.

Before I forget, the separation of church and state worked perfectly because the churches retained the upper hand. No king, no duke, no count could place themselves above the church, no matter which church. Here, in the German-speaking part of Switzerland, it was the Catholic Church that held the reins. So it was a smart move on my part to act as a churchman. Even if I wasn't one. But nobody cared.

Of course, I knew how confession worked. The confessor was obsessed with the 6th commandment, sex. He had to question the penitent in detail about their sexual habits, called "sin" here. The field of interest ranged from harmless touching to murderous adultery. After just a few months, I had heard everything men and women did, and,

of course, with whom. I wrote down all the names and addresses, including their classifications. It felt a bit like bookkeeping, but it was necessary if you didn't have a super memory.

Step by step, I became bolder, bolder. It soon became clear that those girls and women who even came to confession were among the simple, the naive, and the weak. I let the weakest girls and the weakest young women timidly expose their pussies in the confessional, and I groped them brazenly and boldly. I proceeded very cautiously; the particularly simplest ones showed me in the confessional how they sinned, how they masturbated. If I knew someone better, I tried to masturbate her. It looks easier than it is. But I was docile, yes, I was.

I took pastoral care seriously, and that begins with the physical. I gradually began to visit my flock privately. It only took some circum-spection to find them alone at home. The girls and women talked about their sins, poured out their hearts to the confessor. He was young; he would understand the needs and carnal desires, the irresistible urges of the loins, better than the old priest. Yes, you let yourself be taken in by the young confessor, you sat on his lap and let his fingers touch you. There was really nothing wrong with that! The more intensely his fingers glided over the exposed inner thighs, the stronger the sinful urges became. There were only a few who refused anything; I had already weeded out most of those in advance.

Only a few went along with it as far as secretly masturbating under their skirts or being masturbated by me. Quite a few of those few ended up letting themselves be fucked. I couldn't say today which one was my first. But my ingratiating, soothing voice worked wonders. Yes, she wasn't one of those, no! Yes, she was married and loved her husband; she had never cheated on him. Yes, she cheated on him sometimes, but not very often. Yes, she cheated on him shamelessly, because he chased after every skirt; surely she had a right to do so!?

I didn't really care how she felt about it; I wasn't a real counselor, after all, but a cheater. And it didn't matter whether we did it on the kitchen bench, the basement stairs, or - mostly - in the marital bed.

What mattered was that she got naked or at least exposed her pussy. I let my cock slide along her inner thigh up until it was in heaven or paradise. During sex, it was really just interesting to observe her and my reactions. Synchronization and consonance were essential to truly experience pleasure. If you weren't in sync, it was basically shit. Everyone reached orgasm somehow, but only somehow. I was forced to add another column to my list: it either worked or it didn't.

Three years went brilliantly. I had mounted and thoroughly fucked countless girls, wives, and widows on my list, often times, and perhaps even sired a bastard or two. Of course, I tried to pull my cock out in time when she insisted. But most of the time, we were both overcome by desire and neither of us paid attention to whether she was ovulating. The "morning-after pill" hadn't been invented yet; you pulled your cock out and didn't intentionally squirt inside, because she could easily finish at rubbing my cock, that's how it was. No one should HAVE TO DUTY a bastard.

Three beautiful, exciting years. Then someone from the central payroll department at the Dominicans called, and I had to disappear into the dead of night. I only had my list of over 150 names. I was warmly welcomed by each one and received a bed, dinner, and breakfast. Nobody needs more than that. I now had much more time to fuck my former flocks and sire the occasional bastard. And I did it passionately for the next six years. I wasn't just greedy, I also wanted variety, because no one could be fucked like another. So, after breakfast, I left in good humor and promised to come back soon. Of course, I was asked why I no longer heard confessions, but a minor disagreement with the Dominicans was explanation enough. No one could cope with my theological and rhetorical gibberish.

That's how I met Mrs. von Almen, Julia. No, Julia never went to church, let alone to confession. She ran a large house with her considerable fortune, had a salon similar to the Parisian salons of 100 years ago, and everyone met there: the chic crowd, the bobos, the famous or not-yet-famous starlets. But also bright minds, thinkers, poets, and politicians. Business magnates, not so much; the salon was no place for doing business. No, it was more of a protected area for the wealthy clientele, who were allowed to fuck Julia's pretty, young

maids in secret. Well, anyway, Julia's eye fell on me, the penniless 28-year-old who still looked like a 21-year-old. She preferred young boys in her bed, and I was just what she needed.

What a relief to have solid ground under my feet again. Julia was smart, educated, and reasonably handsome. Prettier than the nubile of my former flock, certainly. And she loved it tender, softly and gentle. It was a good fit, because I'm usually just like that. At the same time, though, her sexual depravity knew no bounds. She saw no problem at all fucking a sweet little angel right next to me in the big marital bed. She made a lot of money, because at that time, very few adult women took 12-, 13-, or 14-year-olds into their bed to play with. I had to come to terms with the fact that she was sharing me with her three best friends. This was a completely new and an exciting experience.

Julia's best friends were Georgia, Adelgund, and Ragnhild. Julia didn't throw me in at the deep end; she gradually prepared me for my role. So I usually only had one or at most two of them in bed, all four only once. The four were of the same mold; of course, you could tell them apart, but sexually, they were like identical quadruplets. It took weeks for me to find my way as a "climber of the Four Peaks." They were truly pugnacious women when they were in the salon, but in bed, they were playful, sweet, and loving kittens. I just made sure they had their orgasms, no matter how; then I was the declared favorite.

They preferred to work with artists, painters, and sculptors, who would draw them naked or while having sex, paint them, or immortalize them in clay or stone. There was a separate room in Julia's townhouse where the artworks were made and kept. Naturally, I was asked for my opinion, and I knew how easily I could get myself into trouble. So, I primarily read the body language of the people depicted before expressing an opinion.

Praise and criticism couldn't be closer together; it was always a walk on the razor's edge. But if I could interpret their reaction correctly, I was always right. I was rarely wrong, and usually realized in retrospect where I'd gone wrong. I had to pay more attention to

whether the lady's negativity was directed at the work or at the unimportant, insignificant sexual partner she was forced to let fuck her while lying down as a model. The artist, of course, had his friends and brought them along to fuck the patron lady. Some did a good job, others didn't, but the ladies loved the surprise and the variety. The differences were often far apart and could be completely contradictory. But I also had to pay attention to the artist's body language, the signals. It was obvious that they were all self-centered egomaniacs. When a homosexual artist had to portray one of them having sex, heterosexual sex, then the reluctance, the rejection, often came to the fore. It was difficult, damn difficult! Like Paris, I had to think carefully about who I gave the golden apple to. But the patrons and ladies were happy to be painted or modeled while being fucked; I shared this absurdity with the "four-leaf clover", even though I never participated myself, only watched them being painted or modeled during the fucking acts. Sometimes the painting or modeling took a little longer, so my patron had to be fucked by several men, six or seven in a row, and the continuation was scheduled for another day.

My feelings were primarily for Julia. She was a gentle, sweet soul. I didn't let Georgia, Adelgund, and Ragnhild get too close to me. They were just as good at fucking as Julia, but I wanted, I had to, commit myself and left no room for doubt. Georgia was American, Adelgund was German, and Ragnhild was from Norway, and it was obvious that all three of them came from good backgrounds. I was the chameleon, the ex-confessor, the penniless one. But I felt no shame in letting Julia support me. It was my nature; nothing was further from my mind than honest, hard work.

Julia had an idea. She wanted to open a salon in Rorschach, a small town on Lake Constance, about five hours away by horseback. I rode with her to Rorschach once or twice to check on the construction progress. She had bought an abandoned factory and was having it renovated. She had to change architects twice before finding one who approached the project with expertise and drive. His strong hand was immediately apparent, and progress was made. He recommended an interior designer to Julia, with whom he had worked several times before.

JULIA'S salon was taking shape; in the past, it would have been called a brothel. She naturally protested against this. Sex wasn't a bad thing; it was a part of life, like eating and drinking. That one could mate with a willing female in her salon was only natural. Whether anyone paid or was paid for it, she didn't even want to know. Everything had to remain within the bounds of respectable society; rowdy and aggressive whores were banned from the premises. Membership was so expensive that only the crème de la crème came and were free to fuck the exquisitely pretty girls of the house to their heart's content. It was that simple.

Yes, I didn't make a typo above. In some other countries, there were cars and bicycles, but not in Switzerland. A referendum had ruled this out over 100 years ago, so in Switzerland, people rode horses or were transported in a carriage. That's how it was, and the Swiss liked it.

So I rode with Julia to the lakeshore, and we let the horses drink and rest. Julia drew her knees up and hugged her. "Is it true that you've been hearing confessions for years with the Dominicans? Are you an ordained priest?" I answered with the absolute truth. That I was a con artist trying to meet girls because I was fed up with the anal sex with the other boys and the priests. And of course, I wasn't a real priest, which the Dominicans didn't notice. Three years, until the payroll office started asking questions.

Julia laughed until she cried when I told her about the naive, simple-minded, and stupid people. How I let the simplest of them demonstrate their masturbation to me during every confession. My tongue was like silver; they let me into their marital beds, between their willing, steaming thighs, and they let me fuck them as long and as often as I wanted. I was allowed to squirt uninhibitedly into any pussy as I pleased. They licked my cock clean when we were finished. Julia whinnied with pleasure. It was unimaginable with what audacity and impudence I penetrated the pussies of these gullible people. Were there any setbacks? Yes, of course. But I didn't care and simply moved on to the next victim. There was always a next one.

So, what about now? I felt a little less certain. “Now I live with you as your lover, Julia. As long as you want me. Then I’ll move on.” Julia looked at me calmly. “You fuck very well, and very pleasantly, Jack. Georgia, Adelgund, and Ragnhild all say the same. They want to keep you, and so do I, of course. But I can’t marry you, Jack; I’m already married. It was a stupid, sentimental business. After just a few weeks, I realized that Giovanni was only after my money and was also a brutal thug. First, he beat me until I had bruises. Then he broke my arm, and now I was fighting back. I got a restraining order, but I was ill-advised not to divorce him immediately. It would have only cost me money, but I didn’t want to grant him his triumph. Now he’s reappeared on the horizon.” Julia remained silent, gnawing on her lower lip.

I was very worried. “What do you mean, he’s reappeared?” Julia looked at me very calmly. “Giovanni is now a — admittedly, a minor — boss in the Italian mafia, which has recently established itself in our city. That suits him. Last week, a few people showed up at my salon in St. Gallen with a bouquet of beautiful flowers and a warm greeting from him, my husband. Did I still insist on the restraining order? I was taken aback and initially said, “Yes, I insist.” They left quickly, noting that the final word hadn’t been spoken yet. This is the state of things, and I’ve been wondering for a week whether I can tell you, whether you can support me, whether you have any ideas?” Julia lowered her gaze into the grass.

I immediately said I stood by her, come what may. “But I have no legal training, and right now I only have a vague idea. Georgia works as a private detective, doesn’t she? Your ex and his gang are Italian, so presumably all married and crisscross related by marriage, I suspect. I could take advantage of that, I think. I’d approach the wives as a fake Dominican, and Georgia could photograph us. We could use the footage to scare the guys away, right?”

Julia thought for a long time. “Do you think it would really make them vulnerable to blackmail?” I nodded, now even more convinced of my idea. “Cornuto — a cuckold — is a strong swear word for Italians, but if you were proven to have been cuckolded, that would hit

the macho men deep in their so-called honor. There would be blood, believe me!”

We discussed it for a long time, and ultimately, glasses and a fake beard would make me unrecognizable. Julia got me both; a makeup artist she knew would glue a languid mustache on me so tightly that it wouldn't fall off even during a passionate kiss. And I still had my real Dominican habit. I plunged headfirst into the new adventure. The “four-leaf clover” were the only ones in the know.

First, I went after Giovanni, Julia's ex. I quickly discovered that he had two lovers at the same time. And he wanted to fleece Julia, the bastard! I approached Cora, one of his lovers. She was fully immersed in the hypocritical faith of Italian women, and of course, she was very flattered that a real Dominican was chasing her. Soon she was confessing, sitting on my lap, giggling childishly as my hand crept up her inner thighs and slid under the hem of her panties. The priest's hand was so fine and delicate, and there was nothing wrong with him masturbating Cora so delicately and gently. She especially loved being masturbated, but Giovanni, the rough brute, wasn't having it. Although Cora was a rather dumb girl, she placed great value on her good figure and appearance. That alone kept Giovanni attached to her. I had invited Georgia to our trysts, and she diligently photographed us. And of course, Cora loved to get naked because the priest liked her so much and she didn't hold back on her charms for her admirer. She was only too happy to let the priest fuck her, every afternoon for a week, then he had to move on. It made her very horny when I whispered prayers in Latin and she pulled me between her steaming thighs. Every afternoon, I shot a huge load of cum into her pretty fuck hole, damn it, Amen! Georgia was very pleased with her photos.

Ramona was the name of Giovanni's other girl, and I soon found out when our little gangster boss went to Cora's and when he went to Ramona's. She was a bit prettier and much younger than Cora, maybe 15 or 16. Just like Cora, she had been lulled into false faith and, despite her shyness and modesty, was ready to receive the confessor. Because the confessor was a holy man, the only one to whom you had to confess all your sins against the 6th Commandment, and

also the only one who could fuck you sinlessly, or so she had been taught. Oh, yes, she really had more to confess than Cora. See was an addicted masturbator and violated the 6th Commandment several times a day, with or without Giovanni. He didn't like that Ramona masturbated so much, but she was addicted. "We have to do something about this," the good Dominican priest stated, "really!" Without shame, Ramona showed how she sinned, baring her lower body up to her navel and masturbating passionately on his lap, pressing her head against his habit during orgasm. She wasn't the type to sit idly on his lap; after a short break, she simply continued masturbating. It took several days before he asked her and she let him into her bedroom. She let him strip her naked without resistance and shed many tears, both tears of shame and anticipation. She knew, of course, that it wasn't a sin to have sex with her confessor, so she offered no resistance at all. I thought she fucked much better than Cora, and she had an incredible number of orgasms, as she masturbated incessantly even while being fucked. I fucked her, too, for over a week, inseminating the shy girl several times in every afternoon and giving Georgia the opportunity to secretly photograph us.

Now I visited the wives of the other gangsters. With some of them, however, I hit a brick wall; they were honorable wives and hadn't sinned against the 6th Commandment, so there was no need for a confessor. I was truly astonished, because every second gangster's wife was actually pure and chaste. I would never have suspected that. But there were still the others, who were neither pure nor chaste. They didn't hesitate to sit on the priest's lap, who very carefully and ready to flee placed his hand on their knees and then her inner thighs. It was also astonishing that some of them wouldn't let him continue; they wouldn't let his hand slide up their inner thighs again, after they had seen through his intentions the first time. A fleeting touch under the hem of their panties was reason enough to freeze to stone while involuntarily being masturbated by the man, and then to refuse to obey the priest. This way, I could only seduce the others, because if one of them allowed her pussy to be touched under her panties without protest, she was ready to sin. That was certain.

They went into the bedroom and locked the door to keep the children out. The confessor and the sinner sat silently next to each other

on the edge of the bed. He lifted her skirt to her waist and pulled down her panties; this couldn't be done without her cooperation. As often as possible, he avoided kissing her, because his fear of losing his moustache was too great. He caressed her thighs, her inner thighs, and her labia intensely until she gradually let her legs slide apart. All of them let themselves be masturbated to orgasm during foreplay, then the holy man mounted her in the middle of her orgasm. She closed her eyes and let herself be fucked, smiling, because this prolonged her orgasm. Not a single one asked him to pull his cock out when he came. The priest didn't care if he fathered a bastard; that was her problem, not his. Whenever possible, he fucked the chaste housewife a second time because he needed to release his pressure. Without any hesitation, they rubbed his cock until it was hard again or she licked it to make it hard. Some misjudged it and got his full load down their throats. Then they both laughed, and she licked him again until it was hard. No one denied him; they were usually sexually starved. Cheating with another gang member always ended badly, though rarely fatally. Only a few of the wives were under so much pressure that they cheated anyway, and that happened very rare.

Over the next few months, I fucked my way through the marital beds of the entire gang, and Georgia documented it all with photos. By then, I had fucked all 35 wives — that was all who would let themselves be fucked. Two women, red with shame, allowed me to masturbate her just once, petrified by shame and horror, but they strictly refused to repeat it again or to be fucked. I had noted the women who were particularly refined, graceful, or very active during sex, and I visited them several times whenever I felt like a good fuck. Georgia watched and photographed us and afterward wanted to know exactly why I had fucked this woman again and again.

Julia, Georgia, and I sat over the photos. Georgia had done a good job; she knew she had to get the faces in the picture. Julia gave me indefinable glances. Was she surprised that I was mating with all the females wholeheartedly and passionately? If she had asked, I wouldn't have denied it. I didn't see it as a business, but as a series of genuine seductions. It wasn't as if the women were waiting in a line for their turn. I had to start from the very bottom with each one, lit-

erally. The first touch of the knees was crucial, and I had to work my way up the inner thighs to the pussy, touching the pussy and her clit. With over 30 women, that was the end of it, and I had to retreat as skillfully and as face-savily as possible. That was always very tricky.

Julia packed the relevant photos in an envelope, with those of Caro and Ramona at the front, of course. Then she sent the envelope anonymously to Giovanni. He must have been completely shocked, because the accompanying letter ordered him to leave the canton, and better yet, Switzerland as a whole. Otherwise, the photos would be published mercilessly, with their full names. We never learned how he really reacted or what he intended to do with the photos of the other gang members — whether he kept them for personal pleasure or informed his cronies about their wives. In any case, he and his gang disappeared overnight without a trace. We never found out more, despite Georgia's intensive investigation.

I would never have imagined the effect those months would have on me. Until then, I had been content to lie next to one of the women from the foursome at night. Now that was no longer enough for me; more and more often, I brought a second one along and had sex with both women. Later, I moved from one to the other during the day and was only satisfied when I had fucked all four of them, one after the other. The women laughed at me, of course, but there was nothing I could do about it; Pandora's box had been opened.

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Mom Does It Best

by Jack Faber © 2025

When I was 10, 60 years ago, I had to have surgery. I was born with anaspadias, meaning I had no urethral opening as a baby. They pierced two tiny holes in the glans so I could urinate in thin jets. But at 10, the urologist had to find a better way for me to ejaculate unhindered.

They had to cut away my foreskin and open the glans. A canal had to be created, the opening now on the underside just behind the glans. “Then you could ejaculate like all the other boys,” said the nurse with the black lady-mustache, grinning dirty and wickedly. “At that time, I only ejaculated involuntarily in my erotic dreams about my sisters. I loved these exciting dreams where I was allowed to fuck my sisters with my index finger. I woke up with a hard, throbbing cock, a thick, pale ooze oozing from the holes, which I had to squeeze out like a purulent pimple. Naturally, my playmates competed to squeeze the thick, pale ooze out with their fingers, giggling and cackling.

I found the last examinations with the doctor-lady and a surgeon very embarrassing. The doctor and the surgeon were bent over the contrast X-rays, I had to take off all my pants and lie down on the examination couch. The nurse with the mustache spread my legs completely apart, and I was terribly embarrassed because three adults and my mom were staring at my cock, which the nurse gently and softly touched and aroused and only stopped when it was completely stiff, pointing toward the ceiling. Mom turned bright red and stared at my cock; I could practically feel her sexual excitement and her inner turmoil was palpable. The nurse with the mustache rubbed my cock like my playmates, letting the thick sauce ooze out. Everyone, including my mom, watched as the nurse expertly masturbated my cock. Mom’s face turned bright red with embarrassment and shame. At the end, the nurse had pushed a rubber-gloved finger three times into my asshole, triggering my ejaculation immediately. She used her fingers to squeeze out the thick, milky sauce. I was afraid my mom

would faint from embarrassment or painstakingness, she was sexually so excited. Mom watched, her eyes wide open with sexual excitement, as her beloved son was violated in a sexual way before her very eyes. She almost jumped out of her skin, so aroused was she by the macabre spectacle. She couldn't look away; the doctor had explained to her exactly why the operation was necessary, and now she could see it for herself. The surgeon took pictures of my cock as the woman with the mustache slowly made it stiff, masturbated me and squeezed out the thick juice with her fingers, then they discussed it again.

The young doctor cleaned my cock with a Kleenex and beckoned my mom to come closer. The doctor squeezed my shaft tightly, making the glans turn bright red. "Here, look, Mrs. Faber," the doctor said, "in the furrow you can see the two small holes from the emergency surgery after the birth." I raised my head to see them too. A deep furrow ran from the tip of the glans through the underside of the glans, and I could even see the two small holes. "It's enough for peeing, but not for ejaculating. So I'm considering with the surgeon whether we can penetrate the glans. We think we need to find another solution to avoid damaging the nerves in the glans." The doctor wore very thin rubber gloves, and her fingers aroused my cock. "Have you ever masturbated him, Mrs. Faber?" she asked, and Mom shook her head. "I don't even know how to do that," she said shamefully after a while. The doctor looked directly at me. "And you, have you ever rubbed yourself?" she asked, and I shook my head firmly. "No, Doctor," I said, "I always just squeezed the mucus out with my fingers when it oozed in my dreams at night." The doctor asked a question about my father's cock, and Mom answered, her face bright red, describing Dad's cock as best she could. Dad had a completely straight penis, not bent like other men's (why was I thinking about the fake uncles?). His foreskin completely covered the glans, and before he fucked her, he pulled back the foreskin with his hand to expose the wet glans. He could fuck for quite a long time, Mom said, even though she didn't orgasm during the fucking and did it herself afterwards, always. The doctor nodded, and Mom continued to tell her that Dad had a nice hole on the tip of his glans and he ejaculated every time, just like other men do. (I wondered if she was talking about the uncles?) The doctor asked if the hole looked normal or

not? Mom nodded thoughtfully, “Yes, it actually looks just like other men’s, Doctor!” The doctor looked at her curiously: “Are all his children?” and Mom avoided her gaze. “Yes, or maybe I think so, probably,” was her reply, and I flinched. Maybe, Probably? Oh my God, just maybe and probably? I was really confused. Was that because of the fake uncles?

The friendly, young doctor-lady now rubbed my cock, just like my playmates. “Watch how I masturbate him,” the doctor ordered. “You have to masturbate him several times a day after the operation, because his seminal fascia, which is supposed to expel the semen forcefully, is still completely underdeveloped and needs to be stimulated. Furthermore, the new canal we’re creating must neither scar-over nor close-up again. Do you understand?” Mom nodded, blushing. “Does that mean I have to masturbate him every day?” The doctor nodded. “Two or three times a day. Don’t worry, he’s going through puberty and can ejaculate a dozen times in a row.” Mom remained silent and watched the doctor’s hand. “Try it,” she said. “I was very surprised that you’ve never masturbated a man before, Mrs. Faber!” Mom raised her head. “I only know simple normal married fucking, Doctor!” and continued rubbing me. I felt a heat rising in my loins as the doctor took over from Mom. “He’s about to cum,” she commented, continuing as I twitched and released. “You see, the semen can’t squirt out freely; it’s pushed back, and that’s very damaging.” I could feel Mom’s sexual arousal as the doctor firmly squeezed the cum out with her fingers. “And if his cock doesn’t get hard right away, then use your feminine charms,” the doctor murmured. “What!?” Mom exclaimed, “I’m a respectable woman, not a harlot!” The doctor shook her head back and forth. “Of course not. But it would help make his cock hard again quickly!” I wondered what feminine charms meant. It was disappointing that I could see the doctor’s beautiful inner thighs and her lace panties, but nothing else. Absolutely nothing else.

The doctor had smiled when she saw my eyes glued to her’s. “Mrs. Faber, now do it yourself; he can undoubtedly squirt again.” Mom grabbed my cock a little more decisively than before and rubbed me. I closed my eyes in pleasure, imagining my playmates competing to rub it. Mom had heeded the instruction to barely touch the glans, as

it would be even more sensitive after the surgery. So she rubbed my cock in long, slow, firm strokes, smiling at me kindly from time to time. Then, after a while, it rose hotly again, and I croaked, "Mom, it's coming!" And then it came. Again, it couldn't squirt out properly, and Mom squeezed the thick mucus out with her fingers. Mom's eyes glittered, and I felt her sexual excitement, which she exuded steaming away. The doctor nodded contentedly, "After the operation, you'll have to soak his cock in hot chamomile tea for a few minutes and then do it with your hand. You can also do it two or three times in a row; that will definitely work as your boy likes to squirt anytime and often."

The doctor had Mom do it again and again. For me, it was perfectly normal; my playmates rubbed me for hours, too, and I enjoyed it immensely. Mom got better each time; she quickly realized that the doctor's gentle approach made me ejaculate the fastest. She smiled and grinned as she squeezed the juice out of my cock with her fingers. I smiled shyly, because having it done in front of everyone was kind of embarrassing. But both the doctor and the surgeon smiled whenever they glanced over. They then kind of waved to Mom to show the results of their consultations. I sat down on the floor with my bare ass because from there I had the best view between the pretty, young doctor's thighs. I was perhaps a little in love with her and decided to marry a doctor when I grew up.

I sat pantsless on the cold floor and stared under the young doctor's coat. Gradually, my cock stiffened again, and the mustache led me into the small, windowless room. She grinned impudently, "And we're in a hurry to squirt again, my little rascal? It's not appropriate to peep under the doctor's coat, young man!" she told me, grabbing my hard cock. For the second time, she rubbed my cock with her hand, and it felt amazing well. She firmly squeezed the thick slime out with her fingers. "That, that's exactly what we need to fix!" she said, although I could barely understand. The doctor and my mom whispered for a long time, and my mom's face was still bright red from the rubbing and the doctors detailed instructions, how and why to rub my cock regularly and frequently.

In the weeks leading up to the operation, Mom practiced rubbing my cock every day. She made me cum five or six times, then my erection collapsed, and I'd had enough for the moment. She was visibly embarrassed that I was peeping under her housedress, so I had to lie on my back with my head between her thighs. Of course, she was convinced I couldn't peep like that anymore, but quite the opposite. From a few centimeters away, I was looking at her clit and deep into her fuckhole without her ever noticing. Mom wanted to try something, she said. She took a thin knitting needle in her hand and with her other hand pressed the two halves of the glans apart so that the groove with the tiny two holes was visible. She carefully pushed the knitting needle into one hole, and I shrieked because it hurt so much. She continued very carefully until the knitting needle fit in completely. Then she did the same with the other hole. I stopped shrieking and grit my teeth. "Maybe I can make the holes wider. Let's see if you can squirt better then," she explained. I nodded in agreement and continued to stare at her fuckhole. Now she rubbed me as sensitively as the doctor and made me squirt. Two tiny jets shot out of the holes. Mom nodded contentedly and let it squirt onto her inner thighs. "We'll drill the holes even wider," she said. "I don't know why the doctor didn't think of that." I suspected it, because after I squirted, the holes narrowed again. But if Mom was stubborn, she really was. So, before rubbing me, she drilled the holes with the knitting needles, immediately rubbed me, and squirted it onto her inner thighs. Later, she used a slightly thicker knitting needle and finally a very thick one, which was quite painful to drill in. But Mom had her way; she made me shoot my semen out in two thin jets. All the rubbing felt great, and I quickly noticed how my orgasm was getting more and more intense. Two thin jets shot out of my widened holes, and Mom grinned with satisfaction. It was just as the doctor had said; I squirted more and more forcefully each time, and the thin jets from both holes now shot out really high and splashed upon Mom's inner thighs. She had to let the rest squeezing out with her fingers. I had never squirted with this much pressure before with the doctor or the nurse, and Mom was absolutely keen to widen my holes with the thick knitting needle and let me squirt as high as I could in thin jets. She pushed aside all feelings of embarrassment and shame and pressed the tip of my penis firmly against her clit and her fuckhole as she finished masturbating me and let it all ooze out. For me, this first

truly intimate touch was nerve-wracking. How incredibly intense my sensations were when she directed the first jets onto her clit and then pressed the tip of my cock against her clit or her fuckhole and then continued rubbing herself until she reached orgasm! After her orgasm, she looked at me with a sad and guilty expression and murmured, "It had to be!" I wouldn't let her feeling sad and guilty and nodded, "Mom, it's perfectly fine with me, I've seen how girls do it! I can keep a secret and you don't have to be embarrassed!" Gradually, her inhibitions eased, and sometimes, when I was finished, she would quickly rub her clitoris with my cocktip until she reached orgasm. It wouldn't take a minute before her legs trembled and she looked at me guiltily. "You're not allowed to watch," she murmured in vain each time, because of course I was staring cheekily and unimpressed by her ban. I found it captivating how her clit changed during the practice. It seemed to slowly stiffen and gradually emerge from under his cap. After the last ejaculation, it was dark red and stood out demanding like a small thorn. When I finally left her bedroom, she remained sitting cross-legged, and I was almost certain she would finish it herself off by pushing two fingers deep into her bush, perhaps even circling her clit with her finger, because I'd seen her do that many times.

I barely remember the operation, but then my mom picked me up from the hospital.

When I came home with my mother, she looked a little confused. She locked us in the parents' bedroom. I had to undress naked. She held my surgically treated penis in her hand for a long time, examining it, turning it over and over and glancing at the new big hole. "They said I have to bathe it in hot chamomile tea twice a day for two weeks, morning and afternoon, and then do it with my hand twice in a row so you can ejaculate properly." I had remembered that she should do it three times a day (but only once), but I didn't object. Why should I? There was nothing wrong with that; doctors always know what to do. "I've never done it with my hand before because I thought you had to do it yourself. But the doctor explained to me exactly why it's necessary. Two weeks, then a check-up, and then another three weeks. All right, little one?"

I have to add a thought here. Back then, after the war, most people were poor. There was no money for bras and underwear, so many women remained naked under their skirts or housedresses unless it was winter. It had long been a challenge for me to catch a glimpse of her full breasts beneath my mother's worn housedress. Far more important, however, was searching for the slit under the housedress, slits like the ones my sisters had. But Mom had a short-cropped bush of light hair there; at first, no slit was visible, even though she wasn't wearing panties. She usually cut the bush very short, so I could sometimes see her clit peeking out cheekily and pertly through her slit.

Mom brought in the hot chamomile tea and pulled the housedress up to her navel. "Yes," she said with a grin, "now, for once, you can gape, so your cock gets hard and stiff!" I gaped and gaped, having never seen her so naked before. She carefully dipped my cock into the chamomile tea and rubbed it just a little bit. Was it her touch or the hot tea? In any case, I squirted quickly, and the little white worms swam in the tea. But now, after the operation, I no longer squirted in thin jets, but in thick, fat jets! I looked at my mother, perplexed, but she seemed to be happy what was going on. I was still just beginning to awaken sexually, playing doctor with my older playmates, and knew absolutely nothing else. They had shown me their pussies, but I wasn't allowed to touch them, never to open their slits with my fingers. I was completely sexually ignorant back then, like a sack of potatoes.

After a few minutes, my mother took my cock out of the tea. "They said I have to do it for you, right after the chamomile tea, twice in a row, with my hand, okay?" They, that was the people at the hospital, of course. She lightly took my semi-erect cock in her hand. "And you're not doing it yourself yet, are you?" she asked inquiringly. I had no idea what she meant. She grumbled, "Now let's make it hard again, because you can watch again." She inserted her middle and ring fingers into her slit and finger-fucked herself until her thighs trembled and my cock was hard again. She nodded and began rubbing my cock. I felt my lower abdomen warming. As warm as it had been back then, when she explained it to me and inserted her index finger between her curly hair, sliding it in and out. "That's how you

fuck,” she had explained. After a while, she moaned loudly and pulled out her index finger, and I felt quite hot as she spread her labia with her fingers, allowing me to look deep into her fuckhole. “So, now you’ve seen everything, and now get out,” she said back then, continued to fuck herself with two fingers again as I walked out.

But now she was doing something she’d never done to me before. She rubbed my cock, she rubbed my hard, stiff cock in long, slow strokes. She was trying hard, but she kept smiling into my eyes. “So, do you have to cum yet?” she asked, and I shook my head. “Like in the tea?” I asked timidly. “The little white worms?” She nodded. “Yes, that’s called cumming,” she confirmed. “They said I have to do it twice a day after the chamomile tea, twice so the new opening doesn’t scar-over or close-itself again. Originally, she only wanted me to do it three times a day.” It sounded right, somehow.

