



Jack X.
Faber

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The Tartan Woman

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Three weeks after the outbreak of the war in Tartania, Jack managed to get his offer to take in a family accepted. He was, after all, married to Juliet, who, unfortunately, was gradually losing her mind. She did her household halfway, but she was no longer available for sex. She masturbated almost every night, even though she was still half asleep, and didn't mind him kneeling in front of her to masturbate. He rarely squirted on the outside of her pubic area, but almost always managed to penetrate her vagina and squirt inside, despite her protests to squirt. She muttered "Oops!" or "Oops!" but kept masturbating and masturbating and went back to sleep.

For quite some time, her girlfriends or acquaintances came to visit, to palaver with Juliet, but in truth to let him fuck them willingly. None were bothered by the fact that Juliet sometimes also stripped naked and watched them masturbating while they fucked. On the contrary, many were very aroused by Juliet's masturbation and orgasms. When Juliet was already on the finish line, he pulled his cock out of his girlfriend and quickly fucked Juliet, despite her protests. He waited to squirt until Juliet orgasmed and instantly squirted into her orgasm. This was the best thing for him, fucking Juliet as he knew her. He didn't care to continue fucking his girlfriend afterwards if she hadn't orgasmed yet. Some came to him quite often because he was the only one who still wanted to fuck them. They were throughout women beyond 60, hardly to very little pretty, so Juliet was still the prettiest. Currently, a few desperate ones still came to him to fuck once or twice a month. They liked to let him watch them masturbate after fucking for her sake.

It had started four years ago. Juliet lost her mind from one day to another, she had no interest in actively participating in fucking, but her sexual desire was rapidly increasing. Masturbating twice a day as before was no longer enough for her. The girlfriends who came to visit gave him pitiful handjobs, but that was only satisfying for a few weeks. He lured them into the bedroom and they all enjoyed being

fucked. Especially the strictly Catholic married ones, which he had never expected. He was relieved, fucked daily and the pressing sexual pressure subsided. Usually two women came every day, rarely one after the other, mostly at the same time. He suppressed any sense of shame, he fucked them both side by side and finally squirted into Juliet's vagina. He fucked the women lying close to each other, he quickly switched from vagina to vagina and squirted into Juliet's vagina very quickly. Then the two women had to satisfy themselves. This usually worked out quite well, but if Juliet didn't want to play along, he would fuck one or both of them alternately until his semen rose up and he squirted into one or both of them. His favorite was to squirt into both. He lost the pleasure of these acrobatic acts after a while, but kept doing it anyway. Juliet was delighted like a fool when the three or four of them rolled around naked in the big marital bed. She had never seen her friends naked before and now they were all fucking and masturbating altogether!

The most frequent was Geli, she was 32 and butt-ugly. She always came alone. She was ugly, her heavy breasts hung down sadly. She had a big ass and was completely addicted to masturbating. She had never fucked before and timidly let Jack deflower her against her will while she pressed her lips into Juliet's cunt and screamed. She had told Jack she was a lesbian and had never fucked, and she definitely did not want to be fucked. He forced her to let him fuck her or she wouldn't be allowed in Juliet's bed. That big thing sure won't go in on me, she lamented, crying. She whined for a long time, but he stayed hard. Geli fearfully lay naked next to Juliet and stared fearfully at his erect cock. Her moans became low whimpers the closer his cock crept up between her thick thighs. His knees pushed her thick thighs apart. He gazed greedily at the open fruit, the pink flesh between her labia, and at the well-trained clit that was visibly stiff despite her fear.

He penetrated very slowly and her hymen tore immediately. She cried out loud, though she could barely feel it. He fucked her slowly and with firm thrusts, she kept silent in bewilderment because it felt so good. He had never fucked such a tight and firm vagina, maybe with the exception of the janitor's 12 year old daughter. That was his only crime, he had by now deflowered some of the 13 and 14 year old

girls in the area and fucked them frequently. The girls wanted it and came to him, he had never raped one. They never betrayed him.

She had a very tight cunt, Geli said, because she was a lesbian. All lesbian women have a very tight cunt, that's why they didn't let themselves be fucked! Her cunt would be much too tight for his cock, Geli said. No one else but her ever said *cunt*! He believed that he liked to fuck her so much because her vagina was as tight as the young girls'. He got used to the fact that when he squirted inside her vagina she always squealed that he shouldn't make her a baby. He squirted in juicily every time, after all it was completely nonsensical. He was too old to father a child after all.

Geli wanted to fuck every day and he had to slow down her attachment with time. It was enough for him if she came to fuck two or three times a week. Fucking with the ugly Geli did not fulfill him, she pressed her lips on Juliet's cunt and licked her with passion. She had never been able to lick Juliet before, although she had often begged for it. Now Juliet had lost her mind and Geli licked her from orgasm to orgasm. Juliet laughed childishly as she looked down at Geli's tongue and Her own clit. Geli's face contorted ugly in orgasm and that killed any eroticism. Geli was known to masturbate every day and much more often in a row than the others. When the war broke out, he stopped making the women come.

Because he wanted so much, so much to fuck younger, prettier women! The war was terrible, but he wanted to profit fuck-wise from the escaped women. The young Tartanian women were generally considered very pretty, his friends had said. He felt ashamed for a moment, because he was only interested in fucking. This was certainly a low motive and more low base motive than the many good people who helped the refugees for noble reasons.

He had been retired for quite a while, the payments were okay and he could even put a little aside each month. But it bothered him that no real sex was going on with Juliet anymore. He masturbated on a case-by-case basis in the marital bed, Juliet watching him curiously as if she'd never seen it before and turning to face him. He usually squirted easily in her vagina at the end of the masturbation, she just

said “Hey!?” or “Oops!” But sometimes he squirted on Juliet’s naked breasts, she rubbed the semen on her breasts grinning and muttered: “That’s it!” then she turned aside and slept.

Now he stood in the refugee reception center and waited patiently until he was called. The staff member was completely overwhelmed by the masses and was satisfied that his wife had gone ‘to the front desk’ because of ... the rest he mumbled unintelligibly. He could forge Juliet’s signature blindfolded. She has signed, said the stressed employee, breathing a sigh of relief, so we can start! and went ahead. She introduced him to Irina, she had two children, five and six years old, Jan and Anusha. He drove them home in the car, Juliet was already asleep. He showed the premises, the living room with the TV for the children, who could sleep on the wide sofa. He opened the door to the bedroom and pointed to the very wide bed: Juliet, Irina, me! That was the key point. She had had much worse places to sleep on the run. Irina nodded, seeming to have no qualms about sleeping beside them both. He directed everyone to the tiny kitchen, where they devoured the pizzas they had brought with ravenous appetite. The children drank juice, Irina drank red wine like water. She drank a lot every night, that was obvious.

She put the children to bed, the little ones let her tell them a story for a few more minutes and fell asleep. He waited in the kitchen and they drank a few more glasses of red wine. He did not speak tartan and she did not speak any other language. Yet somehow they communicated. She had left her violent husband, he beat her and wanted her only for fucking. She formed a hole with her thumb and index finger and fucked in it with her other index finger. She made the fuck sign with her fingers so clearly that he taught her the word: fuck. She learned it immediately. Fuck! When the war broke out, her husband, drunk as he was, took up arms and fell in the first days. Dead. She made a cross and looked gratefully to the sky. Dead. Her finger ran across her throat and her eyes laughed.

The bottle was empty, Irina slightly buzzed, and they walked to the bedroom. Irina grabbed his arm and whispered: don’t fuck! He looked at her incredulously and she shook her head decisively: Irina not fuck! He nodded in agreement and murmured, we’ll wait and see,

my sweet, then they went into the bedroom. He stripped naked and lay down next to Juliet, who also slept naked. He watched Irina undress very slowly. The 25 year old didn't have a pretty face under her ash blond pageboy hairdo, but she had a very slim figure and small firm breasts. She almost wanted to take off her panties, but reconsidered and kept them on. She turned to face him. He flipped the blanket all the way back and made an inviting hand gesture for her to lie between Juliet and him. A little tense, she crawled over his stiff erection and lay down, there was enough room for all three of them. He turned out the light.

He put his arm under Irina's head. Very gently and carefully his fingers slid over Irina's soft skin, she gradually relaxed as his fingers palpated her breasts and nipples. She began to explore his old body caressingly and her fingers clasped his hard-on. It seemed to him that she knew exactly what she was doing. Okay? she asked softly, clutching the hard-on determinedly, okay? He nodded, but since she couldn't see it, he whispered loudly Okay! She began rubbing his cock very slowly and asked, okay? He hoarsely whispered his okay and she gave him a nice handjob. She continued to rub him as he squirted and wiped his semen away with the palm of her hand. Okay? she asked and he whispered, okay, okay, okay! He kissed her on the mouth and whispered, good night, Irina! and she said, good night, Jack! Then they fell asleep.

In the morning he awoke, Irina had her arms wrapped around him and her panties had slipped. He looked at her pubic hair and labia curiously. He touched the labia so delicately that she did not awaken. He let his thoughts run wild, one day they would fuck, he knew that for sure. He woke her up after a quarter of an hour. The children were awake, Irina took them to brush their teeth and he made breakfast. He introduced Juliet and introduced her to Juliet. Juliet asked how long they were staying and Jack said they would be leaving after about four or five weeks, the decision depended on the refugee's office. After breakfast, Juliet stayed with the children and he went with Irina to the supermarket across the street. He saw that she had mastered shopping and they got everything they needed, including two doublers of red wine. She wanted to cook, they bought cutlets. At lunch they made sandwiches and Juliet took the kids to the play-

ground. She was totally infatuated with the kids and the madness disappeared as long as she was with them. He helped in the kitchen to prepare dinner, the kids got to watch a cartoon movie after dinner and went straight to sleep. Juliet went to sleep as well, he waited for Irina in the kitchen with the red wine.

He learned that Irina had been earning her money as a whore for the last few years. Tartan's men fucked very well and paid dutifully. Irina said with her gestures that the considerate Tartans pulled out the cock to squirt. Irina not baby! she said, not baby! Many wanted to squirt in her mouth after fucking, that was okay for her, that didn't make babies. She put a finger in her mouth, pffft! that's how men squirted in! Jack too, she asked with glittering eyes, pffft! squirt in her mouth? He nodded uncertainly, he had never squirted in a woman's mouth before.

Whether she loved her husband? She rolled her eyes, a few weeks, after the wedding. And the children? No, they are just my children! she said with her gestures. The husband was not their father. Jack scratched his head and looked at Irina questioningly. Had he understood her correctly? They were the children of her childhood friend, whom she still loved very much at that time. Her husband suspected it, but she kept him in the dark, almost drinking himself to death with jealousy. Jack repeated it with his gestures and she nodded affirmatively, fuck with dear friend from before and two children from him. Two. Her husband drank too much and beat her until she let him fuck her. The gestures were clear, she thrashed Jack's fist, then finger fucked his fist for a very long time and went pffft!, pffft! so the guy squirted in her vagina. Jack nodded in understanding. She took his hand and kissed his fingertips. Jack okay, she nodded and tapped his forehead. Okay, Jack okay. She said that he was a smart man and had gotten her story right. He didn't understand a word Tartan, but he understood her. He kissed her palm; she was an honest person.

From the second day she took off her panties, he looked at her pubis, which was covered only by a small tuft of blond hair. Her cleft looked young-girlish, the labia small and flat, neither the labia minora nor the clitoris were visible from the outside. She gave him time to look at her, then climbed over him upside down, and turned her

bare ass towards him. She paused in the middle and delicately inspected his cock with her fingers, pulling the foreskin all the way back and looking at his glans. Her little butt cheeks were just inches from his face. She did this on purpose, he knew, it didn't happen by accident. She widened her buttocks and he looked at her cunt, the beautiful pink flesh and at her pale, flat labia. She let him look into her open vagina for minutes, he saw her little hole that had opened only a millimeter and where the light pink vagina could be glimpsed. Her clit was dark red and bursting stiff, the bud had come halfway out under his bonnet. If he had stuck out his tongue, he could have licked the red knob, but he didn't dare. She winced as his tongue touched her clit. He probed her clit with his tongue and pushed back the fold of skin over the nodule with his tongue, again and again, for minutes. It tasted bitter and sour. He had never licked a woman before and Irina had never been licked, yet she let him. His tongue danced insolently on her knob, she shivered after a long time and shuddered, only then she lay down. He believed that she had had an orgasm. Maybe?

She gave him a hand job every night and taught him to cum in her mouth. She had learned to do that in her whore life and was a master at it. She licked and sucked his glans and rubbed his cock at the same time until he squirted in her mouth. She licked and sucked his cock until it was completely flaccid. Her eyes glistened hornily, then she turned out the light. He groped after the squirt for her pubic, she willingly opened her thighs. He found the clit immediately and began to masturbate her gently. It did her a damn good! After a few minutes she orgasmed, held his hand tightly and breathed, Irina don't mimasilli, don't mimasilli! Amen! She made a cross and whispered something about religion and the Popen, apparently the mimasilli had been forbidden by the orthodoxe priest. Still, fuck the Popen, she liked to let him masturbate her every night and kiss him on the mouth afterwards. He was the first man ever she allowed to masturbate her, not even the husband! she explained to him gesticulating softly.

But of course there was no Popes around when he was needed. She let him watch her showering every morning, sitting on the stool and pretending to wait his turn. Irina smiled finely when he stared at

her while she showered. Pope this, Pope that, every shower ended with her pressing her fingers to her clit and rubbing it for a few seconds. She huddled in orgasm and stood back up. She smiled guiltily and gave herself a light, token slap. Don't mimasilli, Irina, she mimicked the popen's deep voice, don't mimasilli! They both grinned and laughed aloud.

He accompanied her to all the appointments, to the payment office of refugee aid, to all the authorities. He took her shopping for underwear, buying several dozen for the kids and for her. He had to accompany her to the changing room, where she stripped naked and tried on each pair of panties individually and teasingly. He almost fell all over her. She laughed as bright as a bell.

In the night she woke him up all excited, he immediately turned on the little light. Juliet mimasilli, she whispered quite excitedly. Juliet rarely masturbated in her sleep, had kicked off the blanket and masturbated noisily. Irina watched his wife, stunned. He whispered, Juliet mimasilli, mimasilli is okay! Irina looked at him in disbelief and watched masturbating to orgasm spellbound. Apparently she had never seen a woman masturbate before. Juliet, who had masturbated freely all her life, laughed happily at him as he crouched in front of her and watched the masturbation up close. She masturbated every night and more often, he had soon learned and Juliet loved it before her madness when he masturbated her and she could indulge her sexual fantasies. He had also masturbated many of her friends, he could do it perfectly over time. Juliet farted loudly, turned sideways with the blanket and went back to sleep. His cock was stiff to bursting, Irina's clit was stiff to bursting. Somehow the bursting had to stop.

Her hand gently guided him as he slowly and carefully entered her vagina. She sighed deeply as he penetrated and hugged him. He would never understand why tears were running down her cheeks. She smiled with relief and stroked his head. At his age nothing went fast, he fucked her slowly and with pleasure. Her vaginal entrance was very small and her vagina very tight, he felt that she was skillfully pressing her clit on his cock while being fucked. After only a short time she had a violent orgasm, her vagina pressing and rolling

his cock. He paused in amazement, never before had a woman had an orgasm while he was fucking her without masturbating. He didn't continue until she had calmed down and thrust a little harder. Her second orgasm triggered his squirting, he squirted in hard and she grabbed his cock in fright. She pulled it out, rubbed it hard and let the rest splash onto her labia. Not baby, she gasped in horror, not not baby! He slumped to the side and muttered, old men don't make babies. He turned out the light.

Fuck okay? she asked the other day in the shower and he nodded laughing, okay okay okay! She smiled and showered, warbling a little song. He had fucked many of Juliet's friends and acquaintances, all of them in fact, but he had yet to meet one who orgasmed while fucking. They all masturbated manually to orgasm, with him fucking or alone. Irina could orgasm in a few seconds, while fucking as well while showering. This woman was a little miracle in bed, and he didn't care that she had been earning her money as a whore for the last few years. He looked forward in advance to fucking her that night, helping with the shopping and cooking. He stayed with the children when they colored with crayons in the old school notebooks. He bought many new coloring books and crayons and the children threw themselves around his neck, they were so genuinely grateful.

Irina met with some fellow refugees once a week. She told that one of them was forced into prostitution by her host. Irina was shocked and looked at him uncertainly. Irina not prostituiti? she asked, looking at her fingernails. No, he said gruffly, no no no! Irina and Jack fuck, not fuck other men! He calmed down. Irina and Jack fuck, that's okay, isn't it? he asked, looking at her. Fuck Jack okay, fuck Prostituiti not okay! she said with finality.

Irina lowered her head. Irina Prostituiti, she whispered ashamed. He grasped her hands. That was over, he said, that was in Tartania. Tartania prostitution, okay and over! He wiped prostitution aside with his hand in the air. Not now, no prostitution, off to Germany, no more prostitution! She looked him in the eyes and remained silent. He pointed with his chin in the direction of the sleeping children. Children school, he said seriously, Anusha school! He pointed his finger in one direction and the other. School on the left, prostituiti on

the right. Irina blanched. He explained school. Reading, writing, arithmetic. Books, reading. She understood. She nodded eagerly, the children would go to school and learn, Not prostituti! She promised him eloquently that Anusha and Jan would go to school and read many, many books. He understood her, not her words. He squeezed her hand tightly, Anuscha not Prostituti! She wanted to start all over again in Germany, she had friends there who could employ her as a seamstress. She never wanted to work as a whore again, she declared gesturing and looking Jack firmly in the eyes.

So it went on quite peacefully, they fucked every night and Irina pulled out his cock before squirting. She did well by masturbating him tightly while squirting and letting him squirt on her labia. Sometimes, of course, she was late and he squirted in her tight vagina and then said Oops! She flooded him with Tartian curses, Oops, Oops, you shall not squirt inside my vagina, old man, I don't want a child! But he loved to squirt into her vagina and always tried his luck when she was orgasming. She patted him on the arm with a smile and hugged him, somehow she was okay with him squirting inside. Only on certain days she still pulled his cock out vigorously and on time, Irina not baby!

