

# Maria

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Maria leaned back. Piero was at work all week, he always came home Friday night or Saturday morning. She gently stroked her belly, you couldn't see very much yet, she was only 3 months pregnant. She stroked her hand lower, her inner thighs were more sensitive than ever. She had her pubic hair epilated on the left and right side of a landing strip, it was supposed to be a surprise for Piero. The skin was still a bit reddened, but the skin of the labia and the clit was tender and fine and wanted to be caressed. Urgently.

Maria had dozed a little afterwards, but the doorbell had startled her. She threw her dress around and held it together with one hand, there was no time for buttoning. She went to the door, it was Giuseppe, whom she knew only from school. She let him enter. He was very shy and inhibited, that's how she remembered him. He didn't want a coffee, just a lemonade. He stared at the bare skin she couldn't quite hide. He was getting to the point. The old custom. Maria had to think for a moment. The old custom. Yes, now she remembered. Pregnant women are for everyone. He couldn't be serious!

Yet, yes, he said, it has always been the case that pregnant women were there for everyone, that was the old custom. Mary sat down next to him, she was going to give him a hand job, she whispered. But he shook his head. He insisted on the old custom, it was his right. How would he have even known she was pregnant? Giuseppe scratched his head. There's a site on the Internet, you can find them all there. Maria was very puzzled, but she accepted it, she could look

later. Giuseppe fussed, he had already idolized her in school, but she had never noticed him. Maria reached across the table for a cigarette. Of course her dress fell apart, but she ignored it. She wondered if she'll make him a handjob after all.... ? He reached out his hand, touched her inner thigh and caressed it.

Maria didn't give up so easily. But she was at a loss, the arguments were no longer enough. Giuseppe had taken a tearful tone and told how he had done everything, back in school, to catch a glimpse of her breasts or between her legs, how night after night while masturbating he had seen those tiny moments in his mind's eye. Tears streaming down Giuseppe's cheeks, Maria took his head to her bosom and comforted the poor man. She dropped her shoulders. She nodded resolutely and looked at Giuseppe. "Right here, on the kitchen table?" she asked, not waiting for his answer. She lay down on the kitchen table, letting the dress hang down to her left and right. She put her legs up and let her knees fall apart.

Giuseppe stood in front of the table, he touched her breasts, her belly, her pussy full of devotion and longing. "Come on, do it now," Maria murmured. He dropped his pants to his ankles. She looked at his cock, it was not particularly large, the glans had pushed through the foreskin and was resplendent in dark red. He penetrated slowly, closing his eyes to concentrate fully on the sensation. She was a little disappointed, his cock was much smaller than Piero's. She had come to Piero as a virgin, she had never fucked anyone but him. But now Giuseppe was here, he was only her second man. She slowly began to masturbate, because she also masturbated when Piero fucked her. She had been masturbating since she was a child and masturbated herself to sleep every night.

Giuseppe squirted way too early, way too soon. She held him back, telling him to keep his cock inside her until she was done. It took a long time for her to orgasm, Giuseppe's soft cock was pushed out as she orgasmed. He was completely irritated, he had never seen a woman orgasm before. He instinctively felt that it was good and right for her. He dressed and kissed Maria, who had stood up, on the mouth. She turned her head away, not wanting to kiss with him, she murmured. "Thank you, Maria, it was beautiful! I won't never forget it!" At the door he turned again. "I'll come back tomorrow," and left.

He came every day, in the afternoon. She had put a mat on the kitchen table, as well as some pads so she wouldn't get bruises. They didn't talk much, he just came to fuck. She let it pass without any emotion, only enjoying the own orgasm as usual. Friday she said that Piero was coming, Giuseppe left quickly after the fucking. She received Piero stormily, after dinner they immediately went to bed fucking. Then, when they were sitting next to each other in bed smoking, she brought up the old custom. Piero remembered and fell out of all clouds. He immediately called Carlo, and it took his best friend a few bars before he understood everything. "Maria and Giuseppe? Don't make me laugh," said Carlo, "the garden gnome has never had one! Maria and Giuseppe! It's unbelievable!" Piero hung up, Carlo was no help. But he had indeed confirmed that this custom existed, it dated back to the time when the Turkish pirates besieged the Venetians here. Yes, Carlo had said, he himself had fucked Giulia, his friend Pietro's sister, every day during her pregnancy, and even Pietro couldn't do anything about it except sit by stupidly and "watch over her." Pietro sat on a stool opposite Giulia's bed. He had never seen her naked before, now she was lying naked on the bed with her knees apart. Pietro looked very deep into his sister's pussy and watched the cocks penetrating Giulia's pussy one by one