She rubbed me for about a quarter of an hour, then I gasped, “Mom, I think I’m coming!” and then it spurted in thick jets up and over her hand. She beamed because the new hole was obviously working perfectly. She licked her hand and looked at my cock. “It’s still half-hard, my son!” she remarked with a smile. In the short pause afterwards, she circled a finger on her clit until her thighs were shaking and trembling again, and my cock was hard again with sheer horniness. Sometimes she only rubbed her clit halfheartedly, but it still excited me. But usually she did it until her legs were shaking and trembling, and that’s how I understood what the clit was for. Then she did it to me with her hand again, cupped my cock, and started rubbing again. The fog in my mind gradually cleared; it was now clear how the procedure worked. She had to rub gently so the stitches around my glans wouldn’t tear.

It took a little longer for it to rise again. “It’s coming, Mom, it’s coming!” I breathed, and the full load flowed thick and sticky over her fingers. “Yes, that’s exactly right!” she commented with a satisfied smile, staring unwaveringly at the new hole from which it was oozing. She held my cock for a while longer, as it gradually shrank. She licked the goo off her fingers and then off my cock. “Don’t worry,

it's not poisonous and there aren't any little babies swimming in it yet," she said, alluding to the former sex education session.

She straightened her clothes, and I got dressed again. All that squirting made me really tired, but it was simply wonderful. I once asked her exactly what the doctor had instructed her to do, but she didn't answer.

We children wondered what went on in the bedroom when she locked herself in there with Uncle Luke or Uncle Jack in the afternoons. I was worldly-wise convinced that she was having sex with them, absolutely certain! But my sisters clapped their hands over their mouths, "Oh no, never! Mom never let strange uncles fuck her. No! Never! The bedroom was the only place in the house where you could discuss adult matters undisturbed." But since the sex education session, I was convinced that she was letting those despicable creatures fuck her, it was that simple. The argument about whether or not Mom would let the strange men — who, of course, weren't real uncles — fuck her was bitter and long-winded; we even considered ways to spy on them.

Mom rubbed me twice a day, twice in a row, and I stared at her naked pussy as if hypnotized. Then we had to go back to the doctor, who removed the stitches around my glans. While the doctor talked to my mother, the nurse with the mustache led me into a small room and unbuttoned my pants. She took my cock in her hand, testing it, turning it over and over. "So, can you really squirt yet, little one?" she asked kindly, but I stayed buttoned up. "I don't know," I hummed miserably. It was none of her business, by God! "And," she continued, "do you already have a little girlfriend to fuck?" That was easy to answer. "My playmates guard their hymens like dragons; there's no fucking going on there. Before the operation, they made me squirt three to five times an afternoon because they found the act of my squirting so hot." She nodded, as if satisfied. "Now you'll soon be able to squirt like a grown-up while fucking, and your girls will definitely appreciate that," she said, but I still couldn't imagine it. Then she began to rub me, just like my mother. My eyes lit up because it felt wonderful. She took off the rubber glove and continued with her bare hand. It was really, really wonderful. The only thing that both-

ered me was that the nurse was buttoned up all the way to the top; neither her breasts nor her slit were visible, unfortunately. Finally, she had me squirt into a small round bowl, dressed me again, and brought me back. The doctor bent over the microscope under which the bowl lay. She nodded to my mother, "Everything's fine, Mrs. Faber!" she said, and let us go home.

The procedure continued for three more weeks. Mom put my cock in the hot chamomile tea and let little white worms squirt into the tea. Then Mom rubbed my cock twice in a row and made me cum on her fingers. The first time, she made me cum high in the air; the second time, my cum oozed, oozed, and dripped between her fingers; the pressure was missing. Each time, she licked the cum off her fingers and off my cockhead. Every time afterward, I was tired and sad. Yet every day I asked her, "Mom, why can't I fuck you like Uncle Luke or Uncle Jack?" She looked me in the eyes with hard, hard eyes. "Why do you ask such nonsense, every day?" she grumbled. "My body belongs only to me and Dad since he took my virginity 15 years ago. To him alone!" she insisted. "And what happened to Luke and Jack is none of your damn business, none of it!" She thought for a moment. "Don't tempt me, Jack! I find it so hard to say no myself, so please don't tempt me!" I looked at her with wounded eyes. I wasn't allowed to tempt her, that was bitter.

As disappointed as I was that she wouldn't let me fuck her, my suspicions grew even stronger that Uncle Luke and Uncle Jack sometimes fucked her in the afternoons. Those miserable creatures. And of course, I argued with my sisters about it.

For three weeks, I stared at her slit, tormenting her with questions about when I would finally be allowed to fuck her, which she indignantly rejected. "You can't fuck your mother, that's not possible!" she hissed, and I countered, "We could at least try!" I was very hurt because she persistently denied having sex with Luke or Jack. "I discuss things with them that aren't suitable for children." Blah, blah. Who would believe that? Certainly not me. I sensed quite clearly that she was blatantly lying to my face, because of course she let Luke and Jack take turns fucking her, absolutely. No one seemed to care that she let these strange uncles fuck her; neither my sisters nor my dad

jumped on board. Dad warned me not to think up such filthy things, she was my mother after all! Dad was either blind or very stupid. It was very disappointing. (Much later, it turned out to be Dad's doing; his two comrades from the POW camp were supposed to take good care of Mom's sexual needs.)

Five weeks had passed since I came home from the hospital. My mother looked at me seriously. "Today was the last chamomile tea, the last rubbing. You're a big boy now and you have to squirt yourself; it's over for me." I was unhappy because it was so nice to lie in front of her with my legs spread and let her rub me to squirt, damn it! But I remembered, they said five weeks, so it wouldn't scar or go closed, the new hole. I walked with my shoulders slumped.

At least my older sister Lena was interested in watching me rubbing and squirting. She thought it was hot, she said. She was also the only one I told about the sex talk. She nodded in agreement because she knew all about it. Except for the part about the index finger.

My mother stuck her index finger in and quickly moved it in and out, I told Lena. "That's how fucking's done," Mom had said, panting after a while, "the index finger is like the man's cock, who gets to fuck this pussy." I nodded and waited until Mom finished the fucking demonstration minutes later. She was shaking violently and then slowly withdrew her index finger. "The man squirts the little baby into my hole, that's how it's done," she concluded the demonstration and dismissed me. I could see the fire in her eyes as she sent me away and reached for her pussy again. I was stupid enough at the time to think that Mom just loved fucking herself with her index finger. But the longer I thought about it, the stupider it seemed to me. The finger couldn't squirt, so what's the point? And so I began to suspect that she was letting Luke or Jack fuck her when she locked herself in the bedroom with one of those scoundrels. Yes, that must have been the case! I quickly forgot about finger fucking.

My sister couldn't put anything in her, not her index finger, and not even my cock. Her fuckhole was still closed, and she still had a hymen that prevented that, even though we both would have loved to fuck.

That summer, my mother introduced showering together. Perhaps because of the water consumption or because we had gotten a brand-new shower. In any case, the four of us, my sisters, mother, and I, cavorted completely naked in the bathroom. I had to shower first, and after she had soaped me thoroughly, she squatted down to direct the stream of water precisely onto my glans. I stared at her pussy, which had opened slightly in her squatting position, revealing her clit and large fuck hole to my staring gaze. Of course, she must have noticed me staring, but she was apparently indifferent. I rubbed my cock slowly and deliberately; the warm stream of water felt good. Soon I came. I thrust my cock forward and squirted in the direction of the girls. The mother grinned crookedly, only little Anni pouted, because she hated being squirted on.

I sat down on the small stool and held my cock in my hand. Mother washed little, water-shy Anni first, then devoted herself extensively to her asshole and slit. Then it was Lena's turn, and Mother devoted herself to her asshole and her reddened slit, because Lena really masturbated a lot. I shot a few jets in her direction, which Lena acknowledged with a mischievous giggle. Now Mom took her own shower and Lena steered the water jet, washing herself thoroughly and pulling her labia apart to wash her deep fuckhole. At the sight of her fuckhole and clit, I gave up all restraint and squirted as hard as I could, even though my sisters stared in amazement.

Mother herded the girls into the nursery. I stood right in front of her, held her hips, and my cock slid into her fuckhole as if by itself, deep inside. She froze with tears in her eyes and held me like a vice. "I've told you a hundred times, a son should never fuck his own mother! And that's it!" She closed her eyes, perhaps feeling the sensation of my cock deep in her fuckhole. Only a few moments later did she roughly push me back. I loved how she stared at my cock with tear-filled eyes, full of disgust and shame, and how her face lit up as soon as my cock slid into her fuckhole as if by itself.

I really liked those shower evenings. I could cum under the warm water and then always pushed my cock into my mother's fuckhole, even if only for a few seconds. She hesitated longer and longer after I had already started to cum during penetration. She roughly pushed

me back when I had finished squirting, and she wept with shame and disgust every time. But I didn't mind at all. Of course, I wasn't fucking my mom back then. After every shower or bath we hugged each other, I held her tight and just let my cock slide in deeply. She smiled. We didn't move, and I let it all squirt in. I squirted with anger because I despised Luke and Jack so deeply. Mom's tears didn't move me much. And she must have liked it somehow, too; she would have attacked me like a fury if she hadn't liked it at all, wouldn't she?

It would take until the end of the summer, though, for me to become a man. Ilona, my mother's youngest sister, came to visit for three weeks. She was probably about 20 or younger at the time. She had always taken me to her heart, kissing and hugging me as if I were her son. Now she arrived, wet and sweaty, and went straight to the bedroom to change. "Come in," she trilled happily, closing the door behind me. I had to sit on the edge of the bed while she undressed in front of the wardrobe and its large mirror. She must have noticed me following her movements, staring at every speck of nakedness. She had worn a bra and underwear on the trip, and now she removed her bra with seductive slowness. My eyes stared, enchanted, at her sweet, small breasts.

"Well, you look like you've never seen a girl before!" she said with a cheeky grin. An experienced man would have known immediately what she was up to. "So, tell me, how are things on the girls-front? Ever fucked, huh?" I answered immediately. "No, Aunt Ilona. I had surgery just six months ago so I can really squirt while fucking," trickled from my lips. You could talk to Ilona about anything, even the most secret secrets. "Yes," she said, looking at herself carefully in the mirror, wearing only panties. "Your mom told me: chamomile tea and rubbing your new cock to make you squirt, twice in a row. And you were probably staring up her housedress like a vulture, you little rascal, weren't you!?"

I nodded, crestfallen. "And I asked her every day if I could fuck her like a pro!" I said bitterly. Ilona laughed. "No, she's too prudish for that, Jacky! A son isn't allowed to fuck his own mother, am I right?" I nodded and admired her; she always knew everything. "And she's only been doing that thing with her index and middle fingers

for a few years, every day, even though Dad is away during the week. I used to sleep next to her in the marital bed, and she would unashamedly fuck herself with her index and middle fingers until she had an orgasm. Yes, my sister and her finger play!” she laughed brightly. I understood perfectly well that Mom let herself be finger-fucked, but not by her son. I then mentioned the shower evenings, but Ilona already knew. “You’re a little rascal, brazenly ramming your cock into her night after night! But she’ll never really allow it, Jacky, she’s too prudish for that!”

“And she locks herself in the bedroom when Uncle Luke or Uncle Jack come to visit!” I growled in a bitter voice. Ilona burst out laughing again. “I don’t understand what she likes about those good-for-nothings either, they’re probably just good at fucking!” I almost choked. Ilona saw it, “What did you think they were doing? Reading the newspaper or listening to the radio? Oh come on, you’re not a little kid anymore! Of course she lets those good-for-nothings fuck her, she almost told me that herself!” I was somehow stunned now that Ilona had said it. “Do you think Mom lets them fuck her, really fuck her?” I asked, astounded. “Of course, Jacky, it’s no secret! Your mom loves to fuck, and it’s only because she’s so prudish that she hasn’t let you have a real fuck yet! But I know how much it bothers her.”

Ilona was still looking at her wonderful body in the mirror, stroking it with pleasure. “And what else on the girls-front?” Ilona continued to probe gently. I lowered my head. “Lena loves watching me rub and squirt. Anni is probably still too young, she doesn’t give a damn. Lena lets me fuck her a little sometimes, but only up to her hymen. She guards it like a dragon. But she finds it disgusting to have to clean my cum out again, honestly. But she’s not bitchy, and when she’s older, she’ll gladly let me fuck her properly, she promised.” Ilona nodded, “and nothing else new? Lisa, Marie, or Yasmin?” I shook my head. No, they only participate in the doctor games as far as Lena does; they all guard their hymens like dragons! I’m only allowed to fuck them very close to the front, barely touching their hymen. But they compete to see who can let me cum inside them the most. A truly naughty clique of girls, I can only say!”

Ilona smiled. She looked at me in the mirror as she obscenely slowly removed her panties. My heart raced when I saw the delicate blonde fuzz, when I saw her slit. She turned to me, and she was so close she was almost brushing against me. "So, how about it? Don't you want to play a game?" Her voice cooed, and I didn't know how to respond. Games?

Ilona sat on my lap, our faces almost touching. Her knees on either side of my hips. My eyes slid down to her pussy. My heart stumbled, and the lump in my throat choked me. Ilona reached down, unzipped my pants, and pulled out my cock. I almost fainted with embarrassment, because it was already rock hard. Ilona nodded slowly. "A really good piece, it seems to me, your mother wasn't exaggerating. I haven't seen a boy that big in a long time," she whispered, "you're not a boy anymore, you're a teenager!" It took my breath away as she laboriously inserted my cock into her fuck hole, panting. It felt just as good as Lena's entrance to her hymen. But Ilona let my cock penetrate deep until it couldn't go any deeper. "Let's ride, Jacky, just a little bit!"

We began to rock, up and down. I was dazed; my cock had never felt anything so soft and tender. Ilona had her eyes closed, held onto my hips, and let her pigtails dangle back. We rocked for minutes, and I whispered, "Ilona, I'm coming!" and she just nodded, and now she rode me even harder and faster. My cum spurted in thick, hard jets, and I bit her shoulder to keep from screaming in bliss. Ilona smiled. "No danger today," she whispered softly. I left my stiff cock in her fuck hole and rested my forehead on her virgin breasts.

After a while, Ilona whispered, "Your cock is still hard, Jacky. Want to do it again?" She didn't even wait for my answer and began to rock me, riding me. I joined in, because she seemed to really enjoy it. Her rhythm got faster and faster, she threw her head back, and her face contorted as if in pain. I spurted in again, my cum flooding her fuckhole to the brim. She opened her mouth in a silent scream, her fuckhole clamping and milking my cock as if she wanted to suck it dry to the last drop. We held each other tightly and stopped rocking.

Ilona pulled out my flaccid cock, a gush of my juice shot out. She kissed the top of my head. “Was that your first time, Jacky?” she whispered, and I nodded, tired and completely exhausted. “It was a nice first time, I think. And we can do it again, if you like, maybe even more often.” I nodded gratefully. Sleep almost overcame me. “I can’t go on, Ilona,” I managed to say, “I shot all my juice in!” She nodded and smiled. “That’s exactly how it’s done, Jacky, that’s how you fuck a real woman!”

I lay there for a while she dressed and put on perfume. “It should remain our secret, Jacky,” she said quietly, “others certainly wouldn’t understand!” I got up and we left her bedroom together.

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Ria the Novice

by Jack Faber © 2025

Ria's mother, Emilie, entered the convent at 19 because her family was desperately poor. Since she was 11, Emilie had to lay with her father, the old drunkard. She didn't see anything wrong with it; other girls had the same fate. Her mother earned good money as a healer, but he drank everything away. Emilie learned the healing trade from her mother and voluptuous sex from her father. No, she loved being fucked properly, as she had learned to guide his cock to her G-spot, and she loved orgasms and needed them daily. Now it was the next youngest sister's turn to lie with her insatiable father, and Emilie had to go to the convent.

The convent welcomed her very gladly; she was very hardworking and also a healer. She participated in the nocturnal secrets of the nuns and novices and quickly learned Sapphic lovemaking. But the priests and monks who occasionally came to the convent were more in line with her prey profile. Although she monitored her period closely, she became pregnant three years later and the child was called Maria, Ria. The Mother Superior turned a blind eye for once; Emilie was a valuable member of the convent, and a child, well, that's all.

Three years later, she was pregnant again. The Mother Superior had become very uneasy about Emilie's close friendship with an abbot and repeatedly warned her, of course to no avail. One morning, Emilie didn't wake up; she had been poisoned. Or was it suicide?

The nuns cared for Ria, the child with sweet curls and an angelic face. Her mother's death soon seemed distant, as the nuns cuddled and caressed the child, giving her maternal affection and the necessary feeling of being loved. Ria, the little angel, was passed from cell to cell. She loved lying naked, skin to skin, with her cellmate, and with the older nuns, who wore woolen nightgowns, she would crawl under the nightgown to feel her "mother's" bare skin. As a child, she didn't understand the older nuns' pussy rubbing for a long time. But

as she grew older, she still felt the need to press herself against the nuns' skin. Gradually, she understood pussy rubbing and soon began to do it herself. The beautiful convulsions and ecstasies were addictive, so she became addicted to masturbating with skin and hair. Now she learned to rub each other's clits, and a little later, to lick them.

At 14, she had to learn how to confess. The nuns grinned knowingly when a pussy-crazy monk was assigned to her. The monk pushed her habit up to her knees as they sat side by side on the edge of the bed. He placed his hand confidentially on her knee and explained to her that it was actually only the nightly sins he needed to hear. Ria nodded seriously and first confessed her nightly masturbation. The clever little monk persuaded her to show him this sin, and of course she did, wanting his blessing. The monk gaped and gaped, for he had never seen a girl with even a mild form of epilepsy. While masturbating, Ria fell into a deep trance with a glassy, veiled gaze. After her orgasm, her legs trembled for minutes until she awoke from the trance and demurely pushed her habit back down.

The next step was for her to describe the night's activities in great detail; the monk wanted to know every detail. Saliva dripped from the corners of his mouth; sometimes he closed his eyes to let the film play out in his mind. Of course, clitrubbing and cliticlicking were nothing new to him, but he loved the raw, unadulterated view of the sexually completely inexperienced, unenlightened Ria. She masturbated happily and willingly; she wanted his blessing for the sins of the previous night, and the monk wanted it that way. She pulled her habit up to her navel and masturbated with all her heart's desire; the monk wanted it that way. His hand had long since been stroking Rias's inner thighs lustfully; she didn't flinch even a bit when his fingers touched her pussy. For weeks, he listened to Rias' confessions about the previous night while she masturbated willingly, and he grew hotter and hotter.

He had to cleanse her pussy of the night's sins; he was a holy man, and his holy juice alone was capable of washing away the sins, the terrible sins of the night. Oh, Holy Augustine, what was this eloquent man selling our little unenlightened virgin? She didn't have to think

for a moment; she wanted his final blessing. Opening her portal would only hurt a little the very first time, like a bee sting, but that was the only way he could cleanse her with his holy juice, he said selflessly. Ria nodded in agreement; she needed his blessing, after all. And since she sinned night after night with her respective cell-mate, the holy cleansing was simply necessary daily.

For two years, Ria allowed herself to be fucked during her daily confession, and she loved being fucked more than anything. The monk penetrated her G-spot daily, and she lost herself in her orgasms, in a deep trance. She went to the Mother Superior overjoyed that the Heavenly Bridegroom had heard her prayers and impregnated her. The Mother Superior, who was having a bad day, quickly brought her down from her arrogant peak of happiness. Nonsense, she had given herself to the monk for two years, and now she was having his bastard. Ria cried because the Mother Superior gave her a wad of money and threw her out of the convent. Period, no discussion!

Completely helpless, she stood in the big city, at a loss. Someone told her that she had to sell her body to survive. She overcame herself and let anyone who would pay her fuck her. A dubious filmmaker seized the pregnant woman and filmed with her. She was fucked by countless men on camera, but she received a little money for it. She had to masturbate in front of the camera, often for an entire day. But she saved as much money as she could for her child. Then she gave birth to Francis, Frankie. After the birth, her period stopped; she would never have another child.

She was no longer fit for filmmaking; she stayed at home with her baby as long as she had enough money.

While she nursed the baby, the child's lips ignited her highly sensitive nipples, and soon her little pussy was ablaze. She reached under her skirt, pushed aside her panties, and masturbated with a blissful smile. Never before had she masturbated as often as during those years nursing Frankie. She stroked the small, stiff cock, and if she didn't do it right away, the baby would buck until she took his cock between two fingers. She held his foreskin very gently with her fin-

gers, and the little rascal thrust his pelvis rhythmically, so that the glans pushed fucking through the foreskin. She was completely surprised; she hadn't known that even the very youngest children had sexual needs. She thought of that when Frankie, at puberty, jerked his cock like a madman and ejaculated at least ten times a day.

A casual acquaintance had advised her to find a sugar daddy, which would be much better than working as a prostitute. She followed the good advice. She bathed thoroughly, perfumed, and wore subtle makeup, wearing a short summer dress so she could let the skirt flutter in the breeze and show off her carefully trimmed pussy. On the third day, she had her first sugar daddy.

He was an older, wealthy widower who only came on Saturdays to stay overnight and fuck. She soon moved into a nicer apartment, and when he needed her as an escort, he had to dress her and adorn her with jewelry. He was very generous because she let him fuck her so well and then watch him masturbate. When he died, he left her a lot of money. Nevertheless, she immediately started looking for the next sugar daddy. Although he was even more generous financially, he fucked her at least twice a week. He wasn't interested in her solo masturbation; instead, he continued to fuck her until his cock went flaccid.

Daily masturbation in a deep trance was very important to her, but at the same time, she didn't want her little Frankie to grow up in complete sexual ignorance like she did. She would press her naked Frankie against her while masturbating when she fell into a trance. She couldn't explain the trance itself to him, but she could explain the masturbation and fucking with her patron, which Frankie occasionally witnessed. Of course, she let him try it out, even though he was far too young and couldn't ejaculate yet. After he'd tried it a few times, he lost all interest in fucking. At first.

Frankie was thrilled when he could squirt. And he squirted so often that Ria had to warn him that he was really ruining his cock and balls. But of course, he didn't listen. Ria usually lay naked on the sofa in the mornings and read a magazine. Then, in the face of Frank's incessant masturbation, she would masturbate and fall into a trance,

only to wake up and pray for a long time. The Heavenly Bridegroom still occupied a large place in her thoughts. When Frankie's arms became heavy, she did masturbate him until he could no longer squirt. She had always shaken her head at his sexual insatiability. She watched him over the top of the magazine; he had a beautiful, flawless cock and a beautifully shaped glans like his father, the monk. She stared, mesmerized, at his glans as the white juice shot from the little hole. Perhaps this contributed to the heat rising in her loins before masturbating. Frankie stared at her clit and her fuckhole when she masturbated while smiling. He knew her trance and considered it a part of female masturbation. Gradually, a small crime was forming in his mind.

He knew that in her trance, she was oblivious to anything outside her surroundings, which wasn't exactly a cannon shot. He proceeded step by step. He mounted his mother very carefully and penetrated her while she continued to masturbate automatically in the trance. He fucked her gently so as not to wake her. He shot his full load inside and released her. After her orgasm, her legs continued to twitch and tremble for minutes until she awoke from the trance. Subconsciously, she must have felt his fucking, because she stared at him penetratingly as the rosary slid through her fingers. But she never asked, she never brought it up.

Frankie fucked her daily in her trance for many months, and it was great. But after that, he wanted to keep fucking her until she twitched and trembled in orgasm; he usually wanted to cum a second time, the little rascal. More and more often, she woke up, but let him finish fucking her. She couldn't control her curiosity, and Frankie, who never lied to his mother, admitted everything. That he had been fucking her in her trance for over a year, and for some time now even longer, so that she would still wake up while being fucked. She was silent for a long time, then she gave a long, unconvincing lecture. A son shouldn't fuck his mother, not really. But at the end, she sighed deeply; it probably wouldn't stop. Frankie had his head tucked between his shoulders and didn't say a word.

Of course, he continued to fuck his mother until the end of the year, as if she hadn't said anything. Now she always woke up and,

smiling sourly, let him finish fucking her. She didn't protest when he took a short break and fucked her again. It should really be wrong to let your own son fuck you, but it felt wonderful and somehow right. For the next year, they fucked two or three times a day, but she only prayed her rosary after the first fuck. They talked a lot about sex now, because Frankie's puberty was transitioning into his teens, and he needed to cum up to ten times a day. She told him everything about Sapphic love in the monastery, the sneaky seduction by the monk who was his father. Her time as a porn model and then the very difficult time as an occasional prostitute. Then life as a sugar babe for her patrons. Frankie nodded incessantly; Mom had done everything right during that time. He was very happy, he said, that she worked as a sugar babe and not as a whore. That would be something completely different for him and would be very humiliating for him.

Frankie openly told his mother what was going on with his classmates. He was usually able to get the girl relatively easily to rub him until he squirted. Of course, he always tried to touch the girl's intimate parts, but not many would let him touch their small breasts. It was equally difficult to do more than just caress their inner thighs. They stopped him when he touched their panties. But every now and then, his fingers were allowed to penetrate the hem of their panties, so he could masturbate the girls properly. Word must have gotten around that he wasn't as clumsy and rough as other boys. This school year — he was top of the class again — he had already had three real affairs, where the girls let him fuck them — with or without a condom. He had told Ria this every time, and she was eager to see if this girl was ready for sex. He and Ria had developed a very close, trusting mother-son relationship by then.

One day, Ria met a 14-year-old girl, Lucy. She was literally attracted to her; the girl exuded a sexual aggression that blew 35-year-old Ria away. They met a few times in a coffee shop and got to know each other. Lucy had been raped by her stepfather at the age of 11, and because she loved sex just as much as Ria did, she let him fuck her to orgasm almost every night. Images of the nuns in the convent rose in Ria's mind — beautiful, arousing, and horny images. So it happened that Lucy now showed up after breakfast.

Frankie acted as if he weren't even there when Lucy and Ria were pleasuring themselves at his feet. At first, he avoided squirting on either woman so as not to interrupt their flow. For the first time, he saw the clitrubbing and clitlicking up close, and man! It was hot! Lucy was very surprised when Ria fell into a trance. She looked around for help for Frankie, who explained it to her as best he could. Lucy shrugged, "Okay!" and waited until Ria came back to her senses. Every now and then, Lucy would sit on her heel and watch Frankie masturbate. After about a week, she asked him if he preferred masturbating or fucking. Frankie paused and looked into the younger girl's cat-eyed eyes. Could he be as open with her as Ria was? "Yes," he said, "of course I love to fuck, mostly Ria. But now you're here, and I don't want to disturb both of you!" Lucy laughed. "Disturb!" She looked at him seriously. "When I'm licking Ria, you can fuck me from behind, I don't mind at all. And the same goes for when Ria licks me." Frank was bothered by this casual "I don't mind at all." He told Lucy it irritated him, maybe even offended him, he added.

Lucy had to think hard. "First of all, I didn't mean to offend or hurt you, Frank!" And if she concentrated on licking, she couldn't concentrate on fucking at the same time, sorry. Frank nodded understandingly. He would also prefer his girl to concentrate on fucking, so he'd rather just masturbate and watch.

It took a few days for Frankie to make up his mind. Lucy had just licked Ria into a trance and was waiting for her orgasm. Frankie was now close to cumming, climbed over Lucy's head, and rammed his cock into Ria's pussy, quickly and mercilessly pounding her to orgasm, squirting into her waning orgasm. Ria continued to tremble, twitch, and shake until she awoke from the trance. Lucy stroked Ria's trembling inner thighs soothingly. "I want Frank to fuck me now, if you don't mind, love!" Ria nodded wearily, unable to speak yet.

Lucy lay spread-eagled in front of Frankie. He stared at her clit and her violated fuck hole. She was one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen, even more beautiful than Ria, whose pussy already looked very worn out. He penetrated Lucy's fuck hole very slowly to give her tight pussy time to adjust. Lucy smiled. "Don't be afraid, my

stepfather's will fit in there too!" Frankie felt the tiny pang that she estimated his cock to be smaller than her rapist's. But then his face lit up, because Lucy's fuckhole turned out to be not only very tight, but also tender and silky smooth. This almost robbed him of his senses. Now he plowed into her furrow, grinning like a dumb monkey and baring his teeth. He couldn't wait until Lucy reached orgasm and squirted his full load into the girl, who was two years younger than him. Lucy's finger stroked her clit a few times, triggering her own orgasm.

Lucy came every morning, the three of them fucked until noon, and then she went her own way. After three months, she left. Rita said Lucy had moved on, to another lover, she said very sadly. Frankie was now fucking his way through the entire class, fucking girls from other classes as well, and deflowering some chicks from the first years. But he only really enjoyed the older girls, whom he would soon follow to college. Ria remained his constant point of reference until he moved to campus, and he enjoyed fucking her every day while she masturbated. And Ria was very happy with that; the sugar daddy usually only came once or twice a month to fuck her hard, usually until the early morning.

Ria had already inherited several sugar daddies' inheritances or received a nice consolation prize when they separated. She lived modestly and saved the money for her old age, when she was too old for the sugar daddies. Nevertheless, she would have to sell herself even into old age, because she couldn't work anything else.

She was lucky; she was supposed to replace a nanny for three months because she was taking a long trip with the parents. Ria laughed to herself, wondering why the nanny was accompanying the parents, or more precisely, the father? Yes, of course she was happy to look after 10-year-old Jacob, called Joko, around the clock; there were several other employees in the house. The wife of the extremely wealthy Jewish jeweler conducted the interview. She was harsh, aloof, and probably hated herself for everything. The jeweler, with his gray hair, was flanked by the nanny. Ria almost wanted to smack her tongue; she was such a fine little person, the seductive Shulamit, who would one day devour him whole, with skin and hair.

Joko was a rather neglected child; he was neither unruly nor a bastard, as his mother had said. She let him sit on her lap for a few days, told him tales of fucking couples, and hugged and cuddled him. Like a dried-out sponge, he absorbed the physical affection. He turned out to be a good, hardworking child who studied hard to stay top of his class; for this, at least he received brief words of appreciation from his father. She let him sit on her lap, stroked his thigh, and caressed his inner thighs until he got a hard-on. For days, she touched his cock from the outside through the fabric, which he obviously enjoyed greatly. She had established a sexual rapport.

Joko had truly grown fond of her. Now he asked if she had ever seen a circumcised cock while she caressed his erect cock through the fabric. No, Ria said truthfully. Joko asked without any ulterior motive if she wanted to see his cock. In the middle of puberty, sexual curiosity seemed perfectly natural to him. Ria nodded, saying that of course she was curious about his cock. He lay back in her arms like a baby and took off his pants. Ria took his cock in her hand; of course, the head of his penis was immediately visible, because the very front part of his foreskin was missing. "We Jews circumcise our boys a few days after birth," he said wisely. "A piece of the foreskin is cut off by the rabbi and buried in the garden. All Jews have to do that," he said proudly. Ria held his cock in her hand, which was so different from Frankie's. Frankie had already been very dominant and demanding back then; she had to rub him so often that he squirted until he had had enough. The very next day, Joko lay in her arms and pulled down his pants. "It's so nice when you hold and stroke my cock, Aunt Ria!" said the little guy with shining eyes. Ria thought it was still too early to masturbate Joko.

"So," she asked after a few days, "is he squirting yet?" Joko turned bright red and searched for words. "Do you mean when I wake up at night and have made a wet spot on the sheet?" Ria nodded. "Yes, that's exactly what I meant." Joko thought for a moment. "Yes, then I have to squeeze all the remaining mucus out of my cock, you know? That usually happens when I dream about Maria and Fred, the cook and the gardener. They always secretly fuck in the pantry, I've seen it many times!" said the little boy. "And Maria lets Fred squirt everything in, but Lois, the chauffeur, always has to pull his cock out of

Maria's hole at the end, and she lets him squirt on the floor." Ria wondered to what extent Joko had already been enlightened and whether she should teach him anything, but she let it go. "Shall we try to see if you can really squirt like Lois, okay?" Joko looked at her uncertainly. "Do I have to go down to Maria and stick it in like Fred or Lois, Aunt Ria?" he asked anxiously, beginning to panic. "Oh no, not at all," Ria said soothingly. "I can do it with my hand and then we'll see if you can really squirt, okay?" Joko breathed a sigh of relief. "But just to try, to see if it squirts yet!"