Juliet sometimes sat up and turned on the little light when they fucked and watched them fuck. She masturbated with a crooked grin and Irina curled her fingers into Juliet's cunt. She stared stunned at the old woman masturbating and he was able to squirt in unnoticed. Irina didn't let go of Juliet's cunt until Juliet's orgasm had subsided. Irina had become hopelessly horny from watching and he had to fuck her again. She breathed heavily after the orgasm and patiently let him squirt in.

The morning after these nights she masturbated for minutes in the shower, usually twice, and gave herself the symbolic slap. Not mimasilli, Irina, grinned the pope with the deep voice, not mimasilli! She confirmed that she had never seen a woman masturbate before Juliet, female masturbation was something very very private in Tartania.

She had been masturbating every night since she was a teenager, of course, but only in secret. Only her husband had seen it once, when they were still in love, on their wedding night. He barely hid his disappointment that she was no longer a virgin and she instinctively decided not to tell him about her previous lovers. He had woken up and caught her in the middle of masturbation. That's when he hit her for the first time. Mimasilli, he cursed and pounded her, mimasilli! Then he fucked Irina hard and brutally. Since then she was very careful and never let him catch her again. The mimasilli she needed every day, period!

The brutal fucking was not her thing, although she could orgasm wonderfully while doing it. She endured it resigned to fate and masturbated very late at night when he slept off his drunkenness. She never let him cum inside again after the wedding night and rubbed his cock with her hand to make it squirt. He was way too drunk to change that. She let her married childhood friend Janek fuck her as often as he could and only he was allowed to cum inside her. She wanted the kids from him, only him! She fucked only him and her husband for the first three years, but the husband was never allowed to cum inside her. Janek moved away after his wife caught them fucking again and again. The wife had some sense of fairness and barked for them to move on! She stopped under the door and watched hornily. When he slunk out like a whipped dog after squirting, she winked mischievously at Irina. She kept coming to watch them fuck. Each time Irina orgasmed while being fucked, she put a hand on her heart to calm her galloping palpitations. Irina soon didn't mind that she always came to watch and once told her to lie down with them. The woman hesitated for a very long time until she undressed and lay naked with them. Janek fucked both women one after the other, Irina watched very curious and horny, because this was the only time she could watch them fucking. She crawled under Janek to see her hairy vagina while he fucked her. Instead of letting him squirt, the woman stopped. He fucked Irina twice in a row and squirted hard inside her twice. The woman pulled the blanket over her and Irina knew that she was secretly masturbating under the blanket. Janek later told that his wife preferred masturbating much more and very often than fucking. It made cheating much easier for him.

After Janek left, Irina began her career as a whore. A good friend taught her everything how to whore best. She helped her find an apartment where she could fuck gentlemen undisturbed by the children. Her husband was fuming when she left, but he left her alone and drank more than ever. She spent a lot of time with her children and took only so many men that she had a sufficient income. Still, there were hundreds of men, Irina sighed, but she had not remembered their names or faces. She was very careful, counting her days and letting very few splash in. If it was harmless, she quite liked to feel the squirting in her vagina. On those days she hugged the men tightly and pressed them against her, because she found it very satisfying when they squirted in.

After 6 weeks, her papers and tickets arrived. They said goodbye for the first and last time with a long kiss on the platform, the children giggling and giggling with embarrassment.

He pressed a wad of bills into her hand, the money is valid in Germany too, he muttered, not taking the money back. It's for your start, he mumbled and Irina said at the end, start! Yes, thank you Jack! Anusha and Jan start! He nodded and kissed the children lovingly on the top of the head.

He had to go very quickly so that she did not see his tears.

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The Wild Girl

by Jack Faber © 2022

How surprised Jack was when the refugee aid worker called him to ask if he couldn't take in another refugee. Yes, he said, we would be very happy! So Olga, in her mid-thirties, and her daughter Ilena, a head taller than her mother and about 16, appeared. He asked her into the kitchen and they took a snack. Olga was small and plump, she had large breasts and a mouse-like, friendly face. Her husband fell in the fighting, but neither Olga nor Ilena was in mourning. They spoke a few scraps of German, Olga had worked in an international shipping company and had also taught Ilena a little German. He showed them the apartment, Ilena should sleep on the sofa in the living room. Before Olga could change her mind, Juliet said enthusiastically, You'll sleep with us, with me and Jack! She spontaneously hugged Olga and added that she was really welcome.

He listened patiently as Olga talked about her adventurous escape. She only mentioned her deceased husband in passing, but Ilena interfered indignantly. In his intoxication he often beat his mother and only stopped when Olga soothed him with sex. He didn't care if I was there or not. Jack looked at her inquiringly. I mostly went out into the kitchen, said the girl, I didn't want to be there when she let the monster humiliate her sexually. Blushing, Olga pressed a hand to her breast, but she said nothing. Jack had the impression of a frightened mouse again. It made her pretty in a way. Juliet said goodbye, took her sleeping pill and went into the bedroom. He looked benevolently at Olga, she didn't object to his long eyeing at her large breasts and her round buttocks. He got a long look down her inner thighs and said they would go shopping for her underwear in the morning. For Lena too, Olga said numbly, and he quickly added, of course!

Lena was allowed to watch the news on TV, then she went to sleep. Olga drank a lot of red wine, he tried to find out more. Her smuggler wanted to rape Lena, but she prevented it. I didn't mind, she said with a heavy tongue, but Lena is too young and had never... She searched for a word. Fucked? Jack interjected and she said that Lena

had never fucked and was unaffected. Jack nodded understandingly, the girl was too young and it was a good thing the tout hadn't fucked her. Olga drank a lot, but she told him everything frankly. Lena was the child of her married boss and she knows about it. She had married the mechanic Sergei, who didn't have much in his head and believed to be Lena's father. It went well for years until Sergei started drinking heavily. He beat Olga for no reason and could only find peace while fucking. Unfortunately, Lena often had to watch him fuck Olga. But the girl remained calm and silent, she was not interested in fucking, Olga was sure of that. Sergei had been called to the front line to repair a captured vehicle. The Russians bombed the position and everyone died. Olga remarked with a certain sadness in her voice, a pity because Sergei was the only man who could fuck her to orgasm. Jack noticed the gray mouse eyeing him from the side. He questioned her thoroughly, she had fucked a lot of men, but technically Sergei was the best. Otherwise he was quite an asshole.

They got up and went into the bedroom. He undressed and Olga took her time. When she saw that he and Juliet were naked, she stripped naked as well. He looked at her with lust, her large breasts were very beautiful, her narrow waist emphasized her ample ass. She had only a sparse pubic hair, which hid thick labia. Dark, thin, and ragged-looking labia minora hung out of the cleft beneath the prominent fold of skin that covered the clitoris. He stroked Olga's back and got a big erection. Olga smiled proudly, then lay down next to him and Juliet. She spread her legs and looked at his stiff cock. Do you like making love or... and she looked at Juliet. He said Juliet didn't feel like having sex, but he did. Olga grabbed his cock and pulled him to her. He waited until she inserted his cock into her vagina. She kissed him on the mouth and pulled him tightly into her vagina. Jack's cock wasn't particularly big, but Olga still had to make an effort to push the cock into her vagina. It was a very tight cunt that felt very good. She had an equally tight vagina as Geli, although Olga didn't have such a huge ass. She kissed him again and again and gently caressed his body. She followed his rhythm and caressed his buttocks. When he got to the finale, she clawed her fingers into his buttocks and pushed him tightly into her. Just squirt, my dear, just squirt! she whispered in his ear and he fucked and squirted until he fell to the side in exhaustion. She whispered that she could no longer

have children, Lena was a very difficult birth. He understood and kissed her again, then he turned off the light. He groped for her, her clit hard and stiff. She cried and braced her clit against his finger for minutes until her abdomen jerked and then she held his hand tight. She pressed his fingers tightly to the throbbing clit and whispered in a trembling voice, No, don't, that's forbidden! Her abdomen was jerking violently and he wasn't sure if she had had an orgasm. She whispered again that it was forbidden and pushed his hand away. She cried until her abdomen calmed down.

He woke up long before sunrise. He was confused at first, he lay on his side and could feel Olga with his back. She had one hand on his hip and was sleeping with deep breaths. In front of him lay Lena, she had pushed up her nightgown and her buttocks rubbed his erect cock. He could vaguely remember her getting into bed quietly at some point. She held his hand over her other hand with one hand and that hand moved. He finally woke up. She rubbed his cock with her buttocks and masturbated at the same time, he could feel it very clearly. She pressed his hand over her masturbating hand and gasped softly. He felt his cock buck as her buttocks rubbed his cock so sensually. He felt his fingers under her masturbating hand and felt her clitoris.

He couldn't hold it back and squirted between her buttocks. She kept still, squeezing his head into her vagina until the squirting stopped and continued to masturbate quickly. His fingers felt her rub really hard. Suddenly she stopped and her small buttocks trembled and twitched. With the hand that rested on her head, he groped for her breasts. They were very small and firm, their nipples pointed and firm. They lay still for minutes until they fell asleep.

He was wide awake when Olga reached over him to Lena's body and straightened her thin nightgown. He hugged Olga and kissed her, his cock slid into her vagina almost by itself. Olga shook her head and looked at the sleeping Lena. He understood and they got up quietly, leaving Juliet and Lena to sleep. They showered one by one and went to buy underwear and breakfast. He got a textbook for German and a dictionary for Lena. After breakfast, Lena and Olga threw themselves into studying, and in the afternoon Juliet went shopping

with Olga. It soon turned out that Olga could cook wonderfully. He had to keep reminding Juliet to take money with her. She was very impressed by Olga and her cooking, her madness disappeared when she and Olga did something together. In the morning she had observed that Jack put his cock in Olga's vagina and had to pull it out again without fucking her. Ever since then, she had tremendous respect for Olga, who wouldn't let Jack fuck her. He gave Juliet a sleeping pill every night.

After Olga and Juliet went shopping, Lena sat across from him. She wanted to know if he would have been okay with that in the night. He grinned and nodded, of course! She put one foot on the seat next to her, pushed her panties aside and frivolously presented her naked sex to him. Jack looked at her gender. A white-blond down made a light stripe across her cunt. Her fingers played with the clitoris and Jack held his breath whether she did it or not. He wanted to know if she always did it and she nodded every day since childhood. She didn't care if Olga caught her doing it and had tears in her eyes, the stupid cow! She sat and watched unabashedly until she was done. Lena asked, grinning disparagingly, which mother sits next to her daughter and watches her masturbate!? Tears welled up in Olga's eyes when Lena reached orgasm, then she left.

Lena's fingers slowly rubbed the stiffening clitoris. He said her mother thought it was forbidden and she gave him an icy look. Yes, it was forbidden, so Saint Olga only did it once or twice a month when she took a full bath, said Lena with a contemptuous expression. She looked at him hostilely. You and Olga? He held her gaze and watched her finger rubbing the clitoris in circles. Yes, Olga and I. You're married to Juliet, she said, milder. Yes, he said, but Juliet doesn't like having sex with me. Forbidden! They looked at each other for a moment, then they both laughed at the same time. Your mother likes to fuck, he said, I didn't force her to do anything! I know, said Lena, I know! Her look said it all, she was incredibly horny and needed it right away. Her fingers tentatively touched her labia, she looked down. Her fingers had been playing with the clit the whole time, rubbing in a targeted manner. Jack looked at her encouragingly. I don't care if it's forbidden, Jack said, if you need it, then so be it! She nodded relieved, then that's the way it is! and continued to masturbate

the clit. He told her that it was reckless for her to let his penis inject her vagina, but she said that nothing could happen since she didn't have a period yet and couldn't get pregnant. She stuck out her tongue mischievously and continued.

Jack pulled down his waistband and took out his cock, it was only semi-erect and he pulled the foreskin back over the glans. She gaped at the cock and glans. She rubbed the clit in circular motions. He smiled friendly and watched her for a few minutes, she was obviously very horny and her clitoris game became more and more erratic. She looked him in the eye to see if he wouldn't mind. He nodded in the affirmative and winked at her. Determined, she rubbed her clit furiously, staring mesmerically into his eyes until she orgasmed open-mouthed. It hadn't lasted a minute. She pressed a finger to the clitoris and looked into Jack's eyes triumphantly. He looked at her in a friendly and encouraging way, he pulled his foreskin a little and mumbled under his breath that she could try fucking with his cock. I'm too young to do it right, she whispered hoarsely, shaking her head. The girls in Tartania won't do it until they have a man to marry. She looked at him uncertainly. I want to remain a virgin until the right man comes along, she said softly. Jack gave her a friendly look, I'm okay with that, he murmured, rubbing his cock until it was really hard. Lena stared curiously at his cock while he slowly masturbated. At that moment they heard the two women at the door and he quickly pulled up his pants. He would have liked to squirt and Lena obviously saw it in his eyes. She laughed like a bell and shrugged her shoulders regretfully. I would have liked to see it, she whispered. She pulled up the textbook and innocently read a few sentences before the women entered.

The following nights passed like the first. If he still felt lust, Olga made him stiff with her wonderfully delicate fingers and let him fuck a second time. She loved to fuck and was excellent at it. She kept rubbing his cock after fucking until it got all soft. She didn't particularly like the doggy style and she never did it with her mouth. For the first week she only allowed herself to be masturbated a little, she cried softly and whispered in a choking voice that it was forbidden. She sobbed silently as the orgasm raged in her abdomen. But he persisted and after a few days she couldn't stop him anymore. She clutched his

arm and pressed her clit onto his fingers, craving for him to masturbate her. She climaxed while crying, desperately holding onto his arm while her abdomen pounded. She loosened up over time, she cried silently and her hand stole to his. They rubbed the clitoris together from orgasm to orgasm and he no longer cared that Olga cried while masturbating. He quickly learned how she did it and gave her nice orgasms after each fuck. She didn't like pauses and pressed her hard clit against his fingers, wanting it again immediately. Most of the time her clitoris only softened after the third orgasm, she pushed his hand aside and whispered that it was enough. She wiped away her tears and kissed him gratefully before they fell asleep.

Lena crawled into his bed every morning. She clamped his cock between her buttocks and rubbed it with her buttocks until he squirted. His glans plowed between her labia and she pressed his glans into her little hole so that he squirted into her vagina. He slipped his fingers under her fingers as she masturbated, he took over masturbating more and more often and she greedily rubbed his head between her labia until she orgasmed. In contrast to Olga's orgasm, her orgasm was quiet and not heavy, she hardly wriggled and only trembled a little.

When the women went shopping in the afternoon, they masturbated together at the kitchen table. Lena sat on his thighs face to face and opened her thighs so he could watch her masturbate, masturbating very slowly and waiting for Jack to stiffen before squirting. She inserted his glans into her vaginal entrance and let him inject. She grinned broadly because she thought that was very cool. His semen was a good lube and it took her less than two minutes to orgasm. She leaned against his chest and masturbated again, longer than the first time. He held her in his arms and closed his eyes, that was the best way to feel her slowly increasing arousal and her orgasm. Then they opened the textbook and learned German grammar.

Of course, he had thoroughly examined her sex after the first time. She might be a virgin, but she no longer had a hymen. He found that she used to masturbate with various objects, mostly the handle of the hairbrush. Olga always widened her eyes when she masturbated herself with the handle of the hairbrush, but she never said anything.

Olga was very behind catching Lena masturbating and watching curiously awesome. Lena laughed harshly, not caring if Olga was watching. Lena stubbornly stuck to being a virgin, she had never fucked before. He believed the latter, but now he enjoyed it when, at the end of masturbating, she stuck his glans into her tiny, tight vagina and let him squirt. He had his cock stuffed into her small, tight vagina more and more. He made careful fucking motions before squirting. Soon he was just rubbing his cock to make it hard. After that she carefully stuffed his cock into her vagina and he grabbed her buttocks. He fucked very slowly without thrusting hard because she whispered anxiously that she didn't want to be fucked. He nodded and slowly slid in and out. She calmed down because it wasn't like Sergei fucking Olga. She had watched them a hundred times and Sergei pushed his cock hard into Olga's vagina. Jack, on the other hand, didn't push, he just slid in and out very easily. She relaxed, he slid and slid, and her arousal rose. Before squirting, he firmly grabbed her buttocks and thrust hard a few times, she opened her mouth and whispered, No, don't fuck! He slid in as far as he could and squirted thrustingly into her vagina. She smiled because that had made her horny and she held onto his hips. She masturbated furiously and he kept his cock in her vagina to feel her orgasm. She twisted her face into a grimace as she orgasmed silently and briefly. No, that wasn't fucking, Jack confirmed and stroked her back, when fucking you have to thrust really hard! He was very happy with the situation and actually she was too, so now they always did it that way. She understood that he had to push to squirt, she didn't stop him and actually found it exciting when he pushed her hard. Only in the morning, when she came into bed with him, did he have to keep still because of Olga asleep. Lena inserted his cock into her little hole and slid back and forth until he squirted. Most of the time he couldn't squirt because he was completely exhausted at Olga's in the evening. He masturbated Lena every morning, who squirmed with horniness and sexual lust. They were so careful that Olga never noticed.

They got the call as early as the third week. Jack accompanied the two to the office and to the train station. He stood on the platform for a while, it had gone much too fast for him.

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Line of Rings

by Jack Faber © 2022

The agency sent Jack refugee families one by one, rarely staying more than two weeks. The women stayed with their children in the living room, only when they had fallen asleep did she come into bed with him. Most of these women were under 30 and they liked him quite well. They were slim and well-built, none had too big an ass or too small breasts. But none of them wanted to fuck with him. The first night she kept her panties on, lay silently with her back to him and drew her legs up. She shook her head resolutely, she didn't want to fuck and what he was doing didn't interest her. He masturbated and pushed her underpants aside. He squirted on the labia from behind and wiped the semen off with a tissue.

From the second night on, she took off her underpants so that it wouldn't get dirty. She was lying with her back to him again, legs drawn up. She held out her bare ass to him, her labia sticking out hard on purpose. He hated this side lying doggy position because it was very tiring. He penetrated firmly between her labia as she masturbated, but she pressed her legs together to prevent his penetration. Before squirting he grabbed her hips, thrust hard and squirted inside. She didn't clench her legs as tightly the next day and finally let him fuck her in side doggy style. All of his attempts to fuck in the missionary position she threw down. Somehow it was a kind of self-protection that she didn't have to look him in the face while he was raping her.