and fucking her very fast. The room gradually emptied, everyone had fucked Giulia and left. Giulia put herself under the shower and Pietro, horny and naughty, followed her, never before had he dared. He hugged her like a lover and whispered in her ear that he wanted to fuck her after the shower. She was annoyed at first, but realized how serious he was. She lay down in bed and waited patiently. Pietro lay down with her, touching her body for the first time as an adult. He was older than her, but he was by no means smart. He had fucked many girls and women before and now set about fucking Giulia. She knew how stupid he was, but she was very amazed at how well he could fuck. Of all the boys and young men he was the champion, she got every time a huge orgasm. In the first nights he fucked her so many times that she had to stop him, exhausted. She let him fuck her every night until she gave birth. She didn't want to marry in any case and let him sleep in her bed as her husband. When Lina was 7 years old, he got married and afterwards he only rarely came to fuck Giulia. It did not suit him at all that she sold herself for money and there were regular arguments about it.

A Custom is a custom. Giulia was an insanely popular girl in his circle of friends, and Piero only didn't participate longer because he was so in love with Maria. But Piero had also fucked Giulia every day during her pregnancy. She had always kept her eyes down and had shamefully and shyly let one after another fuck her while the room was full of waiting, rutting boys. Giulia, Carlo said, clicking his tongue, that's a brilliant one! Piero had hung up, because with Carlo's fucking he had only participated until he met Maria.

Piero was lost in dark brooding. Maria immediately called Giuseppe and told him it was enough, he should not come anymore. Maria understood Piero very well, Giuseppe had broken into their marriage and taken her. She didn't want

Piero to suffer, she comforted him and assured him that she was only his. She fucked him as often as he could and let him go again Monday morning. Of course Giuseppe came again, of course she let him fuck, but she told him to forget it. And in no case come again without calling first, she would not open for him.

But now Carlo was in the game. And Carlo could not be counted among the secretive. He called Maria and came. She had nothing to say to him. His friendship with Piero was not at risk, he said; Piero, too, would have to respect the old custom. Maria let her dress slide openly apart, Carlo would fuck her in a moment anyway. So it was. Maria insisted on doing it on the kitchen table and not desecrate their marriage bed. Anyway, Carlo fucked much better than Giuseppe, she masturbated and had wonderful orgasms until he finished cuming. Carlo said goodbye after a grappa and came back the other day, shortly after Giuseppe. Finzi, Carlo's friend, also came later, Maria had fucked enough after 3 men, masturbated all afternoon and didn't answer the phone. Maria had told everyone how unwise it would be to tell Piero anything. One careless word and Piero would freak out. Sure, they said.

The next day all three came again, and after dinner Marcello, a good friend of Carlo's, still came. The four-legged giant had an amazingly small cock, but he fucked Maria three times nonstop, which was remarkable. She was exhausted from all the masturbating and called Giulia. They hadn't seen each other in ages and were soon chatting in a confidential tone. "It doesn't stop after birth," Giulia said, "it's a virus, you'll never get rid of it!" That gave Maria a good scare. "But no one said you had to do it for free!" She, Giulia, take 200 every time, that was a fair price and whoever didn't want to pay didn't have to come. Maria thanked for the good tip and gossiped with Giulia for

another hour. Then it was already time to go to sleep. Maria initially thought she had already masturbated enough and had enough orgasms today, but then came the old familiar feeling in her pussy, which she knew so well since childhood. She rubbed the clit just very gently and softly, the pleasure rose and she did it as always. Starting over several times and stopping before the orgasm, again and again, until she couldn't hold it back any longer and triggered the orgasm violently. Piero had always enjoyed watching her, but had usually fallen asleep in midtime.