Ria nodded and adjusted him. "Would you like to suckle on my breast like a real baby when we play baby?" She exposed one breast and let the nipple slide between his lips. "But only lick and suck like a baby, okay?" Joko nodded, his eyes shining, and began to suckle and suckle on her nipple. Ria took the small cock in her hand and made it hard in seconds. Apart from the diagonally cut foreskin, it was a beautiful cock and a nice glans, with a relatively large hole. He sucked diligently on her nipple, and she rubbed it slowly in long strokes. She knew from his breathing when he was ready. With quick strokes, she let him spurt upwards, directing the stream onto her breast. He flinched as the semen reached his lips and covered her nipple. "It's not poisonous, you had to lick it up and swallow it, it tastes good!" she encouraged him. He licked the semen from her breast and swallowed it carefully. "It tastes a little salty," he noted. Ria praised him for already being able to ejaculate so well. "I didn't know that, it's a truly amazing feeling, Aunt Ria!" was his verdict.

She let him tell her again in detail how Fred and Lois fucked Maria, in the pantry and in the garage. Joko laughed, "No, always only one at a time, never both together. They'd get into a fight right away, Fred and Lois. I don't think they know anything about each other, and Maria probably wouldn't have told them either." Ria continued stroking his semi-hard cock and let him talk. "Fred just stands silently in the pantry because he can't speak. Maria charms him, making eyes at him, whispering something in his ear, and he grins mischievously. Then Maria simply takes out his cock, like you'd pick up a wooden spoon. She turns around and lifts her apron so that only her fat white ass is visible, and then Fred sticks his cock into her dark bush from behind. He fucks her back and forth, and Maria moans

with lust. Then he stands stock still, and you can only tell from his ass cheeks that he's squirting all inside, yuck!" Ria now whispers to Joko, asking if he wants to cum again? Joko nodded enthusiastically, "Yes!"

Ria takes his stiff cock in her fist and rubs it thoroughly and firmly. It only takes a few minutes, then he squirts again onto her breast, her nipple, and his lips. She doesn't need to say anything; he licks up the cum and swallows it. Ria praises him and realizes he still has a load or more in store. She strokes his semi-hard cock, and now he has to tell her about Maria and Lois. "It's completely different with those two. She sneaks into the garage when he's working there and locks the door behind her. Then they stand there for a while, snuggled up to each other, whispering and kissing so smackingly, it looks disgusting, Aunt Ria. As if they're devouring each other's tongues like savages. He leans her against one of the cars and unzips his pants. She reaches in and pulls out his cock. She lifts her smock and sticks his cock in the front of her. He fucks her standing up, and the fake snake pretends she's about to faint. But after a while, she pulls his cock out again and rubs it with her hand, just like you rub me, Aunt Ria. Maria has to rub it for quite a while, then she lets Lois squirt all over the floor. Always."

Ria starts her final push, Joko's cum squirts in thick jets onto Ria's breast, her nipple, and his open lips. He's learned the technique, licking his semen from her breast and nipple, which almost causes Ria's pussy to boil over. His sucking and licking on her nipple has long since slightly inflamed her pussy, and later, after she's put the boy to bed, she'll have to masturbate diligently to extinguish the flames.

In the days that followed, Joko lay in her arms like a baby, skillfully plucked her breast from her blouse, and took off his pants. "Please, make me squirt!" was his demand, and then he began sucking, licking, and nuzzling her nipple like a real baby. Ria had already discovered the magic of nipple sucking with little Frankie, and now she was glad that Joko was so willing. She rubbed his cock and watched the little hole in his glans, which visibly enlarged when he was aroused, like the entire glans. She aimed as precisely as she could, and the entire load spurted onto her tit and into his mouth,

not a drop missing. As always, he licked up the entire sauce and swallowed it willingly. He'd learned to open his mouth wide and squirt his cum right in. Rias's eyes lit up when he swallowed the cum. During the break, while she stroked his cock and gradually made it hard again, they talked about the other employees, but Joko hadn't caught any of them in the act of sexual intercourse. Ria laughed out loud. "Joko, my dear, the maids and the rest of the staff also have to get rid of the sexual pressure somehow. If you haven't noticed anything yet, it's probably because they're very good at hiding it!"

Meanwhile, Ria has him gotten ready. She aimed carefully, and the entire load splashed over her nipple like whipped cream. He licked and swallowed it all willingly. "And tell me, Aunt Ria, do all people fuck?" A logical question, aimed at her last remark. "Yes, Joko, in principle, yes. There are, of course, those who are already too old and frail, or who have promised never to fuck, like priests and nuns, for example. There are also some, mostly women, who haven't had a pleasant experience being fucked and therefore don't want to fuck anymore. And of course, the young people, like you, who are actually much too young to fuck." Joko had listened very carefully, "Actually, what do you mean by actually?" Ria looked at the little hole in his glans as she slowly stiffened his shaft again. "Oh, man, Joko, you're such a smart aleck, you must be so curious to know everything! Well, I've never been a good wife, no! I've let many little angels like you fuck me, and I'm not proud of that at all!" Joko's eyes widened. "As young as me, Aunt Ria? I'm only 10, as you surely know." Ria had to admit, "Yes, dear Joko, as young as you, and lots of them!" That closed the subject, she said, rubbing Joko's cock for the third time. Again, she aimed very precisely, the semen dripping from his mouth over her nipple. Joko swallowed it all. "Now, off to bed!" commanded Ria, who desperately needed to masturbate.

But as soon as she started masturbating, there was a quiet knock at her door, and Joko appeared, without his pajama pants. His cock dangled semi-erect between his legs. "Can't fall asleep, Aunt Ria, because of all the fucking with those little angels. Can I come into your bed?" he whispered. She nodded and waited until he was lying next to her. "But you interrupted me in the middle of it, I have to finish first. It's kind of like your squirting for me. Okay?" Joko nodded and

asked if he could turn on the small light. She nodded wearily; she wanted a quick orgasm, not a lengthy debate. He sat up and watched her masturbate closely. He jumped briefly as she twitched and convulsed in orgasm. He waited patiently until she awoke from the trance. The trance didn't escape him, of course, but he considered it perfectly normal. "Do all girls do that because they don't have a dick?" he asked quietly. Ria nodded, "only if they're not already too old." Joko nodded contentedly; he knew everything now; he was a smart boy, not a stupid sack of potatoes.

He laid his head on her chest and his fingers timidly stroked Ria's trimmed pubic hair. The whole thing about the little angels she'd let fuck her kept bothering him. She knew where this was going, of course, but she wanted to hear his arguments and definitely not agree too quickly. The debate dragged on for almost half an hour, then she sighed artificially. "Well, you persuaded me, even though you're only 10!" Joko almost jumped for joy. She told him to kneel between her thighs. "But if you want to fuck a girl or a woman, you can't wear children's pajamas!" she said with a smile. "Skin to skin, that's important, you'll feel it." He, on the other hand, wanted to know whether he could cum inside like the gardener Fred, or whether she would pull it out like Maria did with Lois's cock? She wasn't prepared for the question and told him that "it's right, always ask the girl or woman beforehand so she doesn't get pregnant unintentionally, capiesch?" And yes, he could cum inside like the silent gardener, that was fine on her part.

Joko lay on top of her and his cock found its way. It felt to her like Frankie's first attempts. She guided his thrusts with whispers, and it felt quite good, even though her little stove didn't catch fire. She let him fuck her good-naturedly, let him cum inside with a smile, and then she laid him back on her chest. They talked a lot about Joko's first real fuck, and later she questioned him properly.

He had never seen his parents really fuck, only his mother sometimes masturbating on the bed under the covers; he knew how women masturbated. Sometimes one of his dad's friends lay naked next to her. But he had only seen three of them fucking his mother in the marital bed, just as Fred fucked Maria from behind, they also

fucked Mom only from behind and, like Fred, squirted everything inside her, and that always aroused him sexually. Mom gets every week another friend of his father to fuck her.

He had never seen Shulamit, his nanny, fuck anyone. But he could mostly watch her shave her legs and pubic hair; that didn't matter to her, he was still a child. He was always amazed by her prominent clitoris, which always peeked cheekily out from under her cap. And she had a very deep, dark fuck hole, he said, after Ria had called him the vulgar names. But she wouldn't let him touch her; he had to sit quietly on the stool, then she would shower where she masturbates under the warm rain.

Ria wouldn't have been able to say later what devil had possessed her. But for some inexplicable reason, she was ready to set fire to it. She stroked Joko's back and said that for most teenagers his age, the ultimate goal would be to fuck their own mother. She felt Joko stiffen. "No, believe me," she added, "those boys are amazingly inventive when it comes to getting to their mother's pussy. Two approaches are typical: surprising her in the bath or shower, or the trick you used to sneak in on me." "Mom, I can't sleep because..." Capiesch?" Ria asked her little Joko. He nodded, but "it's forbidden to fuck your own mother, Auntie!" Ria grinned, because she had won. "Don't you sometimes cross the street when the light is red? Huh?" she asked caustically. Joko nodded thoughtfully, "Yes, yes, I do." "Well, there's your answer. Crossing a red light doesn't bother you either."

"And," she continued, "it's usually not a problem if dad is sleeping next to her, on the contrary. Mom will hardly make a fuss to avoid waking him and answering stupid questions. Many of the boys I've questioned quietly fuck their mothers next to their sleeping dads." Joko's eyes widened; it all sounded so clear and understandable. "And fucking mom, yes, I've dreamed about that many times, that's true, Aunt Ria!"

It was actually only a small step to Shulamit. Had he never wanted to fuck the beautiful nanny? Joko's eyes were enormous. "Yes, of course, and very often, even after watching her shave and masturbate

in the shower.” “And you do realize that she really wants your dad? Send your poor mom into the wastebin?” Joko nodded; he’d suspected that for a long time, and the fact that she was so desperate to go on the trip around the world reinforced his suspicion that she wanted to separate her parents and seduce her father at any cost. Shulamit despised his mother because she could no longer set her husband on fire. Joko had already known that. Ria said, “Well, what do you think, just cheekily taking her after she’s shaved and ramming your cock into her fuck hole?” Ria was aware of how crudely she was trying to manipulate the little one, but she didn’t care, really.

The rest of the days passed evenly; she let him squirt three times in her arms, spilling it in his open mouth or on her teats. And he regularly came to her bedroom to watch her masturbate and then fuck her.

The parents and Shulamit returned. The icy wall between Joko’s mother and Shulamit had only grown thicker, but Ria didn’t think Shulamit had succeeded in winning his father over. Perhaps he had fucked her to pieces on the journey, but he returned with his wife on his arm. Ria took the check and went home. She grinned to herself; perhaps she had actually been able to set the fire.

Frankie was visiting her as usual. He’d grown up and become serious very quickly. After fucking, Ria laid her head on his hairy chest and listened to him. He’d had countless fleeting affairs, but the right one wasn’t among them. To her astonishment, she learned that he’d had the same little, submissive mouse as his roommate for the second year now. He grinned. “She’s very attached to me, and she’s really good at fucking, Mom. Of course, I told her from the start she wasn’t my type, and yet we fuck almost every night before I go to sleep. It’s not only pleasant, but also very practical. I don’t feel any pressure to quickly get into bed anymore; Ronna is always there to be fucked.” Ria shook her head at how calculating and selfish her little Frankie had become. But he’d had a lot to fuck on campus, and she noticed how good Frankie had become at fucking. He unerringly found the G-spot and fucked her from orgasm to orgasm. Before he left, he turned around and said, “It’s a shame I can’t marry you, Mom. You’d be the right one, damn it!”

How surprised she was when she was invited to Joko's parents' Hanukkah celebration. She put on her best dress and bought gifts. Joko immediately threw her arms around her, and his father and mother greeted her warmly. She had taken such good care of Jacob over the summer, his father said seriously. He was very proud of his son; he wasn't one of the rebellious teenagers in his age group and was once again top of his class. And he had her to thank for that. He didn't even glance at Shulamit; she stood aside like the maids. From this, Ria concluded that he had been fucking silly with Shulamit, but the flame had died down. It was a beautiful celebration, and the aunt of the other faith was generously included. Joko's mother leaned toward her and whispered if she wanted to work as a nanny again, perhaps this time for a longer period? She paused for a moment. "I don't know how long we want to keep Shulamit." Ria thought for a moment. "Your Grace, for a monthly position, I'd be happy. Whether I want it for a whole year, I can't answer today. I need to think about it more, sorry." Her mother smiled. "It's okay, maybe in a few months, when we're looking for a new one."

Ria only found a small window of time to whisper to Joko. His eyes shone with enthusiasm. "Shulamit lost the race for my father, she'll be leaving soon. Yes, I grabbed her tightly after her shaving and fucked her in the shower. She was petrified that such a young boy had just fucked her like that. Since then, I've been fucking her twice a week after shaving, and she really is a very good fuck, Aunt Ria, you were right!" He glanced around briefly to see if they were being overheard.

"That thing with Mom didn't work out so easily. I sneaked over to her with a flimsy excuse. I was lying naked next to Mom for the first time, skin-to-skin, and I didn't dare to touch her. After a long while, I noticed that she was quietly masturbating. Just before she reached her climax, I dared to do it and pushed my cock in from below. She paused, but we didn't say anything and remained silent because of Dad. She seemed to accept that I continued to fuck her cheekily, so she accepted it with a shrug and resumed masturbating after a while. It remained our secret; she kept it a secret from her strict husband that she masturbated, and I could now fuck her every night, except during her period. She's much friendlier to me now, and we laugh a

lot together, more than ever before. I think she loves it when I fuck her while she masturbates.” Ria patted his cheek, “Your mom asked me if I’d like to be your nanny after Shulamit. I still have to think about it, Joko, it would be a big step for me.”

Ria went home that evening, deeply pondering. What might the future hold? After all, she was approaching 50 and had to decide whether to continue looking for clients willing to pay or to work in a wealthy household as a nanny.

She really didn’t know what to choose yet.

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Roxane and the Women's Murderer

by Jack Faber © 2025

Roxane's family came from Trabzon on the Black Sea. They had to flee because her father had committed murder. They settled in south-west Ukraine and opened a liquor store with a license. Since her father had no time for the authorities, he was able to sell bootleg raki cheaply. From an early age, the girl served in the bar, and the guests loved watching the sweet little girl. Unfortunately, her parents were alcoholics themselves, so there was nothing to save.

Roxane grew up loving to snuggle up naked against her parents' bodies and rub her pussy against them, experiencing the most wonderful sexual sensations. She watched with great interest as her father fucked her mother and soon discovered that her mother only showed passion when she wasn't too drunk. Therefore, when Roxane was still a very young girl, her father brought her mother's youngest sister, almost a child, into the marital bed. Roxane sat in a corner of the bed with her thumb in her mouth, watching curiously as her father passionately fucked her mother's sister every night until, after years, he was able to sell her to a merchant in the city of Odessa and marry her off. Roxane sat beside the girl and bent her knees apart to get a direct view into the cunt into which her father's cock thrust wildly. It was a breathtaking sight, and Roxane wondered at the time why the girl didn't like it so much; it was incredibly good, wasn't it? It was also astonishing that the girl's initially hairless cunt was covered with a delicate down, which over the months transformed into a black bush of curly hair. Gradually, the child understood that it wasn't over until her father, with loud panting sounds, had pumped his semen into the girls fuckhole. The pumping looked really exciting! Papa didn't mind the child groping and examining his cock out of curiosity. The girl didn't mind at all that her father liked to grope her naked baby-pussy or play with her little clit. Of course, Daddy was far too drunk and clumsy to rub her clit as well as she did at night herself. It wasn't long before her mother showed her how to

make Daddy's cock squirt with her hand. Roxane wanted to be able to do it too, so her mother gave her the opportunity to learn. And Roxane internalized that mothers didn't need sex as often as the fathers, but Daddy had to cum every night. Her mother liked to show her child how she rubs Daddy's cock and make him cum, because Mother was usually too drunk to enjoy marital sex. She taught the girl to lick the penis for a very long time at first, and then to diligently ejaculate father's with her hand. Mom explained everything to her in detail: the shaft, the glans, and the foreskin, which still fully covered the glans even when the penis was fully erect. Mom grasped the foreskin with two fingers and pulled it back a little until the glans was visible. She showed her daughter how to quickly and skillfully flick the foreskin back and forth with a flick of the wrist for quite a while, until everything began to twitch. And then one had to rub the foreskin firmly back and forth with one's whole fist until the ejaculate slime shot out of the slit-like opening at the tip of the glans. One had to continue until the ejaculation stopped on its own. Roxane absorbed Mom's demonstrations and soon tried it herself, practicing until she was quite good at it. Roxane loved doing it when her parents were too tired or too drunk to fuck, and she could take care of Daddy's semi-hard cock like a grown-up. Of course, she quickly figured out the functions of the marital usances, because she was a smart child. How to make a semi-erect cock really hard with slow, firm strokes, how to quickly and vigorously rub the foreskin back and forth over the glans until he ejaculated. How to keep rubbing it until it began to soften. Three or four times an evening.

Mom later showed her how to sit on Daddy's cock, clamp the cock between her labia, and rock her slit back and forth until Daddy came. Roxane looked down and let Daddy's glans disappear into her slit and reappear. It looked amazing, as if her slit had its own mushroom-shaped glans that she could make disappear and reappear. She heard Daddy gasp with pleasure, the glans grew thicker and thicker, and Daddy grunted loudly as the juice spurted from the little hole in the glans. Roxane grinned wickedly, because that was the first part. This rocking had the advantage that she usually reached orgasm herself, because she learned to press her clit onto his cock. She pressed her clit firmly onto his shaft and rubbed it back and forth very quickly, which allowed her to reach orgasm as well. She sank onto

her father's chest and let the explosion fade away. Mom watched the riding appraisingly and beamed with satisfaction, because she loved Dad as much as she did her daughter, and it was a joy to see them both orgasm while riding. The little girl was very proud to be able to take care of Dad's orgasm, and this fulfilled her greatly.

Of course, her mother had taught her that only paying guys were allowed to stick their thing in her little hole, and anyone who wanted to cum inside had to pay double. Roxane flirted with all the guests and happily let herself be fucked behind the house for good money. She adopted the underhandedness from her mother, who herself enjoyed earning a few extra bucks the same way. Roxane learned very quickly how to get money out of the guys' pockets. Mom beamed with satisfaction when Roxane brought home the fees from a dozen horny guys. The little girl has the best potential to become a great whore, she told her husband with a smirky grin.

Even Mom's praise made her blush with pride. She often rubbed Daddy's cock up and down her little slit; it tickled so wonderfully that she sometimes continued until she climaxed. Daddy would then shake his head when the girl asked about being fucked. No, she was still too young for sex, he murmured, licking his lips nonetheless. But at 12, her father deflowered her, and Roxane was very proud to now be Daddy's favored wife. She had been masturbating intensely since early childhood and now loved the orgasms she received from being fucked. No, she had neither trauma nor the feeling of being a victim. Being Daddy's little wifey filled her with great pride; even her mother had to laugh and smile at her arrogant daughter, so she didn't have to feel jealous.

When there were no guests, she bathed in the little stream with one or two boys from the neighborhood. They were both younger than her, Jako about 11 and Ivan about 10. While Ivan still had a very childlike-looking little cock, Jako already had a larger, firmer one. She took Ivan's small cock in her hand and rubbed his foreskin up and down, always staring at the small hole in his glans. She laughed loudly when his semen spurted out. She remembered how shocked and surprised the boy was when he ejaculated for the first time. She let him ejaculate into the small stream and washed his glans clean.

From that day on, she was the boy's hero, and both let her make them ejaculate as often as they could. Then she devoted herself to the other boy's cock, Jako. She rubbed this too, subtly and with great pleasure, so that his semen spurted even higher. He could squirt into the stream in a much higher arc than his cousin. After that, she let both boys fuck her, one after the other, as often as they could. From the front or from behind, it didn't really matter to her; she enjoyed her power and dominance over the boys. She had told the boys the secrets of her home. How her mother earned a few bucks by letting some guests fuck her behind the house. And she described in great detail how she had learned to make her father squirt. And of course, her first fuck at 12, with Dad of course, and how she loved earning some money like her mom by letting herself be fucked in the grass behind the house and getting paid well for it. The boys listened with open mouths to the older girl's stories.

The boys themselves were completely inexperienced, and after Roxane had encouraged them to gather information themselves fully, they also had a lot to tell. Their mothers were sisters and came for summer vacation to their brother Sam's farm. While Ivan's mom was still avoiding taking care of her little boy's cock, Jako's mom was already fully into it. After dinner, all five of them went naked into the big double bed to cuddle and snuggle. Jako's mom had him sit on her bare lap and then rubbed Jako's cock, pumping him hard until he came. Jako was actually embarrassed to be masturbated in front of everyone, but the urge to cum was stronger. He closed his eyes, spread his legs wide, and surrendered himself to his mother's skilled hands to make him cum for the second time. Then the two boys went to the next room, where their mattresses were on the floor. Now they could clearly hear through the door how Sam first fucked one sister and, after a short pause, the other sister as well. They listened, holding their breath, because it was actually a very big secret that the brother was fucking both sisters. Only when Roxane urged them did they spy through the crack in the door and watch the fucking in the dim light of the nightlamp. The next day, they were both able to give Roxane a vivid account of the fucking. Once, as the two of them were sitting on a rock in the river, Jako confessed that he'd had to fuck his mother a few times. "Have to?" Roxanne blurted out. Jako nodded. "Mom usually masturbates alone early in the morning, and she

doesn't really care whether I'm lying next to her or not. So she forced me a few times to fuck her before she climaxed because it was difficult for her to get her climax. When I spilled my whole load into her fuckhole, her orgasm washed over her like a tidal wave. But I only had to do that a very few times, because she doesn't really want me to fuck her and let me cum inside her." Roxane asked how often that happened? Jako scratched his head. "About 12 times in the last two months, even less before that." Roxane laughed out loud. "Only a couple of times, sounds like it!" Roxane stroked his cock; she liked this boy. Jako continued. "Ivan's mom is pretty deceitful and guileful. When I stay over at Ivan's because my mom is meeting a one-night stand, I have to lie with his mom in the big marital bed. I have to fuck her until well after midnight, cumming inside her until I'm completely empty and dry. But she refuses to pump Ivan's cock by hand, she pretends to be shy and chaste. What a hypocrite!" Roxane grinned and questioned him in detail. It was an exciting, horny summer vacation.

Artem Galebnikov was a well-known and feared gangster who bought women and girls from the countryside and sold them to brothels and clubs in the West for good dollars. At the beginning of this business model, he found plenty of time to enjoyably fuck each of his victims. The better she was to fuck, the later he sold her. He was a broad-shouldered giant, 6'5" and a feared knife-wielding thief. He enjoyed drinking with his buddies, and so his eyes fell on young Roxane. He was instantly captivated by her, something that had never happened to him before. It struck him like a lightning bolt; he couldn't resist Roxane's attraction and sexual charisma. His fate was decided.

Mom immediately recognized the goldfish she had on her hook. She told her daughter that an opportunity like that wasn't to be missed and told Roxane not to fuck any more guys for the time being. And for months, Artem had to, whether he liked it or not, fuck Roxane's mother behind the house for good money. Of course, she made his mouth water, but he couldn't get close to her daughter. She too really enjoyed being fucked by his magnificently large cock while lying in the grass; she too was insatiable in her desire. Of course, Dad didn't want to give up his daughter either. But Artem was in love for

the first time in his life; until then, girls and women had only been there to be fucked, and he hadn't been raised with the slightest respect for them. As a boy, he had initially been completely confused, because his mother had already raised him to "selfishly consume" women. She herself was completely indifferent to being fucked by her son, as she had no respect for God or nature. She made the most of it and taught Artem to find her G-spot and fuck her to orgasm. Because women were there to be fucked; they were to receive a man's seed and give life; that was the only order in her world. And Artem was a good son, fucking his mother every night with the greed and passion of youth. He could never and would never accept that she was an evil witch.

Artem finally offered a lot of money, so the stubborn father finally gave in to the suitor. Roxane watched the weeks of haggling with mixed feelings. She was only 14 and far too young to marry, but she definitely didn't want to be sold to a brothel. Therefore, she pestered her father every night during the haggling, making it a fixture in the business. Only when Artem, intoxicated by his infatuation, promised to marry Roxane and not sell her to a brothel did they reach an agreement. Roxane left with Artem and would never return.

That evening, she lay down with Artem for the first time. She was a slender girl, 14 years old, with a pretty, friendly face. Her bright, light-green eyes made any man melt. Her breasts, small, round half apples, were adorable and would delight any man. Her long, reddish-blond curls fell to her hips when she loosened her hairband. Her pubic hair, also reddish-blond, was just a soft fuzz at that time. Her pussy had already been through quite a bit, but still looked virginally tender. Artem looked at his bride, and his heart overflowed.

Roxane looked at the naked body of her future husband. He looked like a muscular Roman gladiator and had a once-handsome face marked by many fists. He was approaching 40, but his body was muscular and athletic. Scars testified to many stabbings, but Roxane didn't care. Her eyes were glued to his cock. She only knew her father's and those of many guests who paid her to fuck her. But she'd never seen one like Artem's; it was almost as long as her forearm and half as thick. A true monster. Anticipation filled her; she never

thought for a moment that he might tear her tender little fuckhole apart. She licked her lips. How lucky she was to be able to call such a gigantic thing her own!

Artem grinned cheekily. “Don’t be afraid, sweetie, he’s gone in every one of them without any problems so far; looks are deceiving.” She whispered, had he fucked other women before? Artem laughed. “My dear, you know how I make my money. And I’ve fucked every single one I’ve ever had before selling her. Except for the virgins, they brought in a pretty penny. Some of the women were just for one night, others for a week. I’ve had them all: simple and clever, fat and thin, shy and impudent. My favorite were the newlyweds who weren’t satisfied with their husband’s cock. They’re the best at fucking!”

“But that’s over now. I’m completely addicted to you, I only need you, no one else. I promise.” He thought for a moment. “Be my wife and give me children, I want to start a real family with you!”

Roxane was still a child, but she sensed the importance of the moment. “Artem Galebnikov, I take you as my husband and promise to be a good wife and mother to your children!” She kissed him on the lips, sealing her promise. She had only told Artem that her own father had deflowered her and fucked her night after night for about two years, because by that time, Mom had already fallen asleep drunk. Yes, sometimes she practically had to force him to fuck her because he was too drunk, but she needed the orgasm, she claimed. She never told him about the many guests who had been allowed to fuck her for a handful of coins.

She would never forget the first night with Artem. He had quite a bit of trouble forcing his three-quarters-hard cock inside. She gritted her teeth as the massive cock stretched her fuckhole to its limits. But he was very skilled, quickly found her G-spot, and fucked her for almost half an hour. She had two orgasms that almost tore her apart. But she held on to him, tears of joy streaming down her cheeks, her fuck-hole never letting go of his cock. Artem’s cock hardened even more, and she felt every hard spurt as he shot his semen into her. She held on for a long time before letting him slide aside. At midnight, he fucked her again, and again early the next morning. Thus

began their honeymoon, during which they traveled across the country for several months, to the Carpathian Mountains and all the way to the Danube in Belgrade. He conducted his business by phone, which didn't work particularly well over a distance, but he was completely besotted with Roxane.

Would Roxane tolerate it if he continued to fuck women before selling them on? It was essential in this business, he claimed. Roxane nodded in agreement, her throat tight. She'd only had him for a few months, but now she had to share him with others. He only fucked the women in the afternoon; in the evenings, he had to serve Roxane. She sometimes peeked through the crack in the door. Somehow, it was arousing for her, too, to see his cock pounding in the girl's fuck-hole. But her heart had taken a serious hit. The fact that he drank with his buddies, bought and sold women, or occasionally stabbed someone with his knife — all of that was none of her business; it was all his business. But fucking all those other women hurt. Not that he ever fell in love with one of them — he never did. But he had to stick his cock inside each one and cum inside, and that hurt a lot.

At 17, Roxane became pregnant. Artem was practically overjoyed; he really wanted to have a family of his own, absolutely. It wasn't until she was pregnant that Roxane fell in love again. She had been faithful to Artem for four years, but now her hormones were doing somersaults, and she let her lover fuck her every afternoon for three weeks. Then the dream was over, but the next lover was found very quickly. Like the first, this one also had a decently large cock, and she let him fuck her, squealing and jubilant. She believed it was her right, since Artem also fucked other women every day. She was clever enough to keep everything secret, and Artem never noticed.

During her pregnancy, she began masturbating like crazy again. During the first few years with Artem, she only had the urge once a month at most, but now her hormones were running wild, controlling her and her clit. But after the birth, it continued; this crazy desire to masturbate remained unabated until the end of her life. Artem had never seen her masturbate, nor had he ever caught her doing it. But now, with little Frankie sleeping with her, it became increasingly

difficult to hide her masturbating. She always had to wait until her little son was asleep.

For Roxane, having a lover during her pregnancy became completely normal. Masturbation was all well and good, but sex was something else entirely. She had constant affairs until Frank was born, and then again for seven years afterward. Then she became more cautious, because Frankie was no longer a child; he would notice something, and that could trigger a catastrophe. She had fewer and fewer affairs and had to satisfy her desires with heavy masturbation.

After giving birth, she stopped having her period. The gynecologist said she wouldn't have any more children. Roxane was very sad about this and didn't tell Artem until many months later. He reacted angrily, but he didn't beat her; he was still in love with her. But their sexual relationship gradually cooled.

From an early age, Frankie slept naked with her. Nudity became as natural to him as it was to her; she had always slept naked at her parents' house and was allowed to play with her father's cock. She stroked her Frankie, kissed, and caressed him. She played innocently with his cock and could see that he would have a cock just as powerful as his father's. She showed him how to move his foreskin back and forth to make himself happy. She pressed him against the side of her naked body while he rubbed himself until his cock collapsed. He was about 8 or 9 when he started to ejaculate. She explained the basics to him, and he was allowed to ejaculate all over her thighs every night. She knew it wouldn't stop there, but he was still too young to learn how to fuck from her. Artem knew from the start that it was Roxane's motherly duty to teach her son how to fuck; he didn't know any different.

Frankie was a good student, and she learned to read and write with him. Now she could not only look at the pictures in the porn magazines, but also read the raunchy texts. Frankie masturbated every night and ejaculated all over his mother's thighs. He never dreamed of fucking her. Now, at 11, he developed severe tendonitis and couldn't masturbate. He forced his mother to rub his cock so he

could cum. Almost reverently, she took his cock, much too large for his age, in her hand. She pulled the foreskin back and forth, back and forth. She licked her lips, longing so much to take his glans between her lips. But she didn't, pulling and pushing the foreskin until the cock reared up and erupted explosively over her small, round breasts.

He enjoyed being served immensely; he now had both hands free to grope his mom's sex extensively and boldly while she masturbated him. He must have watched her masturbate, because his fingers deliberately sought out her clit. He rubbed it vigorously while she masturbated him, but he was rarely able to bring her to orgasm. She smiled, ashamed, because no one other than herself had ever rubbed her clit.

From then on, Frankie let Roxane masturbate him every night, greedily playing with her clit. On his 12th birthday, Frankie got both Artem and Roxane drunk. Artem collapsed on the sofa and fell asleep, snoring softly. Frankie picked up his feather-light mother in his arms and carried her into the bedroom, where he undressed her naked and laid her on the bed.

Roxane must have suspected what he was planning when he also undressed and lay down next to her. "Frankie, darling, you wouldn't want to fuck your own mother, dishonor her, and sin against God and nature, would you?" she slurred heavily. Frankie hugged her and kissed her cheek. "Yes, Mom, that's exactly what I want to do — and I couldn't care less about God or nature. If they don't like it, then they should both stop me now." Roxane lay soft and defenseless on her back, and she had no strength to stop him as he gently parted her legs. Soft and smooth, his cock, which of course hadn't yet reached the size of Artem's, slid into her fuckhole. Roxane sighed speechlessly. Frankie's eyes laughed as he penetrated deeply. "See, Mom, it goes all the way in!" he murmured, smiling proudly. Roxane hadn't completely given up. "Men have to fuck women to create new life, I know that. But sons aren't allowed to fuck their mothers, aren't allowed to father their own siblings; that goes against both the divine and natural order. We can't do that." Frankie blinked slyly. "Mom, are you afraid I might give you a sibling of mine?" Of course, they

both knew she didn't have her period and couldn't have any more children. Roxane shook her head. "No, you're right, I can't have another sibling." Tears ran down her cheeks. "You're taking advantage of the situation to fuck your mother, treating her as disrespectfully as your daddy treats his sluts!" Frankie began to thrust into her slowly. "On the contrary, Mom, I love you with all my heart, I respect you, and I've been pining for you ever since, Mom!" She let her head tilt to the side, and her tears dripped onto the pillow. But it felt wonderful; he had quickly found her G-spot and was deliberately thrusting there. How did he know this secret!? How wonderful it felt as the heat crept up her loins and ignited the fire in her clit. She lay completely passively in his arms and simply let the orgasm happen. Now she clutched his shoulders, her pussy spasming and twitching violently. Then she let herself sink back, filled with grief and guilt, as after every orgasm. The post-coital sadness, she recognized that very well.