He fucked few of them in the lying doggy position and cummed all in her vagina, the most refused to be fucked. When he was sure, that she was just faking chastity, he raped the girl who now engaged willingly to fucking. He was angry, sprinkling everything deep into her vagina and wished in his anger to impregnate the girl. He fucked as long as his erection lasted and squirted as often as he could. She bit her lip so he wouldn't see her orgasm. She clutched her knees tightly while being fucked, it was most comfortable that way and it was easier to hide her orgasms.

None would tolerate him masturbating. He had to keep his fingers on the clitoris, which was still very stiff from being fucked. She didn't masturbate either, none of these young women wanted to. During the day they avoided eye contact, they were very ashamed that they let themselves be fucked despite everything.

He called Geli three times a week and disappeared into the bedroom with her. She was always ready to fuck and adapted perfectly to the situation. She came and went very quietly, gave the Tartans a friendly nod and made a beeline for the bedroom. Jack liked her big body, although he would never have looked down the street at a woman with such a massive ass. But when he got into bed, he only looked at her wet cunt and her little hole. He saw the huge ass and meaty thighs, of course, but the important thing lay embedded in them, amidst all that flesh a sweet, tight fruit just waiting for him and his cock. Jack never thought about calling Geli pretty. He thought about how she liked to fuck and that she especially liked to fuck with him. He had gotten used to her moaning about her cunt being too tight because all lesbians had a very tight cunt. Sometimes he would fuck her twice in a row, she would whimper that he shouldn't cum into or make her a child. But she threw herself against him, not wanting to miss a single thrust and clung to his cock with her tight cunt. She gasped and wheezed, every ounce of her body fucked senseless. He pushed into her fleshy gorge again and again, his cock fucking relentlessly until Geli spasmed in orgasm and stared into his eyes with a silent scream. He squirted deep inside and didn't let her stop him, squirting spurt after spurt into her vagina. He pulled his cock out and long strands of sperm ran from her vaginal entrance to the tip of his cock. Sometimes he muttered that he was already 60 and would not father a child. Aside from her annoying whining, she was the only one of Juliet's friends that he really enjoyed fucking. Ever since he deflowered her years ago, she was always happy to let him fuck her. He always played a role in her piggy masturbation fantasies. Then her visit was over, Geli knew that she had to leave immediately after the fucking, there was no time to masturbate.

The third or fourth escapees were an odd bunch. Mother Tanya and her 12-year-old son Kolya were an inseparable couple. They did everything together, he went shopping with them and to the various

offices. Only very rarely did she sit at the kitchen table in the evening and tell him something in English. The weather was rainy during those weeks, so in the afternoons they sat at the kitchen table and read. Kolya covered his mother's ear and whispered urgently. She looked at him silently, then they both got up and went into the living room, Tanja closed the door. Jack thought nothing of it, but one day he crept to the living room door and listened, then opened the door a crack.

Kolja lay naked in Tanja's lap and sucked on one of her breasts like a baby. Tanja had his cock in her fist and rubbed it slowly. Kolya sucked and sucked, after an eternity she made him squirt. Jack sat back down at the table and pretended not to notice. Tanya and Kolya came back and everyone read their books. Jack racked his brain if this was incest, but he wasn't entirely sure. Every afternoon Kolya whispered in Tanya's ear and they went into the living room. Every afternoon Jack would sneak to the door and watch her breastfeed and masturbate her son. Jack remembered that at Kolya's age he masturbated four or five times a day, so he wasn't really surprised. He was amazed, however, when he spied on the door after going to bed at night. Kolya fucked Tanya with his small cock while she masturbated. He watched them fuck, Kolya squirted two or three times. He let his cock in her vagina and after a pause continued until his cock went soft. Jack couldn't sleep for a long time.

Tania and Kolya also stayed less than two weeks and Jack called Geli. He fucked until he dropped, with the image of Tanya and Kolya in mind. He told Geli about it, who was very disgusted and said it was really a mess. He tightened his lips because even if it was incest, he found it very horny. He stroked Geli's clit and whispered he needed it again. She smiled and pulled him to her.

The next family consisted of 30-year-old Modrag, her two 8- and 10-year-old daughters and her almost 70-year-old mother Sofia. Modrag would have been one to his liking, but she slept with the two daughters on the living room sofa and Sofia with him and Juliet in the bedroom. Sofia's type was a small, plump peasant woman from the country and not his type. When they all went to bed that night, Sofia stripped down to her panties. Her breasts sagged sadly and she

was obviously embarrassed about her patched panties. He opened the closet and took out some boxed underwear. He bent down and pulled off her old underpants. She would put on a fresh one tomorrow, he said in German and put the underpants back in the closet. He patted the knickers with his hand and repeated that she would put on fresh ones tomorrow. She smiled, although she didn't understand a word. She smiled as his hand slid down her back to her bottom.

They went to bed and Jack didn't know how and if he could get the old Tartan to fuck. She whispered urgently, but he didn't understand a word. She was silent expectantly and looked at him sideways. She saw that his cock was only half hard and waited patiently. Then she drew her legs up and began to masturbate. He was watching her out of the corner of his eye and her masturbating was starting to arouse him. He looked at her body, she wasn't a beauty but a reasonably pretty old woman nonetheless. Her breasts weren't any good, but she had nice rounded hips and a not-too-big ass. Her pubic hair was gray and thinning. She held the dark labia apart with one hand and let the clit pop out. The nub was quite large, half the size of a fingernail. With her other hand she rubbed the nub quickly and efficiently, she had been doing this her whole life. Her clit was dark brown and surprisingly large, her fingers quickly rubbing into orgasm. She twitched imperceptibly when she had an orgasm because she had to hide it all her life and could never allow herself the luxury of a loud, wriggling orgasm. She closed her eyes until the orgasm had subsided and looked at him. He still couldn't get a word out. She looked at his erection and said something, very kindly. She grabbed his erection and prepared to give him a hand job. He said he didn't want that and put his hand on hers.

She spoke urgently to him, but he didn't understand her. She whispered that he was welcome to fuck with her, she hadn't fucked in many years and she could see that his cock wanted to fuck. She knew very well that men his age had to squirt out the semen every day. She looked at him expectantly. He moved unintentionally, but she took it as a sign and pulled him towards her. That's how he ended up fucking Sofia. To his amazement she could fuck very well, she matched his pace and fucked actively and very gracefully for her age. Her vagina wasn't particularly tight and dry, but she helped her hand in

and hugged him. He fucked slowly and carefully, not wanting to scare her. Her breathing betrayed that she was getting horny and that filled him with pride. She hugged him with his butt as he squirted. He laid down next to her, exhausted, and murmured it was an excellent fuck. She listened to the strange words and smiled brightly, then she said it was so good, you young men need it every day! She nodded in the affirmative, it was good that he had relieved himself and he could always fuck her as often as he needed to. He didn't understand a word, but he hugged her and kissed her on the mouth. He groped for her clit, it was hard and aroused. She put her hand on his and said I don't need it anymore. He said he was eager to masturbate her and moved his fingers but Sofia shook her head. He felt the blood drain from his clitoris and it softened. He turned off the light and laid his hand on her privates until they fell asleep.

During the day they pretended nothing happened, but at night they fucked as long as his erection lasted. Sofia didn't get an orgasm while being fucked and masturbated afterwards. She wouldn't let him masturbate, but always did it herself. He put his fingers under hers to feel her rising arousal and orgasm. The fact that she was more than ten years older didn't bother him at all because she was a really good fuck.

She had her daughter translate into English in the evening and told him her life story. When her husband died eight years ago, she continued to live in their small village and has not had a husband or lover since. She looked deep into his eyes and he understood what she meant by that. He took her hand and patted it. Sofia understood immediately and she lowered her eyes. She didn't want Modrag to see any of this.

Jack had a suspicion that she knew full well that he was fucking her mother, but Modrag gave no sign. When he looked into her eyes, he thought she at least suspected it. He knew nothing about Modrag's sexuality, although he had seen her naked in the shower a few times. She was really beautiful and he racked his brain for how to fuck her. Every day she phoned her husband, who was fighting at home. He didn't stand a chance, he felt it.

The weather turned nice, Sofia and Juliet took the kids to the playground. He was helping Modrag in the kitchen and their fingers touched. She kept looking at him, her eyes unsteady and wild. The work was done. Jack stood behind her and hugged her from behind. He kissed her on the cheek and she leaned into his chest. He kissed her gently, his hands sliding under her blouse and his fingers caressing her bare breasts. He felt her growing excitement, she sighed and didn't resist as he steered her into the bedroom. They hastily undressed each other and got into bed. They fucked like they were possessed, Modrag almost ate him up. He fucked her for a long time and she rose like a rocket, masturbating until her orgasm almost tore her apart. She gasped as he continued to fuck her after her orgasm and her arousal remained high, racing towards the next orgasm and digging her fingers into his back. He thrust on and on, her finger racing on the clit and she clenched in orgasm that made her violently convulse, wriggle and tremble. She emerged from the depths breathless, whimpering as he squirted in her vagina. When he had hosed down, she immediately pushed him away.

It's the first time she's had an orgasm in months, she said. Ever since her husband went to war, she said and cried. He hugged her and tried to comfort her. She had never cheated on her husband, it was the body that reported so impetuously. She cried silently and he gave her all the time. Modrag was a beautiful woman with a harsh face. Her body was slim and athletic thanks to her job as a physical education teacher. Her breasts were very firm and matched her slim body. She had a dark bush of hair around her pubic area, her labia were as dark as her mother's, and her clitoris was small and hidden. Her vagina wasn't very tight, but it was invitingly wet and moist.

He fucked Sofia every night and watched her masturbate afterwards. She tried her best, but they were both old and they made love slowly and deliberately, like old people. He had to use his strength sparingly and only fucked without squirting. She asked if she was doing something wrong because he didn't want to squirt anymore. She talked to him and rubbed his cock. She was very practiced and sometimes made him squirt before masturbating herself. He didn't understand a word and whispered that he wanted to save his juices for the afternoon.

When he was alone with Modrag in the afternoon, they would fuck until he was exhausted. She always guided his cock to the vaginal entrance with her hand and he could always easily penetrate her. Usually he could only squirt once, then he was done. She had asked him not to cum inside and he pulled out his cock after it started to squirt. Of course, the first jet always squirted into her vagina, but then he dutifully pulled it out. Smiling gently, she rubbed his cock, squirting the semen on her crotch and continuing to rub until his cock went soft.

Modrag easily climaxed while being fucked and at first she didn't like him masturbating her. But over time she loosened up and was happy to let him masturbate after he has fucked. She said she used to masturbate before marriage. Like an addict, since she was a child she made herself multiple orgasms day and night, sometimes she just couldn't stop. She masturbated and orgasmed at least three times a day until she met Janek, her husband. He was her first and only husband. In the ten years of marriage she had not masturbated once, she was satisfied with the orgasms while fucking. In the three months since the war began, she has never been able to masturbate, mostly because of the children, although lust plagued her greatly. Especially because others mated in the shelter like wild animals, unashamedly and loudly and shamelessly. They didn't care who was watching. Thank God the children mostly slept or covered their eyes with their hands and watched between their fingers. She often fantasized with her eyes closed, seeing the images in front of her — stiff cocks plowing and squirting in hairy, wet pussies. Modrag cried only very rarely and had no more pangs of conscience. Jack hoped Sofia and Modrag didn't know about each other.

They stayed for six more weeks. Jack fucked with Modrag every afternoon and with Olga in the evenings. It was a good time for him and he enjoyed fucking the two women. He stood on the platform for a long time when they drove to Germany.

The office did not send any refugees for three weeks, his special clerk was on vacation. Jack called Geli, whom he hadn't visited in weeks. He had been fucking with Juliet for a few days, she protested, swearing, and increasingly hated fucking. He fucked her anyway, she

was always very dizzy from the sleeping pills and her defenses correspondingly weak. He squirted, panting hard, and Juliet gasped: That's all unjust! and rolled over, quickly falling asleep. So he called Geli.

Juliet was sitting in the kitchen as usual, leafing through the colorful magazines when Geli came. The lesbian interlude was over, Juliet no longer wanted to fuck Geli. He had her to himself and he fucked her all afternoon. She told him during a pause that she was dating a married woman, now and then. She reported haltingly that her husband was always watching and when he got horny he would fuck Geli. But he didn't just have a small cock, he didn't last long and was soon squirting. She always yanked his cock out quickly, she didn't want to let him cum inside. But she said that small cock felt quite good in her tight cunt. Geli looked expectantly into Jack's eyes and was disappointed because he wasn't jealous or moved at all. He fucked with Geli as usual, cumming full in despite her weak protests and grinning shabbily. The fucking was good as always. They fucked twice most afternoons and he allowed Geli to masturbate during the break. It always fascinated him how the orgasm made her 180 kilos heave, tremble and twitch. At the end of the masturbation, she stuck a finger in her vagina, stimulating her G-spot and letting the orgasm erupt.

Then the office clerk called to ask if he would take a refugee for the next few weeks? Yes, of course he wanted and asked to send her by taxi, he was short on time at the moment. He fucked again with pleasure with Geli and said a refugee would come tomorrow and he would call again when she could come back. Geli nodded, because she knew that he took refugee aid very seriously. Jack, of course, didn't tell her anything about what was going on in his bedroom. The taxi came and took the fugitive. Her name was Tanja, she was 23 years old and came alone.

He invited her in, introduced her to Juliet and they sat in the kitchen for a snack. Tanja was small and inconspicuous, she was very slim and not particularly pretty. She spoke a little English and he was able to communicate well with her. Juliet understood little, but she listened carefully. Sometimes she would ask him and he would trans-

late. Tanja was an orphan, unmarried and boyfriendless. She worked as a kitchen hand in a restaurant that had been bombed. She then hid with the gay chef. When he was called up for military service, he put her on a westbound bus and gave her a little money. She had been on the road for a good two months and was finally here. Although he hadn't particularly liked her at first, she seemed like a good girl and Jack kept wondering how she was in bed. It was evening when she finished her report and she helped with delightful dexterity to cook dinner with Juliet. After the meal, she washed the dishes in no time.

They sat with the red wine for a long time, Tanja drank a lot and Juliet got the sleeping pill. She hugged Tanja and said with certainty, you'll sleep with me and Jack in the big bed! Tanja looked at him and he confirmed that Juliet had taken a liking to her and wanted her to sleep with them. It's fine with him, because sometimes his brother slept on the couch and that's how it was arranged. He didn't have a brother, of course, but he would lie to get her into his bed. Tanja nodded with swimming eyes, yes, okay. He sat with Tanja in the kitchen for another hour and they drank red wine, and not a little.

They went into the bedroom, he undressed quickly and watched Tanja as she undressed. She only had tiny breasts like a teenager, she was very slim and her body looked like that of a very young girl. She hesitated to take off her panties, but he softly told her to take them off. She had only a tiny bush of dark pubic hair, her cunt was cute and small. From the outside you could see neither the labia minora nor the clitoris. She came unsteadily to the bed and he groped on the sheet for her to lie down here. She obeyed and looked fearfully at his erect cock. She made herself very small as he caressed her body. He asked if she was afraid of him and she nodded in the affirmative. He knew they had to talk first.

He carefully questioned her, she let her body be caressed while she talked. She said she had no sex experience at all. Wasn't she masturbating? he asked and she didn't understand the word. He grabbed her sex and hinted at masturbating. Mimasilli, he said. Her face brightened and she smiled shyly. Yes, she said after a moment's hesitation, she's always done that, it helped her fall asleep. He cautiously

asked if she had already had sex with a woman or a man. You could only have sex with a man, she whispered protestingly, you can't do that with a woman! He suppressed a smile and asked again.

She hung around for a long time, she's never had a boyfriend, she's been working in the kitchen since she was 11 and there's no time to get to know a boyfriend. She only made the mimasilli with her finger, every evening and that was all she needed. The trembling and twitching when she was done with her finger was very nice. And in the shelter, with the gay cook, where the two of them hid from the bombs for days. He often masturbated and at some point she did the same, Tanja said quietly and looked down. You didn't have anything to do, so they did it as often as they wanted. It evoked a nice feeling when he watched her and masturbated. But there was no more sex between them, the virgin and the gay man, although they slept naked, snuggled together. So, you've never fucked with a man? he asked and she looked sadly at his semi-rigid cock. She was silent for a long time and then said, once, during the escape. One of the traffickers with whom she stayed the night didn't want any money from her, he just wanted to sleep with her. She was stupid and thought he only wanted to sleep with her, literally, like the chef. The smuggler drank a lot of booze with her, they lay down to sleep naked and he grabbed her. He forced her legs apart and stabbed her vagina with his cock, it hurt a lot at first, but after that it was easier and she got the nice trembling and twitching like mimasilli with her finger. When she was done, he went on for a long time, cumming inside her vagina and leaving her alone. He woke her up half an hour later and did it again, really hard and she got the nice twitching and trembling quite a lot, that was very nice. He gave up after half an hour and she had to milk his cock like you milk a cow. She did it for a long time, then squirted out of his cock. He quickly put his cock back inside her and squirted inside her with thrusts. He was done with that too. Tanja said nothing and cried softly.

He felt sorry for the ugly little duck. He gently pulled her onto him and rubbed her back soothingly. He let her cry on his belly, the stroking did her good. He said how mean the guy was who had taken her virginity without her consent. He felt her nod in agreement. It only hurts a little the first time, he whispered, but after that it was

great fun. She nodded and whispered that she had heard that too. Men and women fuck each other every day, they both have a lot of fun doing it, otherwise they wouldn't be doing it! She could feel his cock stiffening under her body. She innocently reached down her body and grabbed his cock. And, she whispered, you may do it now, right? They were both silent, he was still stroking her and his fingers caressed her labia and the little hole.