Then the gentlemen were amazed, it was no longer free, but cost 200. Giuseppe came once more, but he was very disappointed that she sold herself for money. Finzi no more at all, it cost as much as in the city! Maria remained firm, 200! Carlo came only once a week, he could no more sneak money past his wife. Only towards Marcello Maria gave in, she invited him to fuck at half price. If he had no money, she still liked to let him fuck her and she had nothing to regret when he came very often. He fucked the best of all, and Maria realized that there was something to the saying; length does not matter.

Piero came late Friday night and she pulled him into bed right away. He could see from her face that she had had a few men. She would never lie to him and told him everything. She only hid the fact that she had a crush on the good Marcello. She explained to him that she was only putting the money aside for her child, she didn't want a penny of the shameful money. Consoling the inconsolable Piero was a challenge, he was offended in his manly honor and failed to fuck for the first time. One word gave the other, and suddenly Maria wanted to know from Piero if and with which pregnant women he had gone to fuck for pleasure, the poor man had to list every woman and report every detail. He had red ears and confessed everything, and

Maria told him plainly that her adventures were nothing in comparison. Piero knew how right she was. But now he was the cuckold. Maria swore to him that she wouldn't let them fuck her anymore, and she swore to herself that she wouldn't tell him anything. Period.

There were now also men from the surrounding area, from the old fishing villages. They had to pay the same as in the city, but they didn't have to travel as far and they got a fresh, young 19 year old and not a used up road swallow. Maria had to manage her time well, doing everything in the morning, from noon on the men came every hour until late evening or even longer. Usually she fucked 5 or 6 men in one day, sometimes 8 or more. She showered her pussy after each man and put lotion on her pussy. And she noted each one in her calendar.

Piero was inconsolable. Maria professed not to have fucked anyone, but when he looked into Carlo's eyes at the evening beer in the pub, he knew. He despised his friend, who lied to him shamelessly. How could he do it to him, to fuck his wife! He stayed away from the beer, he bought the booze and drank alone at home. The sex with Maria didn't go so well, he couldn't get it up. Maria walked around naked at home, but it didn't help much, his eyes were greedy, but his cock didn't cooperate. Piero sank into dull brooding, he went to the construction site already Sunday evening. He couldn't stand it anymore, constantly failing and that she was lying to him, even less.

Maria was very hardworking, 8 men every day, not a day less. She had settled well on the kitchen table, dutifully washed her pussy and creamed herself with lotion. She was friendly to the men, they were in a way customers who came back. Some she knew quite well and knew who liked to do it from behind. And she cultivated the friendship with

Giulia. She was not only a pleasant conversationalist, but also a very experienced advisor. Giulia was 7 or 8 years ahead of her, and that was a great advantage for the 19-year-old. She knew advice on how to avoid stretch marks on the belly and the hips, where to buy bigger bras cheaply. And, of course, she listened carefully about Maria's marriage to Piero. She thought it was quite important that Piero did not sink underground; he often stayed out nights, got senselessly drunk, and woke up at noon next to a nameless saddleback. Maria feared the end of her marriage.

Giulia knew advice. She would lure him to herself, it was much better to know where he was and what he was up to. Of course it wasn't completely altruistic, Piero had been on Giulia's menu for a long time. He had fucked her a lot 8 years ago when she was pregnant, and she hadn't forgotten him. Maria knew all this, but she trusted Giulia completely. The older woman knew what she was doing.

Piero let himself drift with the wind, losing Maria in such a miserable way completely broke him. Giulia had no trouble luring him into her web. He closed his eyes, it was a very different Giulia he was fucking now. No longer the shy 17 year old girl who demurely lowered her eyes when a man penetrated her pussy. No, a confident young woman who demanded money from her lovers and could live a luxurious life with her daughter. He did not move in with her, but he slept with her every night. He had lost the job, they couldn't use a drunk. He slept with Giulia as her husband, and in the afternoon he took care of her daughter Lina. He drank only in the evenings, but Giulia had judged him correctly, he was not an alcoholic. She kept reporting to Maria regularly how things were going.