Frankie had to continue thrusting hard for a few more minutes before he bucked and shot his full loads inside. Roxane wept with joy. They had sinned, but it was wonderful. She knew it would happen again and again, and she felt guilty. "What a slut I am, a caricature of a mother! No decent mother lets her own son fuck her! They're content with making him cum with their hands, because that's not incest, is it? Fucking is incest, and I should be ashamed of myself!" But she smiled through her tears; Frankie had crossed the red line, and without any significant resistance on her part.

Roxane now acted tight-lipped when Frankie wanted to fuck her. She shook her head vigorously and grabbed his cock. "Come on, I'll do it with my hand!" she said, and did it to him. How much she loved his cock! It wasn't as big as Artem's yet, but considerably bigger than those of his peers. She loved sliding her hand up the entire shaft and folding the foreskin over the glans, only to immediately pull the foreskin back tightly and slide down the long shaft. She smiled at her answer when she said the slight curve in his shaft was from masturbating so much with the same hand. She grinned mischievously, because she had just thought that up.

Her hand faltered. “You play with my clit so much, my love?” she asked him. Yes, said the rascal, he had often secretly watched her masturbate and wanted to do the same. She nodded and leaned back. With quiet commands, she guided his clumsy fingers until she reached orgasm. “You can always do it to me while I’m doing it to you,” she said with a rich coo. He was and remained clumsy, but she enjoyed surrendering to his fingers, even when he couldn’t trigger her orgasm. Then she intervened and finished it off with her own finger. She gradually gave up her reserve and shyness regarding her masturbation.

Frankie always had to entice her to drink and fucked her when she was drunk. This, too, changed over the weeks; this inhibition gradually disappeared. She willingly let her 13-year-old fuck her because he was great at it. He knew how her G-spot reacted, and so she quickly orgasmed while being fucked. She often wondered where his knowledge came from? She held on to him tightly as her lower abdomen wriggled and twitched. This intimate, orgasmic embrace burned itself into her heart, and they both loved this moment because afterwards he could cum inside to his heart’s content. She wouldn’t call it that, but she had become Frankie’s secret wife, especially since Artem compensated for his fears of getting older by fucking as many strange women as his age and body allowed. He rarely slept with Roxane anymore because she was getting older too. She was the type of woman who began to age rapidly in her mid-30s. She saw her wrinkles and lines every day, and Frankie was the only one who didn’t care.

In this close mother-son relationship, Frankie told her about every conquest he made at school. He fucked the girls, one after the other, regardless of whether they allowed it willingly or he had to use force. He didn’t have the slightest qualms about forcing or raping a girl. Roxane tried to reprimand him, but he was a bastard like his father. She was sick of hearing that stupid saying, “Men mount women to create new lives.” But Frankie hung out with his father more and more often, drank with his buddies, and was even allowed to mount one or two of Artem’s girls before they were sold on. Roxane felt a heavy heart; she didn’t want to see Frankie follow in his father’s footsteps.

Artem, however, bonded his son more and more closely. He suspected, of course, that Roxane let Frankie fuck her, but he didn't really want to know for sure. It annoyed him that his son was constantly hanging on his mother's apron strings and still slept naked with her. But Artem wanted him involved in his business, because he was supposed to take over one day. He fed Frankie, initially through drinking parties with his friends. Then he went a step further; he let Frankie fuck all the girls and women he sold. Frankie willingly agreed; the schoolgirls were boring in comparison, difficult to get, and wanted him all to herself. Artem remembered that he himself had been trapped between his mother's thighs for a decade. When he was finally ready to leave the nest, she tied him down even more tightly, luring him daily between her covetous thighs and only letting him go when he had shot his full load inside. No matter how much he desired a female peer, he first had to win her mother's blessing to fuck the lovely maiden between his mother's thighs. His companions knew how much he longed for sexual liberation. One day, his mother was found with her throat slit. The murderer was never discovered, and the file was filed with the unsolved cases, of which there were many. Artem mourned his mother and locked himself in his room for a week. He didn't want to see anyone, didn't want to hear any real or false expressions of sympathy, and didn't want to be comforted by hugs from complete strangers. His grief was genuine, but it didn't last long. Now he was free; he set his rooster free and mated all the hens to his heart's content.

Frankie gratefully accepted his father's gift. He slept with each of his victims; he didn't have to force or rape them like the schoolgirls; they were all on their way to prostitution and knew he was the boss's son. So they did their best to secure their father's favor. Frankie trapped himself in this gilded cage. He had much joy and excitement with these willing girls and women from all over the country. He loved them all equally, the chubby peasant girls as well as the pale city children, the conceited or snooty beauties as well as the fat bespectacled women. He only had to make two promises to Artem: none of them could be with him for longer than five nights, and he couldn't fall in love with a single one. Frankie immediately understood Artem's explanations: "A man mounts women to create new life, nothing else." But one thing was important to him: to lie with

Roxane every night. She was his first, and she was the only one in his heart. Even Artem couldn't change that.

Artem found a new line of business: laundering or hiding oligarchs' money, buying them villas and country estates, or even luxury yachts if necessary. He was clever and cunning; he could create an impenetrable web of shell companies and legalize everything. Within a few months, he had reached the peak of his potential. Frankie, who was considering what subject to study at university after graduating from high school, was appointed by Artem to head the local business. Leaving university paid off; he ran the trafficking of women with great skill, and Artem was always available for advice. Frankie didn't just pick the prettiest girls; he really wanted to fuck them all. In the evenings, he told his mother everything, and Roxane shuddered at the thought that her dear little son had become a real gangster and boss. The months passed, Artem was now often on business trips in the West, Frankie was running the trafficking business with a firm hand, and Roxane sometimes cried because she was about to lose Frankie forever, even though he still slept in her bed every night.

One morning, as Roxane left the house to go shopping, she was kidnapped. A black bag was placed over her head, and strong male hands maneuvered her into a car. When they removed the bag at her destination, she didn't know where she was. But she was lucky; she wasn't locked alone in a dungeon, but remained in a kind of living room with a dozen sinister figures. She was the only one tied up; the men were apparently among the kidnappers. And she was the only woman among them. She learned immediately what happened next.

Roxane had previously considered sex a private act with a man or her son. Now, for the first time, she was being fucked in public, before the greedy eyes of her guards. She couldn't utter a sound as one of the men untied her ankle cuffs and threw her onto the couch. He lifted her skirt and fucked her from behind. She suppressed her screams and looked into the men's faces. Like a pack of hungry wolves, they sat and stood around, shouting encouraging, nasty things. Then a second, a third attacked her. She barely had time to catch her breath. The fucking continued until late into the night; she

was given a bowl of pea rice with a piece of chicken, then they left her to sleep there, on the couch.

She stayed there for five days without learning who had kidnapped her or how long her captivity would last. She was allowed to shower before breakfast, with two men keeping an eye on her naked body because her handcuffs had been removed. For five days, the men fucked her one after the other. She had lost count. Roxane, who easily reached orgasm during sex, was terribly ashamed of her orgasms. She couldn't hide them, and that was the only thing she was so ashamed of. By evening, she was physically exhausted, spent up, and deadly tired. No one spoke to her, no one answered her questions. She thought of Artem and Frankie before she fell asleep, exhausted. They would buy her freedom, she clung to this hope.

On the sixth day, she was rudely awakened at the crack of dawn and shoved into the shower. No breakfast, they put the black bag over her head again and maneuvered her into the car. They drove back and forth at breakneck speed, then the car stopped and they dragged her out, then the car sped off. She stood on the side of the road, her hands tied with tape and the black bag over her head. She heard voices, astonished cries, and someone removed the black bag. Yes, they had released her on the outskirts of town. A passerby cut her bonds, and they lent her a cell phone to call Artem. Fifteen minutes later, Artem's men arrived and drove her home. Frankie hugged her and said Artem was still on his way to sort things out.

Yes, she had been kidnapped by one of Artem's fiercest competitors. Madame Blatewka had forced her way into the sex trafficking business. She was a tough, brutal woman who wanted to force Artem and Frankie out of the business. Roxane never learned what her husband and son had to pay to buy her freedom. Artem, pale with rage, quietly organized Day X. His men swarmed out, and the six most important men in Madame Blatewka's organization were murdered. Her men scattered, and her organization ceased to exist. Madame herself disappeared at the same time, and Frankie stayed away for two days. When he returned, he was initially very silent. Tired, he lay down in bed with Roxane, but he didn't want sex. The 17-year-old hugged her, tears streaming down his cheeks.

“I killed Blatewka,” he finally stammered. “I held her captive for two days and fucked her in the most degrading way, for two days. I broke her armor of arrogance and pride until, in the end, she begged for mercy, for her life. I wouldn’t budge and carried out Artem’s orders; I strangled her with my hands and threw her carcass into the sewer.” Roxanne’s heart almost stopped. Frankie was now a murderer, and he would be hunted down if it got out. Roxanne wept silently. Artem had turned her precious child into a criminal, and that cut her to the core.

The kidnapping left deep scars on Roxane’s soul. She returned to her old habits, one lover following another, and at night she masturbated for hours until she fell asleep exhausted. Frankie increasingly slept away from home; he had single-handedly eliminated the competition and now found plenty of time to fuck his victims. No, he was careful; he didn’t fall in love with a single one and sent them away after five nights at the latest, as Artem had ordered. Artem was now often in the West; business with the oligarchs was flourishing, and he decided to move to Vienna with his family. Vienna was the right place for many reasons. A beautiful, small house with a garden awaited Roxane and Frankie. Mrs. Weber, who gave them private German lessons, was a very good and successful teacher. However, she was initially horrified when Frankie pulled the 40-year-old onto the sofa and, despite all her protests, undressed her stark naked in front of his mother. Roxane stared at the floor as Frankie mounted good old Weber and fucked her hard. But she wasn’t unhappy about it, because Frankie, with his big cock, fucked her every day in front of his mother, and much better than her husband. After more than a year, both spoke fluent German, and that earned Mrs. Weber a hefty bonus, because Artem could be truly generous.

Twenty years later, Roxane felt like an old woman, but Frankie, her Frankie, remained loyal to her and slept by her side. But Artem and Frankie were criminals by nature, and they came under the scrutiny of the police and prosecutors. After an unspecified number of small and large crimes, no one could be bribed. And the many petty murders the two committed or ordered in Vienna and the surrounding area were the last straw. Artem and Frankie were tried and convicted together. Before they were led away, Frankie turned around

and shook the court with his fist. “I’ll kill you all, one by one!” he shouted. No one took him seriously.

Artem was too old to serve his entire sentence. He used the time to write his life story for Roxane, who was allowed to visit him once a month. Artem described his parents in great detail. His father was a well-known pimp who had girls in many villages and towns. However, he was very quick-tempered and argumentative. He was involved in many stabbings, went to jail for a night, and then it was over, because everyone was happy to take his money: police officers, officials, judges. One day, his luck ran out, and his body was brought to his wife. She arranged for a proper burial and offered a large bounty for his murderer. Just two weeks after his funeral, she paid the bounty and no longer mourned her husband so intensely. She left the girls with one of his friends for a monthly stipend, which she and Artem could live off very comfortably.

Artem’s mother was no longer young; she was wrinkled, ugly, and unattractive, and couldn’t find a new man. Of course, there was always some desperate man whom she would let, grinning wickedly, have sex with and spill inside her. These little flings flattered her, but nothing ever came of them. While her little flings flattered her, they never amounted to anything more. After his father’s death, Artem was allowed to sleep naked with his mother. He had no idea at the time that she would train him to be her personal sex slave. Artem walked around with his chest puffed out; he was the only one in his age group who was allowed to sleep naked next to his naked mother. None of his friends was allowed to caress his mother’s femininely rounded body, explore, touch, and grope her feminine attributes with impunity. She even made no secret of the fact that she masturbated passionately several times a week. Artem watched with red ears, and when he was old enough, she taught him how to squirt. She often masturbated him and made him cum. When she masturbated, he masturbated too and squirted all over her body. And then, one fine evening, she showed him how to fuck. Artem was thrilled and never missed an opportunity to fuck her. And of course, she showed him her G-spot, so that she, too, reached orgasm while being fucked. Artem was 13 at the time, and he fucked her for over 25 years.

His mother, a hard-boiled and brutal woman, turned him on to pimping, and later they expanded the business to trafficking women. Artem fucked them all, both his own horses and those he sold to brothels and clubs. His mother, however, never gave up her claim to his big cock; she controlled him completely. He was old enough to decide his own sexuality, but his mother wouldn't let him go; she became wicked and treacherous so she wouldn't let him go. She simply wouldn't let him go. She acted as if she didn't care that he was fucking all these women. She thought she knew his motives. Artem was picky; he wanted the women first, before they were disgraced, humiliated, and abused, abused by many other men. No, he wanted them when they were fresh, unspoiled, and still spiritually intact. She knew her son quite well; he never, or only very rarely, went to prostitutes. It was the fresh, the unspoiled, the intact that he so desperately wanted. And of course, she sensed his growing rejection of his aging mother. It was only the reflection of his former unconditional love for his mother, which she could use as leverage. A twisted sense of duty must have played a role, too. But the more and the more often she lured him away from the intact, fresh ones, the more his hatred grew alongside his love for his mother. For many years, he successfully suppressed this secret hatred, but the conflict grew and paralyzed his feelings toward her.

When Artem drank with his buddies, his tongue loosened. The guys had long known that he was incestuous with his mother, but they loved their boss because he provided them with a relatively carefree life. He had the authorities under control; he left the girls and women to his men once he had fucked them sufficiently and often enough. If things had gone differently, they would never have found such young, handsome, and willing girls, those guys with the killer faces. No, they definitely liked their boss. Besides, he paid them even better since he'd started dealing with the oligarchs.

Artem wrote his memoirs with a clear mind. Yet he couldn't understand everything. Not when and why exactly he decided to kill his mother. He put it off for months, and he hesitated. He, who usually didn't hesitate for a moment when he had to murder someone. The feeling of suffocating in her embrace, in her iron embrace, became overwhelming. There was only one way out. He fucked her for the

last time, until well after midnight, until she fell asleep from exhaustion. With a swift cut, he slit her throat. In her final seconds, she stared at him in disbelief and anger; he would never forget that look.

Since Artem and Frankie's arrest, Roxane's masturbation addiction had once again taken hold of her with full force. The addiction showed no regard for her age, nor her inhibitions about this abhorrent shameful sin. She had ordered a dildo online through a good girlfriend. The biggest she could find. It was made of milky, firm rubber, roughly the size of Artem's penis in its prime. Roxane masturbated several times a day; she had nothing else to do. It followed roughly the same pattern: first, she used Oskar, the dildo, to warm herself up by fucking herself with hard, powerful thrusts, so that she was already quite aroused before proceeding to the second act: she inserted Oskar as deeply as she could into her cunt and then used her finger to stimulate her clit. Her body, her emaciated body, which was mostly bone and skin, her body writhed in orgasm, and her cunt spat Oskar out as she was wracked by the orgasm. She always saw Frankie's lustful gaze resting on her pussy; the boy had watched her masturbate for years. However, back then she had only masturbated a few times a week. Mostly to really arouse Frankie. Only during her pregnancy had she masturbated as much, or perhaps even more often, back then before Oskar.

Roxane visited Artem in prison once a month; she wasn't allowed any more than that. She took the next pages of his memoirs, hid them in her bra, and smuggled them out. At home, she read them. And now that he had admitted to murdering his own mother, she couldn't hold back her tears. She recognized the parallels to her and Frankie; perhaps that was why Artem had described it in such detail. Roxane shuddered, because she, too, had never let Frankie go; she, too, allowed him to fuck his girls, but insisted that he sleep with her and fuck her every night, even though she was quite old. She only visited Frankie every six weeks, because she had to travel to Graz for that. But she was allowed to bring him cigarettes, newspapers, and delicacies; she was exceptionally allowed to do that.

One morning, two officers stood at her front door. Artem had hanged himself in his cell. She was frozen with shock and horror; at

first, she couldn't believe it. Artem had simply scribbled "I'm sorry" on a piece of paper, a very strange farewell, she thought. She didn't believe it was suicide. He was about to confess all his secrets to her with these memoirs. No, someone wanted to prevent him from spilling these secrets, so they had him murdered. Roxane hardly left her house, fearing for her life. They would send a murderer and make Artem's memoirs disappear. But things turned out very differently. One day she returned from shopping and found her house ransacked. Someone had read Artem's memoirs; the pages were scattered on the kitchen floor and table, but not a single page was missing. Perhaps they had photographed everything and decided to leave it alone. Even the last pages, where Artem confessed to murdering his mother, were still there. She cleaned up and was relieved. Artem's accounts contained no direct references to his dirty dealings, let alone real names, and so there was no reason to kill Roxane. That's roughly what she figured out.

She continued to visit Frankie. Artem's death had hit him very hard. And he didn't believe in suicide either. Murder was the only sensible answer, even for Frankie. He swore to Roxane that he would find the murderer and have him killed. After that, Roxane heard nothing more about it.

Artem was dead.

Roxane often sat motionless for hours at the kitchen table, staring at the photo Artem had taken on their honeymoon. She was small and delicate, her breasts still underdeveloped and a reddish-gold fuzz covering her small slit. She was 14 and a few months old at the time, and she looked seriously into the camera. Artem, a giant next to her, had an arm around her shoulders, wearing the cheekiest grin. He was already around 40 at the time and a tall, massive man. His cock hung long, halfway down to his knees. With his other hand, he had pulled back the foreskin slightly, so that his glans was clearly visible. Roxane had never seen a cock that big back then, but Artem could fuck pretty well with it, you had to give him that. It was the only nude photo she had kept. There were two dozen other nude photos, some of them pornographic, but she had given them to Frankie once. A long, long time ago. Artem had insisted that they be photographed

while they were having sex, in all positions, in long shots and close-ups alike. When he noticed how aroused the photographer had become, he let him fuck Roxane. Roxane soon learned that she was Artem's property. If he commanded it, she had to let anyone and everyone fuck her. "Only if I'm there, it's okay. Otherwise, not!" In the first few years, before her pregnancy, she had to let herself be fucked by perhaps 100 strange men, at Artem's behest, of course. Thankfully, she had an orgasm during almost every fuck, so she never perceived it as negative. Artem vigorously reiterated his view that this did not make Roxane a whore. "Even the greatest statesmen used the grace and beauty of their wives to put their opponents in a favorable mood," Artem repeated again and again, winking. Roxane understood and really didn't mind being fucked by a whole bunch of strange men, with Artem's approval.

She had, of course, forgotten all those faces. After negotiations and business meetings, Artem would bring her to the drinking parties that always followed. Artem carefully observed which competitors or business partners were catching sight of his beautiful, young, and childlike wife. He was very good at figuring that out. Sometimes he instructed Roxane in advance which guy should be the target. Roxane, well-practiced in flirting from her time working for her father in the bar, always followed Artem's instructions. Once or twice, she rejected a guy because he was unkempt or smelled terrible. Most of the time, though, she flirted skillfully and was soon sitting on her victim's lap. When she was ready, she would disappear with her victim into the next room, or, if there was none, she would let herself be fucked in public, in full view of the others. At first, it took a lot of effort, but over time, it didn't bother her. On the contrary, the alcohol brought out her exhibitionist side. Roxane smiled as she thought back on those events, remembering especially well the times when she let two or more guys fuck her one after the other. No, it never became an orgy or group sex because Artem wisely brought only her and no other girls into the mix.

After Frankie's birth, Artem stopped letting his business associates fuck her, and he himself cooled off sexually. Roxane had begun cheating on him with flirtations and affairs during her pregnancy. Only the first step was difficult, because she still remembered her

mother's voice. "I belong to Turk body and soul, I've always been faithful to him," her mother had slurred. "The other stuff, that's just fucking for money, that doesn't count." Roxane knew that she belonged to Artem too, and to cheat on him for the first time without his knowledge was a huge step for her. But it helped that Artem slept with all his girls. She felt less and less shy or hesitant about cheating on her husband, because she was only and exclusively interested in orgasms. After all, she was still a very young woman, and the carnal desires didn't disappear with birth — quite the opposite. In addition to her love affairs, she masturbated night after night until she was exhausted. Artem had opened Pandora's box when he let Roxane fuck his business partners; she had become truly and with all senses truly addicted to the multiple orgasms.

Roxane drove to Graz every six weeks to visit Frankie. Although he probably didn't need it, she brought him newspapers, cigarettes, and a delicious package of food. And, of course, money so he could pay the prostitutes who were allowed to visit him once a week. Roxane never thought about it and hardly spoke about it; it wasn't important. Frankie was a good and well-behaved prisoner; he had built himself a small cage of freedom in prison, and they let him do as he pleased, as he paid everyone generously. He had all the files concerning Artem and his trial copied and studied every line extensively. He memorized all the dates that seemed important to him, names and addresses, and everything else.

He had casually mentioned to Roxane at some point that he would be released soon. Nevertheless, she was struck by lightning when he suddenly appeared in front of her. He had to make her sit down in the kitchen because otherwise she would have fainted. Only after a cup of tea did the color return to her face. Oh, how overwhelmed she was and happy that he was free again, that he had been legally released. Of course, he didn't tell her that he had taken precautions. His legal release held Graz back for another week, almost 10 days. During that time, he was practically an invisible man and could prepare everything.

She wouldn't soon forget that first night after his release. Frankie lay next to her, and she stroked his cock. "No man had lain with me

for 6 years,” she whispered, and he nodded, “I know you’re a good mother!” A holy shiver ran down her spine as she reverently stroked his semi-erect cock. “Roxane,” he said quietly, “I had to take a whore every week, otherwise I would have gone crazy. But when I was fucking them, all I thought about was you. You, only you.” Tears of relief streamed down her cheeks. “Oh, I’m an old woman now, ugly and wrinkled, and my pussy has shriveled and dried out. The whores must have served you well with their sweet, young and wet pussies. Still, I thank God I can lie with you again, my darling.” A shiver ran down her spine as her hand slid the entire length of his shaft. “I’d forgotten how big and magnificent your cock is, Frankie.” He let her make his cock hard and turned her onto her back. “We can do it like we used to, Mom. You’ll see how good it feels when I mount you and pound you. You never forget that!”

In the morning, he was already awake and digging in the garden with a shovel. He and Artem had buried money in sealed plastic bags; now he took everything out again and packed all the bundles of cash into three large black duffel bags. He then transported the duffel bags to an apartment downtown in a rental car. He didn’t tell Roxane the address, for her own protection. “They’ll soon hunt me down and interrogate you. It’s better you don’t know anything, Mom.” A cold hand grasped Roxane’s heart. “I swore in court to kill them all. Nothing and no one will stop me.” He hugged his mother tenderly and wiped away her tears. “I promise to spend every free minute with you, Mom, until they catch me. They won’t catch me alive.”

They stayed close together for two weeks. He lay with her every night and kissed away her tears. Roxane’s body blossomed; how long had it been since she had such beautiful orgasms while being fucked! However, she learned nothing about his murderous plans, no matter how hard she tried to question him. He was often out for hours without her knowing what he was doing. She could see the eerie glow in his eyes as he stared at the city map at the kitchen table. She left him alone and enjoyed lying down with Frankie every night. The physical connection made her vibrate inside, her body rejoicing in the memories of the many wonderful nights with him.

After two weeks, the femicides began. She stared at the newspaper; it must be Frankie, killing one woman after another. She wanted to ask him, but the lump in her throat prevented her. She could see it in his face. There was no doubt about it. At night, after the sex, she lay in his arms and cried. "Those poor women!" she managed to blurt out. Didn't a shadow of satisfaction cross his face? "They all deserved it. They murdered Artem; they locked me away for six years. But I'm not a monster, Mom. I mounted them all beforehand and fucked them so hard they didn't know which way was up, Mom. They all screamed, begged, and pleaded for mercy, but I followed my plan."

Roxane knew how relentless he was in his quest for revenge, playing cat and mouse with the police. Soon, he no longer had to hide his misdeeds; the police quickly learned the connection. He had prepared Roxane for the police to interrogate her and search the house. She was supposed to answer everything honestly; sooner or later, the police would leave her alone. But on this point, Frankie was wrong.

A young policewoman was assigned to her after her colleagues had turned the entire house upside down. Her name was Morgenthal, and she was quite adept at interrogation. First the carrot, then the stick. Morgenthal made tea and sat down with her on the front steps. Roxane accepted the cigarette, even though she didn't smoke. Morgenthal knew her life story inside and out. She seemed to have become obsessed with sex facts. Naturally, she drew her own conclusions, since the double bed was in disarray. Roxane brusquely dismissed the question. Incest? With Frankie? No way!

Morgenthal took the photo from the nude. The photo of her at 14, with Artem next to her. Morgenthal stared at the picture. "I've never seen such a huge cock," the young woman said. "It must have been horrible to be fucked by such a monster!" Roxane remembered Frankie's words to stick to the truth. "Oh, come on," she said lightly, "it's deceiving, purely visually. Artem, my husband, had a very large cock, but he handled it well and never hurt me, quite the opposite!" Roxane giggled softly. The policewoman shook her head in disbelief. "Just between us women. I've had my fair share of cocks, but one that gigantic would tear me apart." Roxane giggled again. "Okay, just between us women. Artem fucked me every night for decades, and a

whole lot of other women too, that's just how he was. But I never saw him tear anyone apart."

Morgenthal was still staring at the photo. "And your son, Frankie, is he surely just as well-endowed?" Roxane didn't notice the ambush and nodded. "Even during puberty, his was growing quite a bit, and yes, later he had one like his father. A big, magnificent piece."

Morgenthal sprung the trap too soon. "So, does he fuck as considerably as his father?" Only now did Roxane recognize the trap. "What are you thinking, good woman! You don't really think I had incest with my own son, do you?" Morgenthal looked searchingly into her face. She recognized her mistake. Now another confidential conversation unfolded, revolving around cocks and fucking. Frankie had said she should just stick to the truth, but Roxane couldn't, really couldn't admit to the incest. With bated breath, she told of her early youth, the incest with her father, since her mother had approved. Of her time behind the bar, the secret sex for money, but they were always dirt poor. Morgenthal nodded understandingly and sighed slyly. She could understand it well. The time leading up to Frankie's birth, when she considered Artem his property and often demanded that she be unchaste. Morgenthal was a good listener, and Roxane got excited. It couldn't hurt Artem if she spilled his secrets. Roxane said Artem had opened Pandora's box by leaving her with his business associates. She had countless affairs, but she forgot about them immediately afterward. They were just affairs, purely physical encounters, and none of them were important.

But as Frankie grew up, she curbed these affairs. She wanted to present her son with a perfect, honest world. Of course, she had enlightened him early on, because it seemed right to her not to hide anything sexual from him. "Do you have a son, Mrs. Morgenthal?" she asked, and the policewoman denied it. Roxane had now the upper hand. "A mother shouldn't hide her nakedness from her son; he should know what women look like down there." Morgenthal nodded in agreement, yes, that was probably the right thing to do. Nevertheless, one could teach the boy his natural modesty, Roxane added. Morgenthal listened very attentively, and now Roxane was already talking like a dam had burst. During puberty, his childlike penis be-

gan to transform into one like his father's. Along with this purely external change, his behavior also changed; boys in puberty constantly want to ejaculate. Morgenthal nodded, her eyes shining. "It's not incest when a mother teaches her son how to ejaculate." Morgenthal nodded in agreement, "Of course it's not incest, Mrs. Galebnikov." She lit two more cigarettes and handed Roxane one. "So, what happened next?"

Roxane inhaled too deeply and had to cough. So she did it with her hand, because at puberty he had to cum very often. "For me, it was always something special to rub such a large and magnificent cock, God forgive my joy doing it!" Morgenthal nodded in agreement so as not to interrupt the flow. And yes, said Roxane, she had been giving him a thousand handjobs for years; it wasn't incest, was it? Morgenthal nodded again, no it wasn't. And then, one day, he wanted to know how girls did it; they didn't have a cock to rub. "Yeah, of course," Roxane had answered, "we girls and women do it with our clits, that's our little cock, so to speak." And of course, Frankie wanted to see it right away. "Well, what could I do? I was a little embarrassed, after all. But then I gave myself a push and did it, and he was allowed to watch. The first few times I was incredibly embarrassed, but I never wanted to leave Frankie in the dark." Morgenthal looked at her with wide eyes. "And you let him watch you from then on?" Roxane nodded, a little crestfallen. "Somehow I wasn't so embarrassed anymore. We both always slept naked in my bed, and it seemed somehow natural to me that we didn't have to hide our sexual behavior from each other. I thought it was only right."

Inwardly, Roxane begged Frankie for forgiveness, because she couldn't keep telling the truth; she simply had to lie about the incest the young policewoman was looking for. "You don't have any children, Mrs. Morgenthal, but I can assure you that they can become quite stubborn and headstrong." Roxane breathed a sigh of relief when Morgenthal offered her another cigarette. "From then on, my Frankie knelt between my thighs while I masturbated. He rubbed his cock and bent over to cum all over my pussy. I didn't really care. But when he started spreading my pussy with his fingers and trying to cum inside, I couldn't be indifferent any longer. I took him aside and impressed upon him that cumming inside was already incest, and I

wouldn't tolerate incest. 'Yes, yes,' he grumbled, and yet he kept trying to cum inside, to squirt into my fuckhole." Morgenthal asked if she had always allowed it so easily? Roxane shook her head. How the hell could she possibly forbid it? "His fingers spread my hole wide open, and he deliberately squirted everything inside, right inside, the bastard! The little bastard pressed the tip of his cock against my fuckhole when he was about to cum, so that everything, absolutely everything, squirted inside. He obviously didn't care if I was annoyed. On the contrary, later he became even bolder. Now he stuck his long cock all the way in, the full length, even though I protested loudly. Well, I knew him well enough to recognize when he was about to cum. Then I yanked his cock out before he could cum inside. And of course, there were slaps and reprimands, but he remained stubborn. So I had no choice but to pull his cock out before he came. I had no other choice to prevent incest, right?" Morgenthal nodded in agreement. As a mother, she had to prevent incest, she confirmed slyly. "And you could always do that in time, couldn't you?" Morgenthal added slyly. Roxane nodded, crestfallen. "Yes, of course, most of the time. I knew when he was getting ready to cum, and if I wasn't distracted or inattentive, I always pulled his cock out in time. But the cheeky little brat still tried to cum inside as often as possible, because neither incest, nor God, nor nature were sacred to him. I would then interrupt my rubbing when he pounded inside and squirted everything in, the bastard! He didn't listen when I scolded him and protested that he was sinning against me, God, and nature." Morgenthal shook her head slowly. "What a disaster, a son pounding and squirting into his own mother!" Roxane became aware, that she had admitted a lot. "Yes, what a disaster! I scolded him every time, but the little brat was sly and took advantage, when I was lost in my rubbing. So he succeeded every time. He squirted everything in, the bastard, and I reached down wearily to at least pull his cock out after he had squirted. Only then could I finish myself off." A shadow of self-satisfaction flitted across Morgenthaler's face, because that was exactly what she had suspected.

Morgenthal put on her policeman face again. "Before I go, I have to ask if you have any idea where we can find Frankie? The sooner he's in custody, the better chance he has with the prosecutor, you realize that, right?" Roxane thought how sad it was; she should have

kept the policewoman enthralled with her stories even longer and dragged everything out. She shook her head. "Yes, I know he should turn himself in sooner rather than later, Ms. Morgenthal. But I don't have the slightest idea where he is. And he isn't calling me because you're probably tapping our phone. If he contacts me, I'll urge him to turn himself in. His father was already killed, and I certainly don't want to lose my son too, believe me!"

Of course, she didn't mention that Frankie had given her an unregistered cell phone and that he called her every night at 10 sharp. This allowed her to tell him everything important. Only once did she ask him to turn himself in, but it was pointless.

Morgenthal came back two or three days later, but this time not to chat. She didn't come alone, so the policewoman had to be assertive. The interrogation was short but harsh. The time for chatting was definitely over. And Frankie didn't stop killing.