She looked questioningly at Juliet, who was fast asleep. He said she didn't want to have sex with him anymore, she loves women above all. Tanja looked at the sleeping woman again and whispered whether Juliet could show her that with the women? He smiled and said maybe. Tanja was a little excited by his fingers and he asked her if she wanted to do it with him? He definitely wouldn't hurt her, that's for sure! Tanja let her clitoris be stroked for a while and gave herself a push. Yes, she said, but don't hurt me! He nodded and put her down next to him. He knelt before her and arranged her for the missionary position. He parted her dark labia with his fingers, rubbed the clitoris for minutes until it was very stiff and slowly and carefully entered Tanja's vagina. Does it hurt, he asked and she shook her head, no!

He fucked slowly and deliberately, in no hurry, watching her arousal rise and her breathing quicken. Her clit pressed against his cock and she flinched as her orgasm came suddenly. She opened her eyes and looked at him brightly. I have to keep going until it squirts! he said and continued to fuck. She had remained on the high state of excitement and gasped with lust, but before she could orgasm again, he reared up and squirted everything inside her.

She looked at him curiously and asked if it was over now? He nodded and lay down next to her. His fingers touched her little clit, which was very stiff. You still need it to fall asleep? he asked and she looked at him uncertainly. He nodded in the affirmative, come on, do it! he said and she hesitated for a moment. He began to masturbate her and now her finger joined, knowing and demanding. He watched her masturbate, after a short time she had an orgasm, her little body twitched and wriggled a little while she pressed her finger firmly on the clitoris. She opened her eyes and looked at him brightly. He

kissed her on the lips, turned off the light, and let her head rest on his armpit until they fell asleep.

She went shopping with Juliet after breakfast, he had told Juliet they needed to buy underwear and maybe some blouses and a new pair of jeans. Juliet took enough money with her and did the job well. She spoke even less English than Tanja, but somehow they got along. Tanja had gotten roast pork and potatoes, she was an excellent cook and so there was something delicious to eat for lunch and dinner. Thank God the women had also brought several bottles of red wine, cold cuts and cheese for breakfast. Juliet had made it clear to Tanja that Jack went to the bakery every morning before breakfast, he needed fresh rolls every morning.

Tanja wanted to go to England, so Jack bought an English textbook and a dictionary in the afternoon, Tanja was very happy about that and she crammed hard, every day for hours. He was very surprised when Tanja said she had never menstruated. She was very insecure about it herself, but she didn't see it as a big problem. He was very relieved, then he could safely squirt into her without thinking about pregnancy.

He took a siesta every day after lunch and shagged Tanja, who liked it very much. Juliet sometimes came into the bedroom and watched them both. Tanja lost her shyness and got nice orgasms, Juliet sometimes undressed, snuggled up to the two and masturbated happily. The three enjoyed sex with each other and Juliet taught Tanja to lick. The women licked each other passionately whenever he needed a break. After the first time, Tanja said in tears how fine it was for her to be licked.

She left after seven weeks, he accompanied her to the train station and went over the list of trains with her that she had to take. He put a wad of money in her hand, that will help you at first, he whispered. She thanked him and whispered in his ear, thanks for teaching me how to fuck too! Moved, he French kissed her one last time and she promised to write to him and Juliet. She kept her word, wrote a letter every month and only stopped after two years when she married her

british cook. She was the only Tartan who wrote to him at all. He didn't forget the little woman for a long time.

The clerk called and said she would get back to you in two weeks. Jack called Geli, he was tired of fucking Juliet against her will. Geli, who felt like fucking and was always ready. He happily plunged into her warm, wet grotto and squirted to his heart's content. Geli was thankful because apart from Jack she had no one to fuck. She wasn't that old at 33, at that age most women had a sex partner. But she was fat and had a huge ass that drove everyone away. So she was happy when Jack called. She wailed every time he squirted inside, but somehow she was sure he couldn't get her pregnant.

Now it was time again. The clerk pointed out to him several times that the grandmother she sent him had to see the doctor at least twice a week. Her broken leg had to be treated and re-bandaged. He said he would take good care of the old woman's visits to the doctor and reassured the clerk that he had a car. The grandmother's two granddaughters wouldn't be a problem, said the clerk, they are very independent. He drove to refugee aid and picked up the three. The grandmother in the wheelchair wasn't as problematic as he had imagined, the wheelchair could be folded up and disappeared into the trunk. There they were, the Popovs, grandmother Jelena, 72 and the twins Ginni and Jinni, 21 years old and looking completely alike. He couldn't tell the two apart, no matter how hard he tried.

Grandmother Jelena was as light as a feather and he carried her up the stairs without any problems, she then lay on the living room couch and the twins took care of her. She watched TV all day and soon fell asleep in the evening. Juliet clapped her hands in excitement and said the two little girls had to sleep with her. The girls freed themselves from Juliet's stormy embrace and one said it wasn't possible, one had to sleep with her grandmother. The girls spoke excellent English and, noticing that Juliet's English was poor, they spoke slowly and clearly. Juliet understood and they sat in the kitchen until late in the evening.

The girls reported that their mother had died three years ago, and that they both took care of their father and grandma. The father had

stayed in Tartania and commanded a company against the usurpers. They both had studied economics in the capital, and their grandmother has lived with them since she fell ill. Before the war, the father was a professor at the university. Jack wasn't at all surprised that the girls drank as much red wine as Grandma in the living room. One kept getting up and handing her a glass of wine.

You couldn't tell the girls apart. They were dressed alike, had the same haircut and Jack would have thought they were 16 if he hadn't known they were almost 21. Even her movements were very girly. They were slim and short, breasts small and firm. Their faces were flat and flawless, only their sparkling eyes betraying intellect. They chattered away happily when Juliet had swallowed the sleeping pill and went to bed. Laughing and chuckling, they told how in their college sex adventures they deceived their lovers and they never knew if they were mating with Ginni or Jinni. Jack had to laugh with them, for the girls were cunning and tricky, but never malicious.

The grandmother and Juliet were already asleep, they finished their drink and the girls exchanged a look. He led the way into the bedroom, one girl lay down with her grandmother, the other followed him curiously. Before he could remove his shirt, the girl was already lying naked next to Juliet, smiling as he watched him undress. Are you Ginni or Jinni? he asked and she nodded, I'm genie. There was no point in asking. He stepped out of his pants and underpants, his semi-rig flopped out. She laughed softly and ran her hand over her body. The breasts were girlishly small and firm, the pubic area shaved clean and the girlish cleft hid everything. She slowly opened her legs lasciviously, now he could see the labia, the clitoris and the little hole. His cock stiffened more and more and she laughed softly. "Ah!" she said, "you like to look?" She stroked the labia and clitoris with her fingers. He walked over to the bed and she gently grabbed his erect cock. Do you like that? she asked, rubbing his cock. He shook his head resolutely and looked into her eyes greedily.

She smiled shyly and said come on, come on! He didn't need to be told twice and knelt between her thighs. She whispered she'd never done it with anyone... only younger men or her peers. He smiled and let her steer his cock into the opening of the vagina. They both

gasped, because her vagina was so tight that his cock had a hard time getting in. He hugged the little girl and fucked for a very long time. She gasped in excitement, but didn't have an orgasm. He pushed really hard in the final and squirted it all in. He fell wearily to the side and touched her clitoris. It was firm and stiff and he rubbed her gently. Her finger did the rubbing and she jerked and wriggled in orgasm.

Don't be offended, she said later, but I can do it best myself. He nodded in agreement, that's alright and kissed her. She kissed brilliantly and she made him stiff again with her kisses in no time. His cock slid into her wet vagina almost by itself, he fucked her for a long time and now she had an orgasm. Her vagina worked his cock for half a minute and he squirted a few drops. Exhausted, he hugged her and almost instantly fell into a deep sleep.

Twice a week he drove the girls to the doctor, where the nurse tended to the grandmother's legs. The doctor's assistant also seemed to come from the east and chatted endlessly with grandma. Grandma nodded in agreement, he looked very closely, the doctor's assistant also took off Grandma's underpants. She chatted with the grandma while she felt the old woman's cunt. Grandma blushed deeply as the chattering and touching continued and the medical assistant pulled the old woman's cunt very far apart with her fingers. The doctor's assistant applied ointment to the sore groin folds and also to the labia and clitoris while chattering cheerfully in the foreign language. To his astonishment he understood that the women were obviously talking about the mimasilli. The grandma blushed even more and nodded in agreement while the nurse anointed her clit. The nurse dabbed at the sore spots that reached down to her knees, applied powder and ointment, and gently massaged both thighs. He looked at the over 70 year old's wide open genitals, because her large dark hole twitched every time the nurse touched her. The medical assistant looked impassively at the genitals, where the clitoris moved rhythmically with the rhythmic massaging. The grandma got terribly horny during the massage, he saw the big hole in her cunt and the clitoris, which was becoming increasingly stiff. Again and again the heel of the hand of the medical assistant touched the clitoris inconspicuously but energetically. After 20 minutes of massage and touching the clitoris, the

grandma moaned and the doctor's assistant tried to hide from him that she was pressing a finger firmly vibrating on the clitoris. The clitoris gradually softened again and the granny relaxed. The nurse nodded happily.

Twice a week he watched grandma getting horny and always found it exciting. The more often they made the doctor's visits, the more eagerly the doctor's assistant hid with her body that she let her finger dance directly on the clitoris. He had turned to the side and was able to fool the doctor's assistant. He looked very closely in the mirror as she masturbated the old woman. She gazed haughtily into Jack's eyes while the granny moaned and she pressed her finger on her clit, vibrating. Jinni (or Ginni?) told him one evening that grandma wanted to be alone for a quarter of an hour after every doctor's visit and sent the girls out to masturbate. She giggled softly, didn't you notice how horny granny gets during the massage? got an orgasm? How the doctor's assistant got grandma? Grandma had agreed to the mimasilli, said Ginni, the doctor's assistant had asked beforehand. She giggled again, the grandmother openly stated why she didn't want to be disturbed afterwards and she didn't make a big secret of it. The girls laughed, giggled and hid. They always watched the granny masturbating quickly, who probably knew the girls were spying. Ginni said it was so beautiful that she still wanted it when she was old.

Jack was pretty sure the girls took turns fucking with him. He didn't notice any difference in fucking and masturbating, the girls apparently communicated in great detail to successfully mislead him. Even menstruation coincided, she gave him a professional hand job and two weeks later she told him not to inject, it was too dangerous. He stuck to it as best he could, pulling his cock out after the first squirting jet and letting her rub it as he squirted. He just had a bit of remorse since he was cumming inside her, at least at first. But it didn't really matter, he was too old to father children. He could fuck one of the two intoxicated girls every evening, but never in the afternoon, they preferred to cram.

The girls crammed every afternoon and tested each other. They didn't know when and if they would ever be able to take the exams,

but they didn't give up. After four weeks they went to Warsaw, hoping to continue their studies there.

On the last night the bedroom door opened softly and the second girl lay down with them while he was still fucking the first one. No, he should go on, both girls said at the same time. After squirting, the girls made his cock stiff again. That evening was the only time he fucked the two of them back to back. He beamed all over his face and fucked more often than ever, again and again, until dawn.

He drove them to the train station and lifted the grandmother and her wheelchair into the wagon. He gave the girls money, kissed them with tears in his eyes and quickly left.

Again there was an interruption in refugee aid, Geli came by daily and they spent the afternoons in the bedroom. He dozed in the breaks and listened with half an ear, Geli recounted her sexual escapades with girls and women hearty, juicy and vulgar. Often he was surprised because he knew the girl or woman. It gave the thing a special kick because he had already fucked the person and now experienced the same person in Geli's descriptions making lesbian love in a completely different way. Oddly enough, these descriptions excited him and his cock hardened and stiffened to Geli's delight.

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Happy And Wicked Times

by Jack Faber © 2022

Barbara, the case worker at the refugee's office sent him two sisters, Tatyana and Nika and her son Alexei. He was 12, his mother Nika 38 and Tatyana 41. They came by cab and he quickly complimented Geli out. The sisters helped him prepare snacks and they told about their lives, the war and the escape. They were native Reussians, but the war of President Ivan Romanoff, the destroyer of Tartania, had led them to think of themselves as Tartanians. They detested Romanoff, who destroyed the land of his birth if only he could not incorporate it into his Great Russian Empire. Jack learned that Ivan Romanoff's original name was Sergei Pondarchuk and he was born in Tartania, he had Romanoff named after the Tsar's family, and Ivan was to remind them of Tsar Ivan the Terrible, whom he greatly admired. It was a very complicated political discussion and Jack soon realized how much the ordinary Russians were misled by the president's propaganda. Like everywhere else in the world, they were a good people, but totally misguided. It was a paradox that the sisters felt they were Tartanians and at the same time sympathetic to the Russians.

Nika was educated, she worked as a journalist and conducted the debate in English. Tatyana, on the other hand, was a school dropout who couldn't get her life together; she kept her head above water with odd jobs. She kept quiet most of the time and listened, her English skills were modest. Jack observed both women. They were slightly taller than the Tartan women he had met so far, slim and with good figures, with nice breasts. They had short-cropped hair and Nordic-looking features. But in temperament they were completely different, Tatyana harsh and haggard, Nika optimistic and cheerful. Alexei was reading a thick book, but Jack could not read the Tartian characters. It's Science fiction, Nika said with a smile.

After dinner, the two women and Jack sat at the kitchen table and drank red wine, and the sisters drank a lot, too. Alexei lay down on the bed and read, Juliet had swallowed the sleeping pill and went to

sleep. Jack drank less than the women, he carefully eavesdropped on them. Tatyana didn't think much of relationships, she had been through a few and couldn't keep a man. She gave the impression of not thinking much of sex. The last years were marked by short relationships and one night stands, she had no hope to find a husband anymore.

Nika told little about Alexei's father, they had separated after a year and the father had no relationship with his son. Nika's attempts to bring the two together failed. Alexei, meanwhile, had little interest in seeing his father. Nika had a busy and colorful sex life. She had herself injected with a contraceptive and wanted to keep it up until the right man came along. She had very frequent one night stands, some of which turned into relationships. She grinned cheekily as she admitted that she had only orgasmed with Alexei's father. That seemed really important to her, because doing it with her finger was only enough for children or young girls, in her opinion. He got bogged down in a discussion with Nika, because he had very different experiences there. She would not be dissuaded from her hard conservative opinion.

They rose, Nika slept with her son, Tatyana followed him into the bedroom. He undressed and looked at her from the bed. Tatjana undressed slowly, the bra had pretended more breast than was really there. It did not bother him that the breasts were neither firm nor large. Her figure was slim and quite appetizing. She looked at him, his naked body and his gradually stiffening cock. She hesitated only briefly, then took off her panties. She had dark, short trimmed pubic hair and a large dark slit. Dark, almost black labia hung out about five inches. The fold of skin that hid the clit was also dark and prominent. She came to the bed and lay down beside him. She looked questioningly at the sleeping Juliet and he explained the situation to her. She grabbed his cock and pulled back the foreskin a few times, but he said he didn't want a handjob.

He grabbed her clit, it was still very soft under the fold of skin. She tightened her legs and unfolded them. "So," she sighed unhappily, "now I'm paying for the stay!" He was stunned. She was telling the truth, but it sounded very hurtful. He pinched his lips together and

felt her dry cunt. She said nothing and the silence lasted for minutes. Her vagina remained completely dry, although he felt how hard and stiff the clit was by now. He palpated her little hole, which was quite large and dark. He knelt down between her legs. He looked into her eyes, searching for some emotion, whether she wanted it or not, but she just glared at him. She looked at him rigidly and emotionlessly as he moistened his cock with saliva.

Determined he penetrated her vagina, she closed her eyes briefly and sighed Aaah! then continued to gaze at him. She made no effort to actively move and fuck along, she lay motionless and let him do it. After a short while he had the impression that she was having an orgasm, but she showed no emotion at all, although the orgasming continued until the end. She gasped and groaned softly, with all her might she suppressed the signs of her orgasm. She orgasmed for close to ten minutes, he saw it exactly and thrust wildly and hard. Her prolonged orgasm was made more intense by his thrusting. She clawed her fingers into his back and stared at him with her eyes wide open. He had never seen such a strange orgasm. He felt the tightening of her vagina, she sighed in a long breath and did not let go of him. He thrust hard and energetically and squirted into her. He lay down beside her, exhausted, and immediately reached for her clit.

She was frozen and allowed him to masturbate her without resistance for as long as her orgasm lasted twitching. Her abdomen tightened again and again in a fat orgasm and she expelled the air noisily. He had never experienced such a thrilling succession of orgasms. She could no longer control herself, clinging to his arm with both hands and gasping with each orgasm. After a while, she held his hand tightly and her breathing calmed down. She shook her head decisively and said, "No, it's over! Mind and body think differently!" She looked at him with a contemptuous look and demonstratively closed her legs. Jack was very disappointed and turned off the light.

At breakfast Tatyana avoided his gaze. At noon Juliet went shopping with the women, he sat at the kitchen table and let Alexei explain the story he was reading. The boy already spoke a little English and made an effort to tell him the futuristic story. After lunch, he read the newspaper, Alexei his book, and the sisters discussed in the

back of the living room in Tartian or Russian. Perhaps they were arguing, too; Alexei, blushing, put up his ears and grinned insolently. "They talk about sex," the lad grinned, "all about sex!" He delved into his book as the sisters quieted down.

After dinner Juliet and the boy went to their beds, he stayed sitting with the sisters and the red wine. The sisters also drank the red wine with enthusiasm, he drank very little. An interesting conversation ensued, the women wanted to know everything he knew about Germany. Nika had an interview in three weeks with a large publishing house in Frankfurt, which was looking for a Russian-speaking journalist. The publishing house was very interested because she was fluent in both languages and also spoke good English. Knowledge of German was not so important. He had worked in Berlin for several months and liked to talk about that time.

When the red wine was over, they went to sleep. Tatyana, to his astonishment, went into the living room to Alexei, Nika followed him into the bedroom. He closed the door and took off his shirt, by then Nika was already naked on the bed and broad smiling. He quickly undressed and went to the bed. She stroked his erect cock briefly and said kindly, Well, come on! She put her legs up and folded them apart, he knelt between her thighs and looked at her. Her body was slim like Tatiana's, but her breasts were more beautiful, large and firm. She had completely shaved off her pubic hair, her cleft was large and dark. Her large labia were also dark and hung down softly. He had never seen such large little labia before, they hung out several inches and looked thin and crescent shaped. She pulled back the dark foreskin over the clit with her hand and he saw the pink clit and the light pink nodule. She teased the clit a bit and looked at him calculatingly. The little labia hanging out trembled slightly, the clit was firm and stiff, her hole gleamed wet and moist in the bright light. He embraced her and kissed her neck, her lips. She returned his French kiss and his erection swelled to bursting.