Piero, of course, no longer had any idea what he had learned at school. Nevertheless, he sat with Lina every



afternoon and studied with the 8-year-old. The child was extremely smart and inquisitive. She did her written homework first and then her oral homework. When she was done with that, too, she researched on the Internet about things that interested her. Piero sat next to her, studying with her. When she wasn't clear on an assignment, she would put one foot up on the edge of the chair and tug excitedly at her pussy. He watched it out of the corner of his eye, but said nothing.

Lina said, "Don't look!" and he obeyed. She pulled her panties aside and rubbed her clit. After two minutes she had finished and called out, "You can look again!" and he looked again. She had accepted him as a friend and replied with her face flushed, "I've seen it done at Mom's and I do it exactly the same way at night. I rub it a dozen times and stop again. Then, when it's enough, I masturbate to orgasm and sleep. I believe that it is right that way." Piero nodded sadly; Maria did it that way too, every night. The conversation had relaxed Lina, now she let him look when she masturbated while studying or doing internet research. He shook his head, no, he didn't want her to masturbate, that wasn't proper. Lina shrugged her shoulders, okay. Then don't. Lina masturbated every afternoon, often twice, and the little exhibitionist let him watch completely uninhibited. Lina now took off her underpants every time, spread her legs like butterfly wings and masturbated really unabashedly in front of Piero's nose. "You're not a virgin anymore," he exclaimed in horror, "at seven years old!" Lina paused in her masturbation. "I've been 13 two months ago, and of course I'm not a virgin! Uncle Finzi comes every Saturday at noon, after all, when Mom is out shopping. He fucks me really fast and runs away again after some minutes. The fucking makes me a little bit hot, but I always have to masturbate afterwards!" Piero didn't reply anything, because Finzi was a child fucker, at least that was a rumor.

And that a 13-year-old girl let herself be fucked in such an unspectacular way, Piero found wretched. Would Lina also have a child out of wedlock at 17 like Giulia?

Maria had been busy fucking and cashing in, the disgrace money had already grown to over 75,000. Now it was time to stop, there were only days left until the birth. The old midwife did very busy, but the real work was done by the young one. She had had a good training and the birth went quite smoothly. Maria gave birth to Angelina at 8 o'clock in the evening, a healthy, beautiful child. Piero was the first to join them. It took only a split second for them to know that they loved each other. Maria hugged Piero very tightly. They would move away, to another city. He would give up drinking and work, and she would give up other men, be a faithful wife and mother, and never fuck another man again. They promised that each other and stuck to it. They became loving, faithful spouses and Angelina grew up to be a gorgeous girl.

Only many years later, when Maria was 35, she fell in love with a 14-year-old. She had told Piero and he let her, she just should not make herself unhappy. She fell for his childish charm, his childish body and, above all, of course, his childish cock. She had never had such a young cock in her hand, it was slim and long and squirted, that it was a joy when she gently pulled the foreskin back and forth over the glans. She gave him time and waited patiently to fuck him, there was no hurry. She let him squirt many a times in her hand, later on endlessly in her mouth, drinking his seed like honeyed mead, for Franco loved it, when she licked him with her tongue and lips. Soft as an angel, she cuddled with Franco, had explained to him beforehand exactly how the fucking goes and what was important in it. She let him feel her G-Spot, that was the trigger. That was important.

Franco's cock was dripping with excitement and he squirted immediately when he first entered her pussy. She kept him inside her, caressing his back and ass cheeks until he was stiff again. It lasted only a very short time, he had a good condition. They fucked nonstop for three days and three nights, leaving the bed only to pee. They saw each other almost every day after that, but if Maria had admitted it to herself, it was over after that three days. She clung to Franco, but after 2 months he broke free. She cried for a day, then got over it.

She had a few more affairs, but she never let anyone get under her skin that deeply again.