Which didn't make the next interrogation any easier. Morgenthal came again with two colleagues, and the young woman screamed at her to finally confess everything, but Roxane couldn't. In anger, Morgenthal ripped off her housedress, leaving Roxane only wearing her worn out panties. The two police officers grinned stupidly because her underwear had slipped awkwardly, revealing her tiny fuckhole and her erect, aroused clit. They grinned crookedly as Morgenthal pulled a dog whip from her pocket. She beat the old woman mercilessly until she was on the ground. Roxane's fuckhole contracted with each blow, and her clit protruded wildly with each stroke of the dog whip. It was a severe humiliation for the old woman. Then they left, leaving Roxane lying on the kitchen floor.

Something must have happened; now a squad arrived and arrested her. It was certainly not legal to leave her languishing in solitary confinement. The old police chief personally interrogated her twice. Then she remained in solitary confinement for weeks. No one cared for her.

One morning, she was discovered dead; she had hanged herself with the bedsheets.

Pandora 4.0

by Jack Faber © 2026

Actually, I lived with my mother, Ragnhild, alone on our planet Pandora 4, the most beautiful planet in the Pandora system. My father, Hendrik IV, the planet's richest merchant, was constantly traveling with his small mounted army to conquer new territories and expand and consolidate his power. We lived in the capital, Nea Dania, and you could say my father would be the king, if we had such a thing as kings on this planet. There were only merchants as the ruling class, along with citizens and the native Pandorans, on our tropical planet.

Mama and I had a very close relationship. She was my father's fourth wife, 29 years old, and had given birth to me when she was just a baby girl. Our household, our palace, was run by dozens of servants, and Mother was a good, generous mistress who nevertheless managed the house quietly and discreetly from behind the scenes. Her main task was to raise me well and teach me everything I needed to know. Sometimes she brought in professional tutors and wise men, because I was not only to learn to read and write, but to receive a thorough education. If he were ever to pass away, Father used to say, I would have to continue ruling his kingdom. I had known this since early childhood and, in principle, agreed. Learning was always exciting and interesting, and if my mother or the teachers noticed that I was bored with a topic, they immediately changed the material to keep me engaged.

My mother was a quiet, shy person. Especially in matters of sex, which were so freely and uninhibitedly practiced on our planet, she was very reserved, without being bigoted or frigid. When Father came home for a few days, he would carry Mom in his arms to the bedroom and fuck her for hours with pure pleasure. I usually stood in the slightly ajar doorway and watched them. Mom always thoroughly enjoyed being fucked by Dad like a rabbit whose cock was wildly jumping on her every five minutes. No, she took great pleasure in it, and I could hear her soft, satisfied little cries and her greedy

gasps, because she really wanted to be fucked by him. Dad was her first and only husband. She married him as a virgin, and she loved telling me all about it, in great detail, from losing her virginity on their wedding night to the wild sexual escapade on their honeymoon to Pandora Prime, a place practically inhabited only by neo-Americans, where the guests reveled in luxury and abundance. To be honest, I was quite jealous.

No, Mom didn't sleep around like most other women. It was actually very rare, maybe three or four times a year, that she helplessly and desperately gave in to a suitor and let him have sex with her for a few days or a week. She was always shy and passive and only breathed a sigh of relief when her pursuer took his hat and left. To be honest, I always watched them from my hiding place when she was being fucked, and I was really jealous. Because Mom belonged to me, and only to me.

I don't say this without reason. Mom and I always had the first few hours of the day to ourselves, as long as I could remember. We would sit side by side under the warm spray of the shower, Mom would put an arm around my shoulder and gently stroke my penis. That's how I learned to ejaculate, and Mom said a boy had to ejaculate every day, otherwise it would rot and stink inside him. Of course, she had shown me her private parts and explained everything perfectly. Mom only masturbated rarely, maybe every two weeks, and when I was little, I wasn't allowed to watch at all. But as I got older, I was allowed to, and so I learned exactly how girls, virgins, wives, and even old widows masturbated. Mom's big green eyes had a special gleam when her body demanded masturbation. I would sit on the floor between her legs and watch the fascinating spectacle. Most of the time, Mom would close her eyes to immerse herself and concentrate on masturbating. She had told me that she had learned to masturbate from her grandfather, who often masturbated her when she was a little girl, while she sat on his lap and he had taken off her panties. Grandma shook her head every time, because even in the sexually uninhibited society of Pandora 4, children were actually taboo. But she didn't stop Grandpa. Only when he wanted to have sex with Mom did she intervene sharply. A virgin would be a good catch, so he was

never allowed him to really have sex with Mom, only a little bit on the outside.

As I got older, I was sometimes allowed to have sex with Mom in the shower. She patiently showed me what to look for, where to find a girl's G-spot, and how I had to make sure I lasted until she had an orgasm before I was allowed to ejaculate inside her. Of course, she explained everything about contraception to me, and she herself used contraception, of course, so as not to pass off a cuckoo child from one of her suitors as Dad's. She would never have done that. So I could ejaculate inside her without hesitation; she would never get pregnant without Papa's permission. And here I must admit, I loved fucking Mama two or three times a week. It felt divine, much better than a handjob. Mama didn't allow me to fuck our maids back then. I was the future master and absolutely could not fuck my employees, I had to accept that. Of course, I looked under the maids' skirts, but I didn't touch any of them. I understood Mama's argument perfectly well.

Then came my 16th birthday. Dad came and threw me a big party. Of course, my friends were invited, and the local girls dragged me into the bushes so I could fuck them. Mom had never forbidden it, anyway. Dad came out into the garden and waited patiently until I'd finished fucking the hot Henriette. Then he took me aside. "I'm glad," he said softly, "that you've become a young man. I've spoken with Ragnhild about her bringing you some candidates so you can choose a bride. It's about time you started your own family; 17 or 18 at the latest would be perfect. So, try them all out and decide for yourself, otherwise I'd have to choose one, and I don't really want to do that. Agreed, son?"

I was still quite dazed and out of breath because I'd probably fucked a dozen girls in the bushes. And because I was confused that Father had watched. He was already well over 60 and keen to position me for success. He had insisted that I have teachers who taught me business and governance. They called it management. We'd already had a few conversations where he was trying to gauge whether I could take over his empire. Yes, I wanted to, and I assured him I would be a good manager. And he was very pleased, indeed. But the

idea of marriage was new and somehow unsettling. I had my mother, I thought to myself, I don't really need a wife of my own. Father looked at me seriously. "Yes, Ragnhild is a good mother, I can see that in everything she does. She's taken good care of your sexuality and taught you many things, as all mothers do around here. But, my son, she's my wife, not yours. You understand that, don't you? It's time you looked around and chose someone. No matter who she is, I guarantee you'll have her. It doesn't matter who her family is — I'll give her to you once you've decided. I'd prefer it if you found someone who loves you back, just as Ragnhild loves me. A love match is best, believe me." I nodded, because Papa was right. He was wise, experienced, and had been with many women. I could trust his judgment. "Yes, Father," I said after a while, "I sense that you're worried about my future. I'll do everything I can and let Mama guide me if that's what you want." I paused briefly. "And thank you for not sending me away from home at 16 like other fathers do, so I can become a man in a distant land. That touches me deeply, Dad. I will do my best and not disappoint you, I promise. Mom will guide me, and I will obediently follow her."

Dad had given me my own horse, a very young mare. The horses on Pandora had beautiful brown coats and were good riding animals. They had six nimble legs, were easy to train, and remained loyal to their master for life. They could learn more than two dozen commands and were obedient, brave, and loyal like dogs. I named her Rihanna and spent the next few weeks training her together with the stable master.

After my 16th birthday, I wanted to fuck Mom every morning. She smiled quietly and took me in her arms. I had to fuck her two or three times in the morning until my loins finally gave way. She looked at me seriously. "Dad wants you to sleep with lots of girls and choose a wife. That's important, and she doesn't just have to be good in bed, my son. She has to have character, be a little educated if possible, and above all, she has to adore you. Without love between you, nothing will come of it, that's 100% true and the most important thing." I nodded. I loved Mom's way of being shy and reserved during sex, and I wanted someone like her. Many of my middle-class girlfriends were far too aggressive in their pursuit of me, and it re-

pelled me a little when they had a loose tongue and talked in a really filthy way, like stable hands. I didn't want someone like that.

Mom and I discussed for a long time how we were actually going to go about it. I confessed to her that I was constantly chasing after our maids, peeking up their skirts. And yes, there were a few who were happy to show off their jewels to me, the little prince.

She smiled and agreed after hearing my arguments. I wanted to start with older, more experienced women, sort of as practice. Only after some time, once I had gained more experience with the older ones, did I want younger women. And, importantly, I also wanted to sleep with some of her quiet, shy friends, who were similar to her in their ways. She had a hard time with this. Her friends were quiet and shy, that was true. But they were married and faithful to their husbands, and that would be a big problem for most. But I persuaded Mom not to just give it a half-hearted try, but to really commit. Mom needed some time to think it over. And so began the adventure of finding a bride.

But Mom did a great job. In the mornings, two or three married women would come over, wanting to lie down with me. Mom and I would leisurely undress them and lay them on the wide double bed. I took my time, first observing their hairy or shaved vulvas. Somehow, it seemed to me that these experienced women had much fleshier, fuller vulvas and thick, swollen labia than my playmates with their naked, small, sweet vulvas. Since Mom herself was always shaved, I was initially amazed by the hairy vulvas of these women. Most had large, full breasts like Mom; only a few had small or wilting breasts. But I didn't pay much attention to that. Of course, I only wanted to fuck them, nothing more. These weren't potential brides, just objects to relieve my loins. We discussed this at length, because Mom didn't like it when I saw women only as objects. But that's how it was. So, every morning, I fucked two or three of the married or widowed women. I felt my penis throb properly and honorably, even if it sometimes took a longer break until it was ready again. Mom smiled and whispered that this was perfectly normal and okay.

Mama sat calmly and relaxed at the edge of the bed while I turned my attention to the women. I insisted that those I wasn't currently fucking masturbate while they waited. A few found this odd, some even disgusting, but I insisted. So, while I was fucking one of the women, the other, or both, had to masturbate diligently. I stared into their wide-open cunts and at their fingers dancing over their clits; Mama just smiled quietly. I reveled in watching them work towards orgasm after orgasm as I watched and fucked the woman beneath me in a steady rhythm. Mama smiled and nodded; everything was as agreed.

Mama had managed to persuade one or another of her friends every afternoon. They were quiet and shy women, just like Mama. They didn't prostitute themselves like most women in the town; they were faithful to their husbands. I knew them all; they usually came surreptitiously in the afternoon to make lesbian love with Mom. Mom usually let me watch secretly because she wanted me to experience everything there was to know. For Mom, lesbianism wasn't cheating on her husband; it was simply a sexual game between women. And she readily admitted that mutual masturbation and clitlicking gave her great physical pleasure; the orgasms were in no way inferior to those from sex with a man.

If Mom was forced to submit to an insistent admirer, she naturally got the double bed in the afternoon; she didn't order any middle-class women over for sex then. We were in complete agreement about that. I sat on the edge of the bed and stayed there while Mom had to let the pushy man have sex with her. Most didn't care; to the others, I made it clear that I was Ragnhild's protector and would therefore stay so that he wouldn't treat her roughly or cruelly. Only one man stormed off in a huff, but Mom and I didn't really care. Instead of him, I fucked her, since we very rarely fucked in the double bed.

Mom smiled quietly and understandingly as I bent down to watch the gentleman's penis part her labia gently and considerately. Mom categorically rejected brutal and wild fucking; everyone had to abide by that or be content with a sloppy handjob. Mom was very selective about her lovers, I could tell every time. She responded to his thrust-

ing; they fucked in sync, and the gentleman patiently continued until Mom had an orgasm. Then he was allowed to grab her hips, fuck her a little faster and more wildly, and then ejaculate inside her. My heart pounded until the guy came. He usually left quickly, so I lay on top of Mom and fucked her again; she loved that. I had always wondered how many times Mom could orgasm in a row. She smiled and whispered that she could maybe do it a hundred times in a row, then she laughed sweetly.

One day I told Mom I'd like to fuck a local, a Pandoran. Mom fell silent immediately. Then she took my hand as she always did when she wanted to discuss something serious with me. "Pandorans are very similar to us humans, yet fundamentally different. They are very tall, around 3.40 meters or more. Their skin is bluish, they wear their hair braided, and the end of this braid has a kind of antenna-like function, but unfortunately, I know very little about that. They have large, oval eyes like the Chinese, and their language has nothing in common with ours. Nevertheless, they are very human-like in many ways."

"Perhaps I haven't told you, but when I was already pregnant with you, I always accompanied your father on his expeditions. That's how the Pandorans, who were then our enemies, captured me and kept me for about 10 days. The warriors, magnificent, muscular fellows, fucked me day and night, almost without a break. There must have been more than 100 of them; I didn't count, and some of them fucked me again and again. At first, it was terrible; the Pandoran penises are three times the size of ours, but... They only fuck briefly and then ejaculate endlessly. But even after the first few guys, I had orgasms, wonderful orgasms. That was the good side of captivity; I didn't miss freedom much back then. I had plenty of guys to fuck and have orgasms with, and I soon got used to it. A few of them spoke Danish like us and kept me informed about the progress of the negotiations. Father released 50 captured Pandorans and got me back practically unharmed. That was my only experience with the Pandorans."

Mama looked at me intently. "And you really want to fuck a Pandoran woman, my child?" I nodded. Everyone was raving about how

great the Pandorans were to fuck, and now I really wanted to know. Mama swallowed hard. “I know a pub where Pandorans meet. I’ll try, I really will.” A few days later, she came with a Pandoran woman; she was huge, twice as tall as Mama. But she was friendly and spoke a little Danish. “So you’re the prince who wants to learn about Pandoran lovemaking?” she asked in broken Danish. I nodded, and Mom and I led her into Mom’s bedroom. Enaa, that’s roughly what her name sounded like, had to bend down low because our ceiling wasn’t very high. She patiently let Mom and me undress her; she was wearing only a kind of metallic bra and a magnificently decorated loincloth. She had large, full breasts with violet-pink nipples, which were actually very pretty to look at, only her pale blue skin seemed a little disconcerting.

Enaa grinned as my hand curiously explored her bottom. “It’s only for riding and pooing, not for sex. This.” She turned to me grinning and spread her labia wide. “This is for sex, for nothing else, just for sex. This.” I stared, speechless, at her jewels. She had curly, dark blue pubic hair around her labia and her large cunt. She grabbed my hand and dragged me onto the bed. Quick-wittedly, Mom took my cock in her hand and rubbed it until it was hard. “We women have to get our men ready first, you understand that.” Enaa nodded; yes, she’d experienced that many times before, this. Mom guided my stiff cock directly to Enaa’s cunthole. “There, my son, now you can.”

That fucking with Enaa stayed with me for the rest of my life. My cock slid easily into Enaa’s wet, moist cunthole; it felt really good. She smiled, and it seemed to me she smiled haughtily. “You humans have pretty small cocks; I’ve had plenty of them inside me. And they always just want to thrust, but it’s not necessary at all. Just stay calm and learn, observe. It will be new for you, this.” So I left my cock in her wet and moist hole and waited to see what would happen. Enaa closed her eyes, and I felt her large clit move of its own accord. First slowly, then faster and faster, and Enaa began to pant, it seemed to me. Then she seemed to shudder violently and opened her eyes. “That was my part of the sex, this.” I felt her vaginal muscles close tightly around my cock. “Now it’s your turn, my prince. Just you wait.” And her vaginal muscles rubbed my penis like during a handjob, except she didn’t lift a finger herself. She grinned crookedly.

“That’s what we do with our husband, for about two hours, and let him ejaculate inside us ten or twelve times. That’s how we do it. That’s how sex is in Pandora, this.” And indeed, her vaginal muscles continued to rub me, and she let me ejaculate inside her, once, twice, and three times. By the fourth time, my penis had gone limp. Enaa looked at me sharply. “Other human men can only go once or twice, but you four times. You seem to have a better penis than these, my prince.” Here ended my adventure with a Pandoran woman; I felt no desire to repeat it. Mama led Enaa out and gave her some banknotes for the cab.

The fucking of the townswomen in the morning and Mom’s girlfriend in the afternoon went smoothly, like a slowly flowing river, without any highs or lows. I was in the process of fucking all the townswomen, and Mom approved. “Once you rule the town, all these women will look up to you. That will give you power, even power over their husbands.” But then what happened with Uncle Erik happened. Erik, the beardless one, Dad’s unloved stepbrother. Dad never spoke about that good-for-nothing, never invited him to any of our parties, and simply ignored the guy.

One day, this Erik showed up. Dad was off on one of his raids in the mountains, and Mom was far too soft to turn the guy away. He only wanted to stay for the weekend; he’d be leaving Tuesday morning. Mom agreed. That’s how the unfortunate fellow came to our palace.

I didn’t wake up in the night when Erik crept into Mom’s bedroom and took her. I only saw her tear-filled eyes in the morning. She sat like a petrified statue in the warm shower, staring blankly at the tiled floor. I asked and asked, and then the truth stammered out of her mouth. I was horrified and furious because he had practically raped her, three times in a row. Mom wiped the tears from her eyes. “He could have asked politely, but no, he took me without asking and by force, like the lowest of the low.” I was inconsolable and felt great pity for Mom. But then she smiled again, saying her body had responded with three splendid orgasms, and she really couldn’t complain. But I was furious and screamed that I would beat him up, the bastard! Mom brought me back down to earth. “No, my dear,” she

said, trying to smile, “he’s my husband’s brother, and if he had asked nicely, I would have let him, of course. That’s just how we do things according to our customs.” I calmed down and promised to talk to Erik.

But I lost it when I looked into Erik’s sly and treacherous eyes when I went to see him hours later. I may only be 16, but I’m already a man. I grabbed him by the throat and gave him three really hard slaps in the face. The sound of my hand on his face must have been heard all the way to the courtyard. “You raped Mom three times in the night, you filthy dog!” I screamed as I punched him three times hard. Erik was no match for me; he was only half the weight of Dad and physically far weaker than me. I let go of him and kicked him again in the shin. It must have hurt him; I saw tears glistening in the corners of his eyes. “Yes, you’re Dad’s brother and you have certain rights, you bastard. I’m aware of that. But around here, you ask politely, court your sister-in-law, and ask her humbly for a dance. I don’t care what kind of cave you grew up in, but here you’ll behave like a gentleman or you can pack your bags, man. I mean it!” Erik cowered like a beaten dog; I had the upper hand. I had given him some solid slaps and made the situation perfectly clear. My anger had dissipated.

Erik looked at me with his sly eyes. “You’re saying if I ask her nicely and sweetly, then I’d have a chance?” I looked at him. A small, whining dog. My mistake was not beating him any further, I know that now. I nodded. “Erik, here’s how it works,” I began. “First, you apologize to Mama for last night. Second, you politely ask for her favor this afternoon, and you will accept her decision, whether it’s a yes or a no. In the afternoons, I usually sit by her bed when she receives a gentleman, for her safety. That’s our ironclad rule. And if she doesn’t want you, then I’ll help you pack, Erik.”

It’s due to my youth that I didn’t notice or misinterpret his sly look. Erik nodded and said, “Come on, let’s go to Ragnhild’s. I’ll apologize properly, boy.” So I went with him to Mom, who was rolling up the screen reading foil when we stood before her. She looked at me in surprise. I lowered my gaze. “Yes, Mom,” I whispered, “I gave Erik a little smack, and I’m not sorry.” Mom looked at me silently, then

nodded. Erik, the idiot, bent his knee and apologized properly. Mom looked at him with disgust at first. "Stand up, Erik," she said in her gentle way. "We only kneel when we're in church, here on this planet." Erik stood up. "The boy was right to slap me. I was acting like I do at home, where we just take the girls without asking. I'm sorry, I should have behaved myself. Forgive me, sweet Ragnhild!" Mom had a soft heart, a very generous one. Her pain, her anger had vanished. She understood that Erik came from the lowest social classes, where women were simply taken. She knew that. She patted the bench beside her. "Come, Erik, sit with me. Let's talk like reasonable people."

I remained standing beside them. I could read Mom's face like a book. She hadn't had a lover in weeks to fuck her in the afternoons, and I could see how aroused she became thinking about last night. I knew instantly what would happen next. Erik took Mom's hand. "Ragnhild, sweet sister-in-law, on the one hand, I was completely wrong; your son explained it to me perfectly. On the other hand, you are my brother's lovely wife, and your wonderful figure makes me think of only one thing." I stared at the wooden floor. There was no turning back for Mom. I listened for a while to Erik's rambling, as he charmed Mom completely. Mom's cheeks were flushed. "You know, Erik," she said, "I only receive my gentlemen in the afternoons, and I always insist that my son be present to watch over me, my virtue, and my safety." I hadn't been jealous for a long time when Mom slept with a gentleman; that was okay. Mom's cheeks grew even redder as she explained to Erik that she was happy to participate in almost everything with her gentlemen. She just wouldn't let them fuck her from behind, she explained; only dogs do that. But otherwise, gladly. Sometimes she would just use her hand on him or let him ejaculate in her mouth; that was perfectly fine. And if he was good at fucking, he was welcome to ejaculate inside her after her orgasm; she used contraception and was therefore well protected.

Yes, it was actually Mom herself who invited Erik into her double bed. I trotted after them and sat down in my spot at the edge of the bed. Mom undressed Erik with shining eyes and tore her clothes off before they both sank down onto the mattress. Erik didn't pay any attention to me at all, and that suited me just fine. I stared at his cock;

compared to his build, it was enormous, definitely bigger than Dad's. I found that remarkable. Mom took his cock in her hand. "Oh, Erik, it really is very big!" she whispered with moist, shining eyes. Then she lay on her back and guided his cock. I leaned forward, Erik's cock now slid between Mom's labia, parting them, and I was afraid the cock would be too big for Mom's small tight cunthole. But it opened willingly and swallowed the entire cock with ease. "Be gentle and considerate, Erik," Mom murmured with a sigh as his cock disappeared completely into her cunthole. Erik nodded and murmured, "Yes, certainly!" Then he began to fuck Mom hard and powerfully.

Mom came faster than usual, and now she whispered, "You can squirt now, Erik!" He grabbed her hips, thrust quickly and wildly, and spilled it inside her. He stayed on top of her and whispered that he needed to go again, that his cock was still hard. That was true; he fucked Mom a second and then a third time. He waited patiently until she had an orgasm and only came when she allowed him to. Mom let him go. She was truly satisfied and released him. She smiled with rosy cheeks, "You can go now, Erik, leave me alone with my son!" Erik gathered his clothes and disappeared.

I lay down next to Mom. She whispered, "That really excited you, I can see it clearly," and then she pulled down my pants, my cock flopping out, wet and dripping. "Come on," Mom said, smiling, "let's see how we can relax you!" We fucked with great pleasure, Mom had her fourth orgasm, and I was allowed to cum inside her. We lay silently next to each other. "Your Uncle Erik has no idea where a woman's G-spot is," she murmured, "but it's his big cock that really satisfied me. It's actually amazing." I whispered and asked if I should explain the G-spot to Erik, but Mom waved me off. "Oh, leave him alone. He may be a caveman who rapes women without a second thought, but he's a really good fuck. Leave him alone."

Of course, there was no more talk of Erik moving on. He came down every afternoon to fuck Mom, and she and I got used to it. Just to be on the safe side, I started sleeping at Mom's at night, just in case Erik, the bastard, came around at night. But he didn't. Mom's hand stroked my cock thoughtfully, and we fucked every night more

often than ever before. It must have been about ten days before everything spiraled out of control.

That afternoon, Erik had great difficulty ejaculating, no matter how hard he tried. I suspected why; he brazenly slept with our maids without asking permission, he was a caveman, as Mama had said. So he had already wasted all his seed in the maids' holes and hadn't saved anything for Mama, the idiot. Without warning, he started hitting Mama, and I lunged forward to pull the guy back. I grabbed him by the throat and punched him with all my might, my fist against his temple. Erik slumped lifelessly onto the mattress. Mama was alarmed and felt his neck, his pulse. "He's dead," she whispered tonelessly.

We sent a messenger to the city commandant, who came in person. Mama and I described the events to him in separate interrogations. The city commandant nevertheless asked me to voluntarily accompany him to the cell; he would immediately notify my father, who would have the final say. An accident resulting in death, not murder, the commandant emphasized. I wasn't under arrest, but I should remain in his custody voluntarily. I agreed and said goodbye to Mama.

Papa arrived as fast as his horse's hooves could carry him. He glanced at the city commandant. "Well done, Haakon, you acted correctly." Then I had to tell Papa everything, from the very beginning. He listened silently. Then he went home and had Ragnhild recount it to him. The next day he came again. He spoke at length with the city commandant. Then they let me go. Papa said the 10 days in custody were enough; I had only defended my mother and couldn't have known how hard I was capable of hitting. Erik was buried in complete silence; no one came to the funeral.

"What wretched rules we have," Father growled when we got home. "A man can desire his brother's wife; that's an unwritten law. But Erik was a real good-for-nothing, and besides, he raped Ragnhild on the first night three times, the bastard! He shouldn't have done that." Papa was very thoughtful. "By the way, I'm indebted to you for always looking after Ragnhild. She told me. And I'm glad about that;

who knows what other man might have killed her in a fit or rage of passion?" Papa took my hand and held it tightly. "I won't shed a tear for Erik. He disappeared into hiding very early on, and who knows how many other crimes he committed. I know you didn't mean to kill him, but it happened. You're a good son; keep watching over your mother." He nodded thoughtfully to himself. "Ragnhild is a quiet and shy woman, but a volcano simmers between her thighs. I knew it when I married her, and I know she's let countless cavaliers slide between her thighs. When an old man like me marries a 14-year-old, he already knows that." He gripped my hand tighter. "Keep guarding your mother well and extinguish the volcano as often as you can, son. I consider it your duty." I looked openly into his face. "Yes, Father, I'll gladly do that."

Papa rode back to his army; I stayed with Mama. We resumed our original routine: Mama would order the burghers' wives or widows in the morning so I could fuck them, and in the afternoon either one of her suitors or one of her shy friends would come and lie down with Mama and me. I found the lesbian lovemaking truly exciting, and afterwards I fucked the quiet, shy girlfriend with devotion and great pleasure. At first, they were very inhibited; they weren't accustomed to betraying their husbands. Shyly and with great anxiety, I was allowed to take them from Mom's arms and charm them. Only when I had caught their clit and gently rubbed it did their fears vanish, and I was allowed to mount them, Mom's gentle and shy girlfriends. These were much better to fuck than the clumsy bourgeois women in the morning, but I insisted that they come back every morning, and the friend in the afternoon. I didn't keep lists, but I think I've probably fucked half the town by now. At night, I slept next to Mom and said that Dad had ordered me to extinguish her volcano with my juices. Mom laughed sweetly. "That's my Hendrik, yes, that's how he is!"

Mom started inviting younger girls over in the mornings. I noticed that most of them had shaved, young pussies, or just a little fuzz above their vulvas. I didn't say anything; half of them were already married or newlyweds. The newlyweds were the best to fuck, I confirmed to Mom, who just smiled gently and quietly. How Mom managed to get these girls to come over to me, she never explained. She just wanted me to have younger pussies to fuck. Now I was deflower-

ing young girls for the first time. Mom was very helpful and showed us both how to do it without much drama or much pain. I still insisted that the waiting girl masturbate right in front of my face, her legs to the left and right of my head, so that I could stare directly into her cunt and at her clit. Mom just grinned; she was used to it. Some of them had to be shown how to masturbate by Mom first, that's how clueless some of them were. But it was a divine sight to watch a young girl masturbate. It always aroused me greatly, and I fucked the child between my thighs with growing ferocity. Mom just smiled and sometimes shook her head, wondering what kind of man I was. But it was okay.

Mom took me in her arms every night. "Because of the volcano," she teased, but she was pleased with how her husband took it that she received gentlemen. As always, I watched over the proceedings when someone was fucking Mom. Instead of jealousy, I now felt an incredibly intense lust when I saw Mom blossom like a rose during sex. I usually fucked her afterwards, once the gentleman had left. Mom was very understanding, because she could see my stiff cock. She smiled gently and let me come.

The middle-class girls who now came in the mornings were younger and younger. Mom was very careful to make sure they weren't children, but only girls of "manly" age. I discovered how easily I fell for one or another. Mom said that was normal; now that I was over 17, girls my own age or a little younger were just right for me. She warned me not to give my heart to one too quickly; I needed to get to know many more young girls. So we continued, but now it was clear: this was a search for a bride. I kept my mouth shut and followed Mom's lead. She knew how it was going to play out, and she watched me and the girls closely. I was grateful that she still invited her friends over for lesbian lovemaking and sex. I knew them all now and enjoyed their quiet and shy demeanor, because they all, in truth, loved being fucked by a strapping young man. They were all dutifully married, and Mom assured me I was the only one having an affair with her friends. I truly enjoyed these bisexual young women, because during sex they all reminded me of my mother and her quiet, shy way of having sex. And I have to admit how exciting it was and how turned on I was by the lesbian lovemaking.

I was already 17 and a half and getting closer and closer to the 18-year age limit. Then Anita came along, and I fell. From the very first moment, I knew that I wanted Anita to be my wife. And so it happened.

Mom started bringing siblings over more and more often, and that included Anita, who came with her older sister Astrid. The two were the daughters of a well-known baker and pastry chef. The baker's wife, whom I had slept with several times months earlier, cared not only about her daughters' sexual purity but also about their education. Mom had recognized this long ago and made sure the baker's wife came to me for sex several times. This wasn't unusual, because if Mom, who always sat by the bed, noticed that I found someone attractive and that she was very good in bed, she would bring her over again and again. And the baker's wife was truly a treat in bed, I have to give her that. And her husband couldn't care less who his wife slept with or when. Mom recognized Anita and Astrid's potential and brought them over one morning.

I asked Anita if she would please masturbate while I slept with Astrid. Astrid, like Anita, who was a year younger, had a soft, reddish-blond fuzz over her vulva. She'd been sleeping with the neighbor boy for a year, but was very keen to be fucked by me because her mother had praised me so highly. Astrid, like Anita, was very slim, had only small, fairytale-like breasts and loved to masturbate all day long. I just watched Anita, who masturbated delicately and gracefully, from orgasm to orgasm. She masturbated every night until she fell asleep, ever since she was five, Anita whispered. I was captivated by her fair masturbation and fucked Astrid wildly and hard. Astrid came but couldn't reach orgasm, and she said she couldn't orgasm even with the neighbor boy. I halfheartedly ejaculated into Astrid's cunthole and beckoned Anita over.

I only calmed down when she was in my arms. Astrid was now masturbating, but not nearly as smoothly and gracefully as Anita, whose cunt was still burning hot from masturbating. "I'm a virgin," Anita said, "I've never actually been with a boy, well, not really. Of course, I've given them handjobs and let them cum in my mouth," Anita said with a graceful smile. "Ever since Mom raved about how

beautiful and good you are in bed, I've wanted you to be my first." Anita noticed my surprise. "Mom and I are very close," she said, smiling. "She usually tells me when she's been with someone other than Dad. She lets Astrid and me secretly spy on her when Dad fucks her; we should learn how it's done early, Mom says. She has quite a few lovers, but I still love her very much!"

I knew from the first moment that Anita was the one, she was the right one. Pure and untouched, but with some experience with boys. She's masturbated every night since childhood and knows exactly when an orgasm feels good. And she chose me to be her first. Mom listened to our whispers, and I saw her eyes light up. Anita knew how it would be to take her virginity, so I gently took her in my arms. "There'll be a little prick," I murmured, and she nodded. "So I never forget my first." Her manner was captivating. Gently and as tenderly as possible, I deflowered her, pushing my cock all the way to the end of her tight little cunthole. "Now I'm your wife," Anita whispered in tears, "I'll never forget this!" My cock rested deep inside her, and I took her face in my hands. "I want to fuck you properly now, Anita, my little wife." Anita smiled. "Yes, that's why I'm here. Do it to me as well as you did to Mom and Astrid, please." I looked up. Astrid was masturbating the "other" way, not like most girls. She held her fingers straight and let her index finger glide up and down like a saw; that was the "other" way. Anita, on the other hand, masturbated like all girls, letting her fingertip dance around her clit and then rubbing the head of her clit very quickly and firmly until she orgasmed. That was also the way her mother, the plump baker's wife Yvette, masturbated. I suspected Anita had learned how to masturbate from her mother.