After many French kisses, he looked into her eyes and she whispered, Okay, come! Her fingers guided his cock into her vagina. The vagina was soft and not very tight, she grabbed onto his butt cheeks and pulled him inside her. He fucked thoughtfully and she actively

joined in, her hands on his butt cheeks controlling his pace. It took a very long time and she was breathing fast and excited. He couldn't hold it back anymore and squirted into her vagina, she pressed him tightly on his butt cheeks and masturbated her clit very fast, for a few seconds. He felt her orgasm with his cock and she held onto him as her body twitched and undulated. When she was done, he slid to the side and put his fingers on her clit.

Her breathing calmed and they conversed in whispers. I almost orgasmed, she said, it was only a few seconds away. He nodded and said it had been good that she had satisfied herself at the end, he liked that a lot. He stroked her clit and she whispered that Tatyana was a silly goose, she had told her everything. Tatyana had probably insulted him because she felt like a whore and thought he was demanding payment. He was silent for a moment and asked how she thought about it? Nika said that it was natural for men to want to squirt. She and Tatyana had not known before that Juliet did not want to fuck, they had rather believed that he would fuck Juliet and not them. He smiled, you would have been lying quietly by while I fucked Juliet? She smiled and nodded, yes of course, we pretty much saw all the variations on the run and we both suspected you would fuck Juliet. She grinned with a cheeky look at him, I was really looking forward to seeing you fuck the unconscious Juliet! They laughed at the top of their lungs.

He gently questioned her about her sexual habits. She candidly told that she masturbated daily since childhood and usually right after fucking. She had very many one night stands and liked to fuck insanely. Only the father Alexeis had fucked her to orgasm every time, but he also wanted to watch her masturbate after fucking. I guess all men are keen on that, she giggled laughing. He nodded that was probably really so. He felt that her clit had become quite stiff again and asked if he could? She spread her thighs with a smile and he masturbated her. She bit his chest lightly to keep from crying out in orgasm. He continued to stroke her gently and tenderly until the orgasm had subsided. She whispered that it was very very fine and that he was very skilled. They whispered for a while longer, then he turned out the light.

For three weeks Nika was a wonderful and active lover. A few times he managed to fuck her to orgasm, but it was terribly exhausting. She liked to let him masturbate her and often masturbated herself. She really enjoyed sex, for sure.

He smiled away the tension to Tatyana, her behavior quickly returning to normal. She apologized and said that she completely misunderstood the situation and that's why she treated him so abominably and rejected him. She now saw the situation differently and Nika had helped her change her mind. She whispered that she actually wanted to fuck him quite a bit, really fuck him. He nodded in agreement and smiled at her.

Nika smiled knowingly as they disappeared into the bedroom and went shopping with Juliet so they could fuck undisturbed. They fucked in the afternoons and Tatjana orgasmed much easier than Nika. Tatjana held her orgasm until he squirted inside. She was a changed woman, she fucked almost as well as Nika and let him watch her masturbate. She masturbated very differently than Nika, staying at the climax for several minutes and prolonging the orgasm as long as she could. She told that she also masturbated since early childhood, but not as often as Nika, who masturbated very often when she was young, three or four times a day, herself only two or three times a week. She usually did not masturbate in front of men when she had a one night stand. But at night Nika always lay with him and laughed quietly, I am the contrast program to Tatjana!

He drove with Alexei from bookstore to bookstore, but they found only one that carried books in Tartan. He bought six books for the boy, who stammered his thanks. He could sink further into the depths of space adventures and forget about the real war. The boy asked him on the way home why the Terrible Ivan was waging the war, but Jack couldn't explain it to him, he didn't know himself. The boy nodded unhappily, that's what everyone said.

Immediately after Tatyana, Nika and Alexei left for Germany, the case worker assigned the next refugees to him. Anna, 56, and her grandson Karel, 13. Anna spoke German quite well; her German father had stayed in Tartania after the war and she was his youngest

child. She immediately agreed when Juliet suggested she sleep with her. Karel was old enough to sleep alone on the living room couch, Anna said. His parents had urged him and Anna to flee to the West because he was not allowed to leave as a conscript and they both, Karel's father and mother, wanted to join the resistance together. At dinner, Anna and Karel talked about their adventurous escape, Anna spoke good German, Karel a little English. Juliet took her sleeping pill and went to sleep, Karel retreated to the living room to watch TV and then sleep.

Anna and Jack drank red wine at the kitchen table, he listened to her life story. She had lived all her life in the small village far from the capital, she had attended school for only a few years and after that she had taken care of her father until his death. She was a small, roundish woman from the countryside, she had a good, kind face, which was crisscrossed with quite natural wrinkles. From glass to glass the red wine loosened Anna's tongue, she soon confided her secrets to him. She lived with her father all her life, remained quite uneducated and had never worked, she managed the household and slept naked in his bed all those years. Her father never urged her to continue her formal education, he had a very good pension and a little savings, it was enough for a good life in the country. But she had read all the books in his library.

She slept with anyone she liked from a young age. Jack poured red wine and questioned her carefully. Yes, she loved to fuck for a living and her father didn't hold her back. She took after her mother, who also had many lovers. The father left the bank and the city after her death and moved to the village with his youngest daughter, Anna. They slept naked in his bed and she was used to her father masturbating every night from early childhood. He would press her against his body while masturbating and stroke her childish cleft with his cock until he squirted. She was allowed to hold his cock in her hand after he squirted, as long as she was a small child and curious. She was allowed to hold the wet, hard cock in her little hand and also rub it very gently until it miraculously became very soft and cuddly again.

She was 11 and learned to give him a hand job in the first few months and did it to him every night. She would sit on the bed next

to him with her legs straddled and rub his cock. She made sure to rub with the right speed and firmness. She had to smile every time he spurted straight up in the air and his seed slapped her legs. He sighed in pleasure and she continued to rub him until his cock became quite soft. Then he rubbed her little hole very finely, stopping only when she began to tremble. He had never tried to fuck his daughter. He had only fucked her mother in his entire life and didn't want to fuck anyone else after she had died.

He didn't mind that she had many love affairs and encouraged her to take a husband, but nothing came of it. She fell in love a thousand times and fucked everyone, but she didn't go any further. As she grew older, she took money or gifts from her lovers. No, she wasn't a whore, that was important to her, she told Jack. Her father had finished his fourth book and died ten years ago, she had been taking care of the older men and widowers in the surrounding villages for the past few years. She was a social worker who also fucked with the men as a matter of care. She ran errands, shopped and cooked for the old men. She rode them until they squirted or did handjobs for them when they didn't want to be fucked. She was well liked by everyone and only left the village after the last old Person had been evacuated.

Anna was swaying a bit from the red wine when they went to bed. He explained the situation with Juliet to her. She grinned as she lay naked with him. She hadn't had a man in three months, since they had fled, she said, stroking his erect cock. Jack looked at her body. She was plump, her fat breasts hanging down heavily. She had flab everywhere, her pubic hair forming a small black bush. One large labia peeked out from her bulging labia, the other was normal size and hidden. Her hole was large and wet, he could not detect her clit. She stroked her cunt with pleasure and asked with a friendly grin if he wanted to fuck her. Jack nodded, he was curious about the strange village whore.

His cock slid easily into her vagina and she giggled softly, mmmh! that feels good! They fucked slowly and deliberately, she radiated kindness and lust and fucked a little bit. She became very aroused and shook violently as he squirted. She beamed at him and squeezed him trembling until he finished squirting. She pulled his cock out

and rubbed it very hard, the last drops dripping onto her labia and she continued rubbing, drop by drop she confirmed murmuring, “there you go!” She nodded in satisfaction as his cock softened. It was a good fucking that made him fall to the side exhausted.

His fingers automatically sought her clit. He found it, hidden deep in her flabbing flesh. She was initially creeped out when he masturbated her, but she became visibly aroused, trembling incessantly, and after being masturbated for a long time, she had a huge orgasm that took her completely by surprise. Her body twitched and swayed, her legs wriggled uncontrollably. She gradually calmed down.

She was completely surprised and very excited. He explained to her that this was completely normal, just an orgasm. She stared at him big with questioning eyes. He said some women get orgasm during a particularly good fuck, but mostly during masturbation. She said she had never heard of orgasm or masturbating. It seemed to him that she was telling the truth. She didn’t know that, she whispered, she had never heard of that, she had never felt that! He questioned her thoroughly, for God’s sake this could not be true! She had never masturbated, she had never been masturbated, she claimed seriously. When she was young, she had that trembling feeling when fucking a few times when she was very much in love, but only a few times and she was happy with that. No, she had never rubbed herself, ever. Jack questioned her in depth, but she had never rubbed herself. Dad sometimes rubbed down there when she gave him a hand job, but never continued when she started to shake.

Anna sighed and told him her father’s last secret as well. An older girl in the village had explained the fucking to her in great detail and also said that it hurt a little the first time, but that was normal. She had fucked him for the first time at 14 and deflowered herself. The father held her tightly in his arms afterwards and whispered reassuringly that she was a woman now and that fucking would never hurt her again. He called her his little wife from then on and loved her with all his heart. She mustn’t fuck him, he whispered insistently, but she was stubborn and kept doing it, even though he was embarrassed at first. Jack grinned, for he could well imagine the father’s distress. When his father rubbed her clit for a long time, she always got very

horny. She had then sat on his cock and fucked him, but he initially didn't want to fuck her. Of course, she had fucked him until he had to squirt, but he didn't want it and scolded her at first. No, Anna said emphatically, he had never fucked her, only she had fucked him, only her! For the next 30 years she fucked him sometimes every day, as often as she could give him an erection. Her other lovers were never important, she loved her father with all her heart and slept with him every night. She had a son Yevgeny, whom she raised together with her father. He was a good child and became a teacher, got married and had Karel. Of course, when Yevgeny hit puberty, he heard them fucking every night. She, of course, tried to explain it to the distraught boy and it took him a while to understand. He believed her when she assured him that his biological father had been a chance acquaintance who was long gone, the good-for-nothing. But she generally avoided the subject, for she herself firmly believed that her father was the father of her child. "Oh!" said Jack, and fell silent.

She fucked the father at least four times a week and made him cum inside because she got bored with the handjob. She much preferred to ride him, shaking and making him cum inside, that was her thing. Dad soon stopped complaining, he looked forward to it every time and hugged her when he had an erection or a desire to get fucked. She would expertly make his cock stiff, then mount him, insert his cock into her vagina, and start riding. As the years went by, it took longer and longer for him to squirt in, but that was just fine with her. She loved the arousal and the beautiful tremors when she fucked him and let him squirt in while she shuddered with pleasure and for a long time. Jack said that the trembling was a good omen for orgasm and she looked at him in wonder.

Father had a very close, physical bond with his youngest daughter from the beginning. The child slept with him since the mother was very ill in the hospital and later died. He masturbated every night and did not hide it from his child. When she was about 10 years old, he bought the house in the village and left work and the city. Of course he liked it when his 11 year old gave him a handjob, he returned the favor and rubbed her clit until she trembled. At 14 it was no longer enough for her, her urges awoke with power and one day she fucked him. She gasped with horniness and clumsily stuffed his

cock into her vagina. A little scream as she deflowered herself. She rode him hastily and clumsily, he squirted into her vagina for the first time and held her in his arms for a very long time afterwards. He was tempted to fuck her, but he had promised his wife. The thought of incest bothered him only briefly, he taught Anna to ride him properly. At 14 and 15, her urges burst forth fully, she fucked him several times a day, until she got the beautiful tremors. For thirty years she was his little wife, his alone. She fucked hundreds of times with others out of curiosity, but it never became serious. Until the end, she lay in his bed and let him cum inside in a caring way. Even the night before he died, she rode him until her whole body shook and quivered. She then rubbed his cock until he squirted a few droplets and rubbed him as usual until his cock softened. He knew it was her last time and hugged her lovingly. My dearest, dearest little wife, he whispered and fell asleep.

On the following evenings, Jack taught Anna how to masturbate. She did it every time after fucking and was thrilled. She didn't like the missionary position so much and much preferred to ride him. Jack clicked his tongue because she was really good at that. She was far more athletic than he would have guessed with her curves and she had a good technique for riding his cock. She shivered on the finale and made him squirt quite wonderfully. She slid down a bit after he squirted and rubbed his cock. It looked like she was rubbing her cock like a man, vigorously, until every last drop squirted out and his cock softened. She did that every time and grinned in high satisfaction.

Anna stayed with her grandson for three weeks, phoning her son or daughter-in-law every other day and letting Karel talk to his parents. He told about the books he had bought together with Jack. Of course, the silly guy said that grandma was sleeping in bed with the host. The parents fell awkwardly silent and quickly changed the subject. Anna grinned and told Jack they would probably survive their shock.

The case worker in the refugee's office had obviously grown fond of him since he had thanked her with a giant box of chocolates and called. She was finally going to make the house call that was long overdue. Juliet and he were expecting her late in the morning with

coffee and cake. Her name was Barbara Something and she wasn't quite as fat as Geli, but she too had big breasts and a huge ass. He guessed her to be in her mid-40s; she was 43, he later learned. He had told Juliet she had to behave well, the woman was coming as an official to meet them both. Juliet behaved, they drank coffee and ate cake. The small talk went quite well, Barbara still wanted to see the apartment. He got up and showed her the rooms, bathroom and toilet, the living room and the wide living room couch, two can sleep there or a mother with the children. They came to the bedroom. She was surprised how big the bed was and pressed the mattress. Is it comfortable? she asked teasingly and he flirted back, we can try that right now! She stood in front of him, he knew it from the beginning, but he let her do it.

She fell around his neck without foreplay, they kissed without mincing words and the French kiss got her blood pumping. She glanced uncertainly at the door and he reassured her, Juliet was reading a magazine in the kitchen and never came into the bedroom during the day. My kingdom! They undressed in a flash and lay down in bed. He looked at her body. She was not unlike Gelis, the bosom large and soft. Her thighs and ass smaller than Geli's, but still a huge ass. Her pubic was freshly clean-shaven, her cleft long and pink, clit and inner labia were not visible. So, do you like what you see? she asked and he smiled. All matching the beautiful phone voice, he returned, do you see what you expect? She was suddenly all serious and patted her palm on the sheet beside her. "Here, my dear, here!" He laughed and lay down with her. Condom? she asked and he shook his head, I'm too old for that at 62.

He knelt between her legs, which she willingly unfolded. He saw between her thick thighs her tiny hole and clit, which was not particularly large. He leaned forward and kissed her. You have to help me, he whispered, and she steered his cock to her vaginal entrance with her hand. He penetrated with her help, the vagina was very very tight but finely warm and moist. She kept her hand on her pussy as he thrust slowly at first, then faster and faster. Her breathing quickened, she fucked much more actively than Geli, increasing her arousal. He felt her rising arousal and then it was time. She rubbed the clit only two-three times and triggered her orgasm. He thrust very quickly

and firmly into her orgasm and squirted at the same time. Her abdomen tensed and undulated as he squirted and squirted and squirted. He let himself fall to the side. They lay side by side for a few moments breathing heavily and Jack quipped, “house call successful?” She laughed and her whole body laughed along with her. Sorry, but I needed it real bad, she whispered and he fell silent. They got dressed again and she asked if she should come back and he nodded, yes, that would be nice. They agreed that she would come and visit him when the refugees moved on, it would be inconspicuous. After she left, it only occurred to him that Barbara had not asked if he was fucking the refugees. She actually came after the refugees left and they fucked happily and without complication. Barbara had a lot to do and little time to look for lovers. She told that she was increasingly too tired to masturbate in the evenings and it was very unsatisfying. She formerly used to masturbate every night when she didn’t have a lover.

Now, after they had fucked happily, Barbara assigned him the prettiest women with a wink. Irina was in her early thirties, her son Pawl 14, and both were tall and slim. Irina was a dressmaker and, like Pawl, spoke English quite well. She would sleep with her son on the living room couch, she said firmly, and helped him wash the dishes after dinner. Pawl went to bed right after dinner and watched TV. Juliet had swallowed her sleeping pill and went to bed as well. He sat with Irina at the kitchen table and she talked about how they had lived in Tartania and about the escape.

She was a simple, little educated woman, she had a slim, pretty figure that made her breasts appear larger than they were. He was very excited by what her cleavage and short summer dress revealed. She didn’t notice his gaze along her inner thighs or didn’t care, he at least was pleased. She greedily sipped the red wine and after a while looked at him if he had nothing stronger? He answered in the negative and she took out a half-full bottle from her luggage in the living room. Vodka, she said with a grin, Prussian vodka! The only good thing the Russians had produced. She evaded all his questions about sexuality, Pawl’s father had left her years ago and she had no other sexual partner. That was all she gave away of herself, period.

In the bunker during the war and on the run she had of course witnessed a lot of the sexuality of her fellow people, it was fascinating and revolting at the same time. She had closed her eyes, she didn't want to witness it all. Pawl, however, tore his eyes open, the fucking all around spoiled her innocent son, she said sighing. He has been watching porn on his cell phone ever since, she lamented, thus closing this chapter. She recounted with repulsive fascination how fellow sufferers fucked in public in the bunker, gave blowjobs to complete strangers or masturbated in front of everyone. She was horrified when women made their most private, their most secretive things in public. He listened in silence, for he did not share her disgust. It got late, they went to sleep. Jack fucked the sleeping Juliet, who only grunted and farted afterwards.

Another day, while shopping, he did not forget to get enough red wine and two bottles of Russian vodka. So in the evening they sat at the kitchen table, red wine and vodka in front of them. It had made her feel friendly how generously he had procured the vodka. She was soon in a great mood and went a little out of herself. She didn't know when Pawl started masturbating, but in the bunker he masturbated very often and didn't hide it, everyone was having sex in public. She could not stop him, no matter what she said. In the different bunkers at night he would press himself against her body from behind while masturbating. Only in the darkness did she allow him to press against her while masturbating, but as long as there was still a light on, she rejected him. Only when it was completely dark could he take liberties. She scolded him vigorously, but very quietly, when he pulled down her panties every night and thrust his cock between her buttocks while masturbating. She didn't care that he darted back and forth and squirted in her butt crack. She pressed her legs together, protecting her vagina.