Now I fucked Anita for the first time. She looked into my face with shining eyes, the little prick of her deflowering long forgotten. Without us having to coordinate, we moved in perfect unison and sync, getting into the flow. I paid attention to Anita's breathing and noticed that she soon began to pant. I had found her G-spot immediately and now drove her up the hill; she ran skillfully and lightly uphill and came quite quickly. I held her tightly in my arms as the orgasm shook and thrashed her. Despite this exertion, her face shone like a polished gold coin. Before her orgasm could subside, I thrust

into her again, therefore she stayed at the top, leaping like a kid from peak to peak, pure astonishment on her face. I grabbed her small buttocks and lifted her up so that her cunthole opened wide. And then I came, right in the middle of her little orgasms.

We lay exhausted next to each other. "I've had a thousand orgasms before," Anita whispered, "but never one like this. I was jumping from climax to climax like never before." She put her arms around my neck. "I'm your wife now," she said very quietly, but I saw Mom's ears twitch. "Yes, Anita, I wish you would be my wife forever," I whispered back. Anita nibbled on my earlobe. "Can you do it again?" she whispered, and I nodded. "Yes, but you have to make it hard again with your mouth, okay?" Anita nodded happily and dived down. My cock was still wet, slimy and sticky with our juices, but she took it in her mouth without hesitation, her tongue dancing delicately. "I often do this with the boys when they want it," she breathed. When I was hard, she asked if I'd rather cum in her mouth. "No," I said, "I'd rather fuck you again, if you like!" It was good to know that she liked having cum in her mouth, so maybe another time. Anita pulled me between her thighs and guided my cock. The second round went just as well as the first. I stared into Astrid's cunt in front of my face and at her clit, which she was sawing with her index finger. Astrid hadn't stopped sawing her clit with her outstretched index finger for a second and was now panting with exertion, because she'd already had a handful orgasms. Anita was one of the few girls who could stay on the peaks after the first main orgasm and jump from peak to peak. I was happier than ever.

Before Anita and Astrid left, Anita had one more question. Could their mother, Yvette, come with them tomorrow? I was quite surprised, but I nodded in agreement. I watched the girls parting for a long time. Mom lay down next to me and slowly took off her clothes. "I don't really like using my mouth," she whispered, "so I'm so surprised that Anita has absolutely no problem with it. Truly astonishing." I took Mom in my arms. "Mom, Anita is the one. I don't want anyone else. She's a year younger than me, she just turned 16. She's the one, she's the right one. I want her, only her." Mom was silent for a long time. "I knew it right away, you fell for her in a single second. She's the right age, she was a pure virgin, and she loves you like

crazy, you can see it. I know her mother quite well and I know that she had both her daughters well guarded and educated.” Mom nibbled at her lower lip. “What bothers me is that Yvette wants to accompany her daughters. She wants you to fuck her again, that’s how it looks.” I had to laugh quietly. “That’s okay, Mom. I’ll fuck Yvette, Astrid, and Anita tomorrow; my strong cock can handle it.” We debated for a very long time before I lay down between her thighs and extinguished the volcano with my juices.

Yvette, Astrid, and Anita came every morning now. Yvette was small, very plump, and loved to be fucked. She had always sunshine in her heart and smiled always lovely. She always orgasmed easily, and then she’d whisper that I mustn’t cum too deep inside her, or she might get pregnant. I didn’t really care, and I came as I pleased. After her, I fucked Astrid, but admittedly, only half-heartedly. But Astrid wanted badly to be fucked, she loved the way I fucked her. Yvette knew my preference and was already masturbating with Anita very close to my face. But then it was Anita’s turn, and I have to admit, she fucked better than Yvette and Astrid, who were sitting opposite each other masturbating in competition. I whispered in Anita’s ear that I would only fuck Yvette and Astrid if she wanted me to. Anita whispered back that as long as we weren’t married, I had to fuck them both too; there was no way around it. I nodded in agreement; I was fine with that. That I had thoroughly enjoyed fucking with Yvette in the past months was undeniable, and that didn’t change despite my love for Anita.

This went on for about six months; I slept with the mother and both her daughters every morning. Mom accepted my decision, even though we only got together at night, and Dad briefly returned from his campaign so we could celebrate the wedding. I was 18 and Anita almost 17. Dad was overjoyed, especially since Ragnhild had told him everything down to the last detail. Dad was very quickly smitten with Anita and, to be honest, also with Yvette, whose sexuality radiated from her every pore and turned my dad’s head. Dad insisted on a big wedding with 350 guests, of whom I only recognized the wives. Anita, like my parents before her, wanted to honeymoon on Pandora Prime; we spent four weeks in this luxurious paradise. We returned with deep tans.

Yvette insisted on spending at least one night a month with us. Anita granted her mother's request, and I was actually quite happy about it. Yvette, the petite, plump pastry chef's wife, was simply divine in bed, and Anita knew it. She started coming more often after we were expecting our first child. Mom and Dad were over the moon about having a grandchild.

During Anita's pregnancy, Yvette stayed overnight every night and let me fuck her day and night because it was becoming increasingly difficult for Anita to have sex with me with her big belly. Anita would hold Yvette tightly in her arms while I fucked her mother many times a day. She was actually very glad that her mother was there for me, and when our son was born, Yvette was the best grandmother anyone could imagine. Yes, she wanted my seed, and she got it as often as I could. Since then, the three of us lived in a ménage-à-trois, and Yvette loved taking care of little Hendrik; she was a wonderful grandmother.

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The Seduction of Carmen

My mother Carmen was a very sneaky one, really. She always seemed like a quiet, shy girl 27 years old, shy, demure, and loyal to Dave. But she had it under her belt, and so did I inherited from her. Or maybe it was because I was the fruit of her incest with her younger brother, Dave. Dave lived with us, but he mostly slept out because he was a successful pimp and his girls had to keep me happy. Mom was never angry with him when he had to fuck his girls regularly, that was just part of the game to the shop. But he usually slept with us on weekends, and since I was 12 I spied on them both in hers bedroom. I've always been handy with electronics, so I have several spy cameras in hers Bedroom installed and watched them fuck on weekends. Of course they both had no idea and I was able to wisely keep my mouth shut.

Of course I filmed them as often as possible. The initially probably very stormy love between brother and Sister, things gradually calmed down between mom and dad. Dave was completely satisfied, but I noticed that Mom was now secretly masturbating after breakfast every morning, without Dave's knowledge, rather than just every few days like before. Damn, I was 12 and I saw a girl masturbating for the first time, and the girl was my young, beautiful mom. I zoomed the camera in very close to her pussy to see everything closely and in detail. I even bought an expensive, high-resolution camera that showed every pubic hair in focus. Soon I knew every wrinkle, every corner of her cunt. The large, fleshy labia, the barely 2 centimeter long stiff and beautifully shaped clit under the small foreskin and her deep, dark fuck hole too. Mom, who had never had a lover in her bedroom, was now masturbating more and more frequently and passionately, and she always masturbated with her middle finger in circular motions until she rubbed the clit faster and faster and then exploded. I could almost physically feel her excitement.

In between she took breaks and gently stroked her cunt to increase the excitement. In those moments I was able to zoom in on her clit to fill the screen. He stood bold and stiff, the little guy. But he

looked completely different from Susannes and Evis. It was stiff and completely straight and was shaped like a baby boy's penis. Yes, that's right, with a tiny glans that even had the typical notch on the underside and a small glans collar. Looking at him made me crazy, really. Susanne and Evi didn't believe me at first until I showed it to them on a video.

And then, without warning, catastrophe.

Mom smuggled a lover into her bedroom for the first time. I believed the common narrative that mom had only ever fucked her dad and Dave - her dad had deflowered her when she was 13 years and passed her on to Dave after 2 or 3 years. And then Dave got her pregnant. George was a tall, broad-shouldered African from Ghana, black as night. I looked at his face on the monitor and immediately had the feeling that he was a fraud, a fake fifties. I could not say why I had this feeling. In any case, I mistrusted him from the start. But the guy had a cock like a stallion, maybe around 13 inches long, narrow with a very thick glans and very sturdy. I only knew Dave's cock, which was much smaller and Dave could mom fuck for just a few minutes, he would have to cum and stop. I had gotten used to that.

It was completely different with George. Mom lay on her back, spread out like a crucified woman, and George lifted her asscheeks up so that mom's pussy opened like a blooming flower. George always pushed in carefully, he wanted mom not hurt or scare. And he could fuck and thrust for a really long time, so that mom almost always came to orgasm; she almost never got it from my father Dave, she always had to finish masturbating after fucking. Dave watched her good-naturedly and nodded satisfied when she was finished, they hugged and then they slept. But George was born to fuck. Actually, he couldn't do anything else. He lived off the women he found shelter with. Work was nothing for him, he lived off the work of his cock, it was as simple as that.

It was something special, fucking George. It was immediately clear to me that Mom loved his huge cock and fell for it. Of course, it was always difficult to stuff that cock into her pussy, and she helped him every time and her face was contorted with effort to penetrate her

fuck hole and she laboriously stuffed the monster into her fuck hole herself. But if the cock had penetrated deeply, her face relaxed into an expectant smile. And she smiled continued until she ran up the hill and orgasmed with contorted face. She held on to his broad shoulders, she fucked him wildly while the orgasm almost tore her apart. My seed oozed thickly from the hole in my glans as I watched the two of them on the monitor, my cock in my hand. Because I knew that my mother took the pill, I had no fear that she would give birth to a little black monkey. Yes, I know it's racist, but that's just what I thought.

George came every morning after breakfast, Dave went about his business and I went to school. The girls in school were all stupid geese. A handjob was okay, as was a blowjob - if you were good with each other. But very few left let me look at her pussy and touch it. Of course I wasn't allowed to masturbate her clit, that was ugh. Oomph! That's how I was mostly just on my computer monitor, where the real sex took place in my parents' bedroom. George went late in the afternoon and mom stayed on the bed dreaming for a long time, dreamily stroking her curves and her cunt. But now she didn't have to masturbate again, George had done it well for her.

Two months later, Mom disappeared with George. She had emptied her bank account and only had a note for Dad that she was out with a friend and that he shouldn't look for her or call her. She would report back sometimes.

Dad was now stunned. Mom had left him! He questioned me sharply and I had to tell him about George. Everything. Dad oscillated between incredible anger and endless sadness. Because of a black cock! He couldn't believe. Although he wasn't so delicate himself, he was at least a skilled pimp. But that was it a hit below the belt. The girls, they were just working capital that had to be fucked on a case-by-case basis, he once remarked dryly. But mom, his sister Carmen, he held her up, he didn't send her to the prowl. She was very special, she was chaste and demure and had previously only known his father and him. And now - a Negro cock! Unheard of! Dad fell into pondering. He called Jamie, his older sister, with whom he

had only had loose contact, to come to us. Now Jamie should temporarily take care of our household and myself. Temporarily.

I actually only knew Jamie very superficially. She seemed pretty bigoted and sexless, they said. Never it became known whether Jamie had a lover. She wasn't nearly as pretty as Mom, and she lost to Mom any competition for a man's favor because they flirted in their youth shamelessly with everyone. When mom and dad moved in together, because I was underway, she stayed with her father. We assumed that she was lying with him like his wife, but nobody knew exactly. All of this was a family secret. She moved in with us without any objection and only visited Grandpa three afternoons a week. Again, I could only assume that she laid with Grandpa, but of course I didn't ask her.

I lied to Aunt Jamie from the start. Mom would have showered me every morning, washed my back and so on. About I wisely kept silent about the "and so on". So it happened, Jamie came in her dressing gown to wake me up and take a shower. We went into the bathroom and she soaped me up. I gathered all my courage. "Mom washes me without a dressing gown, Aunt, so it doesn't get wet. She's washing me with...nothing on, aunt." The lie rolled easily from my lips. Jamie looked up in surprise. "Carmen washes you naked?!" I nod to keep up the lie. "Yes, aunt Jamie, naked. We always shower naked. She usually stands next to me when she does it." Jamie's little eyes dart like that Little birds back and forth. "What does she?" I look at her with pity. "Well, she soaps me up, washes me clean with the washcloth, and then ...then... then she does it, always." So now it was out, the biggest lie. Jamie looks thoughtfully at the floor tiles. "So So, our Carmen does it to you, with her hand, I assume?!" I look at her sincerely. "Yes, aunt. With the hand of course, usually only with two fingers. Now also with her mouth since I've gotten older. I think she actually really likes that. She says that you have to squash the first load with your hand or just swallow it so that I don't squirt it all in, afterwards. I should just throw away the first full load and cum in her mouth, but not in her pussy, no, I'm not allowed to do that. I don't understand why you should throw your first load with your hand or just swallow it, but I do as she says." This lie slips from my lips like soft pudding. Jamie is very thoughtful. "Oh, I understand it very well,

Jack. The first full load gets you pregnant much quicker, that's why Carmen doesn't want it and squanders it by hand away. That's okay, trust me." She strokes her hand very gently over my cock and pushes the foreskin back a little to see the glans slip out. "My dear Jack, the hand thing may be fine, but the mouth thing, no, I can't do that. I've never liked it and only did it reluctantly to Dad, it's always disgusting and degrading. So no, Jack." I nod, feigning slight disappointment. "All right, Aunt Jamie. I wouldn't want anything for you is disgusting, no. Never." Jamie shifts from one foot to the other. "Okay, then get in the shower, Jack!"

Hesitantly and slowly, Jamie lets her morning gown fall. I look at her body under my eyelids. She is slim, downright skinny. Her strawberry blonde hair reaches almost to her shoulder blades, usually she braids her hair into a wreath of hair. Her breasts are skinny and droopy, which is disappointing. She has flaming red pubic hair, which hides the slot well. Jamie notices my look. "Are you comparing me to Carmen?" I know that both of the Sisters don't particularly like each other and answer cautiously. "Yes, yes, sorry. You are completely different, Aunt. Carmen has short red hair and she shaves her pussy often, it is always smooth like young girls in the school." She takes up the keyword. "The girls at school?" I look down. "Yes, aunt. They are although stupid geese across the board, that's what mom says too. Sometimes someone lets me look down there, and I've known since then that it's her cunnies hairless and still very smooth." Jamie grins darkly. "Oh yes, you Don Juan!" I spread my fingers in denial. "No, Aunt, you misunderstand. Mom strictly forbade me from fucking a girl from school, I would be only 15 and you don't fuck young girls there, aunt." Now Jamie is grinning really broadly. "Well, who are you fucking if you don't fuck the young vegetables?" I answer far too quickly, "The old vegetables of course, aunt." Jamie grabs my chin and forcing me to look into her eyes. "What old vegetable, sir!?" I hesitate for a long time and still squirm, I hesitate with this big-ass lie. "The mom..." I begin and deliberately fall silent. Should she accept the sentence? Think about the end. Jamie looks into my eyes searchingly, but she can't see the lie. I see the understanding in her eyes, her head clicks into place, click! She turns slightly to the side. "So I don't know much about my own sister, so-so. I would never have believed it, she always acts so shy and re-

served.” Jamie sinks into silence, then turns on the shower, stands next to me and starts soaping me up.

Damn, did she swallow my lies? I am very excited. First she washes me from top to bottom with a lot of Soap and lots of foam and isn’t afraid to wash my cock and balls thoroughly too. Of course my cock was swollen and stiff from the start. After she washed me thoroughly with water, she takes the cock in her hands, twists and turns it back and forth, pulls and pushes the foreskin way long. “It’s a nice cock, Jacky, a very one and more beautiful. The most beautiful one yet.” I agree. “Have you had so many cocks in your hand, aunt?” She looks looks at me indignantly, then shrugs her shoulders. “Not many actually, my daddy’s and Dave’s, and the many guys, Carmen and I flirted with, of course. Some hundreds only, I guess.” I Don’t ask any more, not now, but I want to bring it up later and find out everything. “Very well,” says Jamie, “All right, I’m going to do it to you with my hand, so hold still!”

Of course I hold still and she rubs my cock. She’s obviously very practiced at it, I can tell immediately, but I stay quiet and control my curiosity. I can ask her questions later. I close my eyes, because it’s just wonderful to have someone masturbate you. Of course, my mom never gave it to me, she is very shy and reserved in these things. Now it’s Aunt Jamie, and she does it just as well as them Girls at school - or even better.

I have to ask her. “So you rub Grandpa, Dave and the flirts, Aunt?” Jamie continues to rub slowly, then looks on. “Curious, not a bit? - Well, okay. I usually have to rub Grandpa and let him cum in my mouth, because he is quite old, my dad. I haven’t rubbed Dave for a long time, we really fuck. And the flirts? Well, Carmen and I competed to see who could make him cum faster. Was like a plague when we were very young.” Jamie grins briefly. “No one was allowed to fuck us both properly, Jacky, usually only a little bit, because we belonged to Dad and Dave.” I ask, “a little bit?” Now Jamie grins broadly and packs my cock stronger. “Yes, stick it in and give it a good pounding for a few minutes, yes. But inject the juice inside - not a single one was allowed. Not a single one, neither Carmen nor me! We monitored each other so that we could see him, pulled out in

time and then made him cum with my hand. But Carmen broke the vow, when she orgasmed well she let the guy squirt inside, when I was too late to rip it out. Back then, Carmen and I were like bad luck and brimstone, like twins. We monitored each other while the other is being fucked. Then we exchanged the guy and his cock, he must fuck both of us. But that's been ages, Jacky!" As I get closer to the target, I press my body against hers and she presses our bodies further. I grab her shoulders and cum all over her hand and across her stomach. Jamie grunts satisfied. "So, that's it, Jacky dear."

My cock remained stiff, as it usually does. "I have to do it twice more, aunt! Mama still lets me have it twice more, when she had squandered the first load by hand. So that I don't put the full load in her pussy, squirting inside, says mom. She lets me have it twice, but only from behind like dogs. She says she can from the front just Dave it to her." I notice Jamie flinch again. "From behind? Twice?" I sense the rejection in her voice. "And how Is this going on?" she asks and I have to think of something quickly. "Mom always takes the plastic chair there and leans her arms on it, then she sticks out her ass cheeks so that I can get a good look at it!" Oh, I want Damn it, but I love lying so much. One thing goes with the other.

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Jamie gets the plastic chair and puts it in the shower. "So?" She asks and I nod, my heart pounding to the throat. I've never really fucked before, just a little with Susanne and Evi, just a little and always needed to take care of the hymen. But for Jamie, it all seems normal and completely natural. She supports herself on the chair

with both hands and sticks out her ass cheeks from behind. "If Carmen can do it, of course I can do it too, Jacky dear!" she says grinning. She reaches back and steers my cock between her ass cheeks. Just for a moment I can see her fuck hole under the reddish blonde thick bush as Jamie briefly spreads her skinny labia with her fingers. Moms fuckhole is much smaller and tighter, but she is also 10 years younger than Jamie, who would have to be around her late 30s. I can just have a quick look at her clit, it seems slightly stiff and aroused. It makes me crazy.

Jamie pushes and presses my cock deep into her fuck hole, I keep pushing until I reach the end. I have to cum immediately, but she doesn't notice. My cock is stiff and deep in her fuck hole, it's soft, so warm, so silky. I could scream with pleasure. Jamie takes her hand from my cock, "now it's all the way in, Jacky dear. And it fills me wonderfully, I like that." I keep quiet awesome, this is my First Time. I murmur, I'll start very slowly at first and get faster when she tells me. Jamie coos, "Okay, Jacky, get started then!"

I hold onto her hips and start thrusting very slowly. Just not too fast, I know it well. I push her ass cheeks apart a little so I can see my cock intruding her pussy. I have to just ask. "So, you let grandpa push you three times a week?" Jamie laughs briefly and snorts. "And you want to know everything now, Jacky dear? - As far as I'm concerned, No, grandpa hasn't been able to fuck for a long time, he's too old to move properly. Of course I do it to him with my hand and in the end I have to let him cum in my throat even though I really hate it. Swallowing is disgusting and disgusting, Jacky. Swallow your girls, would you like to?" I just hesitate for a moment. "If a girl does it to me with her mouth, and really not everyone does that, then she swallows my juice without batting an eyelid." I add, "I never asked if she liked it or not." Jamie's pathetic breasts jiggle back and forth. I am astonished to see that her teats have grown large, big and pointy. We continue fucking without saying a word for a while.

"Faster, Jacky dear" Jamie pants raggedly, "faster and harder, I'm about to cum!" Mom almost never cums on Dave. I grip her hips and ass cheeks even tighter, thrusting faster and more powerfully. Jamie sighs heavily and pushes hard against me back. "Yes!" she exclaims

and her cunt hole grips my cock like an iron fist. She trembles, sighs and her butt zips back and forth. I only thrust a few times and have to cum straight away. Jamie is shaking like a leaf and sinks forward until her forehead touches the tiles. I also sink forward, laying on her ass cheeks. Jamie reaches back and pulls my cock all the way out, cradling it in the palm of her hand. She turns and looks at me. "And what's next, my Don Juan?"

My cock is still stiff, I want it again immediately. Jamie shakes her head firmly. "No, Jacky, just take a quick breather, I'm not a machine! How do you do it with Carmen?" I put the lie to myself right. "I can continue straight away because mom never cums while fucking, only when she masturbates afterwards." Jamie stares at me rigidly. "She masturbates in front of you!?" I shake my head. "Never at first, just completely rarely. She usually went into the bedroom and didn't care that I was spying at the crack in the door. But over time she has overcome her shyness and is no longer embarrassed to do it in front of me. She says she never orgasms while fucking."

Jamie leans her head on my shoulder. "It was always like that, Carmen always took a long time to reach an orgasm. When we competed, I came three times before she came once. Only when we were flirting did she almost come always and I had to forcibly pull the cock out of her cunt hole because she was no longer able to do it. I always come very easily, Jacky dear, Dad always liked that, Dave liked it too."

I look at her sideways. "And - have you had a lot of flirtations, you and Carmen? A dozen?" Jamie is grinning now like the Cheshire Cat, "there may have been more than 100, we were pretty wild brats, Carmen and I." She thoughtfully pulls my foreskin back and forth. "At night we had to let Daddy or Dave fuck us, but during the day we hunted for cavaliers. We were bad girls, we just acted good and innocent in front of the others." Jamie touched my foreskin very gently. "I guess you want to know all about my sex life, don't you, Jacky?" I nodded. "Yes, Aunt Jamie. We are intimate, why shouldn't I know everything about you? It's just about Sex, nothing really bad." Jamie nodded thoughtfully and continued to tug on my foreskin.

“Okay, Jack, I’ll tell you everything. Mom was tired of watching Dad pounce on young girls, really very young girls. She ran away, married a pastor in Denmark and had three daughters. I was 15 at the time and still a true virgin, I knew nothing about sex other than masturbating, which I had done every night since I was 5. I did it secretly and still do it, even though I’m already 38. Well, dad deflowered me when I was 15 and I was sleeping next to him as if I were his wife. He fucked me almost every night until he took Carmen, then I was out. But I actually loved fucking because I had a good orgasm every time. But I waited every night, for dad to deeply asleep and then I masturbated till sleeping in. It was kind of part of falling asleep, I guess. But as Daddy grabbed Carmen to bed, I grabbed Dave, he was about 14 at the time and going through harsh puberty. I was his First, and we fucked like rabbits, day and night, for over two years. Then Papa got tired of Carmen’s, she was reluctant, stubborn and she denied him her orgasm, he couldn’t have that. He was pissed because I had always orgasms and Carmen never. He actually threw her into Dave’s arms and took me back to his bed and so it remained until today. I was daddy’s little wife all my life, that’s how he wanted it. And since the last few years he can’t fuck properly anymore and he forces me to take it in my mouth, rub him in there and bring him to cum at the end and swallow it too. He doesn’t care that I’m disgusted by it, Jacky. He is a patriarch, but of the domineering bad kind, your grandfather.”

I dared to touch her pussy. So different from the schoolgirls! Of course I found her clit immediately and rubbed it very lightly. It was very soft at first, but my gentle stroking made it hard again. Jamie grinned and suggested a headbutt. “So that’s what you do to the girls, you rascal!?” I shook my head. “No, Jamie, it’s not like that. Hardly anyone lets me touch their clits, although I like it so much and wanted to masturbate her! That would be my handjob, I always thought. But for the girls this is not the case at all. Only two girls, Evi and Susanne, let me masturbate them and I think I’m pretty good at it, I’ve seen it a thousand times at Mom’s.” There’s a sparkle in Jamie’s eyes. I quickly add, “those two are the only ones let me fuck them a little bit. They form a tunnel with their hand so that I will be stopped in front of her hymen. But they let me fuck them in the tunnel and squirt on their hymen, that’s how it is. Fucking, no, I’m not

allowed to fuck her properly. Never. And mom had expressly forbade it.”

Jamie smiles delicately, like the Cheshire Cat. “So, Carmen and I, we let our guys really fuck us, when we were no longer virgins. We just never let him squirt in, Carmen and I promised ourselves that. What childish geese we were back then!” Jamie was now shaking because I was rubbing her clit so delicately. “What do you think? Jacky, one more round?” She didn’t have to say anything else, I moved the plastic chair back into place. She stood up, supported herself and offered me her ass.

This time I looked closely. I parted her pussy lips with my fingers, and her pussy hole a little bit too. I pushed aside the red curly hair and now I looked deep into her pussy hole, it was definitely much bigger and larger than moms. I pushed my foreskin all the way back and very slowly penetrated Jamie’s pussy hole, millimeter by millimeter. That wonderful feeling again, it was soft like velvet, warm and wet. I pushed forward until my glans met resistance. Jamie sighed deeply and bowed her head. I started thrusting again, very slowly. I had another question. “That with Dave, you still have to tell me.” Jamie nodded, and her breasts nodded too. I stared up again her teats, which were already stiff and pointed.

“When Dad grabbed Carmen and banned me from the parents’ bed, I took Dave into mine out of spite and hurt. He was 12 or 13, I don’t remember. We whispered about sex and I played with his little hard-on, which he liked very much. I did it to him by hand for a few nights, then taught him how to fuck me. He was fire and flame and so we trained day and night, dad saw it but didn’t care about it. We fucked for about two years, then Daddy was done with Carmen. It was like always, like with our flirts, Carmen took the man away from me and left him only for mercy’s sake. At night I had to lie with Dad again; my orgasms were very important to him. As far as I’m concerned, I waited in the afternoon until Dave and Carmen had finished fucking and then I lay down with them. Dave understood that he now had to fuck both sisters, and that actually went quite well for some time. It was obvious that the two of them were in love with each other. Carmen got pregnant with you when she was 16. Dad

bought them this apartment and so they built here a family with you. Of course they had no problem with me coming over to fuck Dave sometimes. Carmen's belly was growing, so she was happy for me to fuck Dave every day during her pregnancy. It was a win-win-win situation. I could only spend the night with them if Dad picked up a neighbor's daughter, that's just how he was and it didn't matter to me. Just as the incest didn't bother me, it didn't bother me that Dad did it with minors. Nobody actually cared about these laws. Dad also often had to fuck the child's mother first before he could get to the girl. I laughed at him, the old child fucker.

And now Carmen is off and running, like her mother once was. I can only hope that she is well and happy in George's arms. I lie in Dave's arms every night now and I really enjoy it!" I thrust and thrust into Jamie's fuck hole and I'm really enjoying it. I feel Jamie's clit with my finger; it's hard and stiff. That's a good sign, I think. "Maybe one day I'll be able to really fuck Susi and Evi, they're my two best friends." Jamie nods and so do her teats. "I would indulge you, Jacky dear. You just have to be patient. Girls think long and hard before giving away their hymen. It's just a matter of time." Jamie is already panting very loudly, I think she's already running up the hill to her orgasm.

Minutes later she's ready. "I'm about to cum, Jacky, fuck me hard and brutally now!" Juice runs out of her pussy hole. Once again I grab her hips and her skinny ass cheeks tightly, I stand up and thrust into her fast and hard. Jamie suppresses the scream, her body twitches, her head twitches, her ass cheeks twitch too. Her orgasm tears through her body, she comes and comes again and again. I can let go now, I cum with a roar and let it all squirt into her fuck hole, damn it! She collapses and presses her forehead against the tiles. I collapse on top of her and lean on her skinny ass. We're both exhausted, really exhausted.

"And you do it with me every morning now, Jacky?" she whispers against my chest. "I'm going to have a heart attack, Dave's going to fuck me to shame at night. It's going to be a challenge." I grin and stroke her hair. "It will seem easy to you to lick Grandpa's stalk three times a week." We both laugh, it's a liberating, blissful laugh. "We'll

do it like this, like rabbits” whispers Jamie, “as often as we like. And when it’s over one day, we won’t have any regrets, right, Jacky?” I hum in agreement. It was my First Time and it was really wonderful. And tomorrow and the day after and every morning we will fuck, Aunt Jamie and I.

Jamie loved fucking more than anything. But she was very happy to show me how she masturbated. Unlike mom, she mainly used her index finger and let it circle around her clit for an endless amount of time, which quickly became hard and pointed. Jamie’s clit was a little bigger than mom’s, and if you looked closely you could see that it almost looked like a boy’s penis, a baby boy’s. Same as Mom’s. With a glans, with a glans collar, but of course without the hole. Jamie loved masturbating, and she just needed a minute’s break before doing it again. She grinned cheekily, “I’ve also masturbated for entire afternoons to find out how often I could orgasm. But I never found out, I could and could and could orgasm forever.” We grinned at each other, she had told me a big secret. But Jamie had no problem sharing her secrets with me at all. When we finished fucking in the morning, she would sit back and let the warm rain from the shower run down her skinny body and I would be allowed to masturbate her as often as I wanted. Jamie was really a great buddy.

Of course she told me everything openly. She had let many flirts fuck her, later of course with cum inside. She said there must have been hundreds of guys she’d let fuck her over the years. Carmen hasn’t flirted since she got pregnant and moved in with Dave, she’s been really chaste, loyal and very shy since then. When I asked her if she wasn’t afraid of pregnancy, she smiled, a little sadly. “I never had a period, I could never get pregnant, although I would have loved to.”

Day after day passed, in the morning I was allowed to fuck Jamie twice and at night she lay with Dave, comforted him gently and was happy to let him fuck her. Of course she had told Dave that she let me fuck her, but my father just shrugged and remained silent. He was just okay with me fucking Jamie. I watched the two of them on the monitor, Dave seemed to be carrying a ton of weight on his shoulders, but he always smiled when Jamie had orgasmed. When they turned off the light, I knew that Jamie was now masturbating; it

was part of her falling asleep. Since I had Jamie to fuck, I stopped masturbating alone and lonely - I just didn't need it anymore.

Mama had been gone for almost two months, and now she was standing at the door. Small, fragile and meek.

Dave ignored her for two days, she lay silently next to them in the marriage bed while Dave fucked Jamie. On the third day, on the third night, Dave grabbed her and fucked her, he had been fucking both sisters alternately for a week now. I fucked Jamie in the morning like I always did, but she also had no idea why Carmen had returned. And of course she didn't know what Carmen and Dave were whispering in private either. We puzzled back and forth; all that was clear was that Mama had left George.

Jamie stayed another 14 days. She wasn't ready to lose Dave to Carmen again, to stop orgasming under his powerful thrusts at night. But Dave and Carmen left no doubt that they belonged together again. Jamie said goodbye to me in tears. That morning I skipped school and we fucked in the bathroom until lunchtime, like we always did. Then Jamie got her travel bag and went back to Grandpa.

In the morning I waited until mom had showered. But after a few days I just went to the bathroom before she came out. She quickly wrapped a towel around her and wanted to leave, but I touched her arm and asked her to stay. "Please, Mom, sit on the plastic chair while I shower, okay?" Her eyelids fluttered like little birds in horror as she hesitated. But then she sat on the chair and I took a shower. Then I turned off the water and I started masturbating. Mom immediately blushed, but she couldn't look away. And I stared at her beautiful, full breasts and squirted in her direction. I masturbated again and shot the full load at her feet. Then I dried myself and sat next to her.

"Mom, thank you for staying. I'll be happy to tell you everything I've experienced, but first you have to tell me what it was like with George, please!" She only looked briefly into my eyes and lowered her gaze. "The version for my little son or the adult version?" she asked quietly. "The adult version, mom, and please don't lie to me, I

don't deserve that." She leaned her head on my shoulder and I stared at her beautiful breasts from above. They were full and round and firm, the teats dark brown, soft and unexcited.

Mom sighed deeply. "Well, well, Jack. I just ask you to listen carefully to me and not to judge me too quickly, because I don't deserve that." The bath towel fell from her shoulders and she now sloppily laid it over her lap, but I could clearly see her shaved pussy and her pussy slit. Mom cleared her throat.

"You may have noticed that I cheated on Dave with George for a good 2 months. I'm not proud of it, just this: I've never seen such a big, massive cock and it filled me to the brim, I had orgasm after orgasm, and I was in love with that cock. Not with George himself, he's a rude, conceited prick, to put it simply. I let him fuck me day and night, my orgasms were simply beautiful and addictive. Addicted, yes, that was it. I got into an untenable, conflicted situation. George fucked me during the day, Dave, my husband, at night, and I thought you would get through it, so I ran away with George." I nodded in agreement and placed my hand on her inner thigh, near her sanctuary. She ignored it.

"We moved through France, from hotel to hotel. My travel budget was dwindling alarmingly. I said hotels were too expensive, we had to rent a room. We found a small room in Paris, in Rue St. Ambroise with a neat, dashing lady named Florence and her 15-year-old daughter Colette, who was just as devious and cunning as her mother, which I only realized afterwards. George whispered to Florence and then whispered in my ear, "When I fuck Florence in one time in the week, she gives us a 50% discount. What do you think?" Of course I knew that George earned his living with his cock, and that he naturally put up with me. I was annoyed and angry, and I thoughtlessly agreed." I continued to stroke Mom's inner thighs and saw her teats gradually stiffen and pointed. That was great! So I nodded in agreement that she should continue the story.

"That's how it happened. George let Florence into our room once a week, I sat by the window and tried to concentrate on the street below, which of course didn't work. Florence and George on our double

bed, they cuddled endlessly and George undressed her. He took his time, he was a real pleasure-lover. Florence's body was actually nothing special, just a housewife whore, shaved pussy, overweight and ugly fat. I couldn't even look at myself to turn away. George fucked Florence for probably an hour and she howled with pleasure. I can still hear her blissful whimpers and moans and rugged screams when she came to orgasm. Dark envy ate at my soul, Jack, I almost died of jealousy." Now mom noticed that I was caressing the slit of her pussy with my index finger. "What are you doing, Jack!?" she asked uncertainly and sheepishly. "I caress you, mom, I like you a lot!" She didn't make a sound at first, she put her hand on my hand, but she didn't stop me from stroking.

"Week after week I watched the action, jealous and angry. George actually didn't care who he fucked. That was painfully clear to me. All he needed was a pussy to cum inside and to gut the woman. Yes, of course I caught him taking money from my purse to buy drugs. He didn't do drugs often, and he didn't care that I didn't. He just shrugged his shoulders when I pointed it out to him." Mom's eyes flashed as my index finger touched her clit. "Stop. Jack. Stop, now!" I obediently said, "Yes, Mom," but my finger stayed on her clit, touching. Her eyes flashed, her teats rose sharply and stiffly. "No, stop, you're my son!" Her thighs were slightly open and I could get to her clit very easily. "The schoolgirls like it a lot," I interjected and her eyes flashed again. "I'm not one of your girls, Jack!" she said uncertainly. Her hand was still on mine and she was letting me carry on, that much was clear.

Mom closed her eyes and continued talking quietly. "One day I came home into our room and George was fucking Colette, the 15-year-old, this little slut! He only looked up for a moment and I sat down by the window. I was fuming. It wasn't our plan. And he fucked the girl with pleasure and passion in front of me. Of course he preferred the 15-year-old to her fat mother, that's clear. And George was stoned. He fucked the girl for the third time and had his full load in her three times. He had been squirting inside the girls pussy three times since I got home. I was furious and jumped up, grabbed my travel bag and handbag and ran out without saying a word, slamming the door and I drove home straight away." Mom's thighs trembled

slightly. She opened her eyes and stared at me. I stuttered, “Jamie always let me do it, Mom. There’s nothing to it, she said.” Now mom slapped her thighs together. “I think you have to explain that to me because I don’t know anything about it. You told me about Susanne and Evi a long time ago, but Jamie!? My own sister!?”

I pressed my index finger vigorously on Mom’s clit, I won’t give up that easily. “Yes, Mom, your sister Jamie. On the first day she did it to me with her hand, since then we fucked every morning twice and she really enjoyed the orgasms, Mom. I was also allowed to masturbate her clit, she likes that a lot and she orgasms incredibly easily, Mom.” I stare straight into Mom’s eyes, holding her gaze. I’m determined, Mommy is mine, devil and hell! Mom’s thighs give way again. She looks at me perplexed. “You fucked your aunt, Jacky!?” she asks blankly and I nod in confirmation. “Every morning, twice in a row.” Mom takes a deep breath. “Oh my God!” she calls quietly. “What an incestuous bunch we are, Jack!” I now rub her clit harder. “And she let you rub her clit, Jack?” I nod. “Yes, Mom, she has that. I’m pretty good at it, Susanne and Evi had learned it to me and they like it a lot too, not just Jamie.” Mom’s thighs now completely give way. “What kind of guy have you become, Jack, brazenly rubbing my clit even though I’m your mother!?” I nod grimly. “Yes, Mom, I do. I think you like it too, like Jamie.”

Mom suddenly lets herself sink back with her eyes closed, her thighs open on their own. “Do whatever you want, you dirty pig. It’s been my private secret, all my life. I only opened it up for Dave, after fucking, because I never had an orgasm otherwise.” Her breathing is shallow. I rub her clit as delicately and as passionately as possible. “Mom, I love you with all my heart because I’m your son. I’m not disrespectful or predatory. I just noticed that you got hot during the report, so that’s why.” Mom’s breathing now becomes very shallow. “You’re not being disrespectful, you say, Jack?” I rub her clit just like I rubbed Jamie’s clit. “No, Mom, it’s not disrespectful. It’s a service, a service of love, because you need it right now.”

Mom melts with her eyes closed. She grabs me by the upper arm, tears running down her cheeks. “And you were allowed to do it to Jamie, like now?” I ignore her tears. “Yes, Mom, and Jamie never

cried, just smiled happily because I learned it so well from Susanne and Evi.” I notice she is already very close to climax. I now rub it really hard, but not too hard or too wildly. I know that would ruin everything. Mom clings to my upper arm and presses her face violently into my chest. And now her orgasm breaks out, wild and relentless. I’ll wait until it’s over.

Mom raises her tear-stained face. “We shouldn’t have done that, Jack. I’m your mother, you’re my son. I’m not Susi or Evi. You can do it with them, not with me, Jack!” I take her hand and place it on my stiff cock. “Do it to me, Mom, please!”

Her look is repellent again. “I haven’t done it since school, Jack. I don’t know if I can do it anymore. And it’s unseemly, you know that very well!” Of course I know, but I need it now, right now. I grab her fingers and wrap them around the shaft. “Come on, mom, do it now!” With an ashen face, she now turns all around to me and the bath towel falls to the floor. She begins to rub the shaft, at first hesitantly, then more and more confidently. She stares at my glans and the little hole, I stare at her finely shaved cunt, her fleshy labia and her clit, which seems to have become completely soft again. I stare at her pussy hole, where I once emerged. Grandpa and Dave had pushed in there and squirted inside like hundreds of lovers in their youth. I want it too, but I can’t rush anything. Maybe later or tomorrow.

Mom looks up. “Well, is it coming soon?” she asks impatiently, tugging wildly on my shaft. I nod, panting. “Yes, mom. If you put your lips around my glans like Jamie, then it’ll happen immediately!” She looks uncertainly into my eyes. “Jamie made it like that, really?” I nod in agreement, just a little lie, but she can do everything Jamie can. “And then she swallowed it?” she asks, her eyes darting like little birds. “Of course she swallowed it, Mom, of course.” I confirm the lie. Mom leans forward, places her lips gently over my glans and continues rubbing. Her warm, soft lips feel incredibly good. “Yes, Mom, that’s exactly how Jamie did it,” I lie cheekily, panting. I feel the heat rising in my loins. I feel that she is eagerly stimulating my glans with her tongue, it’s definitely not the first time she’s done it. I push forward a little until she has the entirety of my glans in her mouth.

“Don’t be alarmed, Mom,” I pant desperately, “I have to cum now!” She nods, with my glans in her mouth. Finally, finally I cum, shooting the full load into her mouth. She sucks and swallows, sucks and swallows everything until I’m done. She wipes her lips with the back of her hand and looks at me curiously. “Like Jamie?” She asks and I shake my head. “No, Mom, just before I was going to cum, Jamie let the whole cock into her mouth, so that I cummed deep in her throat, very deep in her throat.” Mom nods grimly. “Okay, I’ll remember it, Jacky.”

And so we do it early in the morning for the next few days. She hesitantly lets me masturbate her clit to orgasm, but she obviously likes it. Then she does it to me with her hand, taking my cock all the way into her mouth before cumming. She keeps rubbing the shaft hard and I can cum deep down her throat and of course she swallows it all. I’m enjoying it and trying to figure out how to get around the cliff. “Mom, Jamie let me fuck her every morning twice. Jamie loves fucking, that was obvious.” I’m taking a break. “She told me about the flirts you two had when you were young. You let the guys fuck you and of course you let them cum inside you later. You were really bad girls, Jamie and you, Mom.” The experimental balloon rises slowly, much too slowly.

Mom looks at me a little haughtily. “Yes, we were probably two cheeky brats back then. And of course they were allowed to squirt in, that’s the point of it. But I can’t figure out why Jamie told you all this.” I don’t know what to do. “Probably because we fucked and she wanted to trust me with her secrets, I think.” She looks at me firmly. “Don’t imagine anything, Jacky. Jamie let you fuck her, okay. That’s how she is, Jamie. But I’m not like that. I don’t fuck my own son.” I run off. “But with George, with the cream puff you do!?” She looks hurt. I step up a gear. “I’m excited to see what Dave says when I show him the video of George fucking you to shame, for my soul!” She looks at me in shock. “No, don’t do that, Dave must never see that! Promise me!” I have the upper hand and remain stubbornly silent. “What do you want from me, Jacky!?” she gasps, without asking who made the video. “Quite simply, I want to fuck you like I did with Jamie. I want that badly.” A long awkward silence.

Mama's look is sore. "I don't even know if Jamie really let you fuck her, Jacky. And what was that supposed to be like? How did it happen exactly?" I clear my throat and I think I'm winning the game now. "How? Well, Jamie put the plastic chair in the shower and ran the warm water, she loved this warm rain. She leaned on the chair with both arms and presented her ass to me. I fucked her from behind, twice in a row, then my cock was soft. And in the afternoons, when I came home from school, we fucked in the marital bed, but there from the front, face to face. We fucked every morning in the shower, and almost every afternoon. The Jamie really enjoyed it and always orgasmed a lot, just like the night when Dave fucked her. That's the truth, I swear." Mom listened to me with her eyes closed, her fingers absentmindedly twirling a teat. We were silent for a long time. Her teats became stiff and pointed.

Mom looked me in the eyes. Her eyes glittered in light blue, adorable. "And now you're blackmailing me with the shitty video?" she asked tonelessly. I stared at her light brown teats, they stood out pointy and stiff, aggressive and excited. "I want to fuck you like I did Jamie, mom. I'm not blackmailing you, I'm not a criminal." She laughed dryly. "Yes, that's exactly what you are, Jacky, a criminal. You're forcing me and that's not okay. Period, that's it!" She tore wildly at her pussy lips. "I'm your mother and I'm loyal to daddy, George or not, that's a thing of the past. It's out of the question, you hear me?"

My hand stroked her pussy very lightly. I stick my middle finger deep into her fuck hole. She opens her eyes wide. "Mom, Jamie told me that when you were young you orgasmed from most flirtations and that that was why you let them cum inside in the first place. You originally agreed not to let the guys cum inside, just fuck but not cum. Don't let them cum inside." She looked at me dumbfounded. "And what does that tell us?" she asked flippantly. "Mom, I know exactly why you can't orgasm with Dave and why you have to do it yourself in front of him. I know, that's how it is." Now there was nothing flippant, just pure curiosity in Mom's eyes. "So? What do you know?" I played my trump card. "Dave doesn't know where your G-spot is, but I know how to find it. The secret to orgasm is to hit the G-spot, pinpoint." She looks at me dumbfounded. "G-spot? What is that

supposed to be?” I continue poking her fuck hole with my finger. “I’m looking for him right now. - Ah, here it is.” I tap the rough spot firmly a few times. “Do you notice, Mom?” I ask and she looks at me with wild eyes. “It tickles a lot, like when you rub my clit.” I pull my finger out. “Mom, it’s now up to you whether you want to orgasm while fucking or not.” We are both silent, for a very long time. Then she collapses, somehow unhappy.

I will never forget that look. It’s the look that tells me that she’s giving in, that she’s giving up, that I’ve won. It feels bitter, this victory. I’m very ashamed that I blackmailed her with the video. But she gave me no choice.

Mom gets up to get the plastic chair. I look at her very closely. She is tall, like Jamie, but she is not skinny, she is well proportioned as a woman. Her face appears aristocratic and she has strikingly beautiful light blue eyes and full, red lips. Her fiery red hair falls curly to her shoulders. She has beautiful breasts, full and firm, with light brown teats that become pointed and stand out stiffly when excited. She has femininely rounded hips. She always shaves her pussy completely smooth, the slit hides her fleshy labia, the very tight fuck hole and her clit. Which, like Jamie’s, resembles the penis of a baby boy and can become stiff if you really excite her. She is 27 years old, about 10 years younger than Jamie.

She puts the plastic chair under the shower and turns on the hot water, a fine rain trickles down. She leans on the chair with her arms, sticks her ass out the back and asks, “Like this, Jacky?” I reply, “Jamie spread her ass cheeks apart so that I could easily penetrate her pussy hole.” Mom spreads her ass cheeks “So, Jacky?” I murmur, “Yes, Mom,” and look at the shaved pussy hole again. My throat is constricting, I’m going to dishonor mom now, I’m going to fuck her from behind and cum inside. “Are you still on the pill, mom?” I ask uncertainly. She nods, “Yes, that goes without saying.” I approach her pussy hole with the stiff cock and pull the foreskin back completely. I don’t have to moisten it with saliva, mom’s pussy hole is really wet and moist.

Fear is closing in my throat. I am about to dishonor Mama, to defile and degrade her with my incest. But I'm determined to do it and nothing can stop me. Mom lowers her head as my glans touches her fuck hole. She sobs and tears stream down her cheeks. "Please don't think badly of me, Jacky," she whispers tonelessly. I whisper softly, "penetrate slowly or ram hard, mom?" She sobs "no, for God's sake! Gently and tenderly, please!" I nod wordlessly and push in, millimeter by millimeter. I look down, my swollen glans ruthlessly but slowly parts her labia, then he pushes further. Mom sighs and her pussy hole adjusts around my cock. Oh, what a cunt hole! Silky soft, warm and moist. I close my eyes for a moment and enjoy the wonderful feeling my cock is feeling. Oh, now I'm reaching the end. I direct my cock to her G-spot, clearly feeling the rougher texture. I immediately remember where he is, that's very important. Mom sighs as my glans touches her G-spot. "I'll start slowly and then rush you up the hill." Mom asks blankly, "which hill?" I grin. "Up there, on the hill, that's where your climax, your orgasm is, mom. You're going to run up there and have your orgasm." Mom sobs again, "Don't make me ridiculous, Jacky. Yes, I want an orgasm like I used to get when we had flirted, Jacky." I nod wordlessly, she understood. Now I slowly plow in her garden, frequently hitting her G-spot and hearing her sigh in tears, over and over again. We are well underway, on the right path. I push and prod, but I control my temper like I learned from Jamie. We have to take our time, her orgasm has to build up very slowly, no rushing will help.

Jamie had always laughed, grinned or said dirty things when we fucked. But Mom just kept sighing and the tears ran down her cheeks, which was a little irritating. But I just kept hitting her G-spot. Now I reached forward and grabbed her stiff teats; Jamie had always tweaked them himself. Now I twirl mom's teats between my fingers, which elicits a quiet, ecstatic cry from her. Her tears stop, I twirl her teats and she runs up the hill, light-footed and now smiling. I can tell from her breathing that she's almost at the top. "Jacky, I'm coming soon!" she exclaims in amazement, "I'm coming right away!" I now double the number of strokes and mom screams softly. She collapses onto her elbows and buries her head in her arms. Her body shakes constantly, she wriggles back and forth on my pole. A powerful orgasm that takes over her entire body. Her fuck hole grips my cock

like an iron fist and tries to strangle it. My God, what a powerful orgasm!

I continue thrusting for minutes, she squeals every time my glans hits her G-spot, but her orgasm gradually subsides. "Mom, I have to cum, right now!" I call quietly and she whispers, "go ahead, Jacky, it's okay, you really deserve it!" I spread her ass cheeks wide like that and now I cum. I shoot the full load into Mom's fuck hole, jet after jet, until it's finished. Mom quickly pulls out my cock and holds it tight. She continues to rub it hard, my seed is still spraying out like a fountain and running down her ass cheeks. But at some point it's over and we're done, completely exhausted.

Mom sits next to me and strokes my cock lightly. "I suddenly remembered, my admirers taught me to keep rubbing the cock after the first cum so that everything squirts out, till the last drop, Jacky" and she strokes my hair and my head. "You were right about the orgasm and the G-spot, Jacky. I'll teach Dave. I'm just wondering what happens next?" Her facial expression is very shy and little girl-like again.

I'm really upset because she's stroking my hair so lovingly. No bad word, no swearing. She is soft and relaxed and closes her eyes because tears are streaming down her cheeks again. "I have to tell Dave because we can't have secrets like that. Never since George." I sigh in surrender. "I understand that, mom, it's right. But I want to fuck you every morning after you shower, that's my deepest desire." We are silent for a long time. Then we'll go get dressed and have breakfast.

Dave is my father, and he's a fine guy, even though he's a pimp and has 6 girls. At night he listens carefully to Mom, asking this and that. In the end, he says, you have to decide for yourself, Carmen, whether you want to continue fucking Jacky. Whatever you decide is fine with me.

I'm 16 now and mom and I fuck every morning in the shower. Sometimes in the afternoon when I get home from school early, we fuck face to face in the parents' bedroom. Mom loves fucking just as much as Jamie. But I usually go to Evi's house with Susanne and Evi

after school; her parents are very generous about Evi's sexual freedom. We cuddle naked on Evi's bed all afternoon, I'm allowed to fuck both of them a little and cum without piercing their hymen, the two friends don't go that far yet. We let me squirt and rub the clits until we drop. They both love the sex games as much as I do. I often make little videos and show them to mom and dad if they want.

Sometimes I visit Aunt Jamie and fuck her in front of grandpa. Jamie then grins cheekily and impudently, because grandpa hasn't been able to fuck for a long time and is dependent on her good nature. Jamie likes it that way.

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The Seduction of Carmen II

Jack, my 15 year old son knocked on the bathroom door for the first time while I was showering. “Come in!” I called out and he came in with a shy look on his face. “Mom, I thought maybe I could wash your back,” he stammered embarrassedly. He saw me completely naked for the first time. “Of course, that’s nice of you!” I said, reassuring him. “Here, take the washcloth and lather my back well!” He obeyed obediently and lathered my back. I grinned inwardly as I leaned forward, presenting my ass to him. He turned very red when I continued, “and you also have to lather my ass cheeks and my asshole and wash them properly with a washcloth, that would be really nice!” I looked back, his semi-rigid cock was now really stiff. Jack lathered my ass cheeks and stopped. “You need to wrap the washcloth around one finger and clean that asshole thoroughly!” I felt his finger poking my asshole. “And now use your finger and the washcloth to clean it deep in my fuck hole, okay? You can see my fuck hole, can’t you?” He stuttered. Then he carefully pressed his finger into my pussy hole. “Deeper, really deep,” I commanded and he obeyed. “Haven’t you ever seen a fuck hole before, Jack?” I asked. “Only with Susanne and Evi, but not with an adult,” he stammered. He had told me everything about his sex games with his two girlfriends.

He was unsure what to do now. “The clit and the labia too, mom?” I said yes and he rubbed my clit and pussy lips with the washcloth. Then he paused and I sat up. “That’s good, Jacky, you always have to keep your body and genitals completely clean, hygiene is really very important.” Jack nods, “Yes, Mom, you’ve told me that several times, and I always wash my cock thoroughly when I shower, like I promised you. I rub hard until it’s done cumming.” I grinned and pulled out the wide plastic chair and we sat down next to each other.

I touch his hard-on very lightly. “You’ve gotten really hard, is it because of my fuck hole?” Jack blushes even more. “Yes, Mom, I only know Susanne and Evi’s, you know that. I’ve just seen a grown woman’s now, for the first time. And I’m wondering what it would feel like with my cock inside!?” I hug Jack to me. “It feels wonderful for

the cock. At least that's what the men say." Jack stutters in embarrassment. "With Evi and Susanne, I'm never allowed to put it in properly because of the hymen. Can I try it out now, mom?" The kid has guts, I have to give him that. But I got into this shit all alone. "Well," I hear myself saying, "come on then!"

Jack stands up nimbly and stands in front of me, I spread my thighs. I take his cock in my hand, push the foreskin back and insert it into my pussy. Jack's cock spurts instantly. It's a good thing I'm taking the pill, I think passing by. Jack squirts and squirts the full load of his pubescent juice inside. He stares down at his cock, which is all the way in my pussy and squirting. It stays stuck until it stops spraying. He opens his eyes again. "Mom, it feels great! Great. Really great. Just wonderful!" I push him back slowly, his cock still bursting hard. "Sit back down, Jack," I say, trying to be friendly. "So you liked it, in my pussy hole, in the fuck hole of a grown woman?" Jack nods, eyes bright, clutching his hard-on in his fist. "It also feels very good in Susanne and Evi's cunt hole, but not that great. I'm not allowed to go in all along because of the hymen, you specifically forbade me to do that." I remember Evi's parents were very permissive when it came to Evi's sexual development and they tolerated with a smile that the three of them frolicked naked on Evi's bed. They relied on Susanne and Evi to take good care of their virginity. Evi's dad sometimes asked her if he could film it. Such a dirtbag, this sack, a pig like all of them.

I asked Jack what should happen now to his stiff cock. He pushes around, but then he gives himself a jerk. "I usually rub it and cum several times until it softens again." I agree. "Well then, go ahead!" He looks at me in surprise. "What, now?" I poke him in the ribs. "Of course, I won't bite, Jack!"

He hesitates, he is unsure. But he can see that I smile in a friendly and encouraging manner. He fixes his gaze on my breasts, he stares at my pointed and stiff teats, then he begins to rub his cock slowly. Of course I've seen it a thousand times and done it myself often enough, but every time it's somehow exciting. I see him rubbing the foreskin over the glans faster and faster and staring at my teats. Jack is very focused and distant. I don't know how much he is still aware of his

surroundings. His ass cheeks twitch and I realize he's about to cum. I hold my cupped hand in front of his cock and let him cum in my palm. He continues wanking without a break, his rubbing becomes wilder and more frantic and he cums again into my cupped hand. Then he opens his eyes. "I'm done, Mom," he says quietly and lowers his eyes. "Fiddle-dee-dee" I say and grab his semi-hard cock. I had developed this technique with my flirts in my youth. I quickly rub him hard again and lick his glans finely. Finally, I let him cum deep in my throat, very deep. And I swallow it all, of course. "Now you're done, Jack!"

We now repeat this every morning when we shower. He washes my back, ass cheeks and asshole carefully for hygiene. He sticks the finger wrapped in the washcloth deep into my fuckhole, then he rubs my labia and my clit. Of course I notice that the rascal is rubbing my clit for a long time until it is stiff to the point of bursting. But I won't let him rub my clit all the way to orgasm, not that. That's not possible, but I really enjoy letting it almost get that far.

George speaks to me in the café and sits down next to me. He is George Mbele from Ghana, Africa, and he has been watching me for a long time. I'm skeptical at first, but when I vaguely suspect what's in his pants, I'm interested, he's not unsympathetic. I take him home and we sneak into my bedroom. I have been a loyal, faithful wife to Dave since I became pregnant. This was the first time I cheated on him. For the first time, honestly.

Oh dear, I think as I see George's semi-hard cock for the first time. He is big, no, huge! Later I measured 13 inches, over 30 centimeters. A fairly straight, thick shaft with a thick glans. Oh dear, he can't fit in! George asks if he should ram it in, some women like it like that. I shake my head, "For heaven's sake, no! I'll insert it myself, George." It takes a lot of effort to insert the monster into my pussy hole, it is still semi-rigid and flexible. But the glans is already bulging, so I force it in a millimeter at a time. At first it hurts a little, but once it's in and it fills me completely and my fuck hole has adjusted, I sigh deeply and then smile. "Let's get started, George!"

George fucks me slowly at first, I asked him to. I can clearly feel that his cock is stiffening further. The heat slowly rises, like when masturbating. The thought flashes through my brain, with Dave it always just stayed that way, he never triggered my orgasm. Dave watched always good-naturedly as I triggered my own orgasm with my finger. The only time I often had an orgasm was during the flirtations that Jamie and I let each guy fuck us, so I let the guys cum in my pussy hole.

Oh, it was wonderful! I clung to George's broad shoulders and bit lightly into his left breast. My pussy hole became independent and fucked George in a relentless, wild staccato. The orgasm, wilder than masturbating, made my body convulse wildly. George smiled triumphantly and whispered, "Can I cum inside?" I nod, "Yes, I'm on the pill." I clearly feel George's seed smacking into me in spurts. He sits up after cumming, his cock now softening again. I slowly pull out his cock, the juice oozes out of my pussy hole. I know that I'm falling for him, that I'm becoming completely addicted to his cock and his damn good fucking. But he himself leaves me cold. The main thing is that we fuck every afternoon. I don't say a word to Dave, we fuck as usual and I end up masturbating in front of him as usual. A deep conflict. My pussy now belongs to George, but Dave's my heart. The conflict is really affecting me, I can feel exactly how unrounded I have become.

For weeks George has been rambling about Paris, about France. He convinces me to leave Dave and Jack alone and go to Paris with him. I resist for two months, then I give in. I pack my travel bag and we set off by train. I text Dave that I'm out with a friend on vacation, so he shouldn't look for me or call me, I'll get in touch. But it's not true. I ran away with George like my mom did, who then married a fine pastor in Denmark and had three blonde little girls with him. I never saw her again, and dad took Jamie into his bed and made her his little wife, the dirty old pig."

"George was beaming inside and out, he was at the goal of his desires, in Paris. We lived lavishly, moving from hotel to hotel and my savings melted like snow in the spring sun. "We have to live more frugally, my money is dwindling rapidly," I said to George. He nod-

ded somewhat sourly and we found a sublet room on Rue St. Ambroise, pretty central. The very fat and thick-assed landlady was named Florence, her 15 year old daughter was Colette. I realized far too late that the two of them were after George. We wandered around the city like curious tourists or truant students. George whispered a lot to Madame Florence because French was his second mother tongue. Then he said to me "If I fuck Florence really well once a week, she'll give us a 75% discount. What do you think, Carmencita?" I was hurt by his macho behavior and quite annoyed, but we had to save money wherever we could. So I said grimly, "All right, you asshole!" and immediately regretted it. But George took action.

I sat at the window when George let Madame in. He undressed her without further ado and they cavorted on our bed, cuddling and kissing. The fat madame wasn't pretty at all, overweight and floundering all over the place. I wanted to look out the window at the street, but I couldn't take my eyes off the monstrosity. It was somehow hot how George rammed his pole into Madame's pussy hole, but that's what she wanted. Her cunt was thick with black hair and actually hidden deep in her fat. But she screamed happily as George rammed his cock into her pussy and was now fucking her wildly and brutally. The fat woman gasped for air and drove George wildly. I didn't understand a word, but they were apparently throwing dirty talk at each other. George bared his teeth like a baboon as he grunted and cummed deep inside her. Madame was tossing and turning in her orgasm and she was screaming with pleasure. George continued fucking undaunted, bringing her to screaming orgasms again and again. After having cummed in the fat pig for the third time, he finished it.

And really, George fucked the fat madame so hard once a week, so that by the end she was just a whimpering bundle. He did it on every Thursday, every single week, the bloody bastard. And now we stopped paying rent at all, even though Madame was upset about it, but we just cheekily didn't pay. For a long time I didn't admit to myself how voyeuristic I was watching them fucking, but that's exactly what I did. In the evening George had to sleep on the sofa, I didn't let him in my bed and I didn't let him fuck me either. I masturbated until my eyes closed. The next day everything was fine again and we explored the city again. We mostly ate in the Latin Quarter, where there were

many inexpensive little bistros. I soon stopped thinking about fucking the fat madame and really enjoyed the magic of this city.

But the Norns didn't love us humans, they really didn't, and they always tried to find a way to ruin us. I always woke up very early and went down to the little café, drank a coffee and smoked with pleasure. What a beautiful morning! I grabbed a café-to-go and went upstairs to wake George. But what was waiting for me there!

The 15-year-old Colette was spread out on my bed and George, that pig, was fucking the little girl diligently. The little girl really had it all behind her mind, she spread her legs high in the air and willingly let my black man fuck her. For sure, he wasn't the first one. With tears in my eyes, I sat by the window and watched them fuck. Voyeuristic. Colette wasn't as fat as her mother, her pussy was still covered with a delicate black flam, she probably didn't have a period yet, I concluded. She didn't have any breasts either, just big brown teats that jiggled pointedly and cheekily. I looked at the little girl's smooth cunt, yes, George's cock was plowing into it like it was her mother's. At first I was just horrified, but as time went on I became really angry. It was clear what an unscrupulous, cock-driven pig George actually was. He was tired of my pussy, Florence and Colette had new pussies to offer. I stared at the wild fucking as if hypnotized. Colette rubbed her clit wildly while fucking and kept orgasming in a row. George squirted completely inside her and continued straight away, he squirted a second time and a third time, like an automatic machine.

I made my decision in a split second. I couldn't compete with a 15 year old, I was 28. George kept fucking the little monster. It was enough. Enough! I hurriedly stuffed my belongings into my travel bag and left, slamming the door behind me and cursing. Taxi to the train station. I drove home to Dave and Jack.

Jack hugged me jubilantly, Dave and Jamie simply ignored me. At night the three of us lay in the double bed, Dave fucked Jamie and afterwards turned over to sleep. I didn't feel like masturbating and fell asleep crying quietly. This went on for two days. I didn't give up, Jamie was the first to unfreeze and interrogated me thoroughly. I told her everything, I don't have any secrets from my sister. Jamie said

she let Jack fuck her every morning, the boy was good for it, really. I nodded, what could I say to that. Jamie had been with my husband for two months, I knew that from the moment I left my family for Paris. I knew Jamie pretty well. Of course, she grabbed Dave when the opportunity came. Like with my pregnancy and now with my escapade. “Thank you, Jamie, for taking such good care of Dave and Jack. I was really hoping you’d keep them on track because I wasn’t sure if I really wanted to run away to Denmark like Mom did.” I hugged her crying. “Thank you, Jamie. You’re a good sister, always have been.” Now we were both crying. She tore herself away wildly. “I’m going to force Dave to accept you again tonight. You belong together, and he’s acting childish and stubborn like a mule, the stupid fellow!” Actually, she succeeded. Dave hugged me wordlessly and tearfully that night. He was now fucking both of us, Jamie and me. Jamie had told him in outline about my escapade and that George was finally over. We were reunited and Jamie stayed with us for another 14 days before she went back to dad’s bed.

Jack had greeted me jubilantly, happy that mom was back. The next morning we picked up where we left off in the shower. But now, smiling, I allowed him to rub my clit further than ever until I orgasmed with slight tremors. We didn’t say a word about it. I just smiled and watched him masturbate. Afterwards I took his semi-hard and rubbed it vigorously so that it quickly became hard again, then I let him cum deep in my throat and of course swallowed it. We didn’t say a word about it. Then we sat next to each other on the plastic chair and he curiously asked about my escapade with George. No, he didn’t want to hear the “dear little son” version, but the adult version. So I told him everything, leaving nothing out. He had a right to hear it clearly. He asked a lot of questions in between, I had to describe George’s cock to him very clearly, as well as Madame’s and Colette’s pussies. I wasn’t uncomfortable with his questions; he was a 15-year-old going through puberty and his curiosity was only natural. I said that Jamie had told me about the fucking all the mornings. But he didn’t want to talk about it yet. He asked me to tell him my life story, of course he was mostly interested in sex. I nodded in agreement and said, “I won’t leave anything out, but you can’t judge me too quickly, Jack, okay?”