He soon tried more, he tried to fuck her in the ass, but there she resisted quite firmly. A few times they had seen women getting fucked in the ass in the various shelters, but she found that disgusting and Pawl knew it too, but he tried it anyway and got a slap in the face every time. He kept fucking her butt crack and squirting. He tried to reach her vagina while fucking in her butt crack, he forcibly lifted her leg and squeezed her butt cheeks apart. She could no longer

protect her vagina this way. He was unstoppable, thrusting his glans into her vagina from behind, fucking relentlessly and squirting. Her protests bounced off, he masturbated several times in the evening, fucked and squirted from behind into her vagina at the end. This went on for weeks. Jack asked if she had orgasms then, but she shook her head. Only when he had finished squirting and her clit was aroused and stiff did she do it herself, very secretly. Irina looked at Jack from below and swallowed the vodka. He didn't believe everything she said and continued to specifically eavesdrop on her. At the very end she admitted that for some time she had been lifting her leg herself and letting him penetrate her from behind. She didn't resist anymore, the war and the life in the bunker had spoiled them all once and for all. The boy fucked two or three times a day in the darkness and squirted into her vagina, she pressed her hand protectively on her clit and when she was very excited she quickly triggered the orgasm with her fingers. A hundred times he squirted inside me, the bastard! Irina was silent for a long time and Jack looked at her silently. He believed her now.

She grabbed his hand as she told him that Pawl had taken advantage of her drunkenness last night, he had taken all of her panties off and sat on top of her to masturbate. He had masturbated sitting on top of her and stopped in the middle. She squeezed Jack's hand seeking help, Pawl knelt between her legs and forcibly spread them apart. He thrust in and fucked her properly, face to face for the first time. She squeezed Jack's hand and stammered that he had cum quickly and continued right away! She cried softly, then said she was very drunk and quickly got a violent orgasm! I could not do anything, I had an orgasm, Irina said sobbing loudly. She was still dazed from the orgasm and he just kept fucking. She orgasmed again as he squirted in her vagina and let go of her, his cock softening. She cried until she fell asleep. She cried some more and Jack murmured soothingly that it was nice to have an orgasm while being fucked! She stopped crying and nodded unhappily, but not like that! She drank her vodka furiously and told him the episode with all the details at least three times. She described the fucking, the squirting and the orgasms in such detail that he saw it quite clearly in front of him. They got up and he hugged and kissed her on the mouth for a long time before they went to sleep. Jack understood that in her drunkenness

she could not offer enough resistance. But her orgasm meant that her body was enjoying fucking, and that pleased him.

The next night she was very excited as the red wine and vodka loosened her tongue. Pawl had gone too far again this time, despite all her protests. He had again taken her panties right off and masturbated. He pulled her labia completely apart with his fingers, pressed his glans into her vaginal entrance and let his semen squirt into her vagina despite her protests. The second time he masturbated, he penetrated her squirting, thrusting and spurting inside her vagina. She had slapped his face and cried. But he wasn't done yet, his cock was still hard and stiff. He pressed her down and fucked for a very long time, she orgasmed again long before he squirted. Dazed by the orgasm she let him continue fucking her and let him squirt. She slapped him furiously after he squirted and pushed him off the couch. He soon came back to bed, however, and she fell asleep, angry and furious.

She was also crying softly now, holding Jack's hand, what am I going to do, Jack, what am I going to do? He squirted into me like a man, she kept repeating crying, what am I going to do? Jack said quietly that if she didn't want the incest, she could give him a hand job, that wasn't incest and many mothers did it. She didn't know the word and he explained it to her. Irina stopped crying, make him squirt with her hand! She nodded, all right, she would do that, with the handjob she could satisfy his urge. No incest, she slurred with drunken seriousness. I don't want him to cum inside me like a man! She smiled drunkenly and happily as they went to sleep.

The next morning he immediately noticed the crackling tension between mother and son. Pawl crammed English all day and hid behind the books. Jack accompanied Juliet and Irina to the grocery store. In the afternoons they sat at the kitchen table and he listened with half an ear. Juliet explained to Irina that she didn't want to fuck Jack anymore and preferred to do it with women. Irina quickly withdrew her hand and said that wouldn't be natural, two women. She had heard about it, but had never tried it and didn't want to. Juliet laughed, women can do it better than a man!

After dinner, he and Irina sat at the kitchen table. She first needed a lot of red wine and vodka to tell. Pavl had taken off her underpants of course immediately and felt horny her naked body, the breasts and her cunt. She let him do it and he became quite horny. She grabbed his erect cock and gave him a handjob, just as she had seen him do. She let his semen splash onto the sheet, but his erection continued. Then he pushed me down and fucked me three times, squirting into me three times until his cock finally softened. Irina cried softly and held Jack's hand tightly.

I was shocked and horrified, he didn't release me after he squirted and kept his stiff cock inside me before he fucked right away. He brought me to orgasm the first time before he squirted. I was completely surprised and he left his hard-on stuck in me. He fucked again and brought me again to orgasm, squirted the second time violently in me and made a small break. His cock still remained stiff and stuck in me. The third time I fucked it took so long that I orgasmed twice! She was very ashamed that she got an orgasm every time while fucking, but Jack comforted her that it was normal. He squirted three times in a row, she complained. He comforted her as best he could and then asked if she really didn't want the incest? She denied in horror, saying it was not normal and forbidden, everyone knew that. She cried and sobbed, she had only had intercourse with Pawl's father and had not had a man in over 12 years, and now him! Her own son!

Jack let her cry and comforted her as best he could. If she didn't want to lie with Pawl because she didn't want to, she could lie with him and Juliet. She asked if he was still fucking Juliet and he answered, yes, but Juliet didn't like it at all. Irina thought for a long time and he asked if she minded if he didn't fuck his wife? She looked at him from the side. Of course not, she said with a heavy tongue, that was quite normal between married couples. This time she followed him into the bedroom. They undressed, but she kept her underpants on. He looked at her, she really had a good figure and nice firm breasts. With those well grown legs she could have been a model. His cock had become stiff looking at the beautiful body and she looked curiously at his erection. She stayed on her stomach and watched with drunken swimming eyes as he fucked Juliet. He no-

ticed, of course, that Irina was sliding a hand down her panties and rubbing herself, because she was far too drunk to do it secretly. Even before he squirted, her bottom was undulating and twitching in orgasm and it made him so horny that he squirted. Juliet grunted, mumbled, and went back to sleep. Drunkenly, Irina whispered that Juliet obviously didn't like to be fucked at all. He kissed her on the mouth, then turned out the light.

The mood between mother and son remained frosty, in the evening he talked at length with Irina about his sex life and she listened drinking. She was amazed that some of the Tartan women had slept with him and she asked him outright. In the evening she took off her underpants before getting into bed. Again she masturbated lying on her stomach while he squirted into Juliet's vagina. He waited until Irina was finished and turned her over on her back. He hugged her, kissed her on the mouth, and turned out the light. This was repeated for three more days, almost always the same. She returned his French kiss after initial hesitation. On the third day, Irina lay on her back, watched him fucking Juliet until he squirted, and continued masturbating even though he was watching. When she finished, he kissed her again on the mouth and she returned the French kiss. He turned out the light.

Everything changed the next evening. Irina was totally drunk and held him back as he approached Juliet. She held him tightly and whispered that she didn't know if she really wanted it. After many French kisses, she spread her legs apart and he penetrated during a kiss. She matched his pace and they fucked for a very long time. Her breath went faster and faster and she had a violent orgasm long before he squirted. They lay next to each other whispering for a long time. She had the last orgasm with Pawls father and she was happy that she had had it so nice now. With Pawl's assaults, she had orgasmed too, but she was mostly scared and hurt.

Pawl was very upset that she didn't want to sleep with him anymore and they argued in hushed voices in their language that Jack didn't understand. Pawl was very hurtful in his jealousy and called her a whore, but she let it bounce off her. She told him point blank

that it was unnatural for a mother to fuck her own son and that she would never allow it again, that was over once and for all!

She fucked Jack every night for the next four weeks, always orgasming very quickly and easily. Sometimes she had multiple orgasms and giggled that he was a good fucker. It flattered him, but he knew it was just because he took a long time to cum. She fucked quite enthusiastically and loved the orgasms. Only a couple of times she still felt like it after fucking and let him watch her masturbate.

She had only learned to masturbate from a friend after Pawl's father left. In the months that followed, however, he came to fuck often, even though he was married to someone else. She whispered that she had no husband after that. She masturbated every night during those years, which was very comforting. She had no idea in her youth that masturbating existed. She had only heard about it from her friend, who demonstrated it to her and brought her to orgasm with her fingers the first time. From then on she did it every night, but never in front of others, it was secret and very private.

Irina and Pawl went on after four weeks, to Cologne.

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Good Times

by Jack Faber © 2022

Some families followed, often staying only a week or two, the women sleeping with their children and hardly any with him. Those who did sleep with him were quick for sex. They grinned mischievously as he explained the situation with Juliet and nodded eagerly. They were from a much younger generation and loved to dance all night, take Ecstasy and fuck at every opportunity. You were only young once, you had to take what you could grab. With a child, married — you had to stick to it! He was very happy, they were between 18 and 30 and they fucked very actively and greedily. Some were quite pretty, their breasts jiggled firmly when they masturbated while fucking. This generation did it that way. But they also liked to let him masturbate them very much.

But if the woman partout did not want to fuck, he invited Geli in the afternoon, she was always happy and provided the friendly sex. She was convinced that he could not impregnate her and no longer whined when he squirted in. She still drew in her breath sharply when he penetrated her tight vagina and also when he thrust hard in the finale and squirted inside her. But she liked it and was overjoyed that he was fucking her.

The clerk Barbara came regularly to fuck. She was very happy that he was also quite relaxed about it and it remained a purely physical affair for them both. She called him, right after the family left, and got him the prettiest. But it was like bewitched for weeks, the pretty mothers lay with him and it was fine for them to sleep naked with him. More than to look at their beautiful bodies full of pleasure was rarely possible. All of them tolerated him caressing their naked bodies, but they categorically refused any attempt on his part, no fucking, no masturbating. Almost all of them gave him a handjob, some masturbated him in their mouths and let him squirt in their throat. At least something.

Then Lin came with her daughters. They were 13-year-old twins, Wen and Wei, who crammed languages all day with their mother, Tartian, Mandarin and English. Lin spoke English with him and Juliet. They were purebred Chinese who had lived in Tartania; like Lin, the girls' father was from the city of Guangzhou. Lin had been divorced for years and had worked in Tartian-Chinese society until the war came. The twins slept on the living room couch, and Lin slept with him. She slept naked in his arms, but she initially did not want sex.

The 30-year-old had a slender, boyish body and small, firm breasts. She was very embarrassed when he parted her labia with his fingers. But she finally allowed him to inspect her sex curiously for minutes. He looked at the labia minora, the clit and the hole. The clit was disproportionately large and seemed well-toned, the hole not very tight, wet and moist. On the perineum he saw a large scar from childbirth. He touched the little hole, but she shook her head vigorously. He knew he had to give her time. In the evening they sat at the kitchen table with red wine and vodka, Lin told him frankly and in great detail her life story and her sex life.

They lived in Guangzhou, she came to Tartania when she was 10 and lived there ever since. Her father was a well-known scientist who accepted a professorship at the university in Tartania and they stayed there. As a child, she slept between her parents in the marital bed and learned to masturbate from her mother, who masturbated every night before she went to sleep. She had never known her parents to have sex. The mother slept in a short nightgown and masturbated happily every night, even though the daughter was in bed with her. The father never masturbated in the years when Lin lay beside him. He wore striped silk pyjamas and when Lin was about 6 or 7, she curiously explored her father's body. While bathing on weekends, she was sometimes allowed to touch his cock and gently pull back the foreskin to look at the pink glans. But, Lin said, she had never masturbated him, because she had known nothing about it at the time.

Her father liked it best when she pressed her naked body against his back and bottom while she was masturbating. His hand rested on her pubic and he followed her masturbating with horny interest. She

grew older and reached her hand under his piyama pants. His soft cock stiffened and she held it tightly while masturbating. She held it tightly and sometimes he moved his cock in her hand up and down and then squirted. He had explained to her exactly how it all worked. She had figured out that if she squeezed the cock really hard several times, she would make him squirt. She squeezed and then rubbed his cock until he squirted. He would put his hand on hers when he didn't want to squirt. The mother grinned wryly when the young girl made the father squirt every night. Neither she nor the father made any remark about it; it seemed quite normal for the daughter to make the father squirt. Lin let the father squirt every night until she was 16 and slept with her parents in the marital bed, then she got her own room.

Lin drank red wine and vodka like most Tartan girls, but she never drank too much. She lay in bed with her back to him, she held his hand tightly when he reached the black bush of her pubic hair. She held his hand tightly and she did so throughout the night. He could feel her sexual tension, but she held out ironclad. She did not object to him masturbating as an alternative to fucking. He masturbated and squirted on her butt cheeks, Lin was fine with that. Juliet was sound asleep, he had no desire to fuck her. Lin put her hand on his cock when he squirted, but she did not become active on the first days. She stroked his softening cock very lightly until they fell asleep. He just had to give her time, they would fuck later for sure, he was convinced.

Lin told little about her marriage. He was her first and only husband, wanted sex only on Sunday morning and silently accepted Lin masturbating every night. He was not good in bed and she was deeply disappointed because he was as disinterested as her father. She had grown up in Tartania and was Tartanian in heart and soul, he was Chinese in attitude and they fell out over that. The divorce was unspectacular, they worked in the same company and continued to have sex after the divorce, always on Sunday mornings. The twins knew not to disturb their parents while they were fucking. Lin was sure the girls were watching through a crack in the door, but she said nothing. Lin clung to him with her feelings, even though she loathed his political views. He had deflowered her when she was 16 and that

tied her to him, even though he really wasn't good in bed. He had a small, boyish penis, didn't masturbate and she had to rub his cock with her hand during fucking to make him squirt. He could just squirt when she rubbed his cock, which was stuck in her vagina, with her hand. She had tried all kinds of positions and postures and found that she could only make him squirt by rubbing him. It was exasperating. When the company closed during the war, she decided to escape.

As Jack did every evening, he inspected Lin's cunt, throbbing the clit stiff. He touched it and she sighed deeply. He rubbed the clit very gently and felt her growing arousal. She did not stop him as he masturbated her. Her clit came stiffly to meet him and she pressed it willingly against his finger, her little hole was swollen and soon so wet and moist that it dripped. Before she came to orgasm, she held out her arms invitingly. He penetrated carefully and gently, she kept her eyes closed and sighed deeply. His cock slid effortlessly into the wet, swollen hole. They fucked slowly and deliberately, Lin smiling and beaming at him. He was in the final and she pressed him against her, he thrust and squirted inside with relief. She masturbated her clit for a moment and orgasmed just a moment after him. He dropped down next to her and they caught their breath. That was very fine, she whispered, looking at him from the side. He nodded, it was wonderful and very nice, he couldn't think of anything better. You are only my second husband, she whispered, and much better than the first!

Lin seemed unsure at first if she wanted to keep fucking the old man. He took good care of her and the twins, and it was to a good extent an expression of her gratitude that she let him fuck her. But it was also something completely new for her. She only knew the kind of fucking she had experienced with her husband. Jack showed her something completely different, a fucking like her friends told her. A fucking that excited her to the point of orgasm. A cock bigger than the Chinese man's and sturdy. Jack nor she didn't need to rub it, it squirted on its own. And he was visibly pleased when she triggered her own orgasm after his squirting. He asked if the twins were masturbating yet, but she didn't know. She thought, however, that they

were not yet masturbating. He stroked her very gently as she masturbated again, then she fell asleep.

Their onward journey to England was delayed without end. In the fifth week he phoned Barbara, and she found out that the Chinese had crossed with the English. Lin was furious, this could only come from her ex-husband! She called him several times and afterwards, grinning, told Jack that she had taught her ex-husband some new vocabulary from the bottom drawer of the Guangzhou underworld. She had banished the twins to the kitchen; these parents' conversations were not for their ears!

Wen grinned insolently and Wei made a V with her index and middle fingers, which she placed on the kitchen table, and at the bottom of the V she indicated masturbating with one finger. He nodded, yes, that's what he meant, that's what he was asking about. The girls looked at each other and blushed. He had to swear not to tell Lin, and they said quietly, for many years, they had been doing it secretly. They had learned it watching Lin after the Sunday morning fuck. No, they usually each did it for themselves and kept it very very secret. In return, they wanted to know if he and Lin...? He nodded in the affirmative, yes, your mother likes it very much and he didn't force her to do anything. I think your mother likes to be fucked very much. The girls almost choked with giggles of embarrassed laughter when he said *to be fucked*. He smirked because all the girls at that age thought the word alone was horny. He had to swear a thousand oaths again and the girls told him all their secrets. He put a finger on his mouth again, he would not tell anything! Never!

Six weeks passed, seven. He was fine with it, of course, because Lin was wonderful in bed. From him she could have stayed for months or years, they fucked every night happily and without complications. She had practically no regular menstruation and was sure she would have no more children. Juliet slept deeply and never disturbed her, even when they were doing it wildly. Lin had discovered it herself to get him hard again with her mouth and tongue, because the second time lasted long enough that she had an orgasm while fucking. This was quite new to her and very, very satisfying. She claimed such an orgasm was better than anything she could achieve

with her fingers. He was fine with that, even though he realized with increasing panic that he was already 62. He just about managed the second time, and was considerably sore the next day.

Lin, on the contrary, was super on the other day and developed energies, screaming at her ex-husband on the phone and getting on the nerves of the English authorities. He, on the other hand, was slouching at the kitchen table, listening to the twins study and being whispered the latest from the child sexuality front. When Lin went shopping with Juliet, one or the other would show him how to masturbate, quite secretly. He grinned broadly, even forgetting about the sore muscles. Wen and Wei masturbated quite differently.

Wei pulled her legs up onto her seat, the skirt sliding up to reveal her panties. She pulled the panties aside and stroked her fleshy labia. The tiny clit was barely visible, she rubbed quickly and firmly until she orgasmed. Wen removed her panties before putting her legs up on the chair. She had a similar sex to Lin, her clit was also comparatively large and prominent like Lin's clit. She started very slowly and increased the pace until orgasm. She continued to rub slowly after orgasm until the clit softened again. The girls' orgasm was totally silent and shook the little girls' bodies, they looked rapturously suffering in his face just before the orgasm and beamed proudly all over their faces when it was over. The twins were very adept at hiding their secrecy from Lin, never arousing her suspicions. He never touched the girls, it never occurred to him. The girls masturbated almost every afternoon and let him watch, they grinned mischievously and got a horny kick out of it.

Lin and the girls got their English immigration papers in the tenth week. He drove them to the train station and kissed Lin crying, she returned his French kiss in tears. He was still crying when he kissed the twins intimately on the top of their heads. He nervously checked that Lin had noted the train numbers and change times correctly and had his entry fee well stowed in her purse. He remained standing on the platform until the train left. He was still crying as he sat in the car.

Der

An Intermezzo

by Jack Faber © 2022

Barbara sent him families with very pretty mothers, but they didn't all want to play ball. They were widowed or had a husband on the front lines they were attached to. He depended on Geli, who loved to come. The families usually traveled on after a week or two. Few of the young mothers had fire in their asses and gave themselves willingly and immediately, eagerly fucking him even if they stayed only a few days. Barbara kept her word and came to fuck with every change. He preferred to fuck with her than with Geli, because she provided the orgasm while fucking herself and it was really a pleasure to cum in the middle of her orgasm.

Barbara sent him Vanessa and her mother. Vanessa was 31, her mother 54 and very sick. He drove them to the hospital every ten days, where she received her radiation. Vanessa was a model until a year ago and earned quite well. When her mother developed cancer, she immediately gave up the profession to care for her. Their savings were exhausted after the war began and they spent months in the shelter. There were very few admirers left who visited her in the shelter and brought food and fresh linen. She was very grateful for the donations and rewarded them with a quick, clandestine fuck. Defiantly, Vanessa drank one large glass of vodka after another when she told Jack about it at the kitchen table in the evening. Before the shelter, she had been able to choose her lovers based on her gut and her lust. Now she fucked to get supplies, she said bitterly. The war had ruined everything. She wept silently and smoked one cigarette after another.

The mother slept in the living room and preferred to stay alone. She watched TV during the day and was glad that the TV brought English-language channels like BBC and CNN. English she understood halfway, but when Jack or Juliet spoke to her, Vanessa translated. Vanessa spoke fluent English and understood a little German, French and Italian. She had traveled all over Europe when she was a model in demand. She had given up her profession without hesita-

tion when her mother was already very ill. They lived in the shelter and she took her mother to the hospital once a week by surreptitious means. When the hospital was destroyed by Russian rockets, she decided to escape. She sold the only valuable thing she had left, her body. All Tartian men knew her from the posters and advertisements, she was still very beautiful and desirable. This currency made her escape possible, even though she didn't have a cent left.

Jack did not know her before, but she liked to talk about the escape, modeling and her sexuality. On the very first evening, after taking care of her mother, she told him everything, frankly and unabashedly even about her sexuality and sexual escapades. The masturbation since childhood she kept secret, that was very very private and taboo. The photographer who discovered her and made her a celebrity deflowered her at 15 and remained one of her many lovers throughout her life. She had fucked more than a thousand men in those 20 years, she stopped counting at 750. The usual method of contraception in Tartania was the syringe, which was refreshed every year. She had very few relationships that lasted longer than a week. Men wanted her body, but the fact that she had a head, a mind and a soul didn't matter to most. She was good at marketing her body and was able to buy a house a few years ago. The house was now gone, bombed and shot to pieces. She owned nothing anymore.

She drank the vodka like water, the vodka loosened her tongue and she had told him everything frankly. She was no longer sober, but not drunk either. He brought up the subject of fucking again and again. If you want to sleep with me, that's fine, that's fine with me, she said, and that it was no problem for her. She had bought her way with the body and found it only natural that she had to somehow return every boon. She then felt less like she was being given something as a gift. She didn't want to be given anything, period. They discussed this topic for quite a long time, because somehow Jack didn't want to come across as a blackmailer. He had given most of the women free choice so far and felt uncomfortable with the thought of being seen as a blackmailer. Of course, it was clear to him that this was only half the truth. But Vanessa was determined not to be given anything and stubbornly stuck to sleeping with him. He explained

the situation with Juliet and that she had taken a sleeping pill. They drank a few more glasses and went to the bedroom in silence.

Vanessa waited until he had undressed and was lying on the bed. She undressed slowly and deliberately, wanting to impress with her body. She smiled finely when she saw his unfolding erection. She was tall, slim and very beautiful. Not an ounce too much. Her breasts were small and firm, her pubic smooth-shaven and her cleft girlish, her legs long and beautiful. She came to the bed and sat astride Jack's thighs. Smiling dreamily, she grasped his erection and rubbed it. It was obvious that she had great practice with the handjob. He said that he did not want a handjob. She nodded and inserted his cock into her vagina with infinite slowness. She stayed upright and rode very practiced. She could feel he was ready and bent over him, she kissed him and whispered he could cum now. She held him tightly and her ass rotated. She knew exactly how to move her ass to excite him to the point of madness. Jack felt it rising hot and squirted immediately. She didn't stop milking him with rotating ass until his cock softened. They kissed with a long French kiss, then she lay down beside him. She smiled broadly and knew she had done very well. He had seen that her clit was stiff and swollen with arousal and reached out. Her body relaxed as he masturbated her very gently. Her orgasm was strong, even though she didn't let herself go too much. She kissed him on the mouth and said he could do it very well, better than many men. She smiled before he turned out the light and murmured that she would have to do it again herself before falling asleep. He smiled and nodded. He felt in the darkness that she was rubbing herself very hard and energetically and her whole body was tightening and shaking in a heavy orgasm. It became very quiet and they fell asleep.

Vanessa was on the phone with half of Europe and would have long since gotten a contract here and there. She looked through her photo gallery with Jack to decide which picture was beautiful and not too porny. She had thousands of pictures that were pure pornography by western standards and Jack salivated as she transferred all the pictures and videos to his laptop without comment. He saw that many pictures fell under child pornography. Vanessa let herself be fucked by boys under 16 and there were many pictures with the

childish glans squirting into her open hole. Vanessa still knew them all by name and described to him how the picture or video was made. There were also pictures and videos of very young girls and boys fucking, these shots excited him very much. For Vanessa it was nothing special to have a 13 year old girl lying on top of her being fucked by a 14 year old boy. She laughed as bright as a bell when she looked at these pictures with Jack sitting at the kitchen table and had to give him a handjob very urgently.

Vanessa could not accept all these job offers because there was no treatment for her mother at the destination. Only in Vienna, Zurich and Berlin there was any treatment possibility at all, but only in the fifth week she managed to reconcile treatment and job in Berlin, she would take care of an apartment on the spot. This was very sad for Jack, because he enjoyed the wonderful fucking with Vanessa every night, including the secret handjobs under the kitchen table. She smiled when they watched the porn pictures or videos together, but her smile was encouraging and friendly. She poked Jack's side in a chummy way when he became erect again a few minutes after the handjob. He had yet to meet a woman who could be so open and friendly with his male voyeurism. It rarely took her more than a minute to make him squirt during a handjob.

A week before Vanessa left for Berlin, news burst in that the Prussian president was apparently dead. They sat in front of the TV for hours watching the news. Vanessa's mother nearly suffered a heart attack at the news, screaming and crying for minutes. Vanessa translated, finally the dog is dead! The Russians did not issue any reports, the Western news were confused and inaccurate. Ivan Romanoff had collapsed at a meal, possibly poisoned. He had been shot, it was said elsewhere. Others knew that he had been arrested or kidnapped. Every broadcaster, every commentator had his own theory. The Russians themselves did not comment on it, Vice-President Iwanoff carried on with business, and the war in Tartania also went on relentlessly.

Vanessa had gone to Berlin and Barbara came over to fuck. She cared little for big politics, the war washed a lot of refugees into the city and the work remained the same. She now sent Melanie, a 29-

year-old widow, and her two children, a 12-year-old son and a 10-year-old daughter. The children slept in the living room and watched TV until their eyes fell shut. Chubby Melanie was not a strict mother; the children were well behaved and did everything they wanted. Melanie admonished them every evening not to watch TV for too long. The children nodded obediently, turned on the TV and lay naked under the covers. They explored their bodies with childlike curiosity and played mommy and daddy quite innocently, as they had seen their mommy do. Melanie seemed to know, but she didn't say a word.

Melanie had real fire in her ass, she made that clear to Jack on the first evening. She stuck rigidly to the red wine and refused the vodka. She drank with great gusto until she was heavily tipsy, but never too much. At first she told how her husband died in an accident at work 9 years ago, she was heavily pregnant and it was a difficult time. She laughed, because it was exactly during that hard time that her sexuality awoke like a rocket. Like a rocket, she repeated with a grin, and the time before that she had only masturbated a little, three or four times a month at most. Time was hard, but she suddenly had a charisma that no man could resist. Now she had a lot of time for men and for masturbating. He asked and she replied that it had probably been close to a hundred men since she had become a widow. Before that she had only her husband, she had given him her virginity and never cheated on him. Never!

Jack nodded and formulated in English that she was an extraordinarily decent woman. He knew of no woman who had never cheated on her husband. She kept grabbing his hands and telling him about the hundred men she had fucked since then. She had worked part-time as an English teacher until the war and could afford a nice apartment in the capital. There were two bedrooms, one for the children and one for her and her lovers. She had discovered late that the children were spying through the crack in the door. The little daughter had blabbed and Melanie had then taken good care that the door was well closed. She was able to elicit from the little daughter that the children had been playing Mom and Dad ever since, just as they had seen Mom do. Melanie squeezed Jack's hands tightly and tears ran down her face. "Children!" she said, "children!"

Jack was silent, imagining the children doing it. “Children!” he said, “Children!” He nodded in understanding and brought the conversation to masturbating. Melanie had learned it from her older cousin and did it sometimes, maybe two or three times a month. It was exciting, but she was very ashamed of it. Her mother had expressly forbidden her to play with herself down there, saying it was yuck! But she kept doing it anyway. At 16 she had met her husband, who deflowered her after only a few days and they stayed together. He was very tender and loving in bed, she never got an orgasm while getting fucked. But he encouraged her to masturbate after being fucked, he liked that and liked to watch her. Often while watching he would get an erection and they would fuck one more time, this then became normal for them both.

She never gave him a handjob, he only taught her that when some friends remained after a drinking binge. She was very inhibited at first when her husband stripped her completely naked during the binge and fucked her in front of the others. His buddies pulled down their pants and played with their cock. She was as drunk as the others, but she refused to fuck the buddies for a long time, even though her husband demanded it. He taught her the handjob and she wanked the fellows diligently, that’s what her husband wanted at least. It’s part of a “Tartian binge”, he said. Only after six months was she ready to fuck his buddies. There were usually three or four, with whom she fucked a dozen times at the orgy. Jack held her hands and smiled encouragingly. She talked excitedly about the orgies and that she never masturbated herself during them, but she did let the fellows masturbate her if they were skilled. But most of them were too clumsy or too drunk, so her husband did it for her, he could do it very well. After the masturbation the boys were horny again and she fucked again with her husband and with everyone who still needed it. After an orgy she was happy and very exhausted. Her husband didn’t want to go out and dance, he liked the binge and happy fucking at home much better. She also liked it because during the benders she could fuck different cocks for hours without cheating on her husband.

Jack and Melanie walked into the bedroom swaying slightly. He lay on the bed with his half erection and watched Melanie undress.

She was not very tall and chubby, love handles everywhere and nice big breasts that were no longer firm. Her pubic area was clean-shaven and large, dark little labia peeked out from her cleft. Her clit was completely hidden under a fold of skin. She stood smiling and let him look. She came to the bed and snuggled up to him. He explained the situation with Juliet and that she was sleeping very deeply, they didn't have to be quiet. She stroked his cock and asked if he would prefer a handjob? He replied in the negative and leaned over her. Her hand inserted his cock into her vagina and then she hugged him. He fucked thoughtfully, slowly increasing his pace. Was she using contraception, he asked, and she shook her head, No, but she had never gotten pregnant again in all those years. And if she had, she had no problem having another child.

She fucked along very actively and much more gracefully than he had expected. In the finale, she clutched him tightly and relaxed her vagina as he squirted into her vagina. She kept his cock in her vagina and murmured, one more time! She stroked his cock and masturbated him in her vagina until he was stiff again. They fucked again and he squirted just a few more drops. He fell to the side exhausted, I'm already 62, he gasped out of breath. He reached for her clit after a few moments, it was stiff and firm under the fold of skin. She let him masturbate her and had a small orgasm. Again! she said, again! He nodded and masturbated her again, this time much harder at the end and her orgasm was strong and violent. She gasped with pleasure and her roundish body relaxed.

He still had to ask one question. She had already laid down to sleep on the side and closed her eyes. After a long hesitation she answered, yes, she already believed that the children fucked properly. Her daughter didn't have a hymen from birth, she didn't need to check that, she said sleepily. The son did not let himself be questioned, but the daughter had described it to her in great detail how they did it. It was always very short and he stopped right when his little cock throbbed, danced and squirted violently in her pee-pee. No, she had not seen it, but she believed the detailed description of the daughter, the child never lied to her. Melanie was tired and didn't want to talk about it. No, the son could surely squirt already, the

daughter had told her. I can't stop it anyway, Melanie said very dejectedly at the end. He turned out the light.

Melanie unfortunately did not stay even two weeks, she was very active in bed and gave him many beautiful moments. She got in touch through an NGO with a Swiss couple who wanted to take her and the children. He took her to the train station and said goodbye without tears, it had been nice and there was nothing to cry about.

When he had a long afternoon after Barbara or Geli, he looked at Vanessa's thousand porn pictures and the horny videos. He didn't show these to anyone.

With a bang, President Romanoff, who had been pronounced dead, returned to the world stage. He had had a long vacation, he said grinning broadly with a broad grin into the cameras. He had lost a lot of weight and appeared more athletic than before. Of course, many assumed he was a lookalike, but who knew? Millions of Tartans cried out, the war would continue unabated, whether Romanoff was real or not.

And the war continued unabated, the flow of refugees did not stop.

The next to arrive were 29-year-old Marta and her mother, 80-year-old Ljuba. They came from a tiny village on the border and were very simple peasant women. Jack didn't understand Tartian and talked to Marta, letting her verbiage explain it to him tooth and nail. He sat with her at the kitchen table night after night, after she had cleaned the kitchen spotless. She had put Lyuba to bed in the living room right after dinner. They drank red wine and vodka, Marta had a decent buzz pretty soon, he drank the red wine in moderation as always.

When their village was destroyed, they left everything and fled inland. Their flight took almost four months, they had to walk many, many miles, begging for food and a place to sleep. They both had weather-beaten faces and were by no means pretty. Marta bought some things with her body, although she was butt-ugly, but sometimes there was someone who was so horny that he also fucked an

ugly girl. Marta had great remorse because of this, since she was deeply religious. Even if it sometimes took years until a pope came to the village, mother Lyuba raised her illegitimate daughter in deep faith.

Ljuba was already 50 herself when she had her daughter. Lyuba had not had sex all her life and since her violent defloration at 13 had not had sex until 49. When she was 13, a Russian immigrant worker in the neighbor's yard had lured her into the basement and raped her. She never fucked again until she was 49. A hungry migrant worker, to whom she gave food and lodging, raped her at night. She cried for days because the scoundrel fucked her three times until dawn and squirted his seed inside her before silently disappearing. That's how she got Marta.

Marta had no idea about sex as she watched a wandering groom chase his stallion onto the neighbor's mares. She had never seen anything like it and watched curiously. The groom beckoned the 13 year old girl over, he explained everything roughly to her. She was allowed to help him rub the stallion's big cock and get it stiff. She was allowed to stand right next to the groom as the stallion humped the mare and the groom jerked his stallion's cock into the mare's cunt. The stallion fucked only a few moments and squirted into the mare's cunt. The groom gave the stallion a break and put Marta on the grass. He said they were doing it now too. Marta's heart was beating wildly as the groom deflowered her, but it didn't hurt at all and the groom fucked her for a very long time. She got the first orgasm of her life and she was happy as never before. The stallion had to get on a mare again and after that the groom fucked her again until orgasm and longer. The horse servant fucked her four times that afternoon and moved on with his stallion.

Marta told everything to her mother in the evening and was violently scolded. It was a grave sin and Marta had to pray three rosaries on her knees. The mother was very happy that Marta had not become pregnant and inculcated her not to fuck anymore so that she would not become pregnant. Marta understood this very well and promised not to be fucked anymore.

They always slept naked next to each other in the small bed, Marta had never noticed before that Lyuba masturbated in the night. She stayed up late watching Lyuba masturbate in the pale moonlight. She tried it right away and it worked right away, she did it until she orgasmed just as nicely as she did during the sinful fucking. From then on they both masturbated silently every night next to each other and never talked about it, it was a strictly private matter.

He had listened to her narration all evening and was now ready to ask Marta if she wanted to fuck him. That was asked with a few clear hand movements and gestures. She shook her head, no, she wouldn't do that! He nodded understandingly and indicated with hand movements that he would then masturbate. He was not quite sure if she had understood him, but she shrugged her shoulders. Of course, she had no idea about masturbating, but it seemed indifferent to her. He explained the situation with Juliet to her in a half-understandable way, and that Juliet was already fast asleep. She walked behind him, swaying, into the bedroom.

She saw that Juliet was sleeping naked and he was stripping naked and laying on the bed. She didn't want to take off her many times patched dirty underpants, but he went to the closet and showed her the new underpants, tomorrow you put on a new one, he pointed with his fingers and took off the dirty patched one. She was embarrassed but lay down with him. He didn't care about her face, he didn't care at all if she was pretty. She had a muscular body, firm small breasts like a young girl and a thick bush of dark pubic hair. Her bottom was rather small and he was happy that she had showered in the refugee aid office.