“I learned to masturbate from Jamie when I was 5 or 6 and we masturbated a lot together, each for ourselves or each other when it was convenient, and we licked each others clits wildly. But we weren’t lesbians, of course not.” Jack interrupted me. “My two friends Susanne and Evi are not lesbians either, although they always lick each other’s clit to orgasm, and I love watching them.” I nod in agreement, “It’s called girl-sex because these girls aren’t automatically lesbian sluts.”

“My mother was fed up with Dad grabbing young girls more and more often, very young, underage little girls. She ran away to Denmark, married a good pastor and they had three daughters. I never saw her again and lost all contact. Dad immediately took Jamie into his bed, deflowered her and made her his little wife. Jamie didn’t care that the bastard kept laying on little underage girls, she didn’t talk about that to him. She loved fucking, the other things interested her really less. Years later, Dad needed a change, so he took me into his marriage bed, deflowered me and made me his little wife. I loved fucking just as much as Jamie, but I scolded Dad when he took a little girl and dragged her into the dirt. I was quite stubborn and annoyed Dad more and more, although I was happy to let him fuck me. That doesn’t matter.”

Jack hung on my every word. “For Dave, Jamie was his first, when she took him under her sheets. Back then, Jamie and I were really wild brats. During the day we flirted and seduced all the guys we met. Jamie and I had agreed that the guys could fuck us, but they weren’t allowed to cum inside, so we would finish it with our hands. Often each of us had a guy, sometimes we shared one. There must have been hundreds. Jamie orgasmed much easier than me, but I too was now getting orgasms, which I never had with Dad. And these Orgasms made me soft, so I let the guys cum inside me. Jamie was furious at first, but then she gave in too.”

Jack listened thoughtfully. “Why this deal with Jamie?” I grinned. “We believed back then that we wouldn’t become pregnant unintentionally.” Jack shook his head. “That’s crap from the Middle Ages, Mom.” I nodded, “Yes, that’s it. But we made it that way, with nails

and a hammer. Dad and Dave always hosed down inside, so that's all for our stupid theories."

"Well, after about two years, Dad had had enough of me and my rants. He kicked me out of his bed and took Jamie back in. That's how I got Dave. I liked him a lot better than Dad, and I thought he fucked a lot better than Dad, too. Jamie was happy to let Dave go because she saw that we were falling in love. And after two years, I was pregnant with you, Jack. Dad bought us this house and you and Dave and I became here a little family. We wanted no more children "No, the birthing almost killed me. I've been on the pill ever since. And until George, I never cheated on Dave, never. Of course I had a flirt every now and then, and of course I let myself get fucked, but I never let anyone cum inside. That's pretty much my sex life, Jack." Jack considered. "Are you still masturbating, Mom?" I don't bat an eyelash, "Yes, every night since childhood. Only then I fall asleep, Jack."

I thought we were done with the topic. Not at all. Jack looked down at me. "Mom, Jamie and I fucked every morning in the shower for two months, usually twice in a row. And sometimes in the afternoon in the master bedroom when I wasn't with Susanne and Evi. You probably guessed it, didn't you?" I nod slowly. "Jamie told me, Jack. It's okay, I think." Jack seemed satisfied, but now he licks his lips, which he does before every step into the unknown. "Mom, I know why you can't orgasm with Grandpa and Dave. I know the secret." I lean forward excitedly, this is unexpected. "And where does your knowledge about Dave and me come from?" Jack leans back. "Jamie told me you'll never have an orgasm with Dave. He can make you very hot, but then he cums way too quickly. So that after fucking you have to finish it off yourself with your finger. That's what Jamie said, and I believe her."

First I turn pale, then I blush. "Well, if Jamie says so, then that's how it's going to be, isn't it?" Jack scratches his sack. His stiff cock softens and shrinks. "So if Jamie fooled me, please excuse me, Mom." I look at him seriously. "No, Jacky, it's true like Jamie told you. She probably knows it from Dave. It's simply true." A jolt goes through Jack. "Okay, then we're back on track. Let me explain, let me demonstrate, Mom." I stare at his cock, it's a very nice, normal boy

cock. No longer childlike, but that of a growing young man. Impres-
sing size.

Jack grabs my pussy and pushes his finger all the way in. I inhale sharply, I wasn't expecting that. I stare at his cock, which is gradually stiffening again, the tip of the glans already peeking out from under the foreskin. "Unfortunately, Grandpa and Dave don't know what and where the G-spot is or how important it is. That's where the problem lies, Mom." I stare into his eyes. "G-spot? Are you fucking with me, bad Jack?" But he shakes his head decisively. "I'm looking for it right now, Mom. — Ah, there it is." A small bolt of lightning shoots out of my fuck hole behind my eyes. I feel more little flashes as Jack dabs and dips there. I look at him questioningly. "The man has to fuck that G-spot with his cock, then the woman will almost certainly have an orgasm. I would like to show you and prove it, if you let me." I grimace. "What should I let you?" Jacky looks at the floor tiles. "Mom, I've wanted to fuck you for a long time, long before George. Please, let me!"

I'm at a loss for words. "You want to fuck me, huh!?" Jack looks me straight and openly in the face. "Yes, Mom, I want that. I can show you that and how the G-spot works for you." I'm numb. His finger is still in my pussy, his thumb is on my clit. On my clit, and treasonously it's just stiffening, my head twitches. "Do you remember how you had cum inside me?" Jack nods immediately, "Yes, Mom, during our first shower six months ago, I was allowed to penetrate you. But I didn't intend to cum inside, believe me please, it just happened on its own." I nod slowly, that's exactly how it was. "I don't want a repeat, Jack. That was a one-off, and it'll stay that way. Okay?" And it stayed that way, he pestered me for two or three days, but I just shook my head in the negative.

On the third day, on the third night, Jamie managed to break through Dave's block. Dave growled as he hugged me, "and I don't want to hear about your vacation, you hear me? Jamie's already told me enough about it, with far too many piggy details, but that's just how you girls are. Shy and demure, but with a mouth full of piggish filth. It's possible that I'm a little happy that you're back with me, Carmencita." He hugged me and we kissed, for the first time since

the vacation. "I want to be your wife again, Dave. Please forgive me for cheating on you, honestly." Dave took my face in his hands and whispered, "all forgiven, love. Promise me, okay, but please really try. Little slip-ups are meaningless and okay with me, but the thing with George was too much, it hurt a lot." He sealed it with a kiss. I promised him solemnly that there would never be such a mess again, never again. Maybe just small slip-ups, I added tonelessly and shyly. Jamie had sat up next to us and now tears of joy and emotion were streaming down her cheeks. And since then Dave has been fucking us both, me and Jamie too.

Jack knew early in the morning that Dave and I were reunited. Jack beamed from ear to ear. "Mom, I love you so much! You are the best mom in the world!" I was touched and happy. "I love you too, my darling! You are my everything!" Jack kissed me on the cheek. "Thank you, Mom! Thank you for being back!" I smiled and finally felt whole again, thanks God.

The Norns down in the underworld had another idea to ruin us and they giggled in advance expectation. Jack picked up the thread again after rubbing my clit to orgasm. "Mom, I really want to fuck you now, please!" I hesitated for a long time, "It's hard, Jack, I don't know if this is a good idea. It's such a big deal and it could change our relationship, right?" Jack looked at me with his big eyes. "Mom, I love you so much, and I don't want to hurt you or ruin our relationship. But I really want to fuck you, please! It would be so nice if you would let me!" I was torn. On the one hand I wanted to fulfill his wish, on the other hand I was afraid of the consequences.

I look into Jack's eyes, they were silently pleading and begging to heaven. I absentmindedly run my hand over his cock and pulled his foreskin back completely, and oh! what a beautiful glans he had! It was swollen to bursting stiffness, the slit opened a little in excitement. I gather all my courage and then I nodded. "Okay, Jack, but only today, okay? It was so nice back then, wasn't it?" Jack beamed. "Yes, Mom, that was so great! It was so exciting and beautiful! Please let me do it again!" I nodded and smiled. "Okay, then come here!" Jack put the plastic chair in the shower stall and turned me around. He took my ass in his hand, spread my ass cheeks wide apart and

moaned in pleasure. “Oh, Mom, how beautiful your pussy looks from behind!” I had to grin. Only a few have fucked me like that, from behind, and not a single one was as excited as Jack.

He stared at my pussy for a long time. He stammered with delight, “Mom, your pussy looks so hot! So beautiful and wet! It’s so exciting to see it!” I smiled and enjoyed his enthusiasm. Then he took his cock in his hand, pushed back the foreskin and inserted his cock into my pussy hole, slowly and with pleasure. It felt as wonderful as when he first did it. Jack moaned in pleasure as he was deep inside me. “Mom, it feels so good! I love fucking you!” I smiled and enjoyed the strange feeling of being fucked by my son. It was a very special connection between us that I had never experienced before.

I leaned my forehead on the cold tiles. Now I knew what had irritated me at first, Jack’s cock was bigger and thicker than Dave’s and it seemed much harder too. It was an incredible feeling being filled out and fucked by my son and I couldn’t get enough of it. Jack moaned louder and louder as he got deeper inside me. “Mom, you’re so tight and wet! It’s so hot to fuck you!” I smiled and enjoyed every second of it. It was a very special connection between us that I had never experienced before. I felt so happy and fulfilled being fucked by my son. It was the best feeling in the world! I whispered that he should take his time, we had all the time in the world.

Oh, I felt it very clearly now, Jack was concentrating on the ominous G-spot, which he immediately found. He moaned in pleasure as he was able to fuck and thrust my G-spot with his cock. “Mom, your G-spot is so sensitive! It’s so hot to fuck it!” I smiled because little lightnings flashed behind my eyes and I enjoyed the new feeling. Jack’s cockhead hit that special spot in my fuck hole and caused little lightning bolts to explode behind my eyes. Yes, I knew that feeling, that heat that spread from my inner thighs up to my clit, that feeling was like masturbating but much more intense because it came from a real cock. Jack pounded me for 15 minutes or longer, I guess. Oh my God, I thought, this was no small slip-up and I’m going to have to talk to Dave about it tonight. Oh my god, Jack is my son and he fucks me like a man and now he’s chasing me up the hill! “I’m coming

soon,” I shouted quietly and Jack increased his pace, determined to push me over the cliffs.

Triumph flashed through my brain as the orgasm hit me like a tsunami. Without me doing anything, my cunt hole closed around Jack’s cock like an iron fist and I fucked him wildly. I didn’t even feel my forehead hit the tiles, the blood ran warmly down my forehead. My whole body bucked and convulsed wildly, moaning and gasping as I was overcome by this incredible orgasm. It was the most intense feeling I had ever experienced and I couldn’t get enough of it. I moaned loudly and forcibly suppressed my screams. Really, the last time I had an orgasm like that was in my youth, when I let every Tom and Joe fuck me. Jamie had always looked at me in horror, because the expression on my face must have looked terrible, so wild and distorted with lust and ecstasy. But it was just like that, I couldn’t help but feel and express myself that way.

Jack, who had continued to fuck me wildly and hard throughout the orgasm, gritted his teeth, “I have to cum, Mom!” I nodded silently, still dazed from the orgasm. Like with the boys back then, I just nodded in a daze and let them cum inside me, even though Jamie was desperately trying to pull the cock out in time but failed mostly. Jack thrust into me hard and strong a few more times, then I felt him let his cock cum inside me. It was an incredible feeling being fucked and cummed by my son. Oh my god, I had suddenly become so sensitive and felt every single spurt that Jack squirted. It was so intense, so overwhelming, that I couldn’t help but moan and gasp loudly. Jack also moaned with pleasure as he let his cock cum in spurts inside me. Gradually he stopped cumming.

His cock was still hard though, so I quickly pulled out and turned around. I grabbed his cock in my fist and rubbed it wildly, something I had learned from the boys. Not even after a minute the fountain shot out of his little slit again, this time into my cupped hand. Jack moaned in pleasure as I made him cum again. Eventually he stopped cumming and his cock slowly began to soften again. I smiled and felt so happy because I gave Jack a really good time. We sat down next to each other, panting and exhausted.

“Mom, you’re bleeding!” Jack stared at my forehead, which was bleeding from a small cut. “Oh, it’s nothing, Jack, I hit the tiles, it’s nothing.” But Jack jumps up and puts a plaster on it. He stands in front of me, bent over me with his cock dangling in front of my face. I take his glans between my lips, but then I immediately let go again. No, not now! He sits down again. “Mom, thank you, it was wonderful! Thank you!” I stroke his soft cock. “The G-spot thing is really amazing, Jack. It’s so nice that you found it and can do it so well!” Jack beams. “Thanks, Mom! I love fucking you and giving you orgasms!” I smiled and felt so happy, it’s a very special connection between us that I had never experienced before. “I love you too, Jack! You’re my everything!” Jack hugs me and we sit next to each other in silence for a while I gently stroke his cock and he holds my hand. It was a beautiful moment of closeness and connection between us.

“Jack, I’ll tell Dave tonight, I have a duty of honesty to him, you know that.” Jack’s eyes twinkle, but he says “Yes, Mom, I understand that. Hopefully he takes it well.”

In the evening, after I had fucked Dave and then masturbated quickly, he fucks Jamie and I press myself against her body to feel his thrusting. Jamie orgasms and orgasms, her body shatters me and it’s a joy and Dave looks at me triumphantly as he cums inside her. When he’s lying next to me again, I say, “Dave, I have something to tell you, it’s important that you hear it from me and not someone else, okay?” Dave looks at me seriously. “Yes, Carmencita, you can tell me anything, you know that.” I take a deep breath. “Dave, I fucked Jack this morning.” Dave stares at me. “What? You fucked Jack? Oh! That’s wonderful!” I don’t need to explain anything. “Dave, it wasn’t planned, it just happened. Jack had wanted to do it for a long time and I allowed him because I love him and wanted to fulfill his wish. It was a very special bond between us and I don’t regret it.” Dave is silent for a moment. “Carmencita, I think it’s okay, and say, how did he do?” I nod in agreement. “Dave, he was incredibly good, he found my G-spot straight away and fucked me very well and gave me such a nice orgasm. It was really wonderful!” Dave smiles. “I’m glad to hear that, Carmencita. I love you so much and I want you to be happy no matter who you want to fuck, as long as you’re happy and mine.” I’m so relieved and happy with his reaction. “Thanks, Dave! I love you so

much too! You're the best husband in the world!" Dave hugs me and we kiss passionately. It's a beautiful moment of love and acceptance between us.

Jamie rests her chin on her hand. "Yes, I think I've trained him well these months, Dave. And where the G-spot is and why that's important, he also learned from me." Dave looks at Jamie with wide eyes. "G-spot? What's that supposed to be!?" Jamie puts her hand on her pussy. "The G-spot is a particularly sensitive area in the vagina that needs to be particularly stimulated so that the woman can easily have an orgasm. It's important that the man knows where it lies and how to fuck it so that the woman is really orgasming and satisfied." Dave looks at Jamie. "Wow, that sounds really interesting! I didn't know such a thing existed!" Jamie smiles. "Yes, it's really amazing how much there is still to learn about the female body, even for a seasoned pimp! I'm glad Jack learned this and uses it so well!" Dave nods in agreement. "Yeah, me too! It's so nice to see Jack taking care of his mother and giving her such beautiful orgasms!" Jamie beams. "Thanks, Dave! I love you so much too! You're the best husband in the world for her!" Dave hugs Jamie and whispers that she should tell him everything and show him the G-spot. Jamie enlightens him and lets him poke and search in my pussy hole. Finally his eyes light up. "Ah! There is a small spot, a little rougher than around it. Is that it?" and Jamie nods happily. We sit next to each other in silence for a while while we cuddle up and enjoy the closeness.

Jack and I fuck every morning in the bathroom and also in the marital bed in the afternoon when he's not with his girlfriends. First he can bring me to orgasm with his finger, then we fuck, and he always finds my G-spot straight away and brings me to orgasm again and again. Afterwards I always ask him what it was like with Susanne and Evi. He then tells me that he has fucked both of them, that they are both very horny girls and that they satisfy him very well. He tells me everything without reservation and in great detail. He fucks in the tunnel that the girls create with their hands in front of their pussies so that he doesn't break their hymen. He tells me everything he did with the girls without hiding or sugar-coating anything. The girls lick each other's clits, but they're not lesbian sluts, he keeps emphasiz-

zing that. And one of the girls rubs his cock and makes it cum down the other's throat, of course they swallow it too.

Jack shifts restlessly. Then he says it feels strange that Evi's dad keeps filming the three of them. He tells me that Evi and Susanne always lick each other's clit in front of the cameras close-up and that they find it so hot that they do it again and again. Jack finds this very strange, but he also says that he doesn't judge it because he knows that the girls like to do it and they enjoy it. He says he wouldn't do it, but he understands why the girls do it and he accepts it. He falls into a long silence.

"Evi's dad is a strange man, Mom. When he films us, moving around our intertwined bodies and close-up our genitals in action, the juice drips from his shaft. They are all real nudists, skin and hair, they all run around completely naked in their house, including Evi's mother, and of course the three of us too. Evi's mother always makes beautiful eyes at me and told me that if I ever felt like it, I could fuck her, which of course I haven't done yet. What do you think of that, Mom? Should I do that? It would definitely be exciting, wouldn't it?" I'm speechless. "Jack, that's a very difficult question. It's not easy to decide something like this, and there are many factors to consider. Evi's mother is a grown woman, and if she really did offer to fuck you, then that might be an option you could consider. But you also need to think about how it might affect your relationship with Evi and Susanne, and whether you're willing to face the consequences. It's important that you feel comfortable doing it and that you're doing it for the right reasons." Jack nods slowly. "Yes, Mom, I understand. I'll think about it and make a decision when I'm ready." I smile proudly. "That sounds good, Jack. I trust you will make the right decision." Jack looks at me "Anyway, you would accept it if I fuck the slut." I have to go over his mouth. "She's not a slut, you jackass. Few women are sluts, and not broads either. Have a little respect, okay?" Jack lowers his head. "Yes, mom."

"There are still a few things in Evi's family that I don't understand. Her father sometimes calls her into the master bedroom at night and Evi has to do it to him with her hand in front of her mother because her mother doesn't feel like fucking. Of course Evi does it to him eve-

ry time, she doesn't think anything of it. What should I think about that, mom?" I'm speechless. "Jack, this is a very difficult situation. It's not easy to understand or judge something like this and there are many factors to consider." Jack nods slowly. "Yes, Mom, I understand. I'll think about it." I smile proudly. "That sounds good, Jack. I trust you will make the right decision." Jack looks at me "Anyway, you would accept it if I fucked Evi or her mom." I nod in agreement. "Yes, Jack, I would accept it if you fucked Evi or her mother, as long as you did it for the right reasons and felt comfortable doing it. It is important that you always be respectful and responsible with your decisions, and that Evi decides for herself whether or not to give you her virginity." Jack nods slowly. "Yes, Mom, I understand. I will think about it and make a decision when she is ready." I smile proudly. "That sounds good, Jack. I trust you will make the right decision."

Jack looks at me searchingly. "You haven't answered me what you think about Evi giving her father a handjob." I'm speechless again. "Jack, that's a very difficult answer. You mentioned that it only happens when her mom doesn't feel like fucking. It's important that you understand that in some families there are different dynamics and that it's not always easy to understand or judge them. It's also important to note that Evi decides for herself whether or not to please her father with her hand and that it's her decision that you should respect. But I have a little doubt about the whole story, especially since she supposedly does it in front of her mother. This suggests that they are nudists and probably indulge in so-called "free love", which would explain the mother's offer to you. I'm unsure whether Evi might be fooling you. Otherwise there would be nothing if she jerked off her father, even in the presence of her mother. A lot of girls jerk off their dad or wank the brother and there's really nothing to it."

Jack looks at me. "Yes, Mom, that could be the case. But I believe Evi, she is an honest person and I don't think she is lying to me and Susanne believes her too. Evi told me that she does it to her father with her hand because her mother doesn't feel like fucking, and that she likes to do it because she loves her father and wants to give him sexual pleasure." I nod slowly. "Yes, Jack, you're right. It's important that I trust Evi and respect her decisions, even if I may not understand or like it." Jack pushes around a little. "Evi confided a secret to

me and Susanne. Her parents spoke to her very seriously and said that she was almost 16 and that dad wanted to be her first. Evi was pretty shocked and asked for time to think about it, and now she's pondering endlessly, she's asking Susanne and me for our opinion."

I don't have to think for long. "Jack, this isn't a difficult situation. It's easy to decide something like this, but there are a few factors to consider. Evi is a grown girl, and if she's truly willing to give her father her virginity at 16, then that might be an option she could consider. But she also needs to think about how it might affect her relationship with her parents, and whether she's willing to face the consequences. It's important that she feels comfortable doing it and that she's doing it for the right reasons." Jack nods slowly and looks at me. "Anyway, would you accept it if Evi gave her virginity to her father?" I nod in agreement. "Yes, Jack, I would accept it if Evi gave her virginity to her father, as long as she did it for the right reasons and felt comfortable doing it. It is likely that the father would fuck her again and again afterwards, fathers are dirty pigs. I suspect from my own experience with my father." I add, "That's probably not on Evi's radar, but he is, the bastard." Jack nods in understanding, he knows my story very well.

A few days later, Evi did it, says Jack, "and now she's really letting me fuck her, mom. With squirting inside, of course, she got the pill a long time ago." Jack goes on to say that Evi has only ever done it to her father with her hand, and that she enjoyed doing it because she loves her father and would like to give him sexual pleasure. And now Evi has let her father deflower her and he fucks her almost every night because her mom doesn't like fucking anymore and prefers to masturbate while she watches the two of them fuck and gets really horny. Jack says that he really admires Evi because she is so brave and strong and makes her own decisions, even if they may not be accepted by everyone. He says that he loves Evi very much and that he will always be there for her no matter what happens. I'm proud of Evi and Jack because they're both so open and honest with each other and support each other.

Jack continues, "Evi prefers fucking me to her father. She says that I'm much better than her father because I satisfy her much bet-

ter and she has much more fun with me because I give her such nice orgasms. She says that I'm much more tender and loving than her father and that she feels much more comfortable with me than with him. It makes me a little proud, Mom. The only thing that really bothers me is when the father comes along to film us he comes very close to his camera to document our fucking in close-up. Susanne always gets very horny while watching and masturbates like hell and of course she thinks about whether she should give her virginity to her father or not. But actually she is afraid of him, he sometimes comes into her room at night and masturbates her, even when she doesn't feel like it. He's perverted, Susanne says." I listen to Jack in silence and stroke his beautiful cock and gently pull the foreskin over the glans, back and forth, and I don't want to interrupt his report. But I know that if I do that, he'll squirt all over my hand, that's for sure.

Jack scratches his head. "Mom, I promised Susanne that I would deflower her now that Evi had already done it. I promised her that I would be soft and gentle. But I know that tearing the hymen is neither soft nor gentle. Evi said that we would make it very nice for Susanne and that her parents wouldn't bother us. Promise."

I now pull the foreskin back and forth very quickly, I want to let Jack squirt. He leans his head on my breasts and closes his eyes. Now I grab his cock with my fist and literally rub it. We don't need to say anything, we both know what happens next. Jack's lips find a teat on my breast, he licks it and bites it very lightly, making it stiff and pointy.

Jack's seed sprays up in a high arc and lands with a splash on the floor tiles. He stiffens convulsively and shoots out jet after jet, and I am proud of my child's potency, because my Jack can squirt a full load at least 10 times a day, he has proven that many times. He only relaxes when he stops cumming. Only now do I stop rubbing his cock.

Jack's lips separate from my teat, his licking and light biting really heated me up. My teats are as hard as iron and stick out pointedly. I'll worry about that later because Jack is looking at me with sleepy eyes now. I know he wants to ask something, something difficult.

“Mom, what should I pay special attention to when deflowering Susanne?” I have to think carefully, I can’t pass on my own experience. My dad was brutal and rough.

But you hear a lot of things, so I say “create a friendly, perhaps celebratory atmosphere, candles and red wine for example. Secondly, Evi or you have to masturbate Susanne until she is completely horny and hot. And thirdly, approach gently and slowly, but pierce the hymen with a determined jerk and push your cock deep in until it hits the end. Then wait a moment, her former virgin fuckhole has to get accustomed to your cock. Now you can fuck her, first slowly, then faster and faster until she has an orgasm. That’s the most important thing, Jack, so that she doesn’t feel the pain and the burning sensation so much.

And if she doesn’t get to climax the first time, keep going until she does. It’s important that you be patient and give her time to get used to the feeling of fucking. She will love you for life because you were her first and did it very gently.” Jack nods slowly. “Yes, Mom, that sounds good. I’ll do it like you said.” I smile proudly. “Jack, I trust that you will do well and that Susanne will have a soft and gentle defloration and a nice orgasm.” Now Jack smiles gratefully.

A few days later, Jack proudly says that he had deflowered Susanne. “Mom, it was so beautiful! It was so exciting and beautiful! Evi had some candles and we drank a whole bottle of red wine. Susanne loved it, she had such a beautiful orgasm that she almost went crazy with joy! She screamed and cried with happiness the whole time! It was so great to see her so happy!” I’m so proud of Jack. “That sounds really wonderful, Jack! I’m so happy for you and for Susanne! It’s so nice to hear that you were able to give her such a beautiful defloration and orgasm!” Jack beams. “Thank you, Mom! I love fucking you and giving you orgasms, but now I can fuck Evi and Susanne too, and that’s so great!” Jack hugs me and we sit next to each other in silence for a while while I gently stroke his cock and he holds my hand. It was a beautiful moment of closeness and connection between us.

I slowly make him cum, and as always he sprays in a high arc onto the tiles. Jack moans with pleasure as he lets his cock cum in spurts.

Eventually he stops cumming and his cock slowly starts to soften again. I smile and feel so happy because I did Jack a really good job. We sit next to each other, panting and exhausted.

Jack now says that he fucks Evi and Susanne every afternoon, both of them repeatedly. Evi's dad is very annoying, he just wanders around to get a close-up, the bloody idiot.

"Susanne's mother, a stupid gossip, told her father that Susanne was now a real woman, no longer a virgin. He immediately went into the children's room, lay down next to Susanne and masturbated her with his finger until she had a really nice orgasm like he did always. Then he mounted her with a stupid grin, fucked her briefly and squirted the full load into her, even though Susanne wasn't taking the pill yet. He's such a perverted wretch, Mom!" Jack stares at me. "What? That's terrible!" I'm speechless. "Jack, that's a very difficult one. It's not easy to judge something like that, it's also important that Susanne decides for herself whether she wants to let her father jerk off her with his finger or not, he's already done it a thousand times. And it seems obvious to me that he'll fuck her as soon as she becomes a woman - he's certainly been meaning to do it for a long time. And listen, I'll get her the pill first thing tomorrow, the friendly pharmacist is guaranteed to play along."

Jack beams at me. "Thank you, Mom, you're really thinking about us. I've had a long discussion with Evi, but we can't do anything about the fact that Susanne's father is going to fuck her hard every night, the bastard." I have to agree with Jack, "as long as Susanne stays with her parents, he will probably violate her every night, regardless of whether she likes it or not. This can go on for years, she's only 16 or 17." Jack nods, "She'll be 17 in two months, Mom." I stroke his cock and the foreskin. "If I were Susanne's sister, I would advise her to get the best out of it. She doesn't get anything out of crying. She should continue to force him to jerk her off with his finger first, otherwise he won't be allowed to mount her, it's as simple as that. So she gets some of the desecration too, Jack." He nods. "There's something to that, Mom."

Jack still has something on his mind. “Mom, are you very angry with me if I go to Aunt Jamie’s every now and then? She wants me to fuck her in front of my grandpa so that his eyes bulge wide out. He can’t do it anymore, and so she wants to punish him for all these years, says Jamie.” I have to laugh out loud. “Oh, that’s so typical Jamie! She’s such a little revenge goddess, that’s really typical of her! But no, Jack, I won’t be mad at you if you go to Aunt Jamie’s. It is important that you are there for your aunt when she needs you. And if it helps her punish her father, then that’s a good thing. I’m proud of you, Jack, for being such a loving son!” Jack beams at me. “Thanks, Mom!” I hug him and we sit next to each other in silence for a while while I gently stroke his cock and he holds my hand. I’m still grinning at what Jamie has come up with!

Jack is grateful to me for getting the pill for Susanne. Susanne has come to terms with the fact that her father is now violating her every night, and she has decided to make the best of it. She forces her father to wank her with his finger before he mounts her, so that she at least gets something out of the desecration. Jack thinks that’s good and says that he will support Susanne wherever he can. He is happy that I am there for Susanne and help her deal with the situation. It’s nice to see Jack caring and supporting his friends.

Susanne laughs at her father every night. Compared to Jack, he has a small, thin cock that takes a lot of effort to get stiff. She finds his efforts so ridiculous that she cannot take him seriously. She makes him jerk his cock stiff himself in front of her before he mounts her. She delights in this spectacle of his humiliation, he bulges his back like a baboon and rubs his cock, saliva dripping from his lips. She keeps telling him that he’s a perverted wretch and that she doesn’t take him seriously, and that makes him so angry that he always fucks her hard and brutally. Susanne finds this so ridiculous that she keeps laughing at him and telling him that he’s a tiny greedy imp who has to cum after just a minute. It’s a very strange and unhealthy relationship between them.

Jack comes home very late one afternoon, but he has something to tell. “Mom, imagine, today Evi’s mom came into our bedroom, of course completely naked as always. She led me by the hand into the

master bedroom without a word and lay spread out on the bed. She didn't say a word, just took my cock in her mouth and licked it with her tongue. "Because of hygiene," she explained in a thick voice. Her name is Melanie, but everyone calls her Mel. She comes from Sweden, is probably over 1.90m tall and is right light blonde. Her body is very sporty and athletic, and she has shaved her light pubic hair down to a landing strip. She is a giant and has been licking and inspecting my cock for minutes. Her husband is getting ready to film us. She whispers that in the nudist community there are only a few boys my age or younger. She fucks them all the time without caring about her husband. "I love young boys, they all fuck better and longer than the adults," she says and I think she's probably on the pill.

I penetrate her very slowly, it feels wonderful in her pussy, but it's not as tight as yours, mom. We fuck for over an hour, I cum three times in her pussy hole and continue fucking her without stopping as my cock remained finely stiff. She sneaks a hand down to trigger her orgasm again and again with her finger. I didn't count, but there must have been a few orgasms. When she orgasms, she clings to me, twitching wildly like a rabbit, her eyes sparkling starlets. Her husband films everything, sometimes he comes so close that the camera touches us. After my third cumshot I have to stop and lie down next to Mel. Evi's father has sat down on a chair, his cock urgently needs it, our fucking has made him hot. Evi grins knowingly and gives him a good handjob, letting him cum down her throat at the end and swallowing it. Later, when the three of us are in Evi's room, Evi says that her mom obviously really had liked it. She grins. "Jack, be prepared for her to drag you onto her bed at least once a week now, for sure!"

Jack and Evi passed their high school diploma with flying colors, both got a 1.0. Jack is so proud of himself and says he couldn't have done it without his mother's support. He thanks me for everything I have done for him and says he loves me very much. I am so proud of Jack and Evi and so happy for them! It's so nice to see them both succeed and achieve their goals! Unfortunately, Susanne has to repeat the year because she had to spend so much time in bed with her father that she hardly got any time to study. She is very sad about it,

but Jack and Evi support her and tell her that if she tries hard, she will succeed.

Susanne had to lie naked on the marriage bed all afternoon and do her father's bidding. He photographed her in the most disgusting poses and she had to jerk off in front of him the whole time, which really turned him on. Then he fucked her for a minute and cummed with a grunt, then she had to keep jerking off, for him and for his damn camera. Like Evi's father he sells the videos to internet portals for some good cash. It was a terrible time for Susanne, but she got through it and is now ready to tackle the next school year.

Jack and Evi go to university, both studying medicine. Jack wants to become a doctor to help people and save lives, and Evi wants to become a psychiatrist to help people with their mental and emotional problems. They are both very ambitious and motivated and I am so proud of them! Dave feels obliged to finance a one-room apartment for the two of them. They quickly took Susanne to their place, away from her miserable father. Susanne then completed her high school diploma and decided to train as a nurse because she would like to work in the healthcare sector. She is very happy with her decision and is pleased that she found shelter with Jack and Evi.

It makes me so happy that the three musketeers stick together like pitch and brimstone. They support each other, love each other and have a very special connection with each other. It's so nice to see them all succeed and achieve their goals and I'm so proud of them! I love them all so much and will always be there for them no matter what!

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