She lay with her back to him, tightened her legs and after a few minutes began to masturbate in the side position. He saw her bulging labia under her butt crack, moving rhythmically as she masturbated. He masturbated at the same time and squirted on her labia shortly after her orgasm. She watched over her shoulder as he masturbated and wrenched her eyes open as he pressed his glans onto her labia and squirted. He took a paper handkerchief, lifted her leg and cleaned her labia. He looked at her cunt, a cute little pussy with barely discernible inner labia and a normal sized clit that seemed to

be well exercised. She winced when he rubbed the handkerchief on her clit, so he let it go. He turned out the light.

During the day Marta chattered with Lyuba, went shopping with Juliet and brought red wine and vodka. He went with Marta to buy underwear, a pretty blouse and an unseemly short skirt. Marta cooked together with Juliet and it went very well. Her ass danced under her skirt while she cooked, which made him very horny. After lunch she cleaned the kitchen spotless and went to Lyuba in the living room. There were two news programs in Tartian every afternoon and the women discussed endlessly afterwards. Juliet read in a newspaper magazine and he spent the afternoon with Vanessa's pictures. Juliet and Marta cooked dinner and Marta cleaned the kitchen. Juliet and Lyuba went to sleep and he stayed at the kitchen table with Marta, the red wine and the vodka.

They gestured all evening about his masturbation, she wanted to know everything. Was it masturbating for him as it was for her? Did he squirt every time? Did he do it every night? He nodded when there was none to fuck. He asked why she didn't want to fuck and she answered, big belly and baby. He said that he was already 62 and might not be able to make any more babies. She shook her head vigorously, from semen come babies. He asked if she had not had semen injected into her on the run and she remained silent, confused. She had sometimes pulled their cocks out before squirting, but it didn't always work. She began counting off on her fingers how many men had squirted in her vagina, it was more than 20. She lowered her head and shrugged helplessly. That was just the way it was, but that was only during the escape. They drank a few more glasses and went to the bedroom.

She was lying with her back to him again, she had pulled her legs up and she stuck her ass out a bit. Under her ass fold, her labia wiggled as she masturbated and she watched him masturbate over her shoulder. She pressed her legs together tightly as he pressed his glans between her labia while masturbating. Sighing, her body trembled and twitched in orgasm, her labia softened and he thrust his glans firmly between them. She wrenched her eyes open as he thrust between her labia and squirted into her vagina. Again he cleaned her

with the handkerchief and she obediently lifted her leg. He cleaned her thoroughly and rubbed her clit for a moment, then turned out the light.

This was repeated again the next days. He pushed his glans all the way in during her orgasm, she said nothing as he thrust and squirted in her vagina. She patiently let him clean her with the handkerchief and this time he rubbed her clit longer. She sighed and allowed herself to be masturbated without resistance, her orgasm was strong and violent. She looked at him in amazement but said nothing. Also the next night he pushed his cock firmly between her labia and now he fucked her properly in the side doggy position. She stared at him in amazement as he thrust into her in finale and closed her eyes as he squirted in her vagina. She let herself be cleaned and gasped in pleasure as he masturbated her. She looked at him and laughed all over her face.

The following night, his cock thrust directly into her vagina as she began masturbating. He fucked her again in the side doggy position while she was masturbating and squirted just moments after her orgasm. He turned her on her back before cleaning and spread her legs apart, then masturbated her. She smiled all over her face and whispered that was beautiful.

The next night, he turned her on her back early on and spread her legs. She began to masturbate and he bent over her. He penetrated delicately and began to fuck. She remembered the horse servant and stopped masturbating. He fucked her for a long time and she had a small orgasm. He pushed her hard after her orgasm and squirted it all in. He dropped down next to her and felt for her clit. He was still hard and swollen from fucking, he masturbated her very vigorously at the end and let her orgasm violently.

They fucked every night now and she almost always orgasmed before he squirted in. He had as little idea about contraception as Marta did, he didn't even know how many children he had fathered with the Tartanians so far. He squirted into Marta's vagina and didn't worry about contraception. She enjoyed fucking and orgasming because it felt wonderful and liked to be masturbated after

fucking. She didn't tell mother Lyuba anything, that was her private matter. It stayed that way until the two left in the third week.

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A tentative end

by Jack Faber © 2022

Barbara's vacation replacement was in a bad mood when Jack called that he didn't want to take any more Muslims. She was deaf to his objections and sent him four families in the two weeks. The women from Afghanistan spoke no language he understood. The first three widows stayed only briefly, sleeping at Juliet's bed, and he had to sleep on the wooden kitchen bench, much to his chagrin. They gawked curiously at his erection as he paraded, but they shook their heads decisively and waved him vigorously to leave.

The fourth widow was pregnant and different from the previous ones. He was allowed to stay in his bed, she lay down next to him wrapped in cloths, stroking her labia under the cloths and curiously looking at his erect cock. They communicated with hand signals and gestures so that he could explain the situation with Juliet to her reasonably well. She grinned all over her pretty face as she made the sign for fucking with her fingers. She grinned suggestively and slid her index finger in and out of the hole she made with her thumb and forefinger, giggling. She pointed to her small, pregnant belly and clearly invited him to fuck her with unambiguous gestures. She pulled the rags up to her belly button and spread her legs. Her clean body smelled immensely good and her hairy pussy also smelled like fresh flowers and blossoms. He spread her hairy dark labia with his fingers and looked at her pussy. The black hole was wet and moist, the tiny clit hard and stiff, she was aroused in anticipation and hot as a rat.

No way was she going to kiss him, so he inserted his cock into her vagina with his hand. He palpated her breasts covered with silken scraps as he fucked her. The breasts were large and firm and she enjoyed his touch. He was amazed at how easily and quickly she orgasmed. She had three orgasms that shook her violently and he began fucking her anew each time. He squirted in the middle of her third orgasm and she screamed softly, obviously the fucking had done her good.

He courageously grabbed her clit, which was still stiff and aroused. She said something that sounded very kind and stroked his hand until it rested on her clit. Her hand steered his fingers to very slow rubbing. She didn't let him rub, his fingers obediently pressed rhythmically under her fingers on her clit and she orgasmed half a dozen times over the next hour. She dug her teeth into his arm and pressed her mouth firmly against him to stifle her cries as she orgasmed. When she took her hand away briefly, he masturbated her really hard. She screamed silently as she orgasmed a minute later, holding his hand quiveringly. She didn't let him masturbate her really hard again, Neh, neh, she said after a minute and pushed his hand aside.

She never masturbated herself after fucking, she just guided his fingers on the clit to satisfy herself orgasm after orgasm for an hour. She didn't let him masturbate properly at first, but guided his finger over the clit for an hour and pressed it rhythmically. Nevertheless, he prevailed each time and masturbated her quite vigorously at the end. She screamed silently at this energetic masturbation, she pressed her mouth on his shoulder and silently screamed out her pleasure. She screamed silently and rapturously at the orgasm, her abdomen twitching and raging like mad until he stopped rubbing. He let his finger rest on her clit until the orgasm had subsided. She held his hand tightly until he turned out the light. She stayed with her children only five nights and obviously liked to fuck. They kept smiling at each other, but even on the platform she wanted no hug, no kiss.

So when Barbara came over to fuck the other day, he lamented his suffering and she promised to do her best. She sent him a very pretty young woman who was traveling with her aged parents. Elena was a 30-year-old journalist, fluent in English, and immediately agreed to sleep with him and Juliet. The parents were in their 80s, short in stature and spindly. He had pulled out the living room couch all the way so they could lie next to each other quite comfortably. Elena could cook very well and made sure that the parents ate and drank enough. After a few glasses of red wine, they drank a large vodka before going to bed.

After Juliet had also gone to bed, he sat with Elena over red wine and listened to her story. She had evacuated her parents at the very last minute, and a day later the small suburb they lived in was bombed and shot. She kept working on her cell phone and it was very tedious, she had not been able to save her laptop. He said he had another laptop, but it was terribly slow. She looked at it and said she would get it to work, if she could try it? He nodded and said if it fits you, you're welcome to keep it. She knew her way around electronics, played up another operating system in no time, and installed her applications in no time. It took her less than an hour and she was satisfied. The laptop ran much faster than before. He affirmed he was giving it to her and she thanked him with a hug and a kiss on the mouth. He had no idea about all this electronic stuff and was pleased that she could handle it. She said now she could be much more productive, cell phone for the news and laptop for research and writing. She would also be able to work on the go, connecting through the cell phone. She put the device aside, now it's closing time!

Elena spoke very openly about her sexuality. She had married at 18 and divorced four years later. He was no good in everyday life, was professionally and privately a slob and after the honeymoon it was also with the sex nothing more. She masturbated daily again as before since childhood, but she didn't need a man for that. She finished her studies with a good result and found an interesting job at a big newspaper. She concentrated on the job, men's affairs were secondary. She said that she liked to fuck a lot, but everything in its own time. The one night stands were usually much better than the obligatory exercises during marriage. She poured herself a vodka and said that she had never cheated on her husband during the marriage, that was important for herself, but she should have divorced much earlier, for sure!

Before they went to the bedroom, he explained the situation with Juliet. She grinned and said that if he wanted it, it was fine with her. Her soft laugh was friendly, she only asked because he was much older than her. His erection bulged his pants and she pointed with a smile. They were both laughing now, the matter was settled. He lay naked on the bed and stroked his cock as he looked at her undress. She was very slim and as small as her parents. Her pubic hair was

shaved smooth except for the landing strip. The slit hid the inner labia and clit. The breasts were small and firm, just a good handful. They smiled at each other, then she lay down with him. She was using contraception with a syringe, she said, it was the custom in Tartania. He spread her labia with his fingers and looked at her pussy, the hole was wet and moist, the clit was hidden under the bonnet and not visible. He pushed back the foreskin with his fingers and looked at her clit. It was small, but obviously very well-toned. He rubbed her clit gently and listened to her sighs. Did he prefer a handjob, she asked, and he replied in the negative. He wanted the normal pleasure, Tartian of course! She laughed chuckling and said they were both not drunk enough for that. She didn't explain further, but inserted his cock into her vagina with practice. He went in very easily, she was very wet and opened willingly. She loved fucking very much, she whispered.

Elena orgasmed very quickly and easily just like the Afghan a week ago, he thrust and squirted into her second orgasm and fell to the side exhausted. He reached for her clit, it was hard and stiff. She preferred to masturbate herself the first few evenings and only let Jack masturbate her after days. She was very devoted and active while fucking, he liked that very much. They kissed afterwards and he turned out the light.

Elena went shopping with Juliet and they cooked together. Juliet had taken the pretty young woman to her heart and made an effort to speak English. Her delirium was completely gone in these situations, she let Elena interpret when she watched the two short news programs in Tartian with her parents and talked about them with everyone afterwards. Elena worked many hours on the laptop and published articles daily during the three weeks. She corresponded with German publishers and had organized a good job and accommodation for the parents and herself faster than Barbara. He drove the family to the train station and pressed a wad of bills into Elena's hand for the start, he said. It had gone far too fast, he thought, but it was a good time with Elena. They continued to write emails to each other for a long time.

Elena had also improved his laptop and taught him various things. The first spreadsheet he made independently was his expenses that year of the war. He had spent almost 30,000 euros on clothes, gifts and entry fees for the refugees; he had given everyone an entry fee when they left. How much he had spent on red wine and vodka could not be reconstructed. He was surprised, but that was the way it was. He did not mourn for a moment because he had done something concrete against the Russian, the Terrible Ivan. It was nothing in comparison, of course, but it filled him with a certain satisfaction to spit in the soup of the would-be-Tsar.

Barbara took great pains to sort out the young women beforehand. With a few innocuous questions, she was able to weed out those who were highly bigoted or took physical fidelity to their husbands very seriously. It wasn't hard for her to pick out the ones willing to fuck. She had to keep Jack happy, because she wanted to be rewarded by him herself. She let him fuck her once or twice a month, and that was a lot more than she had in the years before.

Sometimes it was children, but more often mothers, whom he quartered in the living room on the couch. The young women were mostly very young, between 18 and 25 years. One was only 16 and fucked like possessed, which of course pleased Jack very much. She rode him in the afternoons and evenings even when he was only semi-stiff and couldn't squirt anymore, she rode him rapturously and masturbated without pause. Most of the younger women were clean-shaven, attached great importance to cleanliness and that they smelled good. They liked to undress and flirt with their beautiful bodies before lying down with him. Their arousal increased when he intensely looked at and examined their pussies. He looked at the clits very carefully, only a few were floppy, most looked well exercised. The evening promised to be good!

Very few got an orgasm while fucking. Most liked it very much that he masturbated them after fucking. Some preferred to masturbate themselves, they felt their reactions better. He was floating high in the clouds and also told Barbara that she had made a good choice. He gave everything to help Barbara have wonderful orgasms. It was

important, that was clear to him — without Barbara no young, horny females!

It turned out to be a wonderful summer. He fucked until exhaustion with the young girls and women. When his desire was great, he took a siesta in the afternoon and let the girls ride him, although it then became very exhausting in the evening. The girls grinned understandingly, he was just an old man and had to be made stiff with her mouth. Not infrequently the girls overdid it and he squirted in their mouths. Some swallowed the semen, most spat it out. But all grinned like snow kings. When Juliet masturbated next to them, they stopped fucking and the girls watched until she was done. But that didn't happen very often, since Juliet usually masturbated before she even fell asleep.

But as it so often is with highrises, when you fall, you fall deep.

At a stroke, Juliet returned to normal, after a good four years of madness. She went to the hairdresser, bought new clothes and cleaned the apartment. Spotless, for the first time in years. Gradually, she found, she no longer needed a sleeping pill. She fucked up his fucking with the last Tartanian, pushed the beautiful kid aside before he could squirt, and took Jack into her arms. He was more pissed than ever, but she was his wife after all. Juliet called Barbara the next morning and gave notice. Barbara came in a cab and tried to save what could not be saved. Jack stood by silently like a watered poodle, shrugging his shoulders.

Juliet came to the realization after a few weeks that she had gone too far as far as Jack was concerned. Night after night she questioned Jack. He had to describe to her in great detail how he had fucked her friends. She had to know exactly which practices they preferred, how they masturbated and what they didn't like. He described everything in great detail, because that was the only way he could regain Juliet's affection. She had each girlfriend's private parts described to her in detail, because she couldn't remember ever seeing them, she remembered practically nothing during her madness.

He described the private parts in great detail and Juliet asked many questions, which he answered precisely. The large holes, the withered and wrinkled labia, and the different clits that showed a lifetime of training. He described especially the shape and the functioning of the old clits, because he had remembered that exactly. He also described in great detail how the old women masturbated, some lying on their stomachs, others lying on their backs with their legs spread wide. Some rubbed the clit very quickly, others started slowly, rubbing the labia and vaginal entrance first before concentrating on the clit. Juliet wanted to know everything in detail and asked many intermediate questions.

She also wanted to find out when they had made a pass at him. She was disappointed beyond measure, because the girlfriends hadn't hesitated for a moment when it had turned out, that she had obviously fallen for the craze. Jack was not a skilled seducer, Juliet knew. On the contrary, the broads dragged and dragged him to bed, not caring for Juliet at all. Juliet smiled mildly, in this situation every man was helplessly at the slayer's mercy, she knew that from her own experience, she had unabashedly cheated on Jack during their marriage. He didn't need to apologize, she noted dryly, stroking his hair.

All the more dismayed Juliet was that she had played lesbian games with all her friends. She had never been aware before that she had lesbian tendencies at all. But Jack told everything in detail and did not lie to her. She slapped her hands in front of her face, what, fat Geli?! He nodded and told how he deflowered Geli and then fucked her regularly. She laughed sheepishly that Geli only let him deflower her so he could make lesbian love to her.

Juliet laughed wryly as he told of Geli's fears that his cock would not go into her tight pussy. They laughed together, because of course his cock was going into her tight little hole. Geli had whimpered and whined as he deflowered her. He said the deflowering had gone quite easily and Geli had certainly felt no pain, but she had made a hell of a whine when she realized his cock was fully inside her vagina. She had even checked it with her hand and whined that she was actually a lesbian and didn't want to be fucked. That Geli moaned heartbreakingly every time he squirted into her vagina, Juliet acknowledged with a

wry grin. He nodded guiltily. He had deliberately squirted a full load of semen into Geli's vagina each time, he confessed to Juliet, because he despised her. Well, at least you didn't give the fat sow a child, Juliet commented with a wry grin. He still had to confess everything about Geli.

They debated for several days and nights, and Juliet found that Jack simply needed the variety in fucking. His sexuality was fundamentally different from hers. He was still the good man she had always lived with, but his sexuality had evolved over the years of her insanity and she had contributed to it as much as he had. It took her a long time to understand and accept it. She fixed things, though.

She talked to Barbara on the phone for a long time. She knew about them from Jack and was able to apply some pressure. She was clear that it was blackmail, but she didn't care. Barbara was to send young, pretty, fuck-ready Tartan girls to them again, and in return she was allowed to spend an afternoon with Jack in the bedroom each time after they left. Barbara agreed, because this way she could resume the happy fucking with Jack. She sent refugees to Jack again.

Juliet had to figure out each time which sleeping arrangement was appropriate. With a few, it was right for Jack and the Tartan to go into the bedroom and she would listen in the kitchen and wait until they were done and then go into the bedroom herself. With most, however, it was the three of them, Juliet watching the two of them fuck and then letting Jack fuck her. Juliet eagerly masturbated the girls to orgasm before he squirted so he would fuck and squirt her right after the girl. This was best for her and Jack. He had his variety and she no longer felt cheated. When Barbara came, she stayed in the kitchen at first until one day Jack asked her to join in. Barbara's arousal rose very violently when Juliet masturbated her while they fucked, and they did it that way ever since.

Juliet and Jack were growing together again. They had both grown older and were able to take more liberties with each other. There was no point in holding on to the old ways; they had both moved on. Juliet never found out why she had been insane for four years, al-

though they spent many hours discussing and puzzling over it. It didn't really matter.

Until the end of the war, they housed many more Tartian refugees.